

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 251

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Madeline's eyes were full of condescension when she heard Elise's answer. That's an authentic country girl for you—drooling over whatever's out of her reach! Of course she'd be happy to attend after hearing she might get a chance to meet with the world's number one billionaire. How shameless! She then chuckled. "Sure. Do attend the banquet with Alex."

When Madeline finally left, Alexander turned to Elise. "I thought you weren't interested. What gives?"

She answered, "As she just said, my godfather will be attending the banquet as well! It's been a long time since I last saw him, so I decided it's time I meet him again."

Consequently, Alexander recalled his mother's words. I wonder how'd she react if she were to know that the Quentin Fassbender that she's preying on is the godfather of Elise... That'd be a blast, wouldn't it?

Nonetheless, he had no intention to reveal the truth to Madeline as he desired for her to eliminate the prejudice she had against Elise and learn to accept her wholeheartedly.

"Let's go together, then."

Elise nodded. "Let's!"

...

SK Group's anniversary banquet was held in a manor that belonged to the Dahlens.

The banquet gathered ninety percent of celebrated business owners in Athesea. Anyone who had gotten the invitation would bring along their loved ones, and that reflected just how influential the Dahlens were in the business industry of Athesea.

“Greetings, Mrs. Griffith, Young Master Alexander.” Maxwell Dahlen took the initiative and approached Madeline and Alexander with a warm welcome. As the owner of the manor, he seemed to have ignored Elise, who was right beside them, as he proceeded with his passionate chatter with Madeline.

Madeline, who enjoyed being treated with utmost respect, revealed a boastful look with a subtle smirk, posing as a noblewoman. Alexander, on the other hand, wrapped his arm around Elise's waist and pulled her close to himself, appearing to be quite intimate.

Seeing that, Maxwell finally noticed Elise's presence and inquired, “And this is?”

As Madeline was about to speak, Alexander swiftly replied, “My fiancée.”

At his answer, Maxwell couldn't help but feel slightly bewildered. Nevertheless, thanks to the countless experience he garnered from dealing in the industry for many years, he was able to cover up his ignorance.

“Oh, yes. I’ve heard about your engagement, but I’ve never expected her to be such a beauty! If I may, which grand family do you come from?”

Elise, who had nothing to hide, raised her eyes and smilingly answered, “I come from a prairie. My parents passed away when I was but a girl, and all I had left was my grandparents.”

Hearing her upfront answer, Maxwell couldn’t help but reveal a knowing look. “I’ve heard about young people practicing spiritual affection nowadays, and my skepticism would have persisted had I not seen the two of you together.”

Upon those words, Madeline felt somewhat embarrassed, saying, “They’re just kids. They have a long way to go yet.”

Whether literally or implied—all of her words suggested her disagreement toward their marriage.

Maxwell, on the other hand, pretended not to have sensed her meaning and simply notified his leave. “Please make yourselves at home, Mrs. Griffith, Young Master Alexander. I’m afraid duty calls.”

When Maxwell left the conversation, Madeline shot Elise a resentful glare. If Alexander weren’t present, she would have rebuked the young woman a thousand times over.

“Alex, Maya’s right there. Should we go and say hi?”

Alexander rejected her without a second thought. “Go ahead. Elise needs a timeout.”

Before Madeline could say anything, he escorted Elise to a resting spot, to which the latter questioned, “What’s wrong with you?”

Alexander looked her in the eyes and suddenly hugged her tight, whispering, “You don’t have to care what my mother has to say, nor do you need to care what everyone else thinks. As long as I’m breathing, I’ll always be by your side.”

“Mm-hmm,” Elise mumbled as the unhappiness in her heart waned. “I know. But you don’t have to be so anxious either. It’s normal for families like yours to be into homogamy, and your mother’s dissatisfaction toward me is only rooted from the idea that your family is out of mine’s league. Regardless, as long as we’re in love with each other, nothing else matters.”

“That’s right. Remember that as long as we’re in love with each other, people who wish to split us apart can only dream on. You know what, Elise? I’ve always had this thought—why are you only eighteen? If only you were already twenty, I would have married you and brought you home.”

Immediately, Elise blushed and punched his chest. “Stop it!”

“I’m serious. Let’s get married as soon as you turn twenty, okay?”

She grew bashful at his request. All this time, she had always pictured herself as a kid, and talking about marriage could sometimes stupefy her. “That’ll depend on your performance.”

Alexander earnestly nodded. “I won’t let you down.”

“Mhm.” She was satisfied with his answer. The next second, she finally realized the curious gazes directed toward them, and hastily pushed Alexander away. “Okay, that’s enough. Everyone’s looking at us.”

Yet, Alexander didn’t seem to care about it. “It’s not illegal to embrace my own fiancée, is it? Plus, it’s not illegal for them to watch us either, so it’s out of our control.”

“But it’s embarrassing!”

Caressing her head, he replied, “Then we shall continue later.”

While they were conversing, Madeline had found Maya. “Maya!”

Enthusiastically, Maya approached her with a hug. “Godmother, you’re here! Is Alex here with you?”

“Yup, he’s right there.”

Under Madeline’s guide, she turned to the direction, only to see Alexander benignly staring at Elise. She couldn’t help but feel envious of the person whom he was looking at with his bewitching gaze. If only I was the one he’s looking at...

“Here’s a gift for you, Maya.”

As Madeline said that, she pulled out an elegant box, to which Maya quickly withdrew her eyes. “You’ve given me so many gifts, Godmother...”

“Oh, silly girl, don’t be so courteous with me.” Swiftly, she shoved the gift onto Maya’s palm. “Alex is a slow one when it

comes to relationships. If you want to impress him, perhaps you can come visit us more frequently, even if it's only to have a chat with me.”

“Thank you, Godmother.”

“Right! Didn't you say Fassbender's coming too? Where is he?” Madeline quizzed as if she was mindlessly blurting questions. Despite that, Maya could easily read her mind. After all, none from families like theirs would care about emotional attachment; it was always about benefits.

“Uncle Quentin will arrive a little later. He's probably en route as we speak.”

Hearing Maya addressing Quentin as “Uncle Quentin,” Madeline couldn't help but wonder how deep the connection between the Dahlens and the Fassbenders went. For a mighty figure like Quentin, who would never attend an ordinary banquet, to attend the Dahlens' banquet would mean that he shared a healthy, terrific relationship with them.

“I'll be honest, Maya. We, the Griffiths, wish to expand our business worldwide, and we know your Uncle Quentin's business is developing pretty good out there, so I'd like to ask for a favor—could you perhaps introduce me to him?”

Maya was stunned by Madeline's straightforwardness. To be fair, she wasn't exactly close with Quentin, nor was she sure whether he would even attend the banquet. All the words she had uttered was solely to impress Madeline by using Quentin's name.

“It’s not that I’m unwilling to help you, Godmother, but Uncle Quentin’s a busy man. How about this? I can bring you to him shortly after, but that’s all I’m able to help you with.”

Madeline was pleased by Maya’s reply. After all, Quentin was not a typical man whom one could easily meet with during normal days. Now, thanks to Maya’s connection, things were rather convenient for Madeline.

“Thank you, Maya! Don’t worry. I’ll remember everything you did for me.”

Maya responded with a subtle smile, though her heart was enjoying the sensation of being ingratiated. She then added, “Uncle Quentin’s a kind man. He once complimented the art I made, and even told my dad that he would consider taking me in as his goddaughter.”

Quentin Fassbender’s goddaughter—an identity every woman would die to have.

Although Quentin was an international billionaire, he didn’t have a child of his own blood. If one were to be recognized by him as his goddaughter, it would mean more than just being his goddaughter. It would be an iconic identity, and possibly a gateway to the Fassbenders’ limitless wealth.

Madeline was dumbfounded, her eyes wide and still. “Did he really say that, Maya?”

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Indubitably, what Maya said didn't actually happen. She was aware that Madeline had no way of approaching Quentin, so she persisted with her lie. "Of course! Would I joke about such a thing?"

Madeline cackled. "I know you wouldn't. Like I said, our Maya's a smart, kind, beautiful, and generous girl! There's not another person in the entire Athesea that could match up with your perfection, and you've proved that today. I trust my instinct about you. Don't forget that I'm still waiting for you to get married with Alex, okay? I can't wait to have you as my daughter-in-law!"

Feeling somewhat bashful, Maya turned to Alexander's direction. "Well, I won't mind if he doesn't..."

Madeline was highly impressed by Maya. She thought that anyone that deserved to marry her son should at least have a solid family background and the capability to lead the Griffiths' businesses to success. As for Elise, she had been disdaining her all this while; she could never find it in herself to accept her.

"It's okay. I know what you're thinking. Come, let's go see Alex."

Meanwhile, Alex fetched some tidbits over to Elise, who found herself feeling relieved after eating some dessert. At that moment, Madeline brought Maya over and said, "Alex, go dance with Maya when the banquet starts."

Disregarding her words, Alexander had his full attention on Elise. “Do you like this one? Do you want more?”

“No, thanks,” Elise answered.

Then, the man withdrew his gaze and said, “Sorry, I’ll only dance with my fiancée.”

Ignoring his answer, Madeline countered, “Elise wouldn’t know how to dance. You’re gonna make a fool out of her if you bring her onto the dance floor. Maya, on the other hand, has learned various styles of ballroom dances, and she’d mastered every single genre of them, so bring her. You’ll surely impress everyone.”

Alexander was upset by his mother’s condescending words toward Elise.

Glowering, he was obviously offended. “Since Miss Dahlen’s so exceptional at dancing, I’m sure she’d have a line of men waiting to dance with her, whereas I, having no talent in dancing, would only be a drag to her.”

“I don’t mind at all, Alex...” Maya gently mumbled. Though, Alexander didn’t seem to care what she said. The four were surrounded by nothing but awkwardness then.

Seeing that, Madeline gazed viciously at Elise, thinking that she was the root of all of her disconcertment. She then pleaded, “Alex, save your mother some pride, will you? Maya’s the host today. You shouldn’t treat her like a joke in front of everyone.”

Without any intention to compromise, Alexander apathetically declined. “What does that have to do with me?”

At his reply, Madeline was shocked speechless, while Maya’s face reddened. The latter let out a scoff and vexedly fled.

“Maya!” Madeline yelled, though Maya didn’t seem to have the desire to turn around as she coldly left. Madeline then turned to his son and confronted him in a suppressed voice. “What’s wrong with you, Alex? Are you in love with this woman so much you won’t even care about your mother’s pride?” As if she was heartbroken, she pointed at Elise. “Is this woman so important that you’d forgotten I’m your mother? You really disappoint me, Alex.”

“I’m sorry.” Alexander instinctively stood before Elise, calmly clarifying, “Elise is my fiancée. She’ll soon be my wife—the one person I’ll spend the rest of my life with; the one purpose of my life. And you, Mom, are someone whom I respect the most in the whole world, so I truly hope that you can accept the person I love. But if you can’t get yourself to... Well, not that it matters.”

Finished, he reached out his hand to Elise, who, filled with joy, slowly put her hand onto his palm.

“Care for a dance?”

As Elise stared at him, there was an inexplicable feeling in her heart. She grasped his hand regardless. When he unconditionally chose her, she decided to respond to him with her unwavering commitment.

“Sure!”

At her answer, Alexander quickly tugged her entire body into his arms. The two held each other tightly like the most perfect couple—a sight that stung Madeline’s eyes.

Silently, Madeline clenched her fists, trembling as she gazed at the couple who were walking side by side onto the dance floor.

At the same time, Maya, too, was led to the middle of the dance floor by a tall, slender man. She boastfully raised her chin, and there was a dash of hostility in her eyes when she looked at Elise and Alexander.

As the music started playing, there was not a tinge of fright in Maya as the main dancer for the opening. Her elegance swayed across the dance floor, and none could resist looking at her.

“Don’t be nervous. Just follow my lead. It’s okay if you make a mistake,” Alexander whispered to Elise, who had the urge to tell him that she’d learned the same style of ballroom dance when she was a kid, so she was no stranger to the dance moves.

“Don’t worry. I’ll be fine.”

Staring at her glistening eyes, he grinned. “Let’s go, then.”

Slowly, the two slipped onto the dance floor. Elise followed Alexander’s every step closely, and her ability to match him astounded him.

“You know this dance?”

She subtly smiled. “A little. I dabbled.”

Alexander bluntly replied, “A little? Look at you, you’re a professional! You must have spent years learning it, huh? There’s no way ‘I dabbled’ can get you here.”

Elise wordlessly beamed. Her movements were gracious and in no way inferior to Maya’s. Besides, with Alexander as her partner, the scene was definitely a sight for sore eyes.

“Who’s the woman beside Young Master Alex? I’ve never seen her before.”

“He must have gotten a new girlfriend after hearing everyone calling his fiancée hideous. This one’s really beautiful though.”

“He always seemed so professional, like he had no interest in women. I guess there’s this side to Young Master Alex too, huh?”

“Haha, I know right! He’s a man after all, and one that, too, can’t get himself to resist beautiful faces at that. I’ve always thought he was different from us, but I guess I was wrong.”

...

All of a sudden, the crowd suddenly opened up a path. Maxwell was seen leading a middle-aged man into the venue. The latter’s presence attracted the approaches of many.

“You actually came, Mr. Fassbender! It’s a surprise to see you here. What an honor to meet you! I am...”

Despite everyone's warm welcome, Quentin merely responded with short, polite greetings and nothing more.

The man who spoke to him moments ago was seen wiping the sweat off his forehead, proposing, "Mr. Fassbender, our company is currently..."

Before he could finish, however, Quentin's assistant came and interrupted him. "Excuse me, but Mr. Fassbender's not discussing work tonight."

Rejected, the man tactfully walked away.

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Quentin then scanned across his surroundings before stopping his gaze at Elise and Alexander. Instantly, his face turned much gentler. Seeing that, Maxwell turned to the direction he was looking at, but had no idea what he was thinking.

"Mr. Fassbender, your arrival truly brings delight to the mass. Shall we head upstairs for a rest, where no one can disturb you?"

Straightforwardly, Quentin refused his offer. "No need, Mr. Dahlen. I'm just a normal guest like any other. Don't be so courteous with me."

Maxwell obsequiously laughed. "There's no courtesy, Mr. Fassbender. Just my obligation as the host."

At that moment, Maya, who was on the dance floor, noticed Quentin, who was looking in her direction. Swiftly, she straightened her back and danced more gracefully, hinting at her dance partner to take control of the dance floor together.

Consequently, every other dancer stopped dancing and gave them the spotlight. With that, only two pairs of dancers remained—Maya and her partner, as well as Elise and Alexander.

Although Elise was confused, she didn't stop her steps given that the music had yet to stop. Alexander then wrapped his arm around her waist and whispered, "Let's leave after this one."

"Okay," she answered, and followed Alexander's tempo as they continued to dance. The next second, she noticed Quentin, who was standing outside the dance floor. Thrilled at his arrival, she gave him a big smile, to which Quentin responded with a much more benign, subtle grin.

Although Maxwell had noticed his change, he still didn't manage to find out what caused it.

He tracked Quentin's vision to her own daughter, who was on the dance floor, and instinctively assumed that Quentin's sudden change was caused by Maya.

Instantly, there was an uncontrollable joy in his heart, which he suppressed as he calmly uttered, "Mr. Fassbender, this is my daughter, Maya. I'll have her walk you through the surroundings later."

Quentin turned to him. “Your daughter’s quite the dancer, Mr. Dahlen.”

Hearing that, Maxwell seemed to have an epiphany. Is he into my daughter ?

Although Quentin was over forty, he did a fine job maintaining his youthful look. One would assume he was only in his early thirties.

And Maya was twenty years old this year. Even though there was quite a big gap between their ages, the man in question was the Quentin Fassbender. Therefore, out of courtesy, trivial details such as age could be easily overlooked.

Bearing that in mind, Maxwell had a hard time containing his excitement. “Thank you, Mr. Fassbender. The girl’s been to dancing classes since she was a kid. It seems her hard work has paid off!”

Unaware of his underlying intentions, Quentin politely praised, “Yes, she’s a very talented dancer indeed.” Finished, he turned away.

In that instant, Madeline walked over to him from among the crowd and greeted, “Nice to meet you, Mr. Fassbender. I’m Madeline Bowen from Griffith Group.”

As Quentin was about to leave, he halted his steps when he heard the company name. He then turned to Madeline and had roughly figured out her identity. “Nice to meet you too, Mrs. Griffith.”

Before Madeline approached him, she was feeling somewhat uneasy, fearing that a giant figure like him wouldn't respond to her. However, a pleasant surprise was that he would care to entertain her.

“Mr. Fassbender, I've heard that you're planning to establish subsidiaries within the country. Not sure if it's true or false, but I would like to tell you that Griffith Group has great advantages that could benefit your expansion. If you like that, perhaps you could consider collaborating with our company.”

Quentin nodded. “It's true that Griffith Group excels in this aspect. Each of the young masters of the Griffiths is outstanding, especially Alexander. He's really an exceptional young man.”

Hearing his compliment for her son, she was overjoyed. She then hastily replied, “To think that Mr. Fassbender knows Alex! What an honor!”

“It's nothing, Mrs. Griffith. Young Master Alex truly is one of a kind!” Quentin turned to the dance floor, looking at Alexander and Elise with his admiring eyes. “Besides, I admire his extraordinary vision. We shall work together in the future when we get the chance.”

Never had Madeline expected things to develop so smoothly. “That's great news!”

Having said that, she turned to her son, but was immediately angered when she saw Elise. “Oh, Alex! He's good at everything, and never let me and his father worry about him. Among all things, he just had to be stubborn at picking his partner.”

From those words, Quentin sensed something odd. The woman was blatantly insulting his own daughter!

“That’s a pretty biased statement, is it not, Mrs. Griffith? Young people nowadays are into romantic freedom. Now is no longer what it used to be. Arranged marriage is nothing but a matter of the past.”

Failing to acknowledge the message in his words, Madeline hastily replied, “Even so, homogamy still matters! The Griffiths would become a joke to society if that country girl without a solid family background were to get into our family!”

Ah, so that’s how it is. She doesn’t think Elise is worth her family. “Are you perhaps talking about Young Master Alex’s fiancée, Mrs. Griffith?”

“That’s exactly who I’m talking about! Mr. Fassbender, you can laugh all you want, because even I am utterly displeased with that woman. Unfortunately, it was the Griffiths’ old man who had determined the marriage. Now that he has passed away, I was thinking if I could revoke the engagement. I’ll be satisfied if Alex finds someone who at least meets the standards of our family.”

Hearing that, Quentin mocked, “I totally agree with you, Mrs. Griffith. Indeed, you have to find someone of your own standards. In this case, you may have overestimated yourself.”

Overestimated? Baffled, as she was about to quiz him, she realized that Quentin looked rather displeased compared to earlier. She grew frustrated, not knowing what she said that upset him.

“I’m just thinking out loud, Mr. Fassbender. About our collaboration...”

“We’ll talk about it later. It’ll depend on Alexander’s performance.” If Alexander does Elise even the slightest wrong one day, he’ll be getting it from me.

Meanwhile, the song playing on the dance floor stopped.

Elise eagerly walked out of the dance floor, to which Alexander questioned her exhilaration. “What made you so excited?”

She explained, “My godfather’s here! I wanna see him!”

Reminded by her words, he turned to Quentin, who was apparently right beside Madeline. For some reason, he couldn’t help but feel uneasy, as if something bad was about to happen. “I’ll come with you.”

And so, both of them walked toward Quentin. Elise, having noticed Madeline’s presence, instantly felt nervous, and her steps grew hesitant.

“What’s wrong?” Alexander asked out of concern.

As she was about to answer, Quentin waved at her. She then smilingly replied, “Nothing. Let’s go.”

Thereupon, they headed toward Quentin.

Nonetheless, this time, instead of calling out “Papa,” Elise greeted, “Uncle Quentin.”

Hearing her addressing himself as that, Quentin scowled in confusion, though he was able to grasp the reason for her change.

Someone had been bullying his daughter, and was about to receive their payback. He could allow anything, even the worst, to happen to himself, but to have anyone bully her daughter was strictly forbidden.

“You’re here too, Ellie! What a coincidence!”

Madeline was dumbfounded. “You know each other, Mr. Fassbender?”

Quentin forthrightly stated, “Why, I’ve been looking after the girl as she grew.”

At the revelation, Madeline’s face blanched, realizing that she had been flagrantly criticizing the girl right in front of him.

Hell, they knew each other?

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Madeline’s face instantly shifted between an interesting range of colors. Wasn’t the most sightly thing to see, but Quentin ignored her. “Ellie, I’ve heard that you were the highest scorer in the college entrance examination for your city. That’s an amazing feat! Which university did you apply to?”

Elise chuckled. “Tissote University! But I still haven’t gotten my letter of admission yet. It’ll probably arrive in a few more days.”

“Tissote University is among the crème de la crème nationally! Since you managed to get a spot there, it just shows how smart you are! I’m so proud of you!” Quentin had a look of pride on his face. He couldn’t wait to announce this piece of good news to the world.

“Thank you for all the compliments. I’ll continue to work hard.”

“Do your best! I have high expectations of you.”

Everybody could see every one of the pair’s interactions. Madeline was well and thoroughly stunned. She never once thought that Elise and Quentin would know each other, and from the looks of things, they were close as well.

The bystanders were smart; they had been a little taken aback by Elise when they saw her, a strange girl, dancing with Alexander, earlier. Now that they saw her interacting affectionately with Quentin, they surmised that Elise was no ordinary girl.

Right then, Maya approached them with her father, Maxwell, alongside.

“Mr. Fassbender, this is my daughter, Maya.”

Maya was all smiles as she greeted Quentin. “Pleased to meet you, Uncle Quentin!”

Quentin raised an eyebrow slightly. He couldn’t accept others calling him that, so he gave Maya a terse reply. “No need for such

stiff politeness, Miss Dahlen!” His curt response was enough to establish his attitude; his tone with her and with Elise seemingly came from two different people!

Maya couldn't quite hide her expression now, but she was mindful of her family's business, so she didn't dare to raise her voice at Quentin. She simply smiled instead. “I've heard about you for a long time, Uncle Quentin. Now that I've met you in person, you seem to be a little different from what all the legends say. After all, the Quentin Fassbender that people whisper of is a solemn and serious businessman. However, I feel like you're far friendlier than what the rumors said about you.” Her choice of words was absolutely beautiful; no regular person would have been able to find a flaw in her spiel.

But Quentin was no regular man; he had long since gotten used to hearing people trying to get into his good books like this, so he didn't feel any way toward Maya. He just didn't feel right with how she addressed him.

“Miss Dahlen, we aren't that close to each other. Please, call me Mr. Fassbender.”

Maya wasn't the only one affected by this, her expression changing upon hearing that; even Madeline began to ruminate on this turn of events. Prior to this, Maya had been talking about how close she was with Quentin and how highly he thought of her. Now that Madeline saw what just happened, things weren't as how Maya said they were. On the contrary, Elise seemed even closer to Quentin than Maya was! However, Elise is just a country bumpkin. How did she get to know a man of high status like Quentin? Is there something that I'm not aware of?

Maxwell swiftly came to Maya's rescue. "You're absolutely right, Mr. Fassbender! Maya calling you 'Uncle Quentin' isn't exactly appropriate. After all, you look so young, and you don't look like you're much older than Maya. She didn't quite notice this, so please, don't take offense to my daughter." It was simple, but there was an extra layer to his words when he placed Quentin on the same level as Maya—Maxwell's motives were plain as day.

The only reason Quentin came here today was to see Elise. If he hadn't known that Elise would be here at this banquet, he wouldn't have attended such an occasion to socialize with others. Now that he had met Elise, he was no longer willing to spend another minute here. So, he said, "I have some other business to attend to, Mr. Dahlen, so I'll be on my way!"

"Don't you want to stay a little longer? If there's anything you need, I can make the arrangements—"

However, Quentin didn't give Maxwell a chance to finish as he simply turned to Elise. "Ellie, my girl, remember to let me know if you need anything, okay?"

Elise nodded, having picked up on his intentions. "Got it!"

Quentin dipped his head before turning around and leaving with his entourage, completely ignoring everyone else.

The moment he left, the atmosphere in the hall immediately changed. Everyone had seen how Quentin treated Elise, and they quickly approached her, clamoring for her attention like groveling limpets. "Hello there, Miss Sinclair. I'm Sprowls from Bluestar Enterprises. Nice to meet you."

“Miss Sinclair, you’re such a beautiful lady. Please take a look at our company if you have the time. It’s a company with a bright future ahead.”

“Here’s my name card, Miss Sinclair! I hope that you’ll keep an eye on our company in the future.”

Elise was wordless. She knew that their sudden one-eighty was because of Quentin. She also knew what their thoughts truly were. The next moment, Madeline changed her tune as well, and she grabbed Elise’s hand. “It was my fault earlier, Elise! You’re a grown woman; please don’t hold it against me.”

Elise raised an eyebrow slightly and glanced at Alexander, who was off to the side. He answered her with a smile, but he didn’t speak. Elise was grateful for his trust in her, so she withdrew her gaze and looked at Madeline. “Don’t be a stranger, Mrs. Griffith. We’re family, after all. We don’t have to be so stiff with each other.”

Madeline was so touched by this that she nearly cried. “You’re so understanding, Elise! I was blind earlier. That being said, how did you know Mr. Fassbender?”

All Elise said was, “He was a neighbor of mine ages ago. There’s nothing else to it.”

This revelation immediately dropped a roadblock in Madeline’s plans. She had been thinking that if Elise and Quentin were that close, it wouldn’t be entirely impossible for the Griffiths to make inroads with the Fassbenders. But now that Elise said so, her plan wouldn’t work anymore. Well, I suppose that’s to be expected.

How could anyone just easily worm their way into the Fassbender Family's graces, when they were a single, large trove of wealth?

Madeline's demeanor promptly chilled. Elise didn't mind this change. "It's getting late now. I'll be going first."

Madeline made a noise of affirmation. "Sure. You may take your leave."

Alexander then called out from the side, "I'll go with you."

Madeline wanted to stop him, but this time, she caught sight of Elise, and she decided to drop the notion. She just allowed the pair to leave.

After they left the banquet, Elise's eyes darted around. Alexander got a little curious then. "What are you looking for?"

Elise fixed her gaze on her target, her eyes glinting. "Over there."

Alexander followed her gaze, and he saw a Rolls-Royce parked by the side of the road. He could already guess who owned it. "Is it Mr. Fassbender?"

Elise made a sound of affirmation. "Papa signaled to me before he left to come out and find him. That's why I was in such a hurry to leave."

Elise walked over to the car with quick steps as she explained to Alexander. When she neared the car, the chauffeur got out and opened the door for her most respectfully. "Please take a seat, Miss!"

Elise thanked him and got into the car. Alexander followed suit. With the door now closed, the car began to slowly take off and leave the grounds.

“Papa!”

A smile bloomed on Quentin’s face when Elise called out to him. “Ah, Ellie, you didn’t acknowledge me as your godfather earlier in front of everyone. Were you worried I would embarrass you?”

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Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 254

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 254

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Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 255

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 255

“No way, you got it all wrong; that wasn’t my intention. I was just worried about the possible trouble that’ll crop up.” After all, many people would try to suck up to Quentin, considering his identity. Elise had only expressed that they were on somewhat close terms, and already, there was a whole queue of people trying to get to him through her.

And Quentin knew this better than anyone else.

“You’re getting even more crafty by the day, my girl!” Having said that, Quentin looked at Alexander, his eyes narrowing

slightly when he recalled Madeline's words earlier. He then quickly continued, "How has life been treating you recently, Ellie? If anything happens, come straight to me! You'll always have my full support."

"I know, Papa! Don't worry about that! I've been doing just fine."

"That's all I need to hear!" After saying that, Quentin seemingly thought of something. He then dug out a bunch of keys from his pocket and handed it over to her. "I'm very proud of you, knowing that you got into Tissote University. These are the keys to the house that I bought for you near campus. You can stay there. It'll be more convenient for you that way."

Elise stared at the keys. Her heart wouldn't stop thumping furiously in her chest. Property prices in Tissote were sky-high; just a single studio apartment would set one back millions already.

"This is too expensive a gift. I can't accept this."

Much to her surprise, Quentin became unhappy when she said that, and he shoved the keys right into her hands. "This is for my darling daughter, so it's not expensive to me at all! I'm going to be upset if you don't accept it."

"Okay, Papa! I'll take it."

It was only then that Quentin's expression lightened up. "That's my girl, being so considerate and polite even with her godfather!"

Say, when are you going to Tissote? It'll be easier for me to help you make the necessary arrangements.”

“Early September, I guess!”

“Okay, got it. Let me send you two back. Or, do you want to go to the Griffith Residence instead?”

“No, I already moved out. I currently stay at a place at Bollinger Gardens that I bought myself,” Elise quickly said.

Quentin’s eyes narrowed slightly at that before he asked, “Ellie, did something upsetting happen to you recently?”

Elise shook her head. “I’m fine! I just thought that I was imposing too much on the Griffiths’ hospitality, so I decided to move out myself.”

Quentin clearly wasn’t buying any of that, but he didn’t call her out on her lie either. He simply said, “No matter what happens, remember to tell me, okay? Don’t keep everything to yourself.”

“Don’t worry, Papa. I’m fine, really!”

Quentin felt even more heartbroken when he heard her say that, but he didn’t show any sign of it on his face.

Elise was the first one to get out of the car when he dropped Elise and Alexander off at their destination. However, seeing how Alexander still remained seated in the car, she proceeded to call him. But then, Alexander said, “Head in first. There’s something that I want to talk to Mr. Fassbender about.”

Elise asked, “Why are you guys acting so mysterious all of a sudden, Papa? Can’t I listen in too?”

Quentin chuckled. “How can a woman listen in on a conversation between two men? Hurry upstairs now! Get some rest!”

Elise pouted. “Okay, Papa! I’m going now. See you later.” She then waved and proceeded to make her way into the building. After the car door was closed again, the atmosphere between Alexander and Quentin inexplicably changed.

Neither of them spoke, but Alexander could sense a certain pressure weighing down on him. It was the first time someone made him feel that way.

Quentin quirked an eyebrow slightly and said, “I’m not going to beat around the bush, Alex, so let me just cut right to the chase. I’ve watched Ellie grow up with my own eyes. I know her personality and her feelings better than anyone. Since you’ve chosen her, then I ask you to take good care of her. Do not let her suffer, ever. As for your mother, there are certain things that I can’t possibly say. Still, I will have to remind you of this: regardless of anything, Ellie has me watching her back...”

Alexander understood Quentin’s intentions. “Rest assured, Mr. Fassbender! Elise is my fiancée, so naturally, I’ll protect her from anything. Even my mother cannot challenge my decision! I ask you to not worry about this.”

Having heard his reply, Quentin felt a lot more at ease. “All right, I’ll trust you for now because of what you’ve said.”

Having gotten out of the car, Alexander then watched the car drive off into the distance. Elise appeared out of nowhere after the car left and gently tapped him on the shoulder. “What did Papa say to you? You don’t exactly look good.”

Alexander looked at Elise standing before him, and then he reached out to hug her, saying to her in the softest and gentlest of tones, “Your godfather asked me to take good care of you.”

“Just that?”

“That’s not all.”

“What else did he say?”

“He also told me not to bully you, or he will make me regret it.”

A huge smile spread across Elise’s face upon hearing that before she ribbed him. “Haha, now you know, don’t you? I’ve got someone powerful backing me.”

“Mmhm, I know now, so I have to be even nicer to you.”

Elise couldn’t restrain herself anymore. She burst into laughter.

“Isn’t that something you should be doing in the first place?”

“That’s right! Mr. Fassbender’s words just strengthened my resolve.”

Alexander was serious when he said that. However, deep down, he knew that nothing had changed even though Quentin’s words had had an effect on him. His original desires aligned perfectly

with what Quentin said. This was a tacit understanding between two men, all for someone that they both wanted to protect.

“Let’s go home! It’s getting late already.” Alexander took the initiative and led her inside. The two of them then went upstairs. They had just arrived home when Elise got a phone call from Danny.

“Hey Boss, your letter of admission is here. When should I bring it over?”

“Tomorrow, then.”

“Sure do, Boss! Once again, congratulations! By the way, lemme tell you another piece of good news: my own admission letter is here too. When the time comes, we can go to Tissote for university together, even if we won’t be attending the same uni...”

Elise could hear the excitement in his voice. “Congrats! You got what you wished for!”

“Thanks, Boss! I wouldn’t be here today if it wasn’t for you.” Danny was absolutely sincere when he said that.

Elise smiled. “It’s all thanks to your own hard work. I just gave you a little push.”

She might have said that, but Danny knew that if it wasn’t for Elise, he might not even have gotten into university.

After hanging up, Elise absentmindedly placed her phone on the table. She walked over to the French window, taking in the night

view of the city. Time sure flies. It's been nearly a year since I came to this city. Many things have happened during this one year. And during this period, I've grown a lot...

The next day, Elise went to the studio. She had just taken one step into her office when Brendan came over to her. "Elise!"

Elise raised her head to look at him. "What is it? Did something happen?"

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 256

Seeing how Elise had already returned to normal, the weight on Brendan's heart lifted at last. "No, it's nothing like that. I came over to apologize. That thing with Maeve was all because of me. I've ended up causing a lot of trouble for you." Elise's expression hardly changed at the mention of Maeve. "It's no big deal. It's all in the past now." "Yeah. By the way, there's something I need to tell you. During your break, a servant from the Anderson Family in Tissote dropped by our atelier, looking for you to design a wedding gown. Since you weren't there, we didn't manage to seal the deal.

Now that you're back though, are you maybe interested in talking with the client?" Elise was taken aback. "From Tissote? Asking for me?" Brendan grinned as he nodded. "Looks like your name is getting out there. That's a good thing." Elise let out a hum. "When's the client coming?" "I'll give them a call first. We'll talk about the timeframe later." Elise contemplated for a moment before answering, "Okay, let me know once you've arranged the appointment."

After Brendan left, he called the client. The client seemed to be in a rush, for an appointment was immediately made for the client to meet Elise at the atelier later that afternoon. The person who showed up was a graceful woman in her forties, who oozed elegance and femininity. “Pleased to meet you, Miss Sinclair,” the woman promptly greeted Elise upon seeing her. “Nice meeting you too.” Elise reached out and shook the woman’s hand. The woman smiled as she sat down. “I am Rowena Johnson. You may call me Ms. Johnson.” “Ms. Johnson. I heard that you came from Tissote, right?”

“That is right. I am here today on behalf of my mistress to look for you specifically. My mistress has seen your designs and she was fascinated by them. Therefore, she would like your help in designing a wedding gown.” “And who could your mistress be?” Rowena took out her phone and handed it over to Elise. A picture was displayed on the screen. “This is Faye Anderson, the lady I serve.” Elise glanced at the woman in the picture.

She looked to be in her early twenties, and her features were dainty and delicate. The woman very much resembled a Barbie doll. “She’s so beautiful!” “Thank you! My mistress will have her wedding at the end of the year, so I would like for you to spare no effort in her wedding gown’s design.” “I can see that Miss Anderson is a very elegant lady. But, I wonder if she has any idea for the kind of gown she would like? After all, as designers, we need to know our clients’ wishes,” Elise quickly inquired. “You have a point, Miss Sinclair. Miss Anderson has already

written down her requests.” As she spoke, Rowena took out an A4-sized sheet of paper from her bag and handed it to Elise.

“She said that they were written down here. All you need to do is follow her ideas for the design.” Elise unfolded the paper, but after surveying every inch of it, she found absolutely nothing.

“But Ms. Johnson, there’s nothing written on the paper.”

Rowena smiled. “I am not sure about that either, but Miss Anderson did say that she wrote her requests on this sheet of paper.” Elise was surprised, but after a second check, she still found nothing. Just as she was about to voice her question, Rowena spoke up again. “She said that if you can figure out the mystery of this paper, then you will certainly be able to design the wedding gown of her dreams. If you have any questions, you may ask me now.”

Elise pressed her lips together, thinking that Faye’s actions were unfathomable. What was Faye planning to convey by giving Elise a blank paper? “I’d like to ask you—do you really want me to design a wedding gown with the requests on this blank paper?” Rowena nodded in surety. “Yes, Miss Sinclair. It is as you said. Rumor has it that you’ll be attending Tissote University next month. Why don’t you hand Miss Anderson your first draft when you arrive at Tissote? How does that sound to you?” Designing a wedding dress in a month was no problem.

However, there was a bigger problem at bay. Just what kind of profound mysteries does this blank sheet of paper hold? Elise wondered. “Ms. Johnson, all I can promise you is that I’ll give it a try. If you are not pleased with the draft, I can do a full refund.” “That is fine. I ask you to give it your all.” Having said that,

Rowena then went to look for Brendan. “Mr. Griffith, here is the deposit.” She handed Brendan a check as she said so.

Brendan took a glance at it before speaking up in shock. “Isn’t this a little too much? This amount far exceeds the prices of our custom designs.” “My mistress has said that Miss Sinclair’s work is worth this money. And of course, we hope that Miss Sinclair will be able to give us a design worthy of this sum.” Brendan was conflicted. He looked at Elise, and in the end, he asked for her opinion. “Elise, are you confident in making this wedding dress?” Elise eyed the paper in her hands. All she did was say, “I’ll give it my best shot!” Having heard Elise’s answer, Brendan felt relieved. It was only then that he accepted Rowena’s check. Right before she left, Rowena looked at Elise and said, “I look forward to seeing you in Tissote.

May the day come soon!” “Thank you! I’ll do my best for the design.” “I apologize for the trouble. Here is the address for the Anderson estate. You can call us any time if you are in Tissote.” Rowena handed a name card to Elise. Elise accepted it and put it away. Once they saw Rowena off, Elise kept studying the sheet of paper. What kind of message could this blank paper be hiding? Elise thought about it for ages, but she couldn’t think of any solution. When it was almost closing time, Brendan came knocking on her door. “Still studying that thing?”

Elise raised her head to look at him. “Say, what kind of mysteries can a blank sheet of A4 paper hold?” she asked. Brendan shrugged. “No idea. Could there actually be no requests at all, and they just want you to make the design based on your own ideas?” “Is that the case?” Elise was perplexed, but she also couldn’t come up with any better answers. “That’s a possible

angle! But I'm just spouting stuff off the top of my head. I really don't know if my guess is right." Elise was once again conflicted. "But I need to finish the draft within a month. It's actually making me a little worried. What if I have nothing to show by the deadline?" "It's okay! Go take a break first! It's almost closing time anyway.

Let me send you home today," Brendan consoled her. "You don't have to; I can get home myself." "No can do. That last incident has me all jumpy now. If that happens again, Alexander is going to at least take a layer of skin off me, if he doesn't pummel me into next week." Since Elise couldn't convince him otherwise, she had no choice but to pack up her things and clock out.

Brendan had just reached the entrance to Elise's residential area with her when—maybe by coincidence, or maybe not—Alexander showed up as well in his car. Brendan quickly rolled down his car window.

"Hey! Are you here to see Elise?" Alexander lifted an eyebrow slightly before jingling the keys in his hand. "No, I live here." It was Brendan's turn to go slack-jawed. "What? Did you move? You guys are living together now?" Elise quickly cut him off. "That's not it; he just moved in next door. He's now my neighbor." That answer made Brendan heave a sigh of relief. "That's good. That's great!"

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 257

"What's with that look? Why do I get the feeling that you're scared?" Elise couldn't help asking. Brendan was embarrassed. After coughing lightly, he answered honestly, "I was just worried that you guys..." As he spoke, his voice got softer and softer. And

within seconds, his ears turned completely red, making him look like a pure and innocent boy. Elise belatedly realized what he was referring to, and she quickly smacked him. “What were you thinking! We’re totally pure and innocent.” Brendan nodded repeatedly. “Yeah, yeah, got it. My bad for having my mind in the gutter...”

Having said that, Brendan quickly changed the topic. “By the way, your letter of admission arrived at my house. Danny said that he would bring it over to you. Did you get it?” “Not yet. He’ll probably bring it over a little later.” “You did so well for the exam, Elise! That’s just awesome. When should we throw a celebration party for you?” At that suggestion, Alexander immediately voiced his opinion. “I think a celebration is in order! Would you consider it?” he asked Elise. However, all Elise did was frown slightly. “There’s no need for any huge celebrations. Why don’t we gather everyone for dinner some day? Think of it as a present for me. I’m going to be moving to Tisssote for university soon, after all.

I’ll probably only be able to come back during winter break.”

“That’s a great idea! That works too!” Brendan quickly answered.

“I can organize this and get everyone together for that dinner.”

Elise made a noise of acknowledgement. “Sure, I’m just worried about you going out of your way.” “What’s with the worry! It’s just a small thing. Just leave it to me.” “Thanks for taking all the

trouble for this.” Alexander patted Brendan on the shoulder.

Brendan was stunned by this display of affection. “We’re family, okay? No need to act like such a stranger. I’m doing this for you and Elise. It’s something that I should do. So, now that we’re all going to have that dinner, I’ll pick a date for that dinner party.”

Once they had the details ironed out, Elise got right out of Brendan's car. "I'm going now. Take care while on the road." Brendan waved at her. "Hurry on now! I'll be fine on my own." After watching Brendan drive off, Alexander took Elise's hand. "Let's go. We should go home." Elise followed him, the two of them walking side by side into the residential area. They had just gotten out of the elevator, only to realize that Danny was already standing by her door. "You're back at last, Boss. I've been waiting here for like half the day already." As he spoke, he glanced at Alexander.

"Oh, you're here too." Alexander murmured a response, his gaze roving over to the red envelope in Danny's hand. "Is this Elise's letter of admission?" Danny nodded and promptly handed the envelope to Elise. "Here, Boss, your admission letter." Elise took the letter and unlocked her door before ripping the envelope open. Although she had already signed the enrollment forms for Tissote University, her heart still wavered at the sight of this letter. This was the result of her one year of hard work in Athesea! Alexander walked over to her side and softly said, "Congratulations for making it into your dream university."

Elise looked up, her smile absolutely beatific. "Thank you!" Alexander could sense the happiness inside her, and he felt nothing but glad for her. "Now that I've delivered your letter, I'm going to just leave you two be. I've still got other things to do, so see you around." Danny did not continue to linger and left swiftly. Thus, Elise and Alexander were the only ones left in the massive room. Elise solemnly put away her letter of admission

before she spoke. “I’m going to Tissote in September. Doesn’t that mean we’ll be in an LDR after that?” Alexander narrowed his eyes slightly as he held her.

“I don’t want to be in a long-distance relationship with you.” The sound of his strong, steady heartbeat entered Elise’s ears, pressed as closely to his chest as she was. “I don’t want this either, but it looks like that’s the only way forward. However...” Elise raised her head to look at Alexander. “I can rush through my course and graduate early. Then we won’t have to be in an LDR.” Alexander stroked her head. “Don’t think too much about it. Just let things play out naturally! And besides, even if we’re not in an LDR, I’ll still miss you so, so much...” “Me too...”

The both of them hugged each other tightly. After an unknown amount of time, Elise released him at last. “It’s getting late. You should go back and rest.” Alexander squinted his eyes. “Planning to get rid of me?” Elise hastily pushed him. “Off you go! See you tomorrow!” Even though Alexander longed to stay, he also knew about that gulf that he couldn’t cross, so he just sighed. “Elise, when can I stay with you?” Elise’s face turned crimson, and she said, “Just leave already! I’m getting sleepy...” He sighed again helplessly. “Okay, I’ll leave. Rest well tonight.”

Having seen Alexander’s longing gaze, Elise quickly withdrew her own. She then closed the door, putting a barrier between their gazes before she turned around and leaned against the door. She exhaled deeply. Alexander eyed the shut door, his gaze then moving downward to look at the tent in his pants. He sighed again helplessly, and then he closed his eyes and emptied his mind. Only then did his heart gradually return to some semblance

of calmness. Once he was back in his apartment, he picked up his phone and made a call. “Cameron, isn’t there an open management spot at the Tissote branch? Make the necessary arrangements... I intend to take over things there next month.”

Cameron was stunned after hearing all that. “President Griffith, you... you’re not... joking, are you?” “No! The company just so happens to have many businesses to expand. If I move to Tissote, it’ll be easier for me to handle the expansions. Thus, my decision.” Cameron wanted to tell him that Alexander would just be a big fish in a small pond if he ran over to work at a branch office, considering who he was. In the end, though, he didn’t say this out loud. He could make a rough guess as to Alexander’s intentions. “Understood, President Griffith. I’ll handle this.”

After hanging up, Alexander looked up to take in the night view of the city through his window. The moon was beautiful tonight, and stars cloaked the sky; the vista made one feel inexplicably relaxed and at ease. However, every long night eventually had to give way to dawn. Elise rolled over and opened her eyes, her vision still hazy with sleep. Sunlight streamed in through the window, lighting up the large room.

She stretched and sat up for a bit before hastily changing her clothes. She then entered the bathroom to brush her teeth and wash up. Just then, the doorbell rang. Elise rushed over to open the door, and the first thing that came into sight was Alexander, standing there with a bag of breakfast in hand. “Did you actually wake up that early?”

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Alexander walked straight in. “I’ll send you over after breakfast.” Elise made a sound of affirmation and hurriedly sat down at the dining table. The pair sat across from each other, eating breakfast, when there was a ding. A message came in. It was from Mikayla. Elise quickly opened the message to see that Mikayla had sent her a photo. The Tissot University signage, all in capitals, was clearly visible in the picture. Right after that, Mikayla sent a voice message. ‘Look, Elise! I got into Tissote University!’ Elise smiled as she recorded her reply. ‘Congrats!’ Mikayla quickly sent her another message. ‘I just decided to try it out and see when I took their entrance exam. I had low expectations, but then I passed! And I thought that I could only get into some regular uni with my university entrance exam scores. Who would have thought that I would end up getting such a huge surprise?’ ‘That’s wonderful! We can go to the same university!’ ‘Hey, I heard that you’re working at Brendan’s atelier, yeah? Send me the address—I’ll come over in a bit.’ Elise sent the location to Mikayla. She then put down her phone and looked at Alexander. “Mikayla got into Tissote University too. We can go to class together now. But, Mikayla got in as a music major.

We aren’t in the same faculty, but at least we’ll be going to the same campus.” “That’s great news. You can look after each other then.” At that, Alexander paused before continuing, “Are you sure you’ll be okay in Tissote? Do you want me to come with you?” Elise instinctively shook her head. “Nah, you’re busy with work. Every day, you’ve got so many things to handle. If you go with me to Tissote, what will happen to the company?”

“It’s not like the company will just collapse without me there! On the other hand, I’m a little worried since you’ll be alone in a new city.” “I’ll be fine! I have Danny and Mikayla too, right? So just relax.” Elise had already finished her meal, so she put down her cutlery. “I’m going to the atelier now. I just got a new order in from Tissote, and I’ve got no clue where to start. I better ruminate on it.” Alexander immediately took out his car keys. “I’ll drive you there.” Alexander sent Elise to the atelier. After Elise put down her bag, she then picked up that blank sheet of paper and began studying it.

She even turned to Google, but in the end, she still had nothing to show for her efforts. Just as Elise was moping around, Mikayla knocked on her door. “Elise, are you in there?” Elise quickly answered, “Come on in!” Mikayla opened the door and entered. A delighted look came over her face when she saw Elise. “I heard from others that many people came looking for you to design their wedding dresses because of your reputation. You should’ve picked fashion design as your major—it’ll be a boon for you in the future when it’s time to get a job in society!”

“Fashion design is just something I do as a hobby. I’ve never thought of turning it into a proper job. I just wanted to try it out,” Elise quickly said. Mikayla was still impressed. “But you’re doing so well even if it’s just a hobby. You’re just awesome, Elise.” She had stars in her eyes. “Hey, since you’re a pro when it comes to designing wedding dresses, you’ll personally design my dress when I get married in the future, right?” Elise nodded and grinned. “Sure!” “Really? Then, I’m actually looking forward to my future wedding. I’m sure I’m going to look amazing!”

Elise couldn't stop herself from coughing. "Wanting to get married already? Do you even have a boyfriend?" she asked. "I don't have one for now, but I'll get a boyfriend sooner or later. It's just—you'll probably get married earlier than me. You and Alexander are in such a steady relationship. Are you planning to get married after you graduate?" Elise had already thought about this. "If we do feel that way by then, then most likely yes!" "Whoa there, are you serious? You'll only be 22 by the time you're done with uni!" "That's not young anymore, at least when going by marriage laws." Mikayla pursed her lips. "But I want to be at least 30 when I get married." "So what? I just feel that there's no definite age to get married, so long as you and your partner want to marry.

If you're 30 by the time you meet Mr. Right, then that's when you should get married! Love can wait. It's worth it as long as you've found true love." Mikayla nodded in agreement. "You're right! As long as you've found happiness, it doesn't matter when you get married." They continued chatting for a while. Elise looked down at the paper in her hands and said, "I can't stay and chat longer with you; I still have work to do. Let's go out for lunch together later today." "Alrighty, you do your thing then!" With that, Mikayla swiped a magazine and sat on the couch to flip through it.

Elise put the blank paper aside and began to draw some drafts. Not long after that though, Elise crumpled her drawing paper into a ball and hurled it into the bin. An hour later, the bin was filled to the brim with balls of discarded drafts. Right then, a paper ball landed by Mikayla's feet. She closed her magazine and bent down to pick up the paper ball on the ground curiously. She then

smoothed out the paper. The paper had a rough sketch on it. It was nowhere near complete. Mikayla lifted her head to look at Elise, who had a deep frown on her face; she looked restless. “Elise, what’s up?” Elise took a deep breath. “Nothing. It’s just that the client gave me a hard riddle!” Mikayla’s curiosity ramped up.

From what she knew of her, Elise was someone who was invincible and larger-than-life. And now, Elise was actually stumped. “What’s the riddle? Do you want to talk about it?” Mikayla promptly asked. Elise pressed her lips into a thin line before she asked, “What kind of mysteries can a blank paper possibly have?” Mikayla thought it over carefully. “A blank paper? Isn’t that just a regular sheet of paper? What can it possibly be hiding?” That was Elise’s thought too. But the client had said that her requests were on that paper. So, what could be written on it?

Mikayla picked up the blank paper before she spoke up again. “It may not be hiding anything, but there’s endless possibilities for what you can use a blank sheet of paper for. We can just scribble whatever we want on it, or we can fold it into a bunch of different origami...” “Wait a minute... What did you just say?” Elise’s eyes lit up, and she proceeded to smack her head. “I got it now! I got it...” Mikayla was in the dark. “You realized something, Elise?” Elise couldn’t be bothered to answer Mikayla at this point. She frantically grabbed her pen off her desk and began to draw.

She was extraordinarily serious as she drew. Mikayla didn’t have the heart to interrupt her, so she had no choice but to swallow her thoughts back down and sit down on the couch to wait quietly.

When inspiration hit Elise, it sprang up like a geyser. In the blink of an eye, she finished the first draft for the wedding gown. She looked at the design on the paper, only now understanding Faye's intentions. There was nothing on the blank sheet of paper, but it also had everything. Elise stretched languidly. "Let's get lunch now!" She had just said that when she turned to look at Mikayla, who had fallen asleep on the couch.

It was only then that she noticed the time—it was already two in the afternoon. She quickly walked forward and tapped Mikayla gently. "Mikayla, wake up. It's time for lunch." Mikayla woke up at last. "You finally remembered to eat. I nearly starved to death there," she said in a pitiful tone. "Sorry about that—I lost track of time. We're still in time for lunch. Let's go." Mikayla then got up and followed Elise out of the room.

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 259

After the first draft was ready, Elise spent a few days finalizing it. When the final draft was finally completed, it was already the end of the month. Since it was about time for the new semester to commence, Elise ended her job at the studio. Alexander stopped his car at the studio's entrance. As soon as Elise came out, he opened the car door, got out of the car, and took over the box which she was holding. "Is this everything?" Elise answered, "Yeah. There's nothing much. I just took some drafts which I usually design." Hearing that, Alexander put the box into the trunk and said, "Get in."

Elise opened the door and got into the car, and not long after, the car started moving slowly. "I've asked Cameron to book the flight tickets. You and Danny can go together by then." Elise hummed in response, "Okay." "The flight is tomorrow

morning.” “Alright.” Alexander turned his head to look at Elise as he still wanted to say something, but he ended up saying nothing. On the next day, Danny was already at the departure hall waiting for Elise when the latter arrived. Upon seeing her arrival, Danny quickly waved his hand. “Over here, Boss!” Elise walked over to Danny while Cameron, who was following behind her, said, “Miss Sinclair, allow me to check in your luggage for you.”

“Thank you.” “It’s my pleasure.” With that, Cameron left with Elise’s passport and luggage to check in her bag. Later, he came back with the boarding passes in his hand. “Young Master Alexander, this is Miss Sinclair’s boarding pass.” After Alexander took it over, Cameron quickly passed him another boarding pass and deliberately lowered his voice. “And this is yours, Young Master Alexander. You are on the same flight as Miss Sinclair, but she’s currently still not aware that you’re heading to Tissote too.” Alexander said, “You can give it to me first. Remember to keep it a secret.” “Yes, sir.” With that, Alexander gave the boarding pass to Elise. “This is your boarding pass. You can start boarding in half an hour.”

Elise glanced at the boarding pass and couldn’t help feeling emotional. Then, she lifted her eyes to look at Alexander and said, “Please take good care of yourself. I’ll be back once the school holiday starts.” With his eyes narrowed, Alexander merely hummed in response and did not say anything else. For some reason, Elise felt that Alexander was behaving rather weird today, but she couldn’t tell exactly in what ways. Just then, Danny

blurted, “Don’t worry, Alex. Boss and I are in the same school, so I’ll definitely take good care of her.” “Alright, thank you.”

“No problem.” Soon, it was time to board the plane. Alexander stood at the security checkpoint and watched Elise and Danny board the plane. It was only after they had left that he and Cameron boarded the plane via another route. The plane soon took off. Being three thousand feet above the ground, Elise couldn’t help but feel depressed as they would not be able to meet in several months after this goodbye. “Excuse me, miss. Is this seat taken?” Elise was stunned when she heard the familiar voice. She quickly turned her head and was shocked upon seeing the familiar face. “W-Why are you here?”

Alexander smiled gently and sat down. “I’m here to see my girlfriend. She’s going to school alone and I’m worried about her, so I plan to keep her accompanied.” Elise smiled. “Does she know that you’re so clingy?” “She might not have known before this, but now she does.” Elise naturally held Alexander’s arm and said, “Why didn’t you tell me that you’re going to Tissote too? Even until just now, I was thinking about how I am going to pull through a long-distance relationship for several months.”

Alexander leaned close to Elise and kissed her cheek while she was not paying attention. “Well, I hope it’s not too late to tell you now.” Looking into each other’s eyes, the couple smiled.

With Alexander’s accompaniment, the two-hour-long flight was not too boring. Meanwhile, Danny only realized Alexander’s existence after the plane touched down. Seeing the couple’s lovey-dovey interaction, he actually felt like being in a relationship too all of a sudden. Since Cameron had already arranged for transportation, after exiting the airport, the group

got into the car and headed directly to Tissote University. The annual lively orientation event was held at the entrance of Tissote University. All the seniors gathered at the gate to welcome the new students from all around the country.

A sense of reverence arose in Elise when she saw the title of the university at its entrance. “We’ll go register at the school first and come back out after the enrolment procedure is completed.” As soon as Elise finished saying that, Alexander passed a mask to her. “Wear it.” Elise was confused while Danny explained to her from the side. “Alex is worried that you’ll be pestered by the seniors, so it will be more convenient to have a mask on. Besides, you and H have the exact same face, so it’s easy for the fans to recognize you. In order to avoid these unnecessary troubles, we can only ask you to bear with it and put the mask on, Boss.”

After hearing Danny’s explanation, Elise turned to Alexander and said, “What about I put on makeup to make myself look less pleasant—just like how I did it before?” “That’s not necessary. Wearing a mask is just fine.” Saying that, Alexander helped Elise to put the mask on which instantly covered more than half of her face. “Looking good!” Neither did Elise have any opinion because after all, she, too, did not want to deal with unnecessary trouble. After getting out of the car, Alexander helped to carry the luggage as they walked toward Tissote University’s entrance.

“Hi there, are you guys new students for the 21st intake? Which faculty are you from? Please register here.” Elise quickly answered, “I’m a new student from the Mathematics Faculty. May I know where I should report myself to?” The senior was surprised to hear that Elise was from the Mathematics Faculty. After all, the majority of the students in that faculty were male,

but today they actually had such an adorable girl as a new member. Although one couldn't see her full appearance with her mask on, it wasn't hard to tell that she was a beautiful girl from her sweet voice. "Head to your right and you may register with the Mathematics Faculty at Block B. If you don't know the way, I can show you."

"Thanks then!" "Sure. Please come with me!" With that, Elise and the others followed the senior to Block B. After paying the tuition fee, Elise registered and obtained the hostel key. It was only then did Alexander send her back to the hostel. The hostel in the university was a shared space, so it was more noisy and crowded. Alexander was not too pleased with the situation, so he said, "Why don't you stay outside of campus? It'll be more convenient." However, Elise replied, "There's no need. I can stay outside during the weekends or during the school holidays; I'll just stay on campus on normal days."

Have you forgotten that my godfather has prepared a house for me?" "But the condition in this hostel is quite terrible." "Don't worry! Since the others are able to live here, I can as well." While saying that, Elise had already started making the bed herself. In fact, Tissote University was one of the top universities in the country, and its hostel was already much better than the other ordinary universities. However, Alexander still thought the environment was less desirable. The room that Elise was staying in was a dorm for two, and her roommate had not arrived yet.

And so, Alexander walked up to help Elise unpack. As they were done unpacking, Elise carried her bag and said, "Let's go and have a meal together outside!" When the two came out of the female dorm, they realized that the people around them

gradually focused their gazes on Alexander. There were even two girls who directly walked up to him and asked, “Hey there, are you a new student for the 21st intake too? Can I have your phone number?”

Alexander answered with a straight face, “I’m sorry. My girlfriend is rather strict, so I don’t bring my phone with me when I’m out.” The female students pulled a long face at once upon hearing that Alexander was already taken. After that, they walked away in depression. Seeing this, Elise couldn’t help smacking Alexander. “You said that people will easily recognize me with my face. Turns out, your face attracted even more attention! Why don’t you wear a mask too next time?”

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 260

Hearing this suggestion, Alexander responded with a serious look, “Sure.” Elise couldn’t help but smile seeing him being this cooperative. Then, she took out her phone. “Let me give Danny a call to ask if he would like to eat with us.” However, Alexander grabbed Elise’s hand immediately the next second. “You don’t have to call him. After all, it’s better to not have a third wheel with us.” Elise laughed in spite of herself.

“Haha! Alright then. We shall go together and take a look at the place which Papa had prepared on the way.” “Sounds good.” When the two walked out of the university along the pavement, Cameron was already waiting for them at the school entrance. Seeing their arrival, he quickly got out of the car and passed the car key to Alexander.

“Here’s the key, President Griffith.” Alexander took it over and said, “Thank you. You may drop by the company’s branches later

and see if there's anything that can be settled first. For those that can't be settled, just leave it be for now." "Yes, sir." With that, Alexander and Elise got into the car. Following that, the engine roared to life and the car was driven away. While Alexander drove the car along the road, Elise instinctively looked outside the window.

She found the city familiar, yet strange. For some reason, she had started looking forward to spending her university days here. The house that Quentin gave to Elise was located in the neighborhood across Tissote University. It was a fully furnished compound apartment with a modern-style renovation that met Elise's preference exactly.

After exploring around the house, Elise was very satisfied with it overall. "It's a good option to come and stay here over the weekend next time." Alexander reached out his hand to caress her head. "I'm glad that you like it." Just then, Elise's phone rang in her pocket. She recognized the area code of the number was from Tissote, so she picked up the call. "Hi, Miss Sinclair. It's Rowena Johnson. We met last time. I heard that you're here in Tissote?" Elise quickly replied, "Yeah. I've arrived." "Great. When is it convenient for you to bring the design over for Miss Faye to have a look at it?" Elise thought of it and said, "What about tomorrow? I'm free to come over. Alright. I'll send the address to you, and you can come directly tomorrow."

After hanging up, Rowena sent the address to Elise. Elise then kept away her phone and said, "Tomorrow is still a registration

day for the new students, so there's nothing much going on. I'll go over and pass the design to her and see if there are any amendments needed." "Alright. Stay safe. Remember to call me immediately if anything happens." Saying that, Alexander encircled Elise's waist. "What should I do? I've already started missing you even before we separate." Elise smiled. "There, there. Both of us are in Tissote, so we can always meet up. Let's go for a meal now." ... Elise started staying in the student hostel that night. Nevertheless, her roommate had still not arrived yet, so she slept alone.

The next morning, Elise woke up at the break of dawn as she had yet to adapt to this new place. After washing up, she changed and went out to have breakfast at the campus restaurant. At 9 o'clock in the morning, Elise took a cab to the address given by Rowena. It was a mansion in the city center of Tissote. The area of the mansion was so huge that it took 5 minutes to drive across the garden. From this huge mansion which the Anderson Family owned in Tissote, where land was scarce, Elise could tell that the family must have an extraordinary status. "We're here." The driver stopped at the entrance. After unfastening the seatbelt and getting out of the car, Elise was about to call Rowena when the phone in her hand rang.

"Miss Sinclair, are you here? I've asked a servant to bring you in at the entrance. You can follow her." The next second after hearing that, Elise saw a servant dressed in a maid uniform walking toward her. "This way, Miss Sinclair." Elise quickly followed the servant and entered the extravagant bungalow, which was furnished in a European style. The ceiling of the door alone was around 26 feet high. "Miss Sinclair, Miss Faye is at the

lounge on the second floor. Let me show you the way,” Rowena said earnestly when she saw Elise. As such, Elise followed her to the lounge on the second floor and saw a slim figure standing in front of the window. “Miss Faye, Miss Sinclair is here.” Hearing that, the woman turned around and smiled upon seeing Elise.

“Nice to meet you, Miss Elise Sinclair!” With looks around the age of twenty, Faye was much younger than Elise had expected.

“Nice to meet you, Miss Anderson.” Faye smiled and walked toward Elise while ordering the servant, “You may be excused. Go bring us some coffee.” “Yes, miss. Please have a seat, Miss Sinclair.” Elise sat down on the couch and went straight to the topic. She took out her design and said, “Miss Anderson, this is the wedding gown which I’ve designed for you. Please take a look at it and let me know if there’s anything that you’re unsatisfied with.”

Faye took a look at the design and said in surprise, “Miss Sinclair, I’m really impressed. I merely gave you a blank paper, but you actually had the inspiration to design such a beautiful wedding gown! How did you manage to guess the secret behind the blank paper?” Elise replied, “I actually didn’t have any inspiration at first, but I was inspired upon one of my best friends’ advice, so I quickly drafted the design.” “Wow, that’s awesome! I’m very happy with this design, Miss Sinclair. Please proceed with the design.” With that, Faye closed the draft paper and passed it back to Elise. Elise did not expect the process to be this smooth. Surprised, she asked, “Is there anything that you’d like to amend, Miss Anderson?”

“I’m just a layperson, so I shall refrain from giving too many comments to you since you’re a professional. This design is

already pretty good and it fits my expectations perfectly. I can already imagine how I'll look dressed in this gown, so I'm very satisfied." Elise was relieved. "I'm glad you like it!" At this moment, the servant served some coffee. "Please have some coffee, Miss Sinclair. These coffee beans are newly bought and the taste of it is not bad." Elise received the coffee and thanked the servant. "Miss Anderson, since there's no issue with the design, I'll send it back to the studio so that they can start making it. However, the time needed for manual preparation would be longer, which is around two to three months. Is that okay for you?"

"No worries. My wedding is at the end of the year, so you just have to send the gown over before that." As such, both parties came to an agreement, and Rowena paid the remaining commission to Elise on the spot. Elise planned to leave after the discussion with Faye was finished, but she had a stomach ache out of the blue, which made her frown deeply. "Ms. Johnson, may I know where the washroom is?" Upon perceiving Elise's pale face, Rowena asked in concern, "Miss Sinclair, are you feeling unwell?" "I'm fine. I just feel like going to the washroom."

Seeing such, Rowena quickly asked the servant to bring Elise to the washroom. After coming out of the washroom, Elise felt much better. Then, she took a look at herself in the mirror to ensure she looked fine. As she was about to step out, a faint female voice emerged all of a sudden. "Oh, my good girl, Yoyo. You're such a sweet baby. Mommy loves you..." Elise followed the source of the voice and saw a woman squatting at a corner with a doll in her hand.

The woman's hair flowed down her shoulder, and her eyes looked hollow as she repeatedly patted the doll and mumbled the same sentence again and again. Elise looked around and did not see any servants. Out of curiosity, she walked toward the woman. However, just as she approached her, the woman stood up suddenly and pounced at Elise.