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Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 451

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 451

Joseph hesitated for a moment. Seeing that Elise wasn't saying anything to stop him, he said with a nod, "I'll think about it."

Danny jumped with excitement. "Oh, yeah! Please be sure to think this over! I was afraid that you wouldn't think about it, you know?" he said. After a moment, he collected himself and said unflinchingly, "Come on, I'm ready. Whatever the test is, bring it on!"

"Hmm." Joseph frowned slightly. "Firstly... get out of my room."

Danny's overflowing enthusiasm was quenched at once. "Huh?"

"You idiot." Elise slapped the back of Danny's head from behind. "He's now a patient who needs rest. You want to see him being sickly all the time?!"

"Oh, yeah, that's right!" Danny ducked his head while nodding vigorously. "Well, in that case, I won't be bothering you anymore, Mr. Fuller. Just tell me if you need anything. Starting from today, I'm at SK Group's disposal. Just put me wherever you need me to be!"

Joseph was speechless; he didn't expect Danny to be so good at talking. With an awkward look of embarrassment on his face, he said, "I'll remember you."

Danny clenched a fist in front of his chest and made an encouraging gesture to cheer Joseph on. Facing Joseph, he thumped on his chest before leaving the room in a solemn manner.

At the sight of the scene, Joseph's eyebrows twitched continuously. He began to wonder if he had made a wrong decision.

Elise gave Joseph a sympathetic look. Then, she closed the door and left as well.

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Meanwhile, Danny was hopping and leaping around like a rabbit in the courtyard, giving Alexander no peace.

Alexander shook his head. "When will you behave more like an adult?" he asked, before walking toward Elise. "Ellie, what kind of medicinal ingredients do Grandma and the one in there need to recuperate? Just make me a list. The black market will open in the suburbs tonight, so I'm gonna buy them back."

"Is the black market coming to Athesea too?" asked Elise.

"Uh-huh." Alexander nodded. "It's been 13 years since it last opened. You're lucky."

"Yeah, that's true," Elise agreed.

One of the reasons the black market had endured through so many years was that it had always been held randomly in different places. In order to see and experience in person what the black market was like, one had no choice but to follow the information released on the darknet. Also, its actual venue would only be announced the day before it actually opened.

Even so, the black market had attracted black market lovers from all over the country and even all over the world, who gathered at the black market like moths flying into flames. Therefore, those who could enter the black market had to be considerably powerful in terms of both social background and financial resources.

In other words, being a shareholder of Frazier Incorporated alone wouldn't be enough for that. Elise knew that Alexander had an even greater power backing him up—only it wasn't yet the time for him to tell her about it.

Just then, Danny threw himself at them and said with a slur in his voice, "Count me in, Alexander!"

"You?" Alexander raised his eyebrows, which was pretty rare. "If I take you there with me, you'll end up being sold off without you realizing it."

However, Danny argued, "Are you really my brother, Alexander? Yeah, all I know is to eat, drink, and have fun, but it's not like I wanted to be like that in the first place. You never took me out with you and let me see the world, so when am I gonna learn something?" At this

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moment, he felt like a talented young man in ancient times, who failed to land a job in the government and was both depressed and frustrated from being unable to fulfill his ambitions.

Alexander's eyes dimmed a little at Danny's words, but he wasn't good at consoling people. Seeing the world wasn't just as simple as what it sounded like. Now that the situation was still volatile, how could he agree to risk Danny's life by taking the latter out with him?

Noticing the change in Alexander's expression, Elise put out her hand and gave Danny a pat on the back in an easy manner. "I'll take you there."

"Ellie!" Alexander instantly got nervous, as though he was being confronted by a formidable enemy. "Stop fooling around. You know that the black market is no ordinary market, and that you can be in danger anytime. You'd better not go there yourself, let alone take Danny with you."

Danny's hope, which had just been kindled, was extinguished at once. In an instant, he lost heart completely.

"It's okay," Elise replied calmly. "It's not that dangerous. As it happens, I also want to visit an old friend at the black market, so I can take Danny with me while I'm at it. And besides, you've forgotten something; I'm not one of those damsels who live a pampered life and never need to fend for themselves."

Alexander had no choice but to relent. After all, he could say no to anyone except Elise. "Okay, you may go there, but we have to agree on a few rules. You must stay within my sight and be no further than one meter away from me at all times. Also, you must always listen to me," he said with a serious look on his face.

"Okay," Elise said. It's always been like this as long as he's present, anyway.

Alexander nodded. However, upon seeing Danny, whose eyes almost popped out of his head in excitement, he resumed a stern countenance. "Don't get too excited about it yet. I'm going to make calls now. If I can only get one ticket, you're gonna stay at home!" Then, as Danny watched bitterly, he calmly took out his phone and stepped aside to make phone calls.

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Danny smacked his lips in vexation. When he looked back, though, he saw Elise sending a text message with her head down. The message read, 'Get me some tickets to the black market.'

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Chapter 452 Hey, You Wanna Save Face?

Perplexed, Danny asked, "Are you going to the black market, Elise?"

Elise glanced up at Danny while putting away her phone calmly. "Uh-huh," she replied, before sitting down in the rocking chair next to her and rocking back and forth leisurely like an old man.

A while later, Alexander came back with his cell phone. He said indifferently, "I've gotten two tickets."

"Yes!" Danny raised his fist in victory. He asked in surprise, "In that case, I can go with you two, right?"

"Nope," Alexander replied harshly.

Danny was instantly filled with disappointment. Just then, however, a gust of wind suddenly blew past him, and he sensed someone flying past him in a supercilious manner.

The next second, a familiar voice sounded from behind him. "Miss Sinclair, here are the tickets that you've asked for. There are ten of them. Master Bryce said you can bring friends with you to the black market, and if the tickets aren't enough, you can give the market manager your name so that the rest of them can enter," the man said reverently.

As soon as the man finished his speech, Danny turned around and dashed back to Elise's side with the speed of a nocked arrow, staring at the stack of tickets in the box with shining eyes.

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Elise took the tickets. "Thanks for bringing me these. You didn't have to come in person, though. Just let somebody run the errand for you next time."

The man showed an acute sense of propriety. "Like I said, I'm honored to be at your service, Miss Sinclair. Well then, I won't be keeping you any longer," he said politely. Then, he turned around and left.

As soon as the man disappeared from the door, Danny jumped up and hugged Elise. "Oh, my God! What a fantastic sister-in-law I've found for myself! Black market! It's the tickets to the black market! They're so difficult to get, yet that guy gave you a stack of them!"

At the sight of the scene, Alexander's bushy eyebrows snapped together, and he hemmed twice crossly. "Ahem! Ahem!"

However, Danny was totally oblivious to it. Wrapping his arms around Elise, he shook her in gratitude with all his might.

Alexander's face darkened. He walked over to Danny right away, forcibly wrenching the latter's arms away from Elise. Then, he said in a voice devoid of warmth, "It's inappropriate to be overfamiliar with someone of the opposite gender, Danny."

"What's the problem with that? Elise and I are a family!" Danny argued obsequiously.

However, not even Elise could stand listening to the boy's words any longer. She opened the transparent box containing the tickets, took a ticket out of it, and handed the ticket to Danny. "Here, take it."

Danny waved the ticket in his hand, flaunting it in front of Alexander as if it were some precious treasure. "Look, Alexander! Now I can go to the black market even without you!"

Alexander shook his head before turning to look at Elise. He said with a note of tenderness and resignation in his voice, "Just spoil him all you want."

Danny brazenly clung to Elise once again. "What's wrong with her spoiling me? Since you're not doing so, it's only natural that someone else is gonna do it. It's none of your business! I hereby declare unilaterally that starting from today, I'm Elise's real brother, and I'm cutting all ties with you!"

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Alexander shot a disdainful look at Danny. "What an ingrate," he said. Then, he haughtily returned to his room.

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Night fell soon afterward, and Elise and the others quickly set off for the black market in a car.

After following the instructions on the ticket, they arrived at the place where the black market was held. It was an undeveloped suburban area with not a single habitation within a near 100-mile radius—the deciding factor that led to the black market being held here.

Upon getting out of their car, Elise and the others saw a market as lively as the commercial street. The entire black market looked more like a street in ancient times, but it was lit with modern technology. In short, it was a retro-styled commercial street.

Despite its peaceful and prosperous facade, everyone knew that everything—from something as tiny as a needle to something as enormous as invisible power—could be traded on the black market. The interests of the parties involved in the transactions were inextricably interwoven, making the transactions far more complicated than the simple buying and selling of goods that they were purported to be.

After signing in at the entrance, Elise and the others entered the bustling market.

On the outermost fringes of the market were peddlers selling smuggled daily commodities. These people smuggled inexpensive items from abroad, then waited for buyers to purchase them so that they could pocket the price difference. Meanwhile, having gotten their hands on the items, the buyers would repackage them at low cost with obscure and incomprehensible foreign language, labeling them as top-quality goods from abroad in order to make exorbitant profits by selling them at ten to twenty times the original price.

The black market was also the best place for profit seekers to get rich overnight, which was why so many people scrambled to try getting into the black market, all in hopes of striking it rich.

When the group walked past what seemed like a fortune-telling stand, Elise inadvertently took another glance at the stall owner, upon which the man immediately latched onto her like a limpet. "Hey, sweetie! You must be a celebrity. Wanna buy some fake fans? We can

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also regulate comments on your social media, boost your retweets, and amplify your social media followings! Come on, we offer great value for money! You know H, the nation's darling? She's bought fake fans from us, too!"

Upon hearing his words, Elise couldn't help but laugh. She stopped in her tracks and teased, "Hey, be careful lest I file a complaint against you for the false advertising."

"That's right!" Danny stepped forward and pushed the stall owner back a few steps. "What you said about H buying fans from you is just sheer nonsense. Does she even need to buy fake fans? She draws fans with her own talents!" He looked at the stall owner as if the latter was a retard. How dare you rip people off blindly without recognizing H herself standing right before you? Seems like not only are the black market transactions shady, but these black market traders are also evil-minded!

The stall owner dared not make a sound since he was outnumbered by Elise and her group. Then, seeing the murderous look in Alexander's eyes, he immediately ran back to his stall.

Elise chuckled and continued to walk on.

"Ellie," Alexander called out to her just then. "I'd like to buy something over there, so don't wander too much. Just go straight down the road slowly and wait for me, okay?"

"Just go ahead. Don't worry about me," Elise replied.

With that, Alexander left with Cameron.

On the other hand, Claude had his eyes on the herb market as soon as the group entered. The instant Alexander excused himself, he immediately slipped away to the stall selling medicinal ingredients nearby, leaving no one else but Danny beside Elise.

The two strolled aimlessly along the market stalls, but they didn't find anything they wanted to buy. Just when they reached a corner, a tall and brawny brute suddenly popped up and stared at them fiercely, saying, "Hey, you wanna save face?"

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Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 453

Chapter 453 Selling Faces

Danny instantly stood in front of Elise. "Who are you, and what do you want?" He pulled a long face with studied ferocity. He knew he was weaker than Elise in terms of strength, but he was a man after all. In moments of danger, he had to stand in front of her to protect her.

However, such a huge commotion drew no response from the street vendors and passersby around them, who were already used to such situations. Ignoring the worrying situation the three were in, they continued running their own businesses, haggling over prices as though their world was separate from that of Elise and the others.

After confronting the brute for a moment, Danny narrowed his eyes, ready to strike the first blow. However, just as he was about to make a move, the burly brute before him suddenly laughed obsequiously. "Hehe, I was just kidding, folks. Don't get the wrong idea, okay? I meant it literally!"

Danny was astounded; he had thought he and Elise were about to run into a grave situation at last. At the sight of the situation, he spat with a frown, saying, "Tsk. Just my luck. So, what business do you have with us?"

"Selling faces, of course. Look at this, folks..." the brute said while putting his hands on the back of his head. After a brief pause, he suddenly tore at his hairy scalp and stretched it toward both sides.

Danny took a step back immediately as the sight of the creepy scene gave him goosebumps.

The next second, though, the brute tore off his entire face.

"Eek!" Danny's face scrunched up with disgust as he thought he was going to see the man's badly mutilated face.

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However, when the brute took away his face, what was revealed was another, more good-looking face that looked totally unlike the one just now.

“What the hell?” Danny’s lips twitched. “Is that face-changing?”

On the other hand, Elise watched the show with great interest as a bloodthirsty smile played across her lips.

“Yes, and no. You might as well say it’s an art of disguise.” The brute was still smiling broadly, but his delicate features looked very amiable. “We make masks using fine-quality imitation human skin that feels no different from real human skin. Although the masks are made to order on a one-to-one basis, it’s very easy to wear them, allowing you to transform into someone else with little effort! Still worrying about being caught cheating on your lover? Still afraid to show yourself for fear of making a laughingstock of yourself? Worry not, for our masks keep you free from worries!”

The brute promoted the advertising slogans while holding up the ‘human skin’ in his hand, showing it around in various poses. The scene looked extremely bizarre.

Seriously, would anyone buy masks from him with such advertising slogans? Danny wondered. The next instant, however, he heard Elise say, “Interesting. May I add you on WhatsApp? I’ll do business with you.”

“Really?! Haha! I’m making the first transaction at last!” said the brute. Then, he continued to promote the ‘human skin’ in his hand, saying, “Sweetie, I’d suggest that you buy more of them so that you won’t have to worry about getting caught no matter how many times you cheat on your boyfriend!”

“Who said I want to cheat on my boyfriend?” Elise finally realized why the brute had few customers despite the nearby stalls doing booming businesses. I’d better not waste my breath talking to this guy. He’s got such a foul mouth, she thought. “Anyway, let’s exchange our numbers first. I’ll call you later to talk about our collaboration.” As she couldn’t stand the brute’s irritating words anymore, she quickly exchanged contact information with him. After wiring him the deposit, she told him to go back and wait for an update.

Seeing that the money had been transferred to his bank account, the brute left merrily with the ‘human skin’ in his hand.

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Staring at the face hanging from the brute's hand, Danny shuddered with a chill running down his spine. Then, he moved closer to Elise, asking, "Elise, what are you buying such useless stuff for?"

"I have uses for them." Elise smiled before continuing to move on.

The black market was large, so Elise and Danny only finished visiting one-third of its area after walking for two hours. Having gotten tired from all the walking, they found a milk tea stand and sat down to get something to drink, waiting for Alexander while they were at it.

The stand owner was a Thai who couldn't speak English but was good at making milk tea. As a result, despite finishing more than half of her cup of milk tea in one gulp, Elise didn't get sick of its sweetness.

Just as Elise was wondering if she should buy another cup for Alexander, a man walking past her suddenly collapsed at her feet. As a doctor, she instinctively got up and tried to help him up, taking his pulse upon touching his wrist.

A moment later, a grave expression took over her face. If she had to find a term to describe the state of this man's health, it would be withered. If one could draw an analogy between a healthy man and a fresh, tender, and juicy sponge gourd, then the man, who appeared to be in his thirties, had become like a dry and fibrous loofah.

There was little need to treat such people. Still, healers were supposed to treat all patients as equal, so Elise tried to treat him using traditional medical treatment.

Luckily, the man had quite a strong will to live, and he slowly opened his eyes.

Elise asked with a serious expression, "Who are you? Why are you here?" In fact, such a dying person seemed out of tune with the black market, for one could gain nothing from them.

The man's face was bloodless, and his eyes were sunken. After taking a few sharp breaths, he explained intermittently, "They... took both my kidneys away... without paying me money... I came to ask them for money, but I couldn't find them... They're hiding from me..."

With that, the man lost his strength and leaned against the leg of the table at his last gasp, his eyes opening and closing, as if he would die at any time. However, he had basically

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made his tragic story clear. In short, it was the story of a desperate man, who ran into a bunch of organ smugglers and had both his kidneys taken away without getting paid for that.

Unable to bear the sight of the scene, Elise got up and said to Danny, "Help him up and find a place for me to give him treatment."

"Okay." Danny nodded.

However, just as he was about to help the man up, a few men suddenly rushed over from the roadside, making a loud noise as one of them pointed at the dying man and said, "He's here! Didn't I say that he wouldn't last long? Hurry up and take him back. Perhaps he's still warm!" As he spoke, the bunch of men came to the dying man and were about to carry him away.

Grabbing one of them by the wrist, Danny snapped, "Who are you guys? What's your relationship with him?"

"Who are you, then?" asked the vulgar man in reply from a distance away. Then, he warned, "A new face, eh? No one told you to stay out of other people's business in the black market, huh?"

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 454

Chapter 454 Healthy With No Bad Habits

Upon hearing that, Elise expressionlessly looked at the man who seemed to be the leader. "You're the one doing business with him?"

"What? You've never heard of the great Nightfall, pretty?" The man's expression was aggressive and disdainful. "But it doesn't matter if you haven't; the only one you need to remember is me, Mad Dog. This isn't something that you have any power over. Grab your little wh*re and get the hell out of here!"

"Watch your mouth! Who are you calling a wh*re?" Danny yelled.

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"I'm talking about you! What? You wanna practice throwing hands with us?"

"If practice is what you want, then you'll have it!" As he spoke, Danny whipped his jacket off and raised his fists in preparation to fight. He might not be as strong a fighter as Alexander, but getting in a few punches wasn't something impossible for him.

When he passed Elise, a hand suddenly reached out and stopped him.

"Don't worry, Elise. Let me at them. It's just a few people; they might not actually defeat me. We might not have to run." Danny was confident in his combat skills.

Elise outright ignored him as she looked at the man in front of her with a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "You got it wrong—we have no intention of getting into an altercation with you; we just want to strike a deal with you too."

"A deal?" Mad Dog grinned in disdain, a sly glint flashing across his eyes for a moment before being quickly buried. "So, which one of you here is the merchandise?" he asked in faux bashfulness.

Elise initially wanted to say that she was the merchandise, but she felt that it didn't sound that believable. The gears in her head whirled, and then she reached out to pull Danny over and pat his chest. "This guy. He's healthy, and he doesn't have any bad habits like smoking or drinking. Name your price."

Danny opened his mouth to protest, but when Elise shot him a glare, he promptly got into the role he was supposed to play. Instantly, he turned into the protagonist of an angsty, tragic movie. "That's right, it's me. But, I'm the only one being sold here. Since I'm so dashing handsome, can you please name a higher number?"

Mad Dog scrutinized Danny thoughtfully. "That's not my decision to make; I gotta go back first and discuss with my superior. Don't worry though—we've always been honest and fair when it comes to business. We won't be fleecing you."

"Sure. Go now, then," Elise said while smiling.

"You're an impatient one." Mad Dog glanced at her meaningfully before he turned to order his subordinates. "You two there—take that guy back to base. The rest of you will come with

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me!” He then gestured at Danny and Elise with his chin a few times. “Don’t just stand there. Come.”

With that, he turned and headed in the same direction as he came, leading the way as he did so.

Elise swaggered after him while Danny tailed her closely. At the very back of their entourage were Mad Dog’s two henchmen.

They maintained their positions throughout the journey—Elise and Danny in the center while Mad Dog and his men sandwiched them. Slowly, they were led from the crowded and noisy bustle of the streets into a deserted alley.

It was then that Danny realized something was fishy. “These people are suspicious. Don’t get caught in their trap,” he whispered.

However, Elise continued her carefree demeanor, as though nothing was happening.

At last, they were led to a dead end. A repulsive man stood at the very end. Slowly, he turned around to look slyly at them. At the same time, over a dozen men suddenly gathered by the entrance of the alley with sticks and baseball bats in hand as they gradually made their way closer to Danny and Elise.

Danny looked behind him warily, getting into a defensive stance.

“Where’s your superior?” Elise asked calmly, a smile playing on her lips.

One of the thugs behind her raised his voice. “Girlie, you didn’t even know that only the Bossman’s word is needed when it comes to black market stuff before, and you still had the guts to come knocking on our door! You’re hilariously brave!”

Elise’s gaze lowered. After a moment of thought, she spoke to Mad Dog. “So, if I cut you down, then we can seal this black market deal?”

“Hehe...” Mad Dog chuckled in objection. “You look pretty small, but you sure talk big, pretty. Tell me then—which gang are you from? How dare you challenge Nightfall?” he said mockingly.

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"I don't belong to any gang; I just don't like the sight of your face." With a flick of her hand, a silver needle fell into her palm.

"If that's the case, then don't blame me when I go all out on you despite you being a girl." Mad Dog's expression darkened as he harshly gritted out an order. "Beat up the guy till he's dead. Capture the girl alive!"

The moment the last word fell, the crowd of men behind surged forward, brandishing their weapons as they charged at Danny.

Danny's combat skills were not shabby. Each punch of his rang true, and he flowed into each move smoothly, so although he was severely outnumbered, none of his opponents could get close to him.

While the thugs couldn't gain the upper hand, there was no one watching Elise's back now.

Seeing this, Mad Dog approached her with an insincere smile. "Hey pretty, I'll get them to leave his corpse in one piece so long you call me 'honey.' How about that?"

After that, he reached out to touch Elise's face with a lecherous smile.

"I don't like others touching me." Elise's expression abruptly chilled, her voice sounding like it had frozen over. "If you want to cross my limits, you'll have to pay the price," she continued.

Mad Dog's hand uncontrollably froze in place a few inches away from Elise's face. He craned his neck in irritation to carefully study her face again. That was a 17, 18-year-old girl, all right. She looked absolutely harmless. There was nothing to fear about her.

At that thought, his tenseness slipped away. Narrowing his eyes, he bravely continued to move his hand closer to Elise's face.

Right at that moment, an even louder racket came from the entrance to the alleyway.

"Who are you guys? Ah!"

As the screams continued, the thugs attacking Danny rushed over to the source of the noise in droves.

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Mad Dog couldn't help but turn his head to look as well. Taking advantage of the sudden opportunity, Elise quickly flung her hand out, a silver needle instantly jabbing into his offending hand.

In just a moment, Mad Dog was in so much agony from the abrupt jolt-like sensation that he couldn't even stand straight. He stumbled a few steps backward before he finally fell to his knees.

"Didn't I say that you'll have to pay?" Elise looked down at him from where she stood, a chilly gleam shining in her pretty eyes.

Meanwhile behind her, the thugs soon lost the fight, having been sent flying to the ground. It wasn't until all of the thugs were down that Danny saw that the newcomers were Alexander and Cameron.

Alexander walked past the thugs expressionlessly as they lay on the ground wailing. When he reached Elise's side, he took off his coat and draped it over her shoulders. "I thought I told you to wait for me by the street?"

"This is an accident," Elise said with an innocent look on her face as she shrugged.

"You always have an excuse." Alexander crooked his finger and gently tapped her head, but his voice was soft and warm. "Let's see if you can remember my words better next time!"

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 455

Chapter 455 Rules of the Black Market

Night descended upon Lithium City. The buildings within the city bathed in darkness. The only source of light was the moon hanging high in the sky.

After determining that the coast was clear with his telescope, Xavier waited until one before he left his hiding spot to sneak into Timothy and Sasha's home. With the information that he

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had gleaned over the last few days guiding him, he soon reached their bedroom. He unlocked the door with a specially-made knife and walked inside with gentle footsteps.

"Who's there?" The man in the bed was rudely woken up.

Xavier rushed over with large steps to cover Timothy's mouth while he positioned a sharp knife by Sasha's neck. "Timothy, Sasha, someone paid me a handsome sum of money to ask me to bring you two back. Come with me, and I won't hurt you." Xavier's voice was low, but the threatening undercurrent was evident.

"You call this a polite invitation?" Timothy's voice was even. As he spoke, he looked at the knife by his wife's neck through his peripheral vision.

"Apologies, but there is no other way," Xavier said expressionlessly. "I don't want to hurt you two either, so long as you cooperate." Having said that, he put the knife away. A pause later, he reminded, "By the way, I know the escape routes in this area very well. Neither of you will be able to make it past me, and you cannot defeat me in a fight either. You should get rid of your thoughts of escape."

"Don't worry. We aren't looking to die yet." Timothy pushed his glasses up his nose. There was no sign of fear on his face.

Xavier didn't want to waste time talking. Quietly, he got up and stood aside to give them space to move. "Let's go. It's better for us to leave while it's still nighttime."

Both Timothy and Sasha frantically put on their clothes and got off the bed. Holding onto each other tightly, they slowly began to make their way outside.

Xavier's eyes were slightly narrowed as a strange feeling rose within him.

Since they're hiding here, they must know very well that countless people are looking to assassinate them. They probably knew that such a day would come. They shouldn't be behaving like this now, holding each other calmly; they should be trying to die like martyrs or beg for their lives.

Xavier quickly swept a gaze across the room. A sly look immediately flashed across his eyes. "Stop," he ordered coldly.

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Timothy and Sasha stopped in their tracks, but they didn't look back. Timothy turned his head back slightly. "What do you want?"

Xavier walked over to them with soft footsteps. He remained behind Timothy and Sasha as his fingers ran across the gun he held behind him. "A famous physicist with not a single book in his bedroom. Don't you think your disguise is a little sloppy, Professor Lancaster?"

The room descended into a deathly silence at his words. In the blink of an eye, the fraudulent professor and his wife rushed out the door, still holding onto each other.

But Xavier was faster than they could ever hope to be; the moment they took a step, two gunshots rang out, the bullets striking them right in their hearts. Regular people would have already fallen over with such grievous injuries, but Timothy and Sasha kept running as though they had a beast on their heels.

Xavier's senses were on alert as he realized that being stuck inside a place where death was inevitable was even more terrifying than facing death itself.

The house!

The next moment after that thought, Xavier leaped out of the sole window in the room.

At the same time, a huge explosion rattled the sky as the houses around the site were instantly reduced to smithereens.

...

When Elise and the others emerged from the alley, someone stopped her. "Miss Sinclair, Master Bryce would like to see you."

Elise did intend to pay him a visit, so she let go of Alexander's hand. "You guys can go back first and hand them over to the police. I'll be right back," she reassured him.

Before Alexander could voice his concerns, the man, Macaque, interrupted, "What Master Bryce means is for you, Miss Sinclair, to bring them along and see him."

"What's the meaning of this? Has this Master Bryce of yours fallen so low as to dabble in this kind of business?" Elise asked sarcastically.

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"You misunderstand. Since we are in the black market, we have to follow its rules."

Now that Macaque had laid that out, Elise couldn't say anything against him.

However, Alexander did not feel at ease. In the end, everyone followed Elise to Bryce's place.

Although this place was considered the administration district for the black market, it more resembled an opera stage. Lights blazed down on it. Seats were arranged haphazardly below the stage, but there were no guests.

Bryce was dressed in a red stage outfit as he lay on a bed with sumptuous covers and pillows, looking like he had stepped out of a period drama. He was an absolutely beautiful man. Although his eyes remained closed, his beauty could clearly be described as mesmerizing, like he was Narcissus.

The entourage stopped before the stage. Macaque then went onstage from the steps by the side as he respectfully delivered his report. "Master Bryce, Miss Sinclair has arrived."

Bryce slowly opened his eyes, an eyebrow gently raised as he idly looked at the crowd. With just one glance, he immediately found her.

"You've changed again," Bryce said in jest.

"The same goes for you," Elise said calmly.

It was only then that Bryce got up from the bed. With measured steps, he walked to the forefront of the stage and leaned down, extending a hand toward Elise. "We'll have to speak as equals."

Elise was about to take his hand and jump onto the stage with his help, but Alexander stopped her.

"Who is he?" Bryce withdrew his hand, pulling it behind his back.

"My fiancé," Elise answered.

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Bryce narrowed his eyes as he meaningfully studied Alexander. Then he turned around. "If you wish to speak with me, you will have to first come up on stage," he said, his voice clearly distant.

Elise looked at Alexander. Can I even get up there from this height? she asked with her gaze.

Alexander gave her a calm look. The next moment, he bent down and scooped Elise into his arms. Kicking over one of the stools next to him, he stepped onto the stool, and with a powerful leap, he was on the stage.

Before Elise could get her bearings, she was already safely deposited on the stage.

It was then that Bryce finally looked at Alexander properly, but it was just a momentary look. His gaze then once again rested on Elise. "You and I do not like beating around the bush. So, I shall lay it out to you—you cannot take that man with you."

"But he's not one of yours," Elise said lightly.

"That is, indeed, the case," Bryce replied. "However, he is part of the black market, and so he shall only be judged within the black market. No other place will be allowed to judge him."

"I'd like to see if you're going to deal with him, or if you're going to shelter him," Elise said, her face devoid of expression.

"You still do not understand me well enough." Bryce's lips curled up into a sneer. "If he was someone I wish to protect, then there would have been no need for me to speak in circles." With that, he looked to the side and shot a glance at one of his men.

The man nodded before looking at two other subordinates by the side. The two subordinates immediately understood what he wanted. They dragged the repulsive man forward. With a kick to the repulsive man's legs, he fell forward on his knees. The knives in the two subordinates' hands rose in a smooth motion before being brought down.

Instantly, the wretched man's legs were separated from his body. Blood gushed out like a raging river, dyeing the floor crimson. He couldn't even scream. After a few choked whimpers, he passed out.

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Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 456

Chapter 456 Does He Actually Have Eyes for Alexander?

Danny couldn't help but frown. It seemed that his brother was right—the world was not as simple as he thought.

Once the wretched man was carted off-stage, Bryce sat back on the bed. "Are you pleased with this outcome?" he asked breezily.

"There's nothing to be pleased about—you just cut this man down. In the future, there will be thousands of others to take his place. Bryce Fiore, I know that this black market of yours is outside the jurisdiction of the law, but do you not even have any basic principles?" Elise asked indifferently.

Bryce didn't even look up. "On the contrary, I had no idea that you have become an advocate for the police."

"This has nothing to do with the police. In business deals, you pay the agreed price, and you get the promised merchandise. Now, that man's blood is on your hands. Is this any different from a dog-eat-dog world?"

"All right, all right..." Bryce waved a hand in dismissal with utmost patience. "I have already rendered that man a cripple, and I will also drive the others away. Let us not allow this little matter to ruin this beautiful meeting of ours when we have not seen each other for such a long time, shall we?"

"If that's the case, then there's nothing for us to chat over tea." Elise composed herself before she went straight to the point. "I want to make a deal with you."

"Truly, one never comes to me without a reason." Bryce looked at Elise reproachfully. "Just for once, can you leave with empty hands after you have given me your offerings?"

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"No," Elise replied boldly. "Haven't you heard that thieves aren't supposed to go back empty-handed? I'm the thief here, the evil one. Of course I will only be taking from you; who has ever heard of a thief leaving a present for the one they're robbing?"

"Hehehe... Someone learned how to crack a joke. How fascinating." Bryce let out a low laugh. At last, he lifted his head. His eyes were absolutely similar to Alexander's inky-black ones. As though he was teasing her, he pulled a leg up onto the bed and placed an arm on top of his knee. Then, he gestured at her. "El, come here."

Alexander couldn't help clenching his hands that were by his sides into fists.

El? This was even more intimate than the nickname 'Ellie.'

"If I keep standing here, you're going to turn down that deal, aren't you?" Elise asked, not cooperating with him at all.

Seeing how he didn't get to have some fun with Elise, Bryce put his leg down in disappointment. "When have I never followed your whims? Tell me then—what do you have your eyes on this time?" he asked languidly.

"Nothing too rare; just some dragonmoon grass and solaria flowers. You have them, so spare me some," Elise said.

"You truly are here to fleece me," Bryce said in annoyance. "I do not have them."

"Come on, old sport, are you still deliberately trying to play me?" Elise was all smiles. Anyone could see the evilness behind it.

"Who are you calling 'old sport'! Look at my beautiful, delicate features—do they look like those of an old man's?!" Bryce stood up in agitation. With his arms behind his back, he shot a meaningful look at Alexander.

Elise rolled her eyes. "I already said that he's my fiancé. If you keep having funny ideas about him, I'm going to actually have to strike you down."

Everyone else was bewildered. What was going on?

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"Such pettiness." Bryce's tone instantly turned charmingly saccharine once Elise had seen through his intentions. "It's just one look; it's not as though I will actually lay a hand on him!"

The corners of Alexander's lips twitched awkwardly as he quietly moved to stand behind Elise. This Bryce person did not look like he was one to give up even until the very end.

Bryce instantly frowned. "Such a beautiful man as well. It's such a pity that he's not my beau..." he lamented, a melancholic look on his face.

"Ahem..." Elise narrowed her eyes as she chuckled coldly. The next moment, she lifted a hand and smacked the back of Bryce's head. She swiftly followed up with a few more smacks. "What weirdo nonsense are you saying? You should be looking for a girlfriend to date instead! A girlfriend! How many times do I have to say it?!"

Bryce couldn't block the rest of Elise's strikes after the first few times, so he stood up and puffed his chest out. "Enough! Allow me to maintain some dignity while within my territory!"

Seeing how he had returned to normal, Elise finally stopped hitting him and retreated to the side.

Nonetheless, Bryce wasn't one to remember past grievances. In an instant, he pressed close to her, taking her hand and grinning. "Yes, this is how sisters should be like!"

Alexander raised an eyebrow. "Sisters?"

"What else were you expecting?" Bryce stated. "And mind your own business! Since you don't belong to me, stay away from us. Do not hurt my little El, you dog!"

Alexander had no words.

Meanwhile, down the stage, Danny shuddered, gooseflesh prickling all over his body.

"Quit your yammering," Elise turned to say harshly to him. "What about the goods I asked for?"

At the mention of that, Bryce immediately pulled his face away from Elise's shoulder. Quietly, he let go of her hand and returned to his bed. "It's not that I don't wish to hand them over to you. You know as well that I love seeing men fight each other. I may not have the solaria

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flowers, but the dragonmoon grass has already been sent to the arena as a prize for the tournament.”

Elise lowered her head to think. He wasn’t lying; Bryce had always loved watching boxing tournaments. Not once had he missed a single match. But Elise hadn’t thought that he would simply decide to host his own tournaments.

“So, as long as I win the tournament, I can get the dragonmoon grass for free, yeah?” Elise asked.

“Of course, little El. You know that I do not allow anyone to break the rules when it comes to the arena.” As Bryce spoke with a smile that didn’t quite resemble one, his gaze once again shifted over to Alexander. “If you cannot participate, you can also get someone else to take your place...” I wonder what his body looks like once those clothes are off...

He had only just finished speaking when two fingers suddenly appeared in Bryce’s line of sight. They then viciously jabbed into his eyes.

“Ow, ow, ow—El! How could you poke me in the eyes again!” Bryce cried out in pain as he whined with his hands over his eyes.

Elise looked at him, unfazed. Her arms were folded in front of her chest as she looked down at him. “If I hadn’t jabbed your eyes, your head would have been filled with dirty thoughts. This is for your own good.”

Bryce rubbed his temples. “Why, thank you. Thank you so very much!” he said through gritted teeth.

“You’re welcome. We’re like sisters, after all. Gotta rib you over a man!” Elise said, smirking.

“...I do not wish to talk to you now.” Bryce was still licking his wounds as he waved a servant over. “Bring them to the arena.”

The servant nodded before turning to beckon at Elise and Alexander. “Miss Sinclair, Mr. Griffith, please come this way!”

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Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 457

Chapter 457 Furor at the Arena

It might have been hastily constructed, but the scale of the arena was beyond extraordinary. From the looks of it, it was not any shabbier than the arena for WWE tournaments.

Elise immediately spotted the dragonmoon grass lying next to the trophy. Her hands couldn't help but itch at the sight.

In the ring, two muscled fighters were battling fiercely. Every move they made was meant to be decisive, not the slightest bit of restraint shown as they hurled attack after attack at their opponent.

The man leading Elise and the others brought them around the arena. As he led them around, he explained how the tournament worked. "The rules of the arena are simple—once you're in the ring, you'll be fighting one-on-one with your opponent. The one still standing ten minutes later is the winner."

"Doesn't that mean that someone needs to be beaten to the point that they can't get up?" Danny asked naively.

He had just finished asking his question when the sound of someone falling over came from the ring.

Thump—

As one of the fighters collapsed, the other raised his arms in the air, having become the winner of this round.

"Who's next? Who's next?!" the man bragged madly as though he had limitless strength to draw on. It was as though anyone else who dared to step in the ring would be ripped into half by him.

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Just as Danny was watching in stunned silence, Alexander brushed past him and walked straight toward the referee. There, he signed his name on the provided waiver before he calmly walked up the steps into the ring. Clad in a white suit, he looked like a prince right out of a painting under the lights shining down on him. He did not fit in at all with the arena with his majestic elegance.

To the audience, he just looked like he was going to be beaten into a pulp.

“Yet another guy to the slaughter!”

“Tsk tsk, he’s so skinny; can he even last two minutes?”

“Hey! Sissy! Don’t go crying for your ma when those clothes get dirty later, hahaha!”

The audience jeered and hooted, but Alexander was unfazed as he stood in the ring. He didn’t even focus as he distantly watched his opponent rage and bellow. The man was a whole head taller than him and twice his size.

Without waiting for the starting bell, the man tossed his gloves aside and charged at Alexander, his massive fists ready to strike.

Seeing this, the referee hastily rang the bell.

The man brought his fist down as the bell rang, but before he could hit Alexander, Alexander had already lifted his leg to kick the man in the belly.

As though time had stopped, the hulking man froze on the spot. His fist remained in the same position as they had been, poised to strike. After a full three seconds, he finally withdrew his fist. With his hands over his caved-in belly, the man collapsed heavily to the ground. The impact rattled the entire ring.

Meanwhile, the bell had only just finished ringing.

The man had already fallen when the sound of the bell was still reverberating throughout the arena. Alexander was the clear winner.

A worker rushed up then to check the man’s injuries. Once he had ascertained that the hulking man could no longer stand, the worker got up and lifted Alexander’s right hand.

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As expected, he was the official winner.

“Wow! That little thing’s so delicate and frail, but he sure knows how to fight!”

“One more round! One more!”

Alexander stood in the ring, his expression chilly. He simply looked in Elise’s direction and nodded.

Then, the worker next to him had only just dragged the man out of the ring when the next challenger stepped up.

Meanwhile, Elise looked for a seat with a better viewing angle before sitting down.

As expected, Alexander won his second battle.

Forty minutes later, he was already the defending champion with his streak of twelve wins. If he defeated his next opponent, he would be breaking the arena queen’s record.

The thirteenth challenger was late to the ring. Just like the previous challengers, this opponent was a man. However, he had a fox mask over his face, giving him a mysterious air.

This man did not initiate the first attack like the others before him. On the contrary, both Alexander and this man kept their distance with each other, circling the ring a few times before they stopped.

Perhaps due to his waning patience, Alexander made the first move to try and end the fight quickly. However, his opponent was nimble as he dodged all of his attacks.

Over a dozen attempted strikes later, Alexander still hadn’t hit the man, and this angered him. His strikes got faster and faster as well as more vicious. His patience continued to run even dryer.

Elise’s eyes narrowed slightly as she watched from the stands. She could faintly sense that something wasn’t right. By the time she realized that Alexander had gradually shown his weak point, she felt a serious sense of foreboding.

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Just as she was about to yell out a warning, the masked man had already reached out and successfully struck at Alexander's weak point, injecting a poison into him.

Alexander brought a hand up to his injured side. He kneeled on one knee, panting.

The man in the fox mask began to approach him slowly.

Alexander gathered himself. He had already prepared himself to drag the match out until time was up.

Before the man with the fox mask could strike again, Elise jumped out from the stands. Using the momentum she gained, she leaped into the ring to kick the man away and shield Alexander.

The crowd was instantly in an uproar.

"Hey! What's a woman doing in there? That guy's signed the waiver! Referee! Where's the referee? Drag that woman out of the ring!"

"Is this two-against-one? Why is this allowed?"

"Hey pretty boy, if you can't keep fighting, you're going to have to kowtow to everyone. Don't hide your sniveling behind a woman!"

Macaque hastily ran over as well to remind Elise from the side. "Miss Sinclair, you know the rules of the arena—if the participant with the upper hand hasn't stopped fighting, no one else is allowed into the ring!"

"I know." Elise looked at the man in the fox mask with a frigid gaze. "I believe that he was about to stop. If you don't believe me, you can ask him." She narrowed her eyes, her eyes clearly warning him. If the man dared to say 'no,' that would be throwing caution to the wind. The arena would be in a furor then. And, she would have the man pay with his life right here and now!

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Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 458

Chapter 458 I'm No Longer the Same Person as Before

Macaque looked at the man in the fox mask. "What are your thoughts?" he asked.

Although Bryce had mentioned Elise's identity to him, no one could break the arena's rules just because of their status. Macaque might be visibly asking the man in the fox mask for his opinion, but in reality, he was hoping that the man would agree. After all, Elise was gutsy enough to hit Bryce. Macaque was actually worried that if Fox-Mask didn't go along with her wishes, then she might rain wrath down on the arena—no, the entire black market.

The man's mask only obscured the upper half of his face. Under everyone's watchful gazes, his lips pressed together into a smile. Then, he spoke. "Let's do as they wish. I don't mind fighting against two opponents at once. It will all end the same way anyway—one side will still fall in the end."

That arrogant challenge of a statement successfully piqued the crowd's fervor. All of them smacked their tables or got on their chairs as they began to yell and cheer for the man in the mask.

Elise paid no attention to the racket as she turned to help Alexander up. Without giving away her emotions, she felt for his pulse. It was only after she felt his pulse fluttering under her fingers that she sighed in relief. Fortunately, the poison was a weak one. It would be easy to neutralize.

"Looks like I've embarrassed you," Alexander said half-jokingly.

Elise smiled while shaking her head. "You suffered in my place."

If it hadn't been for him, Elise would have been the one poisoned instead and rendered unable to fight.

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Alexander knew what she actually meant, but he couldn't help revealing a bitter smile on his lips. He should have been able to hold out for a few more rounds for her.

Danny dashed over to the ring as well. Elise handed Alexander to him. "Wait for me in the stands," she ordered.

"Hey, are you two done with your tender romance scene already?" the man in the fox mask asked impatiently, his arms folded across his chest.

Elise coldly glanced over her shoulder before she patted Alexander's hand comfortingly. She watched as Danny helped Alexander down and out of the ring.

Once both men had left the ring, all expression on Elise's face vanished without a trace. She turned around, a deadly gleam shining in her pretty eyes.

"Whoa, is the pretty lady angry now? What, is your heart already aching just because I hurt your boyfriend a little?" Fox-Mask mocked in a sinister tone.

Elise was in no mood for jokes. Pulling a face, she stated coldly, "Let's begin."

The referee rang the bell.

Fox-Mask's smile disappeared in an instant. A terrifying aura cloaked him, as though he was a completely different person.

It was strange. It was just an instant, but Elise felt an inexplicable feeling, especially when she gazed at the fox mask. It felt like she might have known this man, but nobody who fit this man's profile came to mind.

Before Elise could carefully analyze this feeling, however, Fox-Mask suddenly changed his tactics and struck first. He was already horrendously fast when he dodged Alexander's attacks earlier, but his speed when he was initiating the attack was on a whole different level.

All Elise felt was a gust of wind to her face. By the time her eyes narrowed slightly, Fox-Mask was already in front of her. She knew this man was holding back his true power when he was battling Alexander. That was how he was able to get in that finishing blow right at the most crucial moment. Thus, she wanted to see just how strong the man actually was.

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And so, the fight in the ring turned into a game of cat-and-mouse.

Fox-Mask was the cat. His movements were both fast and powerful. Anyone could tell with a glance that he had been trained well. Meanwhile, Elise was the mouse, her small body swift like the wind. One kept chasing his opponent while the other constantly dodged her pursuer. Their movements were like a constant series of pictures. One moment, they would be on one side of the arena. By the time the audience caught sight of them again, they had actually already changed positions quite a few times.

The audience was in a daze by the constant movements. They themselves couldn't even compare to those two fighting in the ring right now.

"Hey, girl, fight back already. Why do you only keep dodging?!"

"I thought she's a lioness, but it turns out that she's just a meek little mouse. The arena isn't a place for you to practice your dance moves. Stop showing off. If you can't beat him, just admit defeat and beg for mercy!"

"What a bunch of idiots. Don't look down on her just because she's a woman. Haven't you guys noticed that the dude in the mask still hasn't even touched a single strand of her hair?"

"That's my thought too. Let's see who actually wins!"

"That skill of hers is kinda like the arena queen's!"

"You mean that woman that no one has been able to dethrone at the arena? How's that possible? Isn't that just a legend?!"

"Legend, my foot! It's true, okay? I saw one match of hers with my own eyes back in the day! That lady was brutal! Not like this softie chick here!"

"I'm going to tell you this..."

The audience's discussions got more and more heated. The fighters in the ring didn't slow down either as Elise once again dodged yet another blow. They stood on the left and right sides of the ring respectively, each claiming half of the ring.

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Fox-Mask let out a breath. He was getting impatient now. "Is the queen of the arena reduced to mere dodging now?"

"You know who I really am?" Elise narrowed her eyes, but she soon composed herself again. Her lips curved up into a cold smile. "Looks like I can't continue keeping a low profile!" With that, she deliberately smacked the floor of the ring and charged toward the man in the mask.

Fox-Mask stood his ground unflinchingly. When Elise neared him, his lips quirked up into a mocking smile. Then, he reached for his mask and pulled a few silver needles from under it to fling at Elise.

"Holy crap! That guy had been feinting!" Danny yelled in response to the man's move.

Elise's expression froze. At last, he's shown his hand. She swiftly avoided the needles, dodging to the side and lowering herself to the point that she was almost pressed to the floor.

While she was dodging the needles, Fox-Mask quickly darted forward. He stopped right in front of Elise and lashed out with a kick.

Elise's arms shot out to block his kick, but she still ended up colliding into the pillars by the side of the ring from the sheer force. She rebounded and crashed to the floor. With one hand supporting her weight, she kneeled there, panting heavily.

"Damn that son of a b*tch! He should just fight her fair and square! How dare he pull such a dirty trick!" Danny was beside himself with fury and worry. He wished for nothing more than to go into the ring and fight in Elise's place, but he knew he would just humiliate her if he went in now.

The audience had already begun celebrating Fox-Mask's victory in advance.

Taking advantage of this opening, Fox-Mask gathered himself and once again began his assault on Elise.

Elise's speed gradually dropped as she took more hits. By now, the fight had devolved into a one-sided beating, and she was the one getting pummeled.

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Alexander's eyes were narrowed slightly as he followed Elise's figure closely.

Being chased around the ring and getting beaten so easily wasn't like her.

Just as Alexander had thought, as Fox-Mask was about to attack her once more, Elise quickly whipped out a silver needle from her sleeve and charged straight at him. The man hadn't seen this coming, and he now had a needle jabbed into his throat. The next moment, he collapsed to his knees.

"You... It can't be. I've gone through all your arena records. You don't know how to fight with silver needles at all!" Fox-Mask cried out in disbelief.

"That's right... I didn't know how to wield silver needles then," Elise said breezily. "But I'm no longer the same person as before..."

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 459

Chapter 459 Let's Finish What We Started Today

Fox-Mask's eyes widened under his mask. At last, the fear of death could be seen in them.

Elise's hand suddenly stopped as she was about to pluck his mask off. A man who was afraid of dying was not worthy of being her opponent.

"However," Elise said as she slowly stood up and looked down at him. "A single needle is not enough punishment for someone who hurt my man."

As she spoke, she pulled out all the silver needles that she had been hiding on her person. Then, she jabbed the needles all over the man's body in front of the audience. Once the last needle was in place, Elise clapped. "From now on, the spots where the needles are will ache unimaginably whenever the weather takes a turn for the worse. You won't be able to sleep from the pain. Don't think about forcing those needles out; if you try, the pain will be ten times worse than if I had just jabbed the needles into your bones."

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"You made my man suffer a moment of pain. I'm going to make you suffer a lifetime's worth of pain. Treating others the way you want to be treated is a fair way to live, isn't it?" Elise raised an eyebrow as she said casually.

Fox-Mask didn't answer her; he had no words. Rebutting would only bring an even more frightening punishment.

Elise thought for a moment before she decided to still take the man's mask off. Just as she was about to reach out, one of Bryce's men suddenly came forward to speak to her earnestly. "Miss Sinclair, please have mercy. This man is the star of our arena. If he dies, I'm going to have a hard time explaining his death to Master Bryce."

"He's one of yours?" Elise turned, her gaze harsh as she narrowed her eyes at the underling, as though she was trying to burn a hole through him.

"Yes."

Elise chuckled coldly and withdrew her hand. "Nice. You're one of Bryce's men. Very nice!"

Then, the referee rang the bell.

Elise stood in the ring, the previous reigning champion of the arena lying next to her. At this, no one else dared to challenge her.

Even so, Bryce's subordinate still had to ask Bryce for permission before he brought over the sole sprig of dragonmoon grass that the black market had. He handed it over to Elise.

"My apologies, Miss Sinclair. It's our responsibility to protect the dragonmoon grass and keep it from being taken away by outsiders. It wasn't our intention to hurt your fiancé. I've already ordered someone to bring him the antidote. Please, you're an honorable person. Please don't tell Master Bryce about this incident. Spare us." As the subordinate spoke, he pressed the dragonmoon grass into Elise's hand.

Now that she had the dragonmoon grass, Elise brought it up to her nose and sniffed it. Once she had confirmed that it was the genuine article through its smell, she turned to look at the subordinate again. "I prefer proper compensation over apologies. I'm sure you know what I want."

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"As long as it's something that I have, I will certainly hand it over if you say the word. However, not even Master Bryce has any solaria flowers, let alone me. I may oversee the black market, but I can't give you something that never reaches it, can I?" The subordinate had a pained look on his face, his tone indicating his plea.

"If that's the case, let's finish what we started today."

Elise's expression chilled. She lifted her leg and kicked the subordinate. He flew several feet away and crashed into the stone steps leading into the spectators' stands. When he hit the ground, he hacked up a mouthful of blood.

As the overseer of the black market, Bryce's subordinate was not only its leader; he had also built many advantageous relationships with others, and he was on good terms with many other people operating within the black market. So when the spectators saw that he was injured, practically everyone stood up and looked at Elise, ready to fight her.

"Stop! Don't do anything! This is a personal matter between me and Miss Sinclair! She has already shown me mercy! Or I would have died by now!"

With that, he coughed a few more times. His spit was streaked with blood. Despite all the blood, he was still courteous and respectful toward Elise. "I cannot thank you enough for your benevolence and allowing me to keep my life, Miss Sinclair," he said while bowing.

"You're a smart man." Elise didn't so much as look at him. "Bryce made the right choice when he handed the black market over to you to manage."

"You flatter me, Miss Sinclair." Feebly, the subordinate lowered his head. He didn't dare to say anything deeper than that.

Elise dipped her head before she turned and walked over to the stands to help Alexander up. "How do you feel?"

"It's nothing big. I just feel a little drained," Alexander said.

"Don't worry, Miss Sinclair. That poison works in the same way as tranquilizers you see in action movies and the like. It just causes a person to temporarily lose their strength; it's harmless," Macaque explained.

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"Regardless of the poison's strength, those under me should not have been poisoned at all," Elise said with a straight face.

Bryce's subordinate froze before he hastily nodded and acquiesced. "Y-You're absolutely right! I'll tell them to hurry it up. The antidote will be here soon!"

He had just finished saying that when the antidote was brought to him. Bryce's subordinate then offered the bottle of antidote to Elise with both hands.

Elise took the antidote bottle. After opening it, she handed the bottle to Alexander. "Drink up. They won't dare to tamper with its contents as long as I'm here."

Alexander smiled wryly. He was in awe of her attention toward him. However, he didn't say anything in response. Instead, he simply drank the antidote. With his head still lowered, he noticed the anxiety on Elise's face, so he teased, "You weren't this serious while you were in the ring."

"They aren't as important as you," Elise blurted. It was only then that she realized what she had just said. She bit her lip and quickly changed the topic. "Feeling any better?"

Alexander chuckled softly and played along. "Since when do antidotes work immediately after they're taken? Give it a few more minutes."

"Sure." Elise pretended to be serious as she nodded. She had no idea why she felt like this. Alexander's injury was clearly a minor one, but her heart was still in a frenzy. Although she knew that Fox-Mask wouldn't have killed Alexander, fear still lingered within her heart when she recalled that scene.

Her teacher was right—having someone she cared about meant having a weakness. If something were to happen to Alexander, she would probably lose the ability to fight.

At that thought, the cogs began to whirl in Elise's head as she tried to find a way to have the best of both worlds, so that she wouldn't have to keep avoiding Alexander yet keep themselves protected.

Now that the notion had struck her, Elise ended up thinking about this problem during the entire journey back.

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Alexander quietly leaned back in his car seat to rest after he had taken the antidote. Perhaps it was because of the late hour, but Alexander ended up falling asleep. The lights outside the car zoomed by, illuminating Elise's face one moment and leaving it in darkness the next. However, her pretty forehead remained scrunched up the entire time.

All of a sudden, someone's phone rang. Alexander woke up from his light nap, but he didn't open his eyes.

Elise distractedly picked up the phone and placed it by her ear. "Who's this?"

"Yoyo? Yoyo, you finally picked up! Please, come to the hospital this instant. The doctors have already issued a notice of critical illness. Please come see your brother one last time. He wants to see you!"

Jeanie was sobbing into the phone. Her voice hitched and paused throughout the call. Clearly, she was already beside herself with panic.

Elise's forehead immediately creased deeply. She gripped the phone even tighter. "What's the address? Tell me, which hospital is it?!"

"Athesea! Athesea General Hospital!" Jeanie cried out.

Her voice carried over the speaker and leaked over into the interior of the car. Alexander couldn't help opening his eyes and sitting up straight.

"All right, I'll be there soon. Don't worry. He'll be fine." At that, Elise calmly hung up. But her gaze was hollow as she stared off into the distance, her eyes unseeing and unfocused.

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Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 460

Chapter 460 She's Smiling!

Alexander took Elise's phone. Then, he reached out and pulled her into his embrace with one arm while he covered her hand with the other, warming her hand up.

"Cameron, step on it," Alexander stated solemnly.

Elise leaned against his chest. She couldn't describe the panic she was feeling. She had thought that she was already used to death, and she was also distant toward her family. And yet, now that this moment was actually here, all she could think of was all the various times Trevor had been nice to her.

There was the time when he brazenly avoided Faye and acknowledged her as his only younger sister, the time when he had summoned the courage to return to the company and fight for her status for her, how he had viewed Alexander as his nemesis, how he wanted to stay at her side forever to protect her, all those times when they chatted over meals, when he called her his sister, and when there had been a sense of camaraderie...

Elise vigorously shook her head. She forced herself not to think about them. As long as I'm indifferent to it all, I won't be upset.

She kept repeating those words to herself. But when she finally reached the hospital and saw Trevor lying in the bed with his entire body bloodied, Elise still lost it.

"Claude! Where's Claude?" Elise whipped herself around to find him, only to realize that Claude wasn't here. "Danny, weren't you watching him?!" she asked in a panic.

"I... I was with you all the whole time. That guy slipped away so quickly that I couldn't keep up with him!"

Elise shook her head. "No way. Claude is one of mine. Bryce knows our movements like the back of his hand. It's impossible for his men not to discover that one of us is missing..."

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So, they had to be purposefully hiding the truth. Or, Claude had actually been kidnapped by Bryce's men!

However, Elise didn't get the chance to keep mulling this over; the heart monitor showed that Trevor's heartbeat was getting weaker.

"Alexander!" Elise grabbed him as she said frantically, "I've used up all my needles. Find me some needles, quickly. Trevor can't die. My brother can't die!"

She finally called Trevor her brother.

But he couldn't die without hearing her call him that!

Seeing how upset Elise was, Jeanie once again broke down after she had managed to control herself. "Yoyo." She tamped down her emotions as she stepped forward to support Elise. "Calm down a little. Your brother will be happy that you acknowledged him. This isn't your fault."

"No, I can save him! I can still save him!" Elise didn't know how to explain herself. All she could do was look at Alexander and beg him with her eyes. "Please believe me. Alexander, bring me the needles!"

Alexander and her locked gazes for a few seconds. His eyes darkened. Then, he turned around and vanished down the corridor.

Every scrap of Elise's strength left her that instant, and she collapsed to the ground in despair. Does he not believe me?

Behind her, the waves displayed on the heart monitor grew smaller and smaller. A minute later, all that was shown was a flat line.

All at once, tears streamed down from her eyes and splashed to the ground. Elise stared at the world through her hazy tears. A massive weight of helplessness crushed her.

At this moment, the sound of running footsteps could be heard from the corridor.

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Elise lifted her head and looked in the direction of the sound to see Alexander running toward her. His side still hadn't healed yet; he even had to press a hand to the injury on his side.

And yet, he still kept running with all he had.

"Hurry." Alexander came to a stop at last and handed over the bag of silver needles he was holding.

After a moment of staring, the despair in Elise's eyes cleared. She quickly took the needles and turned to charge into Trevor's room before locking the door from the inside.

Knock, knock, knock—

"Please calm yourself! The patient is no longer showing any signs of life!" The nurse calmly knocked on the door. As nurses, they were already used to seeing people die.

Jeanie had a hand over her mouth as she burst into tears. However, she still forced herself to rein in her emotions, sobbing as she tried to advise Elise through the door. "Yoyo, please don't be like this. Let Trevor pass on peacefully. Please don't cling to him like this..."

Alexander quietly stepped forward and blocked the door. "The patient's family still has something to tell him. You can leave them be."

The nurse looked at him up close. She bit her lip, too shy to meet his gaze. However, her voice softened drastically. "Then, please console her."

"Don't worry. She's my fiancéé. Of course I know how to take care of her. I don't need you to remind me about that," Alexander stated, his tone brooking no argument.

At the mention of the word 'fiancéé,' the nurse's expression did a one-eighty. Gritting her teeth, she dashed off angrily.

Not long after that, Austin arrived at last. Jeanie ran over and wrapped her arms around him. "Austin, Trevor is gone. Our son is gone..."

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Austin nearly collapsed then, but he still forced himself to hold back his grief as the sole pillar of the family. He held his wife and quietly comforted her. "It's okay. I'm still here. This family won't break down as long as I'm here."

"It's Faye!" Jeanie accused. "It has to be her. She wants to kill you and our son. Look at what happened to Trevor in the end. You can't let anything happen to yourself. No, we have to drive her away and out of the Anderson Family!"

"Jeanie..." Austin's voice trailed off as he released her. "Don't let your anger get the better of you."

"I'm not just saying this because I'm upset!" Jeanie stubbornly whipped her arms back. "Ever since that woman joined the family, the household hasn't known peace. She was practically sent to torture us. Why haven't you seen the truth yet? Don't tell me that you also want Yoyo's life to be threatened as well?!"

Tears were welling in Jeanie's eyes as she laid out her accusations. Her gaze went over Austin's shoulder to see Faye standing by the entrance to the elevator behind him. A crazed smile hung on Faye's face.

"She's smiling!" Jeanie grabbed Austin's arm in a panic and attempted to make him turn around.

Austin struggled in place. Only after several moments of hesitation did he finally turn around. However, all he saw was Faye with a look of concern on her face as she dashed over.

"Mom, Dad, how's Trevor?" Faye furrowed her brows as she asked, an uneasy look on her face.

"No! It wasn't like this!" Jeanie pointed at Faye in fear as she spoke. "I saw it clearly just now—she was smiling! Austin, that woman was smiling even though Trevor is dead! She's far too terrifying. You can't stay around her!"

But Faye sniffled and put on a pitiful look. "Mom, why are you still accusing me during a time like this? I'm also heartbroken because of Trevor's death. Do you have to rub salt into my wounds?"

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"That's enough..." Austin was already worn-down from losing his son at a young age. There was no way he could handle both women now, so he pulled Jeanie over to the side to talk to her. "Jeanie, listen to me. Faye isn't as awful as you say she is..."

Jeanie couldn't process anything he said. Her fists clenched tightly as she looked at Faye. She didn't dare to shift her gaze away for even a moment.

Just as Jeanie expected, Faye's expression changed the moment Austin turned his back to her. It transformed into one of insanity, of demented unrestraint.

Faye was the one behind Trevor's death. Jeanie was sure of it.

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 461

Chapter 461 Closer Than Friends

Jeanie clenched her jaw tightly. The next moment, she made a harsh decision—no matter what price she had to pay, she would not let Faye hurt her family again. This would be the last time ever.

Right at that moment, the door to the ward suddenly flew open. Elise walked out of the room, supporting her weight on the door.

Alexander's sharp eyes immediately took notice of this, and he quickly reached out to help her stand, but Elise waved dismissively. "Call the doctors over. He isn't dead yet. Bring the instruments, quick!" she said weakly.

"Oh, all right!" Danny was the first one to react, and he charged over to the reception. "The doctors! Where are they?!"

The doctors and nurses soon arrived. Alexander helped Elise to the side.

The door to the ward was wide open. Faye watched on as an entire crowd worked to save a dead man. Displeasure was clear in her eyes.

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And yet, the waves of a heartbeat returned to the heart rate monitor's screen, and they even got stronger and stronger. At this, Faye's expression morphed in a fascinating manner. Her grip on her shoulder tightened to the point that her nails dug into her flesh. Impossible. He was dead. How could he be revived?!

Jeanie took in Faye's sinister expression. She walked over briskly and blocked Faye's view. "Leave this place now." Jeanie's expression was chilly, her tone brooking no argument.

Faye shot a glare at Trevor before turning to meet Jeanie's eyes. After a brief standoff, she immediately changed gears, a concerned look on her face as she spoke to Austin. "Dad, since Mom doesn't want me here, I'll leave. I don't want to rile her up. You two will be fine. Please tell me if there's any change in Trevor's condition."

Austin was vexed as he pinched his forehead and waved at Faye. "Go ahead."

Faye hadn't expected Austin to not even try to get her to stay. Instantly, her expression dimmed. She didn't even bother to hide the displeasure on her face as she stomped off angrily in her heels. As she waited for the elevator, she gritted her teeth. "That ingrate is sturdier than I thought. He still isn't dead even though he's so badly injured!"

Meanwhile by the ward, Danny came running over excitedly to Elise just when she had regained some of her strength. "He's alive! He's alive!"

"Mm." Elise wasn't surprised by this turn of events. Trevor might not be dead, but he would be unconscious for the near future; his body was still frail and weak. "Arrange for a few more guards to stand watch outside of the ward. Do not allow anyone uninvolved in Trevor's care in."

"I know what I should do." Danny nodded solemnly before retreating to give Alexander and Elise some space.

Now that Danny had left, the ward was once again quiet.

"I need to go to the black market again," Elise muttered to herself.

"To look for Claude?" Alexander asked.

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Elise nodded. "I managed to bring Trevor back from the brink of death, but to truly save him, I need to find Claude."

"And if he isn't at the black market?" Alexander asked thoughtfully. "You and Bryce are... good sisters, as he put it. I don't think he would pull any dirty tricks."

"Alexander." Elise abruptly lifted her head and looked at him seriously. "There's no such thing as eternal enemies, or eternal friends." Especially when it comes to people like Bryce.

Perhaps Bryce did treat her favorably, but that was because there was no one else worthier than Elise for Bryce to maintain a friendship with. The moment a juicier business prospect cropped up, he would definitely not hesitate to turn his back on her.

All of the sudden, Alexander felt like Elise was a completely different person, as though everything in her eyes was just an exchange of mutual interests. He thought she didn't believe in true love, and she didn't truly love him.

"But I'll always be your beloved." Alexander took her hand, rubbing it gently against his palm as he lowered his head and gently spoke. "If there's anything you want to do, go ahead and do it. I'll always support you, but you have to promise me to watch out for your safety."

A pause, then a sigh. Alexander continued then, "On second thought, let me go with you. I don't feel at ease letting you go alone."

Elise smiled mildly. "But you ended up hurt when you came with me last night."

Alexander had an exasperated expression. "Fine. I am indeed too weak." He couldn't protect the woman he loved. He was indeed unworthy of fighting with her side-by-side.

"That's not what I meant." Elise held his hand, her clear, pretty eyes looking at him with deep affection. "I just can't stand you getting injured. I won't be able to focus that well with you there!"

Alexander smiled in response. "So, we're closer than friends?"

"Yep." Elise casually threw her arms over his neck and pressed herself close. "Why do you have to be so handsome? I don't even feel safe leaving you at home; how will I dare to take you with me?"

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Alexander withdrew himself from her hold, a playful but confused look in his eyes. "Why does it feel like you're trying to sweet-talk me? Who taught you to speak like that?"

"Do I even need to be taught to speak that way?" Elise's eyes turned into crescents from her smiling. "With you around, anyone will be able to master the art of honeyed words without a master!" With that, she shamelessly hugged him tightly without easing up.

Alexander couldn't resist it when she was acting coy like this. With no other choice, he pitched his voice up. "Okay... I'll do as you say!"

That night, Elise entered the black market again. It hadn't been long since her arrival when Macaque came looking for her. "Miss Sinclair, Master Bryce has decided on a change in venue. I shall take you there."

Elise nodded without answering.

Soon, she reached a pub, where she saw Bryce drinking contentedly. Elise stood by the door and watched him from a distance. "You knew I was coming?"

Bryce put down his glass before he picked up a bottle of wine and languidly poured himself another glass. "I didn't know you would be coming. However, I knew that we would certainly be meeting each other again shortly. I am simply unsurprised." A pause later, he looked at the glass in his hand. "Is that not how things have been for us these few years? We would meet each other often for a while, and then we would go for a long period of time without contacting each other."

"I don't have time to reminisce over the past with you," Elise stated her objective. "One of my people was missing when I left your place. Return him to me."

"I have never touched anyone from your party." Bryce's expression was roguish. "I simply thought that you did not want him any longer."

"Whether I want him or not, that's my own business. He went missing in your territory, so you better not tell me that this is something you have no control over." Elise's tone took on a sharper edge.

Bryce froze, his hand reaching out for the glass of wine hanging in midair. A dark look flashed across his eyes. "El, you can't come tyrannizing me so flagrantly simply because I

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indulge you. I've told you that he's not here. I do not wish to repeat the same line for the third time."

Elise collected herself. In truth, she had thought that there was a possibility of a third party being involved in Claude's disappearance; simply, she had been holding out hope for the opposite.

"Sorry for bothering you." With that, Elise turned to leave.

"Hold it!" The smile returned to Bryce's face. "Just because he's not here in my territory doesn't mean that I can't help you with his rescue."

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 462

Chapter 462 Short Debts Make Long Friends

Elise paused. Before she could turn around, Macaque had respectfully presented her with a box in his hand.

Bryce smiled a faint smile. "I'm also worried about your brother after he was hurt like that, El. This medicine can't bring the dying back to life, but it can keep him in a state of suspended animation for half a year to buy you time to save him."

Elise darted a glance at the box in Macaque's hand. Instead of taking the box right away, she threw a sidelong glance behind her. "And the conditions are?"

That was the reason Elise had never really taken too much advantage of Bryce despite them having known each other for such a long time. Whatever he gave her, he would always have her pay him back doubly in other ways. It had occurred to Elise more than once that it was a waste of his talents for Bryce, who was so good at doing business, to stay in the black market. He should've joined the financial market to play the numbers game with those capitalists, she thought.

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"That's why I'd say no one in the world knows me better than you do, El," Bryce replied ingratiatingly.

"Stop beating around the bush. Just cut to the chase," Elise said irritably.

"Alright. You never speak with me longer than necessary, anyway; I'm already used to it." Bryce put down his wine glass. When he looked up again, his eyes flickered with shrewdness. "I want you to participate in the arena ten times and win all of them for me."

"Okay," Elise replied without hesitation. After a moment's pause, she turned to look at Bryce, her eyes slightly narrowed. "Tell me who asked you to give me the medicine." Bryce had few things to care about, but he didn't have much time to spend at leisure, so he couldn't possibly have looked into the Anderson Family's affairs. Since he had the medicine prepared beforehand, someone must have told him to do so.

"Well..." Bryce hesitated without giving Elise the answer. After lowering his head, he continued with a half-smile, "That'd be a separate deal, El. Short debts make long friends. If you want to know who it is, you've got to wait until you have something I need."

"Great." Elise clenched her teeth. Then, she turned around, took the box from Macaque, and left the room without looking back.

Bryce watched all of this quietly, but the smile in his eyes slowly faded. Then, he said indifferently through his thin lips, "Go make arrangements for the arena matches."

"Yes, Master Bryce," Macaque replied reverently.

...

Elise returned to the hospital with the medicine. After she administered it to Trevor, his vital signs quickly stabilized.

Thomas was called over at the last minute, but the results of the medical examination were similar to what Bryce had said: Trevor had gone into a vegetative state once again. Even though the results were still unacceptable, he was lucky to have escaped death, so Jeanie and Austin thought it was a silver lining.

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After the medical staff had left, Elise spotted Harald in the hallway and made an excuse to leave the ward. Seeing him entering the nearest emergency exit, she followed behind him quietly.

Slowly, she heard voices coming from the stairwell. Harald said, "...Have you thought this through? That guy refused to take responsibility for you earlier, and now he'd become a vegetable. You're not his girlfriend or anything right now, so the Andersons aren't gonna think highly of you if you volunteer to look after him."

Then, a young female voice replied, "He just didn't know what had happened, but it's fine as long as I know it myself. He's my first man, Harald. I can't just leave him to die."

The Field Family had only one daughter. Judging from the voice, it was probably Yvonne.

Harald let out a heavy breath. "How could you call that 'leave him to die'? You're an unmarried lady. How could you go look after a guy? If that guy still refuses to marry you after he comes around, who else in the world's gonna marry you?"

"If the Andersons are really that ungrateful, I'll stay unmarried for life. I'm smart, anyway. When I graduate, I'll naturally find a good job to support myself," Yvonne replied in a fit of pique.

Harald didn't sound very pleased either. "That's nonsense! There isn't a girl who stays unmarried for life!"

It surprised Elise that the Field Family still had a daughter who had such a noble character. Indeed, with the state Trevor is in, he needs someone to look after him constantly. Money can buy people, but it can't buy a genuine heart, she thought. After pondering for a moment, she walked over to the wooden door of the emergency exit and opened it.

Fifteen minutes later, Elise returned to the ward with Yvonne.

Looking at Yvonne, Jeanie asked, "Elise, who is..."

"She's the caretaker I've found for Trevor. She can be trusted." Then, Elise said, "Yvonne, you'll be in charge of looking after my brother from now on."

"Okay." Yvonne nodded.

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However, Jeanie doubted Yvonne's capabilities somewhat because of how young she looked. "Are you really up to the task? You look so young."

"I am, Mrs. Anderson. I took care of my mom during the ten years she was bedridden, and the doctors praised me for not letting her suffer the least bit," Yvonne said sincerely.

Seeing that Yvonne was quite well-behaved, Jeanie didn't give her too much of a hard time. "Alright then. Since you're the person Yoyo hired, I'll let you try it. If you can't do the job, we can hire another person to help you."

With that, Yvonne stayed beside Trevor and looked after him under the assumed name of Yvonne Greens.

Having made the arrangements for it, Elise had Jeanie meet her alone outside the ward. She asked with a serious look on her face, "Mom, you said earlier that it was because of Faye that my brother got into this state. On what basis did you say that?"

Upon hearing Elise's words, Jeanie felt a twinge in her nose, and her eyes reddened. At last, my Yoyo is willing to acknowledge Trevor as her brother, she thought.

"What's wrong?" Elise didn't realize she had just called Trevor as her brother in front of Jeanie. Ever since she acknowledged him as her brother, everything seemed to fall into place, as though that was the way things were supposed to be.

"Nothing." Jeanie fought back the tears that sprang to her eyes. After collecting herself, she explained, "Trevor was supposed to keep me company at home these days, but he got wind that Faye was bidding for a piece of land in Riverdale. If she succeeded in doing so, she'd gain greater support from the board of directors than before, so Trevor drove to Riverdale overnight, planning to stop that woman by getting his hands on that piece of land before she did. But who would've thought that he'd get into such a terrible car accident as soon as he left the city? Faye has to have something to do with this!"

Then, she suddenly stopped and grabbed Elise's hand nervously. "That woman's a madwoman, Yoona. I'll avenge your brother, so don't get yourself involved in this. Now that your brother's already in such a state, you mustn't get in trouble as well."

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"Mom." Elise took Jeanie's hand with a determined look in her eyes. "The one who's gonna be in trouble isn't me, but the one who did this to Trevor. Please watch over him while I go to the Anderson Residence."

"No, you can't!" Jeanie grabbed Elise's hand in a tight grip. "I can't let you go there. Your dad's been taken in by her. How are you gonna fight against them alone? Just take this as my plea to you, Yoyo: stay here, and never go anywhere or do anything, okay?"

Elise knitted her fine eyebrows slightly. She replied in a helpless tone, "Do you think she'll let all of us off if we do nothing?"

"I know she won't..." Jeanie's eyes suddenly shone with a determination to face death unflinchingly. "But Yoyo, you're not supposed to be facing all this. Just give me a bit more time. I'll take care of all this!"

Elise had a vague feeling that something was amiss. "What are you gonna do?"

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 463

Chapter 463 Forever on Your Side

As soon as Elise finished her sentence, though, Alexander stepped out of the ward. "I heard what you two said just now. Mrs. Anderson, you have to believe that Elise knows what to do and what not to do," he said impassively. "I'll go with her, so you can rest assured."

Since he had said so, Jeanie couldn't stop Elise anymore, so she had no choice but to give them the nod.

Alexander and Elise then exchanged a brief look before walking outside together tacitly.

The car drove away from the hospital. After the couple were a distance away from the hospital, Alexander broke the silence, asking, "What are you gonna do after arriving at the Anderson Residence?"

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Elise rested her elbow on the car window to support her chin. Staring blankly out of the window, she said absentmindedly, "Act according to the circumstances, I guess. I don't know what's gonna happen either."

However, Alexander asked, "What if your dad defends Faye?" He knew it was cruel of him to say this, but he had to do so since he didn't want Elise to face the scene unprepared.

Upon hearing his question, Elise fell silent for a moment. After all, Austin had viewed Faye as his only daughter over the last dozen years, so their relationship was close. In fact, Faye had already been much dearer to him long ago than Elise—his biological daughter—did. It wasn't that Elise hadn't thought of the possibility Alexander brought up; she just didn't expect that she would be facing it so soon.

However, some things were inescapable.

Elise never intended to provoke Austin and Faye on her own initiative. To put it in an uncaring way, as long as Faye didn't hurt who she cared about, she wouldn't give a damn about it if Faye stole the Anderson Family's property or even Austin away. But since Faye was behind Trevor's car accident, she would certainly find out the truth about it.

As for Austin... Elise had seen how much Alexander suffered at the hands of Madeline and Adam, so her reason wouldn't allow her to make the same mistake. Her only worry was that she might go soft on him because of their blood relationship.

"It doesn't matter if anyone defends Faye. She has hurt my brother." She raised her voice, as if talking to Alexander while hypnotizing herself and warning herself not to waver.

"Okay." Alexander reached his hand out to hold hers. "I'm always on your side."

Elise fiddled with his hand with a wry smile without answering him.

When the car stopped in front of the Anderson Residence, the couple got out of the car together and rang the doorbell.

The servant trotted out from the inside and stood behind the iron fence. After looking at Elise's face, she opened the gate from the inside. "Welcome back, Miss Yoona," she said with a respectful smile.

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"Do you know me?" Elise remembered that she had never come to the Anderson Residence before, let alone identify herself.

"Yes, of course. Everyone in the household knows that you've been found. It's Master Austin who said so himself in front of everyone, and he even showed us your picture and told us to keep your appearance in mind and respect you just as we respect Miss Faye. He really cares a lot about you," the servant said while leading them into the house.

Her words rendered Elise at a loss for a reply for a moment.

Alexander took Elise's hand while picking up on the topic on his own initiative, asking, "Did Mr. Anderson give any other instructions?"

"That's for certain," the servant answered. Her words gushed out as she continued, "Not only did he have Miss Yoona's room renovated and redecorated, but he even had the kitchen prepare a new menu according to her past favorites to make it convenient for her to come back anytime. Oh, by the way, Miss Yoona, you're gonna stay for dinner this time, right? What would you like to eat? I'll tell the kitchen right away."

"No, that's not necessary. We'll leave after saying a few words to Mr. Anderson. Your madam's still waiting for her to go back, after all," Alexander replied gently.

"Haha! So Miss Yoona and Madam are closer, huh? But it's bad to forget about such a good father like Master Austin, Miss Yoona. I've watched him have dinner alone every single day, and he seems quite lonely. If you're free, please come back and visit him often," reminded the servant.

Alexander replied good-temperedly, "We already have our own plans about this, so please don't worry about it."

The servant could tell that Alexander was a well-brought-up man. When he said he and Elise had already made plans, he was actually implying that she shouldn't be too much of a busybody, but he had said so in a way that spared her feelings. "Yes, you're right, sir. Sorry for speaking out of turn," she apologized. Then, she pointed to the sofa, saying, "Sir, Miss Yoona, please wait here while I call Master Austin downstairs." As she spoke, she was about to go to Austin.

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However, Elise said, "Just tell Faye to come downstairs. I know she's at home." Before coming here, she had tracked Faye's location and learned that she was at the Anderson Residence.

The servant didn't understand why, but Austin had said before that Elise's orders had to be obeyed too. Therefore, she obediently went in another direction and went upstairs to go to Faye.

Instead of Faye, it was Austin who came downstairs shortly after the servant went upstairs. He slowly came downstairs before greeting Elise and Alexander, saying, "You're back, huh?" Then, he asked, "How's Trevor? Has he gotten any better?"

Elise sounded a bit displeased, though. "How much better can he get in a vegetative state?"

"You're right." Austin let out a sigh. Then, he looked up at her, asking, "Why are you asking for Faye?"

Coming straight to the point, Elise replied, "To seek justice for Trevor."

"You came here after listening to your mom's allegations, eh?" Austin lowered his head with a wave of his hand. "Those were nothing but groundless speculations that have no factual basis. You shouldn't take them at face value."

"Who am I supposed to trust if I don't trust my mom? Should I trust an outsider like you do?" Elise shot back in a confrontational manner.

"What nonsense are you talking about? There are no outsiders in this family!" Austin pulled a long face in displeasure. "Both you and your sister are my daughters. There's nothing different."

Elise didn't want to keep arguing with him over the subject. Directly, she got around the sofa and headed upstairs.

"What are you doing?!" Austin jumped to his feet. "Are you gonna hurt your own sister in front of me?!"

Elise paused in her tracks, but she didn't look back. "That's just your imagination. I've never acknowledged before that I have a sister," she said while walking upstairs.

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Austin strode up to Elise. Standing on the stairs, he reproached Elise in a condescending manner, saying, "Just walk over my dead body if you want to hurt your sister without any justification!"

Elise retracted her feet and looked up at Austin. Then, she narrowed her eyes, which shone with a dangerous gleam. "Are you determined to defend her?"

Austin didn't answer her.

Elise then asked, "Do you know that Trevor's now as good as dead?"

"He's not dead yet," Austin retorted almost stubbornly. "I know about my own son. He won't die so easily."

"Easily?" Elise sneered. "Did you forget the years you guys spent at Pinewood Hospital? You didn't see the nurse wipe the blood off Trevor's body, so you thought he wouldn't be in pain, did you?"

Austin shut up again; he had nothing to say.

"It seems that you've made the choice, but I'm gonna ask you again," Elise said recklessly in despair. "Either hand Faye over and let me take her away today, or I'll leave right away and take action against the Andersons from now on. Make your choice."

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 464

Chapter 464 Pay For His Foolishness

"That's sheer nonsense!" Austin flung his arms in vexation.

"Nonsense? I'm not in the mood for nonsense, nor am I joking either," Elise said expressionlessly. "Well then, I'll take it as you've chosen to stick with Faye."

Austin didn't refute her.

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The words the servant had just said rang in Elise's head. In an instant, disappointment welled up inside her.

Sometimes, being foolish could be fatal. Despite his current age, Austin was appallingly not as farsighted as Jeanie and Bertha. Even they knew that Faye was a greedy and wicked monster who would bite the hand that fed her someday if kept around, but he believed her wholeheartedly. In that case, let him pay for the so-called love between father and daughter and his foolishness, thought Elise.

Shooting a glance upstairs, Elise saw Faye, who quietly avoided meeting the former's eyes while hiding behind a pillar. "Since you've heard it all, keep this in mind," Elise said to the person upstairs. "From now on, you and the Andersons have another enemy." With that, she stormed off right away without taking another glance at Austin.

"You've made another wrong decision," Alexander said before going out after her.

Shortly after the couple walked outside, they saw Bertha waiting in front of them. Even though Elise was in low spirits, she went straight up to the old woman without avoiding her.

"Yoona." Bertha looked at Elise while being visibly heartbroken. "I feel I haven't seen you for ages."

"You've got to be kidding, Old Mrs. Anderson. It's only been a month or so," Elise replied flatly.

"No, it's different." Bertha stepped forward and held Elise's hands in her wrinkled hands, rubbing the latter's hands again and again. "I used to know you as Miss Sinclair, but now you're my dear granddaughter. Now that I think about it, we've not seen each other for almost 15 years."

Elise didn't say a word. She didn't understand how Bertha had made the calculations. Regardless of whether she was speaking to Bertha as Elise or as her granddaughter, it had indeed only been a month since they last spoke to each other. However, when Elise saw Bertha shedding tears of emotion, she decided to not be too particular about it.

After a while, Bertha wiped her tears away. Holding Elise's hand in a tight grasp, she said, "Please don't get angry with your dad. He has his reasons for doing so."

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"Are you gonna advise me not to fight Faye like he did?" Elise shot back. At first, she had wanted to tell Bertha that Trevor had nearly died because of Faye, but she bit back the words that sprang to her lips for the sake of Bertha's health.

"I'm not trying to advise you. There are some matters that you don't understand, and the matters at present aren't the only things he needs to consider," Bertha replied with some hesitation. In the end, she dared not reveal too many of the details.

"I'm not gonna try to understand what I don't understand either," Elise replied coldly. "I only do what I believe is right and defend the right person."

Bertha replied patiently in earnest, "But there are no absolute rights and wrongs in the world. Perhaps what you see is only an act that people put on to pull the wool over your eyes, no?"

"I don't understand what you mean." Elise was puzzled. "What's right is right, and what's wrong will always be wrong. There's nothing that they should be afraid of facing. If they're afraid, that only shows they're too cowardly to summon up their courage. Are the others supposed to sympathize and play along with you if you're a chicken? There's no such thing in the world."

"You're gonna suffer for being so young and impetuous, Yoona," Bertha said worriedly.

"I'll suffer, then." Elise withdrew her hand from Bertha's grasp. "I'd rather suffer than have a guilty conscience," she said. Then, she gave Bertha a nod and walked out.

Alexander listened to the two women's conversation from behind them for a while. After Elise had left, he walked up to Bertha and apologized to her on Elise's behalf, saying, "I'm sorry if Elise has offended you. She has a simple heart, so she doesn't see people and things in a roundabout sort of way."

"Do you think I'm gonna get angry with my own granddaughter?" Bertha let out a sigh. Then, she recalled something and added, "Since you're always around her, please always remind her that fearlessness isn't a good thing. I fear that she might end up being covered in scars one day."

"Please don't worry. I won't let anyone touch a single strand of Elise's hair even if that means I'll get hurt myself," Alexander promised.

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Bertha nodded. "I'll be entrusting this granddaughter of mine to you, then. Please be sure to take good care of her for me."

"I will. Alright then, I've got to go."

"Goodbye."

Alexander bowed to her slightly before going out after Elise.

Meanwhile, Elise's phone rang as soon as she got into the car. "Hello? Who's that? Just shoot if you have something to say. If not, I'm hanging up," she said in a rapid-fire way.

"Hey, don't! Are you gonna cast me aside now that I'm no longer needed?" Nathan complained. "You can't cozy up to people when you have a favor to ask of them and ignore them when you no longer need their help, sweetie."

"Get straight to the point, please," Elise urged impatiently.

"The point? I thought you knew what it was," Nathan replied. He continued unhurriedly, "The Dahlens have gone bankrupt, no? I'd done the job, but you didn't call me, so I can only call you to have you keep your side of the bargain."

Elise thought she seemed to have underestimated Nathan's capabilities. "What? That's quick!"

"Well, how long it takes depends on my mood." Nathan stared into space with a grin while holding his cell phone. "I put what you'd asked me to do at the top of my list of priorities. You didn't forget what you'd promised me, did you?"

Elise was rendered speechless; indeed, she had forgotten her promise to Nathan. After a brief pause, she replied boldly, "I didn't, of course. How about tonight? As it happens, she's got time for a couple of drinks."

Nathan replied, "Sure. I'll prepare two bottles of fine wine then. You come over and have Alexander join us too. Let's drink to our heart's content!" His mood uplifted, he turned to look at the Romanée-Conti in the liquor cabinet. It's only proper to serve A with wines of such distinction, I suppose, he thought.

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"Okay, let's meet up at the villa where we were last time," Elise said. With that, she hung up before Nathan could say the words on the tip of his tongue.

Nathan looked at the phone while smacking his lips in resignation. "Is it really fine for someone as mysterious as A to meet with us casually at Dawn Villa? Does she really have no idea how many people are gonna throng the place if word leaks out about it..." he muttered. On second thought, though, he felt that A was putting her trust in him. She's only so unperturbed because she believes I won't expose our whereabouts, he thought.

That night, Nathan arrived early at Dawn Villa, bringing the wine with him. Not only did he go out of his way to dress himself in the most expensive suit in his closet, but he even had his hair redone so that every strand of his hair stuck up in a meticulous curve.

After waiting for a long time, he finally heard footsteps outside the door.

Alexander was the first to come in, whereas Nathan stood up, getting all psyched up with his eyes fixed on Alexander's back. At last, I'm gonna meet with the elusive and mysterious A after six years! he thought. He believed that as long as he and A teamed up at this meeting, building a new financial empire would be a piece of cake.

Soon, a thin small figure wearing a peaked cap came in.

Nathan's eyes dimmed somewhat. A seems far from the towering figure I'd imagined, he thought. However, he braced himself soon afterward. Well, her looks and her stature are secondary; what matters the most are her capabilities. As long as she's talented, her image will be much more majestic than that of mountains and rivers.

The next second, though, the thin and small figure took off her cap, and her beautiful long hair fell loosely around her shoulders. When she looked up at Nathan, he was completely taken aback. "Elise? What the hell's going on? Are you fooling me?" He felt deceived.

"No one's fooling you." Elise tossed her cap onto the sofa. Then, she threw up her hands and said in an easy manner, "Didn't you say you wanted to meet with me in person? Eye me now to your heart's content, then."

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Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 465

Chapter 465 The Colluding Husband and Wife

"This is..." This is totally different from what I'd expected, okay?!

Nathan could hardly believe it when he saw the nonchalant look on Elise's face. Without even bothering about his elegant-looking suit, he quickly walked to the door and craned his neck to look outside. However, there wasn't a soul to be seen when he looked around. His arms akimbo, he turned around and stood where he was in a daze for a few seconds. Then, he turned back and stood face-to-face with Elise, eyeing her up and down once again with skepticism in his eyes. "You're A?" he asked.

"Yeah, it's me." Elise folded her arms across her chest.

Nathan pulled a long face at once. "Say, even if you didn't manage to make an appointment with her, you didn't have to joke with me like this. Don't tell me you've not even met her in person."

However, Elise asked calmly in reply, "If I'm not A, then what do you think A's supposed to look like?"

"In any case, she'd never look like you." Nathan exhaled a deep breath in annoyance. When he turned and saw that Alexander was about to open the bottle of Romanée-Conti, he immediately ran up to the man and stopped him, saying, "Don't touch it! This bottle's for A. If you two finish it off, then what am I gonna serve A with when I meet her for real later?"

Just then, however, he heard a lady's faint and delicate voice speak behind him. "That's stingy of you, Natty."

Upon hearing that, Nathan felt like something had exploded inside his head. In an instant, his pupils dilated, and he looked back in disbelief. "How did you know about this nickname?" He looked bemused. "Did A even tell you about that?"

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Natty wasn't Nathan's actual nickname. It was only a nickname that A gave him without thinking when they were working together back then because she thought Natty sounded similar to his first name. Even though many who had been part of the collaboration were aware of this nickname, no one dared to challenge Nathan's authority like A did, for he was a big name in the investment community even then. Therefore, he hadn't heard this nickname for years.

"Jeez, what a bother." Elise plonked herself down on the sofa. "Seriously, do you need me to reminisce about how we used the situation to our advantage during the first equity hedge battle between you and that self-important father of yours and how we wiped him out and made him lose all his capital?"

Finally, Nathan had no choice but to look Elise in the face. A kept a low profile and was never keen on acquiring fame or wealth, so she would never brag to anyone in great detail about those exhilarating and unrestrained stock wars. Furthermore, no one knew that the person they had jointly defeated at the time was none other than Nathan's own father.

Nathan's mother was abandoned by his father before he was born. Not only that, but the man even refused to say goodbye to her for one last time in her dying moments. In order to get back at the man, Nathan amassed his strength until he finally stood in the brokerage firm with dignity and fought him. At first, he thought he had honed his skills enough, but Nathan's father was more experienced and thus much craftier. Halfway through the scheme, he almost had all his possessions swallowed up by that so-called father. It was A who had saved the desperate situation for him, allowing him to bring the man down from the top of the financial pyramid.

Therefore, to Nathan, A wasn't only an idol but also his benefactor. If it weren't for A, he wouldn't have been able to avenge his mother and reclaim his dignity.

On the other hand, Elise was running out of patience. "Are you still not gonna believe me?"

"No, I believe you. It's just that I still have trouble adjusting to that." Nathan seemed somewhat ill at ease. He continued in self-deprecation, "Perhaps it just never occurred to me that the person who had easily spent more than one billion as she pleased would be a teenage girl."

Elise had yet to celebrate her 20th birthday at present, which meant she was only about 13 years old seven years ago. It was truly unimaginable for someone at that age to have a commanding presence in the capital market.

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Elise got up, came to Nathan's side, and gave him a pat of comfort on the arm like a mature and respectable old man. "It's okay, Natty. You're still young. As you gain more experience, you'll find that there are always people who are better than you in the world."

Nathan pulled a wry face; he never dreamed that he would be preached to by a 20-year-old lady one day.

Elise didn't care much about it, though. After finishing her sentence, she went to the liquor cabinet and picked up the bottle of Romanée-Conti. Then, she opened it right away, pouring the wine into three wine glasses. Picking up two of the glasses, she then turned around and handed one to Nathan.

Alexander picked up the remaining glass of wine and walked over to them, forming a circle with them.

Nathan glanced down at the wine glass with a faint smile. Then, he took the wine glass, clinked glasses with the couple, and finished his wine in one gulp with a toss of his head.

Having finished her glass of wine, Elise licked her lips, seemingly savoring the endless aftertaste that the wine had left in her mouth.

"Pretty nice, isn't it? I bought it at an auction for two million. There are less than ten bottles of it globally," Nathan said.

"Yeah, it's nice indeed." Elise compressed her lips into a smile. In an instant, she came up with a mischievous idea. Walking back to the liquor cabinet, she brought the entire bottle of Romanée-Conti over and filled Nathan's wine glass with it right away.

"Hey, that's enough!" Seeing Elise pour wine recklessly into his glass, Nathan immediately held it up, but the glass was already 80% full at that point. He said helplessly, "Elise, you only need to pour a mouthful of the wine into each glass just so we can taste it. It's not like we're gonna get drunk."

Elise crinkled her eyes in a smile. "Well, I was just worried that you couldn't remember what it tasted like. After all, the bottle will cease to be yours very soon."

Nathan was puzzled upon hearing her words.

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"Didn't you say you had prepared this bottle of wine for A?" Elise asked shamelessly.

Upon realizing what Elise meant, Nathan panicked at once. I only have a bottle of good wine of such distinction! he thought. "Well, I did say that, but... Good wine is supposed to be shared with everyone!"

"Don't be so stingy, will you?" Elise shoved him in the chest. "Think about that wretched father or yours and your current standing. Is the huge favor I've done for you not worth you giving me a bottle of wine as a present?"

"Well, it's worth it, but this bottle—"

"That settles it, then!" Elise dashed outside with the wine bottle in her arms without giving Nathan the opportunity to finish his sentence. As she ran, she shouted, "Thanks for the wine! Call me again if you have such a good thing to offer me next time."

"Hey, wait a minute! Stop!" Nathan yelled. Helplessly, he watched the top-grade wine in his collection being taken away in such an open and aboveboard way. His face crumpled into a look of desolation, and his heart was bleeding.

At the sight of the scene, Alexander couldn't help bursting into laughter.

Only then did Nathan recall there was another person around. Turning to stare at Alexander, he narrowed his eyes, which flickered with slyness.

"What do you want?" Alexander asked with a straight face. "I'm straight."

"Bah, who cares about it, anyway?!" Nathan rolled his eyes. "I mean, remember to call me the next time you two are gonna have a drink."

Alexander replied with a sly smile, "Well, I can call you, but aren't you gonna give me a bottle of good wine to thank me in advance?"

With a slap on his thigh, Nathan agreed to it without hesitation, saying, "No problem. I still have another bottle of Romanée-Conti at my place, only that it's not as good as that one. I'll have it delivered to you later."

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"Thanks." Alexander gave him a faint smile. Then, he put down his wine glass and walked out with his hands in his pockets.

As Nathan watched Alexander disappear from the door, he suddenly felt that something was amiss. Did I just let them take away two bottles of Romanée-Conti at once? Shit! What a colluding couple!

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 466

Chapter 466 He's Elise's Lackey

Elise kept sending text messages on her cell phone on their way home.

Jealous, Alexander asked, "Who are you texting? You're replying to the messages so quickly."

"A wine lover who loves drinking more than everything else. He certainly won't let this bottle of Romanée-Conti slip through his fingers," Elise replied. As she spoke, she took a selfie with the bottle of Romanée-Conti in her arms. Then, she opened the chat window on WhatsApp and sent the picture.

When Alexander caught sight of the scene from the corner of his eye, he couldn't help stepping on the gas even harder. So far, Elise has never done anything intimate to me like sending me selfies. Who's the one she's texting, and why do they deserve such treatment? Could it be her grandparents? No, their state of health wouldn't allow them to drink too much alcohol. Nor could it be the Andersons, who are now in a state of utter confusion. It couldn't be Elise's classmates, either. They're all ladies, so whether they drink alcohol or not is questionable, and besides, they can't tell good wine from bad, he thought. As he was too absorbed in thought, he unconsciously blurted out what he was thinking. "Who could it be..."

Then, in a moment of inattention, he accidentally rear-ended the car in front of him.

Tacitly, both drivers pulled over to the side of the road to avoid blocking traffic on the road.

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"Are you alright?" Alexander hurriedly checked on Elise's condition. After making certain that she was unscathed, he unbuckled his seat belt and got out of the car. Then, he walked around his car to the rear end of the other car. However, when he saw the female driver who was checking on the damage done to her car, his bushy eyebrows furrowed. "Maya?"

Maya looked up at him with mixed emotions flickering across her eyes. "It's you? Well, never mind." She kicked the car's rear bumper. "Just go ahead with your business. You don't have to take responsibility for this." Having been reduced to a nobody at present, she could no longer be of any help to Alexander, nor was she good enough for him. On top of that, she didn't want him to see her at the lowest point in her life.

After the Dahlen Family went bankrupt, all the family's property, movable or immovable, was sold off by the bank, leaving Maya with nothing else but the SUV. Devastated by the blow, Maxwell went into a coma and was lying in the hospital. In order to pay his medical expenses, Maya sold everything she could. Having parted with her luxury cosmetics, designer clothing, and luxury handbags, she now wore a shirt and a pair of jeans—the simplest and most convenient sort of clothing. As a result, she no longer looked like the daughter of a rich family.

Alexander honestly didn't recognize Maya at first glance.

Just then, Elise got out of the car and walked up to them. "How is it?"

"It's fine. I'll take care of it." Seeing Maya turn her head away, Alexander considerably stopped Elise from continuing to come toward them. Then, he took out a bank card and handed it to Maya. "Here. The money in it should be enough for you to get the car fixed or swap it for a newer car that's more comfortable. Your car's gonna be scrapped soon, I think."

"No, I don't want it. Take back your money," Maya said stubbornly, before biting her lower lip at once. Only by doing so could she prevent herself from bursting into tears.

It wasn't that Maya didn't know how worn-out the car—which had been kept in the underground garage for more than ten years—looked, but she had no other option. Everything that belonged to the Dahlens had been taken away, except for this car, which she and her family could keep on using because it was registered under her deceased grandfather's name. She couldn't be left without the car. She had to go back and forth between her recently rented home—where she had to move all the usable stuff to—and the hospital, where she had to look after her unconscious father.

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If it weren't for the man named Nathan York, she would still be a little princess living the life of luxury, and her father, who loved her more than anyone else did, wouldn't have fallen into a coma. Even now, she still had a hard time accepting reality, not to mention facing Alexander.

On the other hand, Elise recognized Maya's voice at once upon hearing the latter's words. "Maya?"

"No, I'm not Maya." Maya sniffled. "You've mistaken me for someone else." Then, after casting a sidelong glance at Elise, she resolutely took the bank card in Alexander's hand. "I'll keep the money, so let's drop the matter. I won't be bothering you two anymore. Alright, you may leave now." The Dahlens had gone bankrupt, causing her to be reduced from being the daughter of a wealthy family to her current state. Consequently, she only wished that everyone who knew her in person would never show up in her life again.

Just then, a luxury car pulled up behind Elise. Getting out of the car, Nathan strode up to the couple with his long legs, asking, "Are you guys alright?"

It's him! At a glance, Maya recognized Nathan, whom Maxwell had kept talking about on the phone before falling into a coma, and whose name the relatives who came to settle scores with her family had mentioned again and again. It was all because of Nathan that the Dahlens fell from heaven to hell overnight, turning me from a rich lady who lived a life of luxury into the down-and-out woman I currently am! It was him who caused suffering to both the Dahlens and my father, who loves me more than anyone else does! The Dahlen Family's ruined, yet this guy's still alive and well like he's got nothing to do with it. This is simply unfair! Why?! The Dahlens had never offended this guy, so what gave him the right to snatch everything from us as he pleases?!

"Ellie, I'm gonna call you Ellie from now on," Nathan said while looking at Elise. "It's okay that you took the wine away, but could you pay attention to your identity and protect yourself, hmm?" Then, he turned to look at Alexander and called him to account, saying, "I seriously wonder if you're really fit to be her boyfriend."

Elise shot a disdainful look at him. "That's none of your business. Why don't you mind your own business instead?"

"How could you call this 'none of my business'?" Nathan replied. Then, he continued as if it were a matter of course, "You gave me everything, so your safety is my utmost priority, of course!"

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Elise shuddered at Nathan's words. What he said sounds so embarrassing in every way, she thought.

Meanwhile, Maya stared at the three, her eyes widening in anger as her fingernails almost dug into her flesh. Turns out he's Elise's lackey, huh? So it was Elise who gave the orders. She was the culprit behind everything; it was her, this b*tch, who drove me into such a predicament!

Just then, Nathan urged, "Have you dealt with the matter here? There's still something I haven't told you; you guys left too early just now."

Alexander knew that Maya probably didn't wish them to stay here for too long. "Alright then, let's go," he replied. As he spoke, he turned around and left with his arm around Elise's waist.

"Well, now that you've met with me, how about you go back to Mesdra with—"

Before Nathan could finish his sentence, he and the couple suddenly heard the sound of someone collapsing to the ground. When they looked back simultaneously, they saw Maya lying unconscious on the ground.

Maya was the daughter of Madeline's best friend, after all, so Alexander couldn't bear to look on without doing anything. Walking over to Maya, he helped her up and leaned her against the car, supporting her with one hand while taking out his cell phone and calling the ambulance with the other.

Elise didn't want to waste too much time, either. With a flip of her hand, she produced a silver needle. Crouching down beside them, she inserted the silver needle into a spot that was several inches below Maya's temple.

After Elise took out the silver needle, Maya opened her eyes. "Were you the ones who saved me?" she asked confusedly.

"No, it was Elise," Alexander replied.

Maya turned to look at Elise with a frown. Looking both delicate and pitiful, she asked, "Don't you blame me for having come between you and Alexander?"

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"Who said that?" Elise stood up and took out a piece of tissue to wipe the silver needle clean before putting the needle away. "I just didn't want to stay here and wait for the ambulance. And besides, what you said about your having come between Alexander and me is just your imagination. There was never a third party in our relationship."

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 467

Chapter 467 Let Her Kneel if She Wants To!

A flicker of resentment flashed across Maya's eyes for an instant, but it quickly vanished as she looked up at Elise sincerely. "You're right. I could never have come between you two since the very beginning. Everything that happened in the past is all my fault. I wonder if you can let me stay around you two from now on, even as a servant. Please think of this as giving me an opportunity to make amends for what I've done."

However, Nathan unmasked her mercilessly at once. "What a funny woman you are! Weren't you having your eyes on Elise's boyfriend earlier? What, are you switching to the softer approach now? Wanna steal Alexander from Elise by staying close to them? You sure have no problem humbling yourself, huh?"

"No, I won't do that anymore!" Maya explained in a panic. "I promise that I'll obey no one else but Miss Sinclair. If you guys are still worried, from now on, whenever I see Alexander, I'll automatically keep a three-meter distance from him. Are you guys still not gonna believe me if I do this?"

Alexander shook his head, sighing. "You don't have to do this."

Maya dared not look at him; she merely stared stubbornly at Elise, waiting for her reply.

Finally, after a long time, Elise replied slowly, "That's not necessary. I have enough servants at home, and besides, I don't have the habit of abusing others and ordering people around. You've paid for everything you did to me when the Dahlens went bankrupt, so we no longer owe each other anything. From now on, let's go our separate ways. Don't show up in front of

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me anymore.” With that, she turned around and got into Alexander’s car without the slightest hesitation.

Nathan and Alexander both darted a glance at Maya before getting into their respective cars. Soon, both cars disappeared into the flow of traffic.

As Maya sat slumped on the ground, her face slowly contorted with hatred. Her hands clenched tightly into fists, and she ground her teeth audibly. Who does Elise think she is by acting all high and mighty? What else does she have left without her man? Does she think she can just walk away after ruining me? It’s not that easy! Since I can no longer find happiness, I’ll never let her live a peaceful life! At the thought of this, she immediately got up and into her worn-out SUV. Then, she quickly started up her car, heading for the Sinclair Residence.

Meanwhile, Elise and the others arrived home just in time for dinner. Everyone in the family sat around the dining table, but their mood was a bit down with the absence of Jeanie, Trevor, and Claude. The only person who enjoyed dinner with great relish was Nathan, who lived alone and thus seldom had the opportunity to eat home-cooked meals. Even though he often had dinner with his clients, those dinners were all formal with food that was bland and tasteless. On the contrary, both the food served at the Sinclair Residence and the atmosphere here made him feel somewhat at home.

Moses listlessly reminded Nathan, saying, “Watch your table manners a little, Mr. York. You’re a financial tycoon with at least billions of funds in your hands, after all.” I haven’t bickered with Claude today. How boring, he thought.

Nathan’s expression froze for a moment before he smiled with embarrassment. “He he... I’ll try my best, okay?”

“Don’t listen to him, President York! Feel free to eat as much as you please, and come here often,” Danny said. He had heard many legends about Nathan, who was great enough to be idolized by every hot-blooded youth because he had single-handedly striven to become who he was today. It felt like a dream to Danny that he was now having dinner with the legendary man.

Just then, a loud clang came from the gate. When everyone turned to look at the gate, they saw a thin and weak figure dragging a bag of stuff into the yard with great difficulty under the dim light. However, it wasn’t until she came nearer that they got a good look at her face.

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"Isn't she that daughter of the Dahlen Family?" Nathan frowned. "Didn't she have enough after extorting money from Alexander back on the road? How dare she pursue us all the way here? Seems like I haven't done enough damage to her family yet," he said while putting down his cutlery. Then, he walked out first, threatening, "Wanna latch onto us, huh? Don't you know that an unmarried woman like you should keep your distance from men? Get lost at once along with your stuff, or I don't mind letting you experience total despair!"

Maya glared at him bitterly. "Well then, just go ahead and let me go bankrupt once again! I'm afraid of nothing. I've lost everything now, anyway!"

Indeed, a person who had nothing in the world was the hardest to deal with. They had nothing to lose, so they had nothing to be afraid of.

However, Nathan was no simpleton. Having fought his way up from the bottom rung of society, he had seen all kinds of people and used all kinds of tricks. The instant Maya growled at him, he immediately gave off a commanding aura through every pore with a murderous look in his shrewd eyes. "Well, seems like you aren't even afraid of death."

Maya swallowed a mouthful of saliva almost imperceptibly. She was afraid of dying, of course, but she couldn't yield to Nathan. She had to stay here to pay them back a hundredfold for the suffering they had inflicted on her. "Wanna kill me, huh? Well, you can do that, but get in the line!" She went past Nathan right away. Walking a few steps into the yard, she shouted, "Elise, I know I can't hide it from you. It's right that I have a purpose in cottoning up to you, but it's not for Alexander's sake—it's for the sake of my dad. He's been in a vegetative state since the Dahlens went bankrupt, but I know you have a way of curing him. As long as you're willing to do so, I'm willing to do anything. Even if you're not, I'll stay at the Sinclair Residence as a servant until the day you're finally willing to treat my dad!"

Elise calmly picked up a piece of vegetable, put it in her bowl, and toyed with it for a moment. Then, she laughed as if she had heard a joke, saying, "Sounds like you're not gonna leave if I refuse to treat your dad, huh?"

"That's right," Maya replied with determination. "My dad has doted on me his entire life, so there's no way I'm gonna leave him in the lurch. Elise, just take this as my plea to you. I can even kneel down if you want me to." Almost as soon as she finished saying that, she knelt down on the ground with a thud. "I can kneel to you. As long as you're content and appeased, I'm willing to do anything!"

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Elise narrowed her eyes. She was unfazed by such moral coercion, but Maya was someone Alexander knew in person, after all. Therefore, she quietly observed his response.

Alexander seemed to be in a world totally different from theirs, though; he was peeling the shrimps before him with rapt attention. After peeling a bowlful of shrimps, he wiped his hands clean with a napkin and put the bowl of peeled shrimps in front of Elise, smiling faintly. "I tasted one of them, and it's pretty sweet. You can eat more of these since shrimps won't make you fat."

Elise understood what the man was implying with his gesture—he implied that he would let her make decisions herself, and that he wouldn't interfere with her decisions. Quirking up the corner of her mouth, she picked up a shrimp and put it into her mouth. After chewing it for a while, she swallowed it, crinkled her eyes, and smiled at Alexander. "It's sweet indeed."

Alexander smiled with satisfaction without saying a word in response. Lowering his head, he picked up his cutlery and continued eating slowly.

Only then did Elise turn to look at the yard behind her. "Since she wants to kneel, let her kneel as she pleases. Don't spoil the fun for her, Natty. Come back and eat." Her voice was neither soft nor loud, but what it said was resounding.

With that, the murderous aura around Nathan disappeared at once, and he quickly returned to his seat and picked up his cutlery. Then, lowering his head quietly, he asked in a whisper, "Can you address me by a different nickname next time? I'm a financial tycoon, after all. Save me some dignity, will you?" No matter how I think about it, Natty sounds like a name for an odd jobs man or a servant for a rich family!

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Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 468

Chapter 468 You Still Wanna Do So Despite Knowing That?

"Oh," Elise murmured calmly.

"'Oh'?! What does that even mean?" Nathan put on a sullen face; he couldn't help thinking that Elise was up to some mischief. As such, he took the initiative, suggesting, "How about this? Since we're the best of friends, let's address each other by our nicknames rather than our given name. From now on, you'll call me Nate, and I'll call you Ellie. What do you think?"

However, his suggestion was met with no response.

The look of anticipation on Nathan's face froze as he truly experienced what it felt like to make a fool of himself.

In the end, it was Robin who saved him from the embarrassment. "Let's eat first, Mr. York."

"Alright!" At the mention of eating, Nathan's spirits rose again.

However, everyone at the dining table except Nathan had something weighing on their minds. They ate much more silently than usual, ending today's dinner in silence.

After dinner, Maria came in to clear the table.

Maya's legs happened to have gotten numb from kneeling. As soon as she rose unsteadily to her feet, she dashed into the living room and snatched the tray in Maria's hand, speedily filling it with the dishes and cutlery on the dining table.

Maria stood beside her at a complete loss for what to do with some spoons and forks in her hand. Not knowing whether to put them down or not, she turned to look at the Sinclairs for help.

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Elise said, "It's okay, Maria. Just let her do it. Take it as you've got a helper, and get some rest."

Astounded by the unexpected honor, Maria replied, "I don't need any helpers! I'm but a maid."

"No, you do need one. Don't be reserved with her. She likes doing these," Elise said nonchalantly.

Upon hearing Elise's words, Maria turned to glance at Maya. There's no way she could serve anyone as a maid with her skinny arms and legs, she thought. However, since Elise had said so, she didn't say anything else and nodded in silence.

Maya plonked the dishes on the tray with a loud clatter as if she was piqued.

Maria's heart ached at the sight of the scene. Luckily, it didn't take long before the table was cleared; only then did Maria feel relieved.

Maya held up the tray while asking with difficulty, "Where am I supposed to wash these?!"

"This way!" Maria hurriedly showed her the way. With that, the two women disappeared from everyone's sight one after the other.

A practiced conspiracy theorist, Nathan had seen too many examples of people who submitted to their enemies and endured humiliation until they successfully made them lose all standing and reputation. Therefore, he couldn't help but ask, "Are you gonna let her stay around? You don't need me to tell you the examples of people who endured humiliation in order to bring their enemies down, do you?"

"I've got plans of my own," Elise replied impassively.

Seeing that she didn't intend to say another word, Nathan didn't continue the subject.

Just then, Alexander handed his cell phone to Elise. "Take a look at this."

"A land auction in Landred City?" Elise turned to look at him. "You wanna be a property developer or something?"

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"No, it's you who's gonna be a property developer." Alexander switched to a more comfortable posture while wrapping his arm around her shoulder. "Land No. 6 is the land Faye has her eye on. It's also the land Trevor tried to acquire."

Upon hearing this, Elise couldn't help turning to read the details of the auction on the cell phone, memorizing the information one by one while scrolling the phone's screen with her fingertip.

Just then, Alexander continued, "I've prepared the money and the plane tickets. We'll set out tomorrow and help your brother get the land."

Elise was lost in thought all of a sudden as she stared at the phone's screen. To think that he would be so meticulously attentive to me! He didn't even overlook my family's honor and needs, she thought.

Seeing that she hadn't responded for a long time, Alexander put out his hand and placed it on her soft, fine hair. "What's wrong? Don't feel like confronting Faye head-on yet?" he asked, before pausing for a moment. With a thoughtful look on his face, he continued with a nod, "Well, that's understandable. Your dad's gonna be present at the auction then. Sorry for not considering that. Let me go to the auction on your behalf, then. Your dad isn't very satisfied with me, anyway, so it doesn't make any difference if I'm meaner."

The furrows in Elise's brow deepened. How could he be so kind to me...

"You're weird," Nathan teased. "Other men would only be too eager to please their father-in-laws, yet you go out and go against Austin in public. I'm afraid he'll never agree to marry his daughter to you!" As he spoke, he came up with an idea in his mind. Now that I've finally learned that Elise is A, how can I let her run away from under my very nose? I'd better offer to represent them at the auction so that I'd have an excuse to go to Landred City with them, he thought.

However, just as he was about to speak, Elise spoke first. "It's not necessary, Alexander. I have nothing to worry about. I'm going in person. I said before that I'll make him pay for his foolishness."

At the sight of the scene, Robin heaved a heavy sigh and got up with the aid of his stick. He commanded in a stern voice, "Come with me, Alexander!"

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Noticing that something was wrong with Robin's voice, Elise gave Alexander an innocent look and asked him in a whisper, "Did you make Grandpa angry?"

"No, I didn't." Alexander shook his head and gave her a reassuring pat on the shoulder. "I'll go take a look."

Alexander and Robin went all the way to the innermost part of the backyard before stopping.

Robin turned around with a grave face. After making sure that Elise didn't follow them, he said with a sigh, "Did you ever have Elise's interests in mind when you did this today? She's Austin's biological daughter. Even though she hasn't been formally acknowledged as his daughter, her relationship with him is no longer a secret in Tissote's upper-class circles. And now, you're taking her on a long journey to snatch what her father has his eye on. What do you think the outsiders are gonna think of her? Do you want Elise to become an unfilial daughter in their eyes?!"

Alexander pressed his lips together without answering.

Robin then continued, "We've already been secretly worrying about Elise behind her back, knowing full well how dangerous the Anderson Family is. Trevor's such a fine young lad, but he ended up lying in his sickbed again in a single night. And what have you done? Not only do you not keep Elise away from those infighting, but you even put her out in the spotlight, fooling around and stirring up trouble with her! Do you really want to get Elise killed?!" The more he spoke, the more agitated he became, and he struck the ground heavily with his stick again and again, as if striking Alexander's heart.

After a long time, Alexander looked Robin in the eye and said in all earnestness, "I know that Elise's always been surrounded by malice. She's had a hard life, and she isn't really happy."

Robin's face turned livid. His eyes shone with flames of anger, and his wrinkled face had the authority of an elder written on it. "And you still wanna do so despite knowing that?"

"Yes," Alexander admitted readily in a dignified voice. "I know she's unhappy, and that's exactly why I'm gonna accompany her while she does what she wants. What you're considering is her reputation as an unmarried young lady, but I just want her to live the rest of her life as she pleases. I want her to smile more."

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Robin's expression slowly eased at his words, but he still looked conflicted as he thought of something. "Of course, I know that one would be happiest when they live their lives as they please. But humans are social animals, so we have to think about the consequences before doing anything. If you two are gonna invite endless trouble upon yourselves just for momentary happiness, then I'd rather Elise live a duller life."

"No, that's not gonna happen!" Alexander raised his voice all of a sudden. "I'll back her up. She may do whatever she wants, and I'll take care of all the trouble. I can keep her safe, Mr. Robin!" What I want isn't an Elise who does everything by the book, keeps thinking back and forth to herself, and is full of misgivings, but an Elise who's as laid-back, free, ingenuous, and unaffected as a kid, he thought.

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 469

Chapter 469 Forgotten Family

Robin stared at him for a long time, yet he couldn't bring himself to say a word. Given they were both men, he knew very well it was not an empty promise but a genuine one when Alexander swore to protect Elise's smile.

In that very instant, Robin couldn't feel any older. Or rather, he had been old for a very long time, so old that he had grown so much more timid than a rat, fearing anything that came his way. All this time, he had been praying for stability that he had shut out everything that was remote from his vision. Perhaps Alexander was right.

Temporary stability couldn't be exchanged for eternal security. No one could tell what the future might hold, so instead of living in fear, maybe it was time to live more carefreely and enjoy every moment. Even though they were senile, they shouldn't let Elise live as they did—monotonously and aimlessly. Right now, the only person that was standing in Elise's shoes was Alexander, who was right before him.

The concern on Robin's face gradually waned as he nodded, for he had found someone that could love Elise more than they did. "Very well. Remember what you said today, Alexander. If

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you fail to protect her even for one second, Laura and I are going to abhor you until our very last breath!"

"Don't worry, Mr. Robin." Alexander seemed more determined than ever. "I will spend forever keeping the smile on her face!"

Robin subtly nodded, and suddenly recalled the incident with Matthew. He warned, "As for your brother, it's best that you handle him as soon as possible. There may be a day when he comes back to ruin you and Elise's life."

"I've got a lead on him. I never spent a second slacking," Alexander earnestly claimed.

As such, Robin, seeing there was nothing else to nitpick, nodded. "As long as you know what to do. Now, I officially hand Elise over to you. Please cherish her."

"Thank you, Mr. Robin! I won't disappoint you!" Alexander was utterly moved as he revealed his delight.

"My disappointment means nothing. Elise, however..." Robin jokingly teased.

"Hehe..." Alexander chuckled in his baritone voice. "I won't let her down either!"

Robin stopped teasing him. "Now, go back to her, or she's gonna think I'm bullying you. This girl, she's not even married yet, but she has already forgotten about her family!"

Alexander went to help him walk. "Are you kidding, Mr. Robin? I'm now one of you too! Whether she thinks of me or you, her heart will still be with the Sinclairs. There's not a difference, is there?"

"Keep sweet talkin'!" Despite saying that angrily, Robin was obviously on cloud nine.

Seeing them depart with gloomy faces and return smiling, Elise got curious. "Smiley faces, what's the good news?"

Robin wordlessly beamed as Alexander answered, "Mr. Robin said you're forgetting about him."

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"What!" Elise went up and held Robin's arm, leaning her head against him. "I'll always think about you, Grandpa!"

"Hahaha! Really? Does that mean you will be my granddaughter forever and not get married to another man?" Robin mischievously poked fun at her.

"No way!" Elise speedily raised her head. With a serious expression, she replied, "I still gotta get married! But I'll always think of you too!"

Robin lifted his hand and booped her nose. "What a sly, greedy girl!"

Unwilling to give in, Elise pinched her nose and pulled a clown face at him.

Since she was heading to Landred City the next day, she later gave Laura an acupuncture. And by the time she was done, it was already midnight. With that, she walked out of the room and sneaked into Alexander's yard.

Catching her red-handed, Robin shook his head and sighed. "Heartless little girl..."

Being made fun of, Elise immediately let out a sneeze. "Achoo!"

Hearing that, Alexander came out of his room and took off his coat before covering her with it. "And we have ourselves a doctor who has no concept of keeping herself warm during cold days."

Elise childishly giggled. "Heh, doesn't that doctor have you?"

"And what if she doesn't?" Alexander rebuked.

"Then nobody would know she's a doctor!" She boldly jested, only to call upon Alexander's scowl, to which she hastily gratified him. "Okay, okay. I'm just kidding. I'll learn to take care of myself. Satisfied, Mr. Griffith?"

"Whatever." After he said that, his frown quickly turned into a smile. "Why are you here this late? Did Mr. Robin actually get it right—someone's dying to get married to me?"

"Hell no!" Elise pompously turned away. "I came for Captain Gleeman!"

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"Jackson?" Alexander questioned, "What for?"

"It's between me and him. Don't be nosy!" Having said that, she went to open the door to Jackson's room and entered.

Meanwhile, Clement, who just took off his shirt and was getting ready to sleep, was startled at Elise's barging in. Ferociously, he tugged the bed sheet and wrapped his entire body as he curled up in the corner. However, having protected his own bare skin, he exposed Jackson's skin to Elise.

Although Jackson's only exposed part was his torso, it was enough to fluster him as a woman's touch was rare to him. He kept on eyeing at Clement, desperately calling for his rescue, to which the latter simply glanced at the woman before silently clutching his sheets tighter.

Jackson was frustrated yet had no way to express it. Damn it, Smith!

Suddenly, Alexander walked in and gently knocked Elise's head.

"Ouch!" Elise pretended as if she was in agonizing pain. "Why'd you do that?"

"Know your boundaries!" Alexander viciously glanced at her. Entering the room, he passed to Clement a coat, and covered Jackson with another one. "Okay. You may come in now."

Rubbing the struck spot on her head, Elise walked to the bed.

Since Jackson had his back facing her, Elise craned her neck and looked him in the eye. "Let's work together, Captain Gleeman. What do you say? Claude, or Max, is kidnapped. I suspect he's still in Athesea, and I'm gonna need your help for a city-wide search, in exchange for your freedom. Contrary to your belief, I did not kill Reuben, but I'd like for you to keep this between us for now. So, if you're game, blink your eyes; if you're not, I'll slit your throat." As she uttered her last words, she brushed the side of her finger against her neck.

Jackson peered at her in stupefaction. Wow, it almost sounds like I have a choice!

Nevertheless, quickly, Elise revealed a grin. "Just kidding. If you don't, you'll have to continue staying here. There's already too much on my plate, and an entire precinct of cops tailing me

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wouldn't exactly help. I'm sure you understand." Having said that, she gazed at Jackson, awaiting his answer.

Jackson, on the other hand, took his time to contemplate. For starters, he would have to leave the courtyard house to enable himself to make further decisions. With that in mind, he rapidly flickered his eyes.

At once, Elise pulled out a silver needle and punctured him with it.

A few minutes later, Jackson regained control of his body. He rolled out of bed and even started shadow-boxing.

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 470

Chapter 470 Figure It Out

"Don't forget our agreement, Captain Gleeman," Elise reminded.

"I'm a man of my word." Jackson was as cold as ever. "But your friend got me fired. I'd love to help you, but I simply can't."

"Right, Simon Bull! How could I forget about him!" After a sudden realization, Elise muttered to herself, "I should have gone to Mr. Bull right away, and I didn't have to let you go..."

Hearing that, Jackson was dumbfounded. "You know, Miss Sinclair, I'm still here. Maybe you could've omitted some words from your mouth."

"Nah, it's fine. We're literally best friends. It doesn't matter whether you heard them or not." After giving him a pat on the shoulder, Elise exited the room.

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"Wait, what do you mean?" Jackson stopped her.

"Nothing." She explained, "I'll have the mayor look for Claude."

"What about me?" The man was somehow disaffected.

"Do whatever you want. Who cares." Elise waved her hand as she walked out.

"I now know Max's identity. Are you not afraid that I might arrest him?" Jackson warned.

"Be sure to tell me when you do. I don't mind seeing for myself how the self-proclaimed justice enforcer Captain Gleeman would look like when he abuses his position to handle private affairs." Elise halted her steps, though she didn't turn back.

"What are you trying to say?" Jackson squinted his eyes as he grew more hostile.

"What I'm trying to say is, no matter how shady Claude is, he's still a doctor at the end of the day. How grave of a crime could he possibly commit? The only reason you'd arrest him pertains to him treating whomever. He's a trained doctor. That's why you wouldn't kill him or hurt him as you couldn't afford any damage to him. Otherwise, the person you wanted to rescue would have no choice but to die." Finished, Elise resolutely left.

As Jackson was left standing rooted to the spot, speechless, his eyes grew gloomier. After a while, he regained his senses and slowly turned to Alexander. "Max is Claude, who happens to be so close with Elise, whom Moses always treats with utmost respect. Besides, her needling skills are crazy deadly, and no one could dodge her attacks. Seriously, who's your fiancé?"

"You figure it out." Alexander patted him before returning to his own room.

Then, Jackson turned to Clement, who was still hiding in the sheets. Shortly after, he suddenly blurted, "They're already gone! Why are you so shy? It's not like I've never seen it."

Clement, who was about to drag the sheets away, heard that and immediately hid in his sheets before throwing himself onto bed.

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After an entire day of slumber, Jackson couldn't feel any drowsiness within him. With that, he went out and shut the door. Having been confined for so many days, he wished to see how the outside world had become.

Back to her room, Elise dialed Simon's personal number.

Swiftly, Simon answered the call. "Elise?"

"How did you know?" Elise was surprised.

"Only a few know this number. Besides, everyone I know are old people who sleep early. Who else, except you, would call at such a time?" he explained.

"I see." And so, Elise cut to the chase. "One of my friends got kidnapped in the black market, and I need your power to run a city-wide search. Are you able to do that?"

Walking down a politician's path would mean being constantly observed. One wrong step could easily be used by others as a leverage, leading the man to his irremediable demise, and all the hard work he had put into his work would go in vain.

Thus, if she weren't driven into a corner, Elise wouldn't have come to trouble Simon. However, since Claude was involved, she urgently had to request for his help.

An anonymous enemy was the most formidable. Elise was worried that Claude might be kidnapped by someone from SK Group. Since they were malicious enough to drug Joseph, they would certainly be capable of doing something more brutal to Claude. Therefore, she couldn't afford to waste even one minute.

"Send me your friend's photo and any other details about him. I'll send men to find him right away." Simon instantly agreed to her request without hesitation.

Although she didn't intend to bother him, realizing night was the best time for suspicious activities, she quickly acknowledged it. "Okay. I'll send them over at once." Elise was about to hang up after saying that.

"H-Hold on. Don't hang up yet." Simon called for her. "You didn't cause any trouble in the black market, did you?"

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"No. The black market's supervisor is a friend. No one would dare to disturb me," she confessed. "So it's not people from the black market."

"No, not that. I was talking about your safety." He grudgingly vented, "I know what the black market is like. It's where all the filth and terror resides. Is the university's security that lenient? Don't they care when students just wander however they wish at night?"

"Ah, time to keep up, Mr. Bull." Elise helplessly shook her head. "It's all about empowerment now. Only when unbound can one truly and freely experience the world! The age of locking ourselves in our rooms obediently like a goody two-shoes is long gone."

"You and your metaphors! Liberty is only good at a suitable amount. Too much of it will only lead to chaos. Without order, society is prone to corruption. And that makes me worried that someone might be taking advantage of you and your fast learner's gift!" Simon patiently advised.

"Man, you nag more than my grandpa! Maybe I should rat on you to your woman and see if you like the sound of bees buzzing in your ears!" Elise angrily suggested.

"My woman's not as good at words as you," Simon replied.

"Okay, fine, husband of the century. Yawn... Boy, am I exhausted. Talk to you later. Bye!" Faking a yawn, Elise immediately hung up. Throwing the phone aside, she grabbed her laptop and hacked into Anderson Pharmaceuticals' insider site and obtained Faye's schedule for the following week. Studying the schedule on her computer, Elise crossed her arms as she slowly lay against the back of her chair. "Oh, Faye, get ready to feel what it's like to be haunted by guilt! I'll take everything from you in Trevor's stead!"

She took a deep breath, and as she was about to turn off her computer, she received a voice call. It was a number from the loophole she created back when she contacted Xavier. Accordingly, she turned on her voice changer application before answering the call.

"Joseph, you there?" Xavier spoke in a suppressed voice, obviously trying to conceal his position.

"It's Eliza," Elise replied in a masculine, deep timbre.

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"Give me your coordinates. Need a rendezvous." Xavier warily observed his surroundings. Given his injury, all he could do if he were to get caught now was to acquiesce with his capturer.

After contemplating, Elise glimpsed at Faye's schedule before giving Xavier a location in Landed City.

With that, Xavier ended the call.

Elise could vaguely figure out what Xavier had gone through to end up holding onto his last sliver of hope and making that phone call.

Though, fortunately, she didn't miss it.

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