

# Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 119

## Chapter 119 It Depends on Her

Ashlyn pounced on Queenie like a crazed woman. "What did you say, you b\*tch? I'll kill you!"

Queenie faced Ashlyn's assault head on, but it quickly devolved into a brawl. Even then, nobody went ahead to stop them, worried they might get hurt themselves. In the end, Donald had to come over with his men to stop the fight.

Ashlyn's eyes were red with anger, and she was glowering at Queenie. "You're not getting away with this so easily, b\*tch. This isn't the end."

Donald finally snapped at that point, and he slapped Ashlyn again. "Enough! You've humiliated us for the last time!"

That slap finally made her calm down, but that didn't stop Queenie. "You brought this on yourself, Ashlyn. Honestly, I thought that was a low blow even from you. Good thing your plan didn't go through, or it'd be a bad day for the Griffiths. If Alexander was really forced to marry an evil b\*tch like you, it would be the end of their family."

That was the first time someone ever insulted Donald that way. To be fair, he wasn't the target of that insult, but he still felt humiliated. "Take her away!" he told his bodyguards.

A moment later, they propped Queenie up and took her away. But even so, that didn't stop her from cursing.

"You can't let her go, Uncle Donald! You can't!" Ashlyn frothed at the mouth. If she leaves, I'll be finished! She has to die, or I won't be able to survive in this circle!

But Donald didn't listen to Ashlyn and told his guards to bring Ashlyn away as well. Eventually, the crowd calmed down. The guests didn't say anything since Donald was there. However, they had told everyone about Ashlyn's actions when he wasn't looking. Embellished it, even.

At the same time, everyone was glancing at Alexander. They would have said something, but Alexander was too imposing for them to do so.

"Let's go," Alexander said curtly.

He was about to leave, but then Donald came up to them. "Can you give me a minute, Alex? I need to talk to you."

Alexander answered indifferently, "I'm sorry, Mr. Lawson, but I don't think we need to talk about anything."

It was a slight change in how he was addressed, but it set off Donald's alarms. He knew Ashlyn had crossed the line, but he secretly thought it would have been great for the Lawsons if she actually succeeded.

Well, he couldn't say that out loud, so he pretended to look sad. "I know Ashlyn crossed the line and it's over between her and your family, but that doesn't change the fact that our families are still friends. I'll teach her a lesson, I swear. She won't forget about it anytime soon."

Before he could finish, Elise sneered. "Well, that's putting it lightly, Mr. Lawson. You think you can end this with just a simple apology? We're not stupid, you know."

Donald never even cared about Elise. Now that she had spoken up, he finally looked at her, but his gaze was not friendly. "She's still my family. Furthermore, her plan didn't succeed, did it? That's what matters in the end," he said brazenly.

How disgusting. "So you're saying it's okay to drug someone as long as their plan fails in the end? And here I thought public servants should know more about the law, but it seems like I'm proven wrong. Or are you trying to say you'd rather protect your niece even if that means you'd get demoted?"

Donald was struck with fear after Elise said that. The whole reason he managed to climb up this high on the social ladder was because of his political status. If he were to be demoted, his family would be ruined. "You're a great debater, aren't you, miss?" Donald wiped the sweat off his forehead and backed down. "How about this? Tell me what you want me to do with Ashlyn, Alex? I'll do as you say."

Alex didn't say a word until that point. After all, Elise was cute when she butted heads with Donald. Also, he could feel that she was protecting him, and he liked that feeling, so he wanted it to last a while longer. "Is that so, Mr. Lawson?"

Donald nodded. "I want to end this here. After all, I still want to be friends with your family."

Elise crouched down and pulled Alexander's pants up, revealing his wound under the fabric. "We'll take that offer, Mr. Lawson. So how about you start with this

thing here. Sure, the wound's healing up, but that doesn't mean it won't leave a scar. I'll make sure Ashlyn gets a painful reminder about this."

Elise was talking calmly, but she managed to scare Donald for the first time in his life. She might look ugly and young, but she was more imposing than him, who had worked in the political scene all his life. "I'll hand her over to you, Alex. You can do whatever you want to her, but just keep her alive."

Just what I wanted, Elise thought.

Alexander knew what she was thinking, so he agreed to it. "Sure. I can work with that."

That's a yes. Whew. Donald heaved a sigh of relief. "That looks serious, Alex. Why don't you go to our hospital? I'll get the best doctor to treat you."

"No," Alexander refused. "You don't have to do that. This is just a small wound. Just dock the yacht so that we can get off."

Donald quickly told the staff to dock the yacht. It was only after Elise and Alexander left did he realize his back was drenched with sweat. "I want to know everything about the woman who was with Alexander," he told his underling. Then he mumbled, "I did my best, Ashlyn. It's all on you now."

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Cameron had been waiting at the pier for a while. When Alexander and Elise disembarked, he quickly welcomed them. "How do you feel, sir?"

"Just a scratch. Let's go back to the company," he answered calmly.

Elise refuted that suggestion. "No. To the hospital first."

That put Cameron in a tough spot. Who should I listen to? Miss Sinclair? The young master?

"Sir, what should I do?"

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 120

### Chapter 120 Elise and Alexander Are Dating

Alexander was about to say something, but Elise didn't give him a chance to speak. "Do you seriously think that you're made of steel? How can you still work when you're hurt like this? Go to the hospital!" she instructed without any room for negotiation.

Upon hearing this, he felt a sense of warmth in his heart. He was not offended at all as he could sense the concern in her voice. Meanwhile, Cameron held his breath. Finally, Alexander said, "Let's go to the hospital first."

Relieved, Cameron answered, "Yes, Mr. Griffith! Please get into the car with Miss Sinclair."

After getting into the car, Alexander and Elise sat next to each other as the car sped off toward the hospital. Sitting in the passenger seat, Cameron eyed the two of them. Though the two did not say anything, Cameron could clearly feel that they were acting differently compared to before. However, he couldn't point out exactly what was different. Hence, he didn't put too much thought into it and sent Alexander to the hospital.

Alexander's wounds were simply superficial, and he seemed to be doing fine after the doctor treated them.

"Remember to rest well, avoid direct contact with water, and come back in time to get your dressings changed," the doctor reminded as he prescribed Alexander some medicine. For the first time in forever, Alexander did not refute but conceded.

As soon as Alexander came out of the doctor's office, Elise stood up from the chair immediately. "How did it go? Are you alright?"

Tossing her the medicine, he replied, "I'm fine. I just need to take my medicine and get my dressings changed on time."

Hearing this, she sighed in relief. "Don't go to the company today. Go home and have a good rest."

Immediately, this stopped him in his tracks and made him turn around to look at her. At that moment, she couldn't help but feel embarrassed to meet his glare. "W-Why are you staring at me like that?"

Softly, he questioned, "Why are you making decisions for me, Elise?"

Stunned, she came back to her senses after a few seconds. "I'm... I'm only doing this for your sake," she stuttered as she tried to come up with a good excuse.

After acknowledging her, he told her, "There are still some matters I need to settle back at the company. I'll ask Cameron to send you home."

However, she was unwilling to just leave it at that. "Look at your leg. Can't you just stop working for a while?"

"Are you going to take care of me if I stop working?" He raised his eyebrows.

She was dumbfounded. Meanwhile, Cameron, who was listening, was also stupefied by such a weird conversation.

"I... I..." she stammered, struggling to find the right words for a long time. In response, the corner of Alexander's mouth lifted as he smirked evilly when no one was looking.

Then, Cameron interjected at the right time. "Mr. Griffith, I think you should listen to Miss Sinclair. After all, she's a major shareholder of the Griffith Group. Besides, it wouldn't be a problem for her to take care of you."

As soon as Cameron said this, Alexander and Elise turned to give him a cold-eyed stare. "What are you talking about?" Elise fumed.

"I was simply going along with what you said, Miss Sinclair. I'm only doing it for Mr. Griffith's sake!"

Understanding his double-edged remark, she thought that what Cameron said made sense. Yet, she felt that something was wrong. Why do I need to take care of Alexander?

“Whatever. Do whatever you want.” She left at once after saying this, ignoring the questions she had. She had only suggested it out of concern anyway. She didn’t know that it would raise so many questions.

Watching as she left, Alexander couldn’t help but feel a little happy. He realized that she was actually pretty adorable.

“Cameron, is there anything urgent back at the company?”

Cameron came back to his senses and thought about it for a moment. Basically, there was nothing much to do except for some trivial matters that the subordinates could handle even if Alexander was out of office.

“You can rest assured and take a break at home. You have us at the company!”

Hearing this, Alexander raised his brows lightly. “I’ll head back home since you said so. Take care of the company’s matters.” Then, he patted Cameron’s shoulder and continued, “Do your best. I trust you. Whether or not you get promoted to special assistant in the future depends on your performance.”

Motivated by Alexander’s encouragement, Cameron reassured him, “Don’t worry. I’ll do my very best!”

With that, Alexander acknowledged Cameron’s reply and limped after Elise.



After coming out of the hospital, Elise booked a taxi, which arrived soon after. Quickly, she opened the door to get into the car. Just then, Alexander hurried into the car first.

“What are you doing? Get out!”

Turning to look at her, he told her in a serious manner, “I want to go home too. It’s on the way.”

“You...” She wanted to say something, but he had moved in willingly to make space for her. Biting her lip, she got into the car without saying anything. Then, the taxi driver started the car and drove away slowly.

Along the way, the radio played Jack’s song that was making a big hit online. It was undeniable that his low and mellow voice gave away a magnetic feeling and seemed recognizable to many listeners. Together with the beautiful lyrics, it was very pleasing to the ears.

Alexander was also fascinated by this song, mainly because of its melody and style, which were surprisingly similar to his memory of H. Though he was puzzled, he didn’t suspect anything. After all, Jack never bothered to plagiarize or imitate anyone, so he figured it must be a coincidence.

Moments later, the taxi driver parked his car at the entrance of the Griffith Residence. As Elise and Alexander made their way out of the taxi, she had intended to ignore him, but he stopped her all of a sudden. “Hold on!”

“What?” she turned her head and asked irritably.

Seeing the unfriendly look on her face, he replied immediately, “I can’t walk really well. Please help me.”

In truth, she wanted to reject him, but after giving it some thought, the reason why his leg was injured was because he didn't want to hurt her under those circumstances. That was quite admirable. Thus, she walked toward him. "Take it easy. I'll hold you."

He wasn't kidding when he said he needed her help; he leaned partially on her and limped toward the door. The servants who saw this knowingly moved away and acted as if they didn't see anything. A busybody servant even reported seeing this to Jonah.

Jonah's face brightened up instantaneously as soon as he heard this from the servant while he was watering the plants upstairs. "Really? They were hugging each other when they came in?"

It's inaccurate to say that they were hugging, but it's true that Miss Sinclair and Mr. Griffith seemed close. Besides, he had his arms around her shoulders. With that, it really looked like he was hugging her, the servant thought.

So, the servant nodded. "Yes, sir. I think they're dating."

Upon hearing this, he couldn't hide the smile on his face. "I feel relieved hearing you say that! Thank God! Things are finally going as expected. You did well. I'll double your bonus this month."

"Thank you, sir!" the servant uttered excitedly.