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Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 116

Chapter 116 A Bad Feeling

A long, long sleep later, Elise woke up feeling even more uncomfortable than she was before she went to bed. Her throat felt parched, and she tried to quench her thirst with a glass of water, but it didn't help one bit. Instead, the water only fueled the flames within her.

"What's wrong with me?" she mumbled. Elise took another big gulp of water, but it still didn't help. Instead, she was starting to sweat. "Why am I sweating? Hm, the room's probably too hot."

She thought that must be it, so Elise went outside. She wanted to get some fresh air on the deck, but she bumped into Alexander the moment she came out. "Alexander? Why are you here?" At that very moment, she felt like Alexander was different tonight, and she was overwhelmed by this urge to pounce on him. "Alexander, y-you look so sexy tonight," Elise blurted, perhaps a bit more honest than she wanted to be, but in her defense, she had no idea what she was saying.

Alexander thought something was off with her. Her face was unusually red, and when he touched her forehead, his face fell. "Someone drugged you."

Elise looked at him dumbly. She kept gulping as she held down her urge to pounce on him. All she wanted to do was to get closer to him. "Alexander—"

Before she could finish, Alexander dragged her back into the room and slammed the door shut, then he took her to the bathroom.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

Alexander didn't elaborate. He turned the faucet on and filled the tub with water. At the same time, everything started spinning around Elise. She shook her head to clear herself up

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a bit, but that started making her see doubles. “Hey, there’s like a dozen of you here. Am I hallucinating?”

Alexander shoved her into the tub. Elise reflexively covered her face right before she made contact with water. Even when she was half-conscious, she still didn’t want to ruin her makeup.

When the ice cold water splashed against her skin, Elise was jolted awake. She looked up at Alexander, and the doubles were gone. “What are you doing?” she asked.

Alexander stared at her and was about to answer, but he felt his belly tensing up, and his breathing turned heavier. Sh*t. I have a bad feeling about this. Just as he suspected, he started heating up a moment later.

Alexander quickly turned around to keep himself from looking at Elise. “Stay in the tub and don’t come out unless I say so.”

Elise nodded dumbly, then Alexander went out and closed the bathroom door. He was experienced enough to know why his body was starting to react that way. Someone drugged me too. Fortunately, it was still manageable for him.

He held his urges back and tried to call someone, but he realized the signal was too weak, for they were at sea. I can’t even make a call. His face fell. If this keeps up, who knows what might happen? He made a decision and went back to the room to find something. In the end, he saw a rod lying around, so he took it and speared his thigh with it.

A searing pain shot up from his leg, but he didn’t even groan. It sobered him up, however, and the flames of lust died down a lot. He felt relieved, but that didn’t stop him from calling Cameron. After countless calls, it finally went through.”

“Sir!”

Alexander quickly said, “Someone drugged me. It’s an aphrodisiac, and it’s going to peak—” Before he could finish, the phone went dead. Dammit. No signal again.

Left with no choice, he kept the phone and glanced at his bloody leg. I have to do this. He held the rod up again and speared his leg with it. Blood flowed down his thigh, but he didn’t even wince. All he hoped was to wait out the aphrodisiac this way.

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“Open the door, Alexander!” Elise got out of the bathtub and banged on the door, but Alexander held it back, preventing her from coming out.

“Get back into the tub and don’t come out.”

Elise had sobered up, but her lust was stoked the moment she came out of the bathtub. “What is the meaning of this? Open the door!”

“Just get back into the tub and don’t come out.”

She couldn’t argue with that, and she was starting to feel uncomfortable again. The only way to feel better was to stay in the bathtub, so she went back. Once she slid into the bathtub, she felt much better.

The both of them tried their best to endure the aphrodisiac. Once the effect peaked, Alexander kept stabbing his leg to stave the lust off. Eventually, he went numb with pain. At the same time, Elise stayed in the bathtub to keep her lust at bay. Once the effect went away, she leaned back and drifted to sleep.

Time dragged on. When the aphrodisiac wore off, it was already late night. Alexander’s shirt was drenched with his sweat, and his leg was a bloody mess. He should have been in agony, but still he got up and hobbled to the bathroom. “How do you feel, Elise?” He knocked on the door.

But there was no response.

He knocked on the door again, but there was still no response. In the end, he opened the door and saw Elise sleeping in the bathtub. She looked beautiful when she was asleep, and it stirred something within him. Alexander gulped, but he quickly looked away. “Wake up, Elise.” He strode over to her. “Don’t sleep. You’re going to catch a cold.”

However, Elise was sound asleep, and he couldn’t wake her up. Plan B then. He fished her out of the water and took her back to the room even though he was getting drenched.

Elise drowsily wrapped her arm around his neck and leaned against his chest in a comfortable position. It was a silent room, but Alexander could hear his heart pounding, and he could feel a panic attack coming up. But it was not the time for that, so he put her on the bed and called a staff member with the phone on the bedside.

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After the staff member came, he handed her a wad of cash. "Get her a set of clothes."

The waitress took the wad of cash at once and came back with her work attire. "Sir, I only have my own clothes here. She's about the same size as I am, so can this work?"

Alexander wasn't a picky man, so he allowed it.

The staff member left after that, but the bed was already wet and not fit for sleeping. Luckily, it was a big room, so he took her to the couch. As he looked down at her, he realized that Elise didn't look so ugly. In fact, her features were decent, but they seemed out of place together. Still, that didn't change the fact that she was pretty. The mere thought of her being pretty made Alexander avert his gaze.

Since it was still a few hours away from daybreak, Alexander got a blanket and slept on the floor beside Elise. This is going to be a long night. Yes, but at the same time, it was also a short one.

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 117

Chapter 117 A Random Man

When Elise woke up, she felt weak, as if all strength had left her. She slowly got up, and the first thing she saw was Alexander lying on the ground. That shocked her, but then she remembered what happened last night, and her face fell. She could remember what happened the night before vividly, and she knew what that meant. Someone set me up. She clenched her fists. I don't know who they are, but they will pay for this.

Suddenly, she remembered something. Elise quickly got off the couch and went to the bathroom. After she closed the door, she looked in the mirror and heaved a sigh of relief. Good thing my makeup isn't ruined. If I'm busted, there's going to be trouble. She got her makeup back in order and confirmed it was fine before coming out. At the same time, Alexander woke up.

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Elise felt awkward facing him, but still she asked, "Are you alright?"

A frown appeared on his forehead. He was mostly fine, but the pain from his thigh made him gasp. "Come here," he said coldly.

She wondered why he wanted her there, but still she went over. It was then she saw the blood caked on his pants. "What happened to your leg? Are you okay?" She went down to give it a closer look and found out that his blood had drenched his whole pants and dried up.

"It's just a flesh wound. Nothing big," he dismissed it. "Prop me up. Once we dock, I'll get Cameron to patch it up."

Elise frowned. "No. That looks serious. You should go to a hospital." She propped him up and put him down on the couch.

Elise didn't take her eyes away from the wound. Even though he was the wounded one, she could also feel the pain from it. He could have succumbed to the aphrodisiac last night, but instead of doing so, he injured himself just to keep her safe. That touched her. "Does it hurt?"

"No," he answered calmly.

Of course it hurts. But Elise didn't say that, for she knew he was just trying to act tough. However, she had decided to take him to the hospital right after they docked. It was then they heard a commotion outside, and it got louder as time passed. "What happened out there?" Elise asked.

Alexander stared down. "No idea. Probably some accident or something."

At the same time, a big crowd was standing outside room 2203, staring at the naked couple on the bed.

They heard that an unidentified man had infiltrated the cabin, so they came with a bunch of guards in case the guests were in danger. But when they barged in, all they saw was a naked couple on the bed instead of a suspicious man.

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"That's Miss Lawson. What is she doing?"

"I thought she's single. When did she get a boyfriend?"

"I've never seen the guy. He's not one of us."

The crowd was whispering among themselves. They would have snapped a lot of photos if it weren't because of the fact that Ashlyn was Donald's daughter.

"Ashlyn?" Queenie blurted, but when she saw the man beside her, she was shocked.

"W-What's going on?"

Nelly was dumbfounded as well. "Hey, isn't that—" Queenie covered her mouth before she could finish and gave her a look. They swallowed their words and slunk into a corner, hoping nobody would see them.

Donald hurried over after his servant alerted him to this, but when he saw what was going on, he had a meltdown. He had never been so humiliated before, and his face was red with fury. "Wake them up!" he roared.

Nelly and Queenie shivered in fear from the sheer anger Donald was displaying. Their plan was to get Alexander to sleep with Ashlyn, but another guy had taken his place instead, while Alexander was nowhere to be found. Queenie tugged on Nelly's shirt, whispering, "What now? She'll kill us."

Nelly was terrified as well. She turned around to look at Queenie, stammering, "W-We couldn't have predicted this. How should we know she's this thirsty? Sleeping with a rando—"

Before she could finish, Ashlyn's scream overwhelmed her. Naturally, Ashlyn was shocked when she found out what happened as well. She was confused and didn't know what to do. Everyone was staring at her in contempt, and she wondered why. When she looked at the man beside her, she shrieked, "W-Who are you?"

She could never imagine herself coming face to face with a total stranger. After all, she was expecting Alexander in her bed. To make things worse, she was now a public spectacle, and that realization broke her down. She pulled the blanket over to cover her face. "Get out! Everyone get out!"

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Donald looked like he would yell at her again. Over all these years in the political scene, never once did he get embroiled in a scandal. However, his track record was now ruined by his own niece.

“You b*tch!” Ashlyn’s father showed up and gave her one tight slap. “You humiliated us!” he growled.

Ashlyn couldn’t believe her father just slapped her.

Darius looked at Donald carefully. “Terribly sorry for this, Donald. This is all my fault.” Then Darius looked at everyone coldly.

They knew what he was getting at, so they excused themselves.

“We had no idea about this, Mr. Lawson. Oh, look at the time. We should be leaving now.”

“I’m leaving too, Mr. Lawson.”

“She is still young, so it’s normal for her to do something like this. Don’t yell at her, please.”

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Most of the guests were his colleagues and friends. Even though they were trying to calm him down, he felt humiliated for some reason.

On the other hand, Ashlyn felt a chill running up her spine. The slap hurt, but the realization that her future was doomed hurt her even more. This is it for me.

The man had woken up as well, but he too was shocked to see what was happening. “M-Mr. Lawson. What happened?”

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Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 118

Chapter 118 The Aristocrats' Conspiracy

Donald glared at the man. If looks could kill, the man would have died ten times over. However, he wouldn't yell at him just yet, for he was reluctant to air any dirty laundry. Even so, he wanted to salvage his reputation, or what was left of it. "Everyone, if it's possible, can you keep this a secret?"

"Sure, Mr. Lawson. I saw nothing."

"Same here. I got here for some reason, but I see nothing here. Let's leave, guys."

"There's nothing to see here. We should go."

In the end, Queenie and Nelly were the only outsiders left in the cabin. Donald shot them a cold glare, and Queenie took off with Nelly. "We'll be leaving now, Mr. Lawson."

And they made a run for it.

Once everyone was gone, Darius said, "Ashlyn only did this on impulse, Donald. She doesn't know better."

"That does not mean she can dishonor our family."

Darius didn't argue. He might be a man in his fifties, but he was still scared of his older brother. "You're right. I'll make sure she doesn't do this again. And everyone's keeping this a secret, I swear."

"You make it sound so easy. Do you think they'll really listen just because you tell them to? They aren't stupid, you know?" Donald was starting to get annoyed by his brother's stupidity.

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"Yes, you're right. I promise I'll handle this." Darius glared at Ashlyn. "Well, don't just stand there. Cover yourself with something."

Ashlyn was shivering in fear, but she said nothing. Donald snorted and left, while Darius followed suit. In the end, only Ashlyn and the man were left in the room.

The man was still groggy from his hangover. All he could remember was that he had fun last night, but he never thought his partner would be one of the Lawsons. Now that he already had sex with her, there was no way to take it back. He whispered, "I-I didn't know it was you, Miss Lawson. You started it last night, and I was forced to go along."

Ashlyn pulled the blanket down and yelled, "You b*stard! Say one more word and I'll tear you apart!" She had been holding her tears back, but now they were streaming down her cheeks. This isn't how it was supposed to go. What happened? Why isn't Alex here with me? Now everyone saw me in bed with another guy. There's no way Alex would date me anymore.

She hit the bed as an outlet for her anger. Finally, she started crying out loud, much to the man's shock. "It's okay, Miss Lawson. Actually—"

"Out! Out, I say!" Ashlyn hurled a pillow at the man, sending him tumbling out of the bed. Unbeknownst to her, he was naked, and the moment she saw his dangling bits, she shrieked.

Elise and Alexander were just coming out of their cabin when they heard Ashlyn's scream. Elise frowned in confusion, then the door of room 2203 burst open, and a half-naked man came out with nothing but a towel covering his privates. From the looks of it, he was escaping something or someone.

Elise ignored that. She kept propping Alexander up, asking, "Are you alright?"

He grunted. "I'm fine."

Elise didn't think so. She was frowning in worry as she tried to hurry Alexander to a hospital so he could get his leg looked at. Just when they were going through the hall, they heard another commotion happening. A moment later, Ashlyn slapped Queenie right in front of everyone.

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"You did that, didn't you? You b*tch!" Ashlyn growled, glaring at Queenie as if the latter killed her father.

Queenie clutched her face, but she didn't say anything. She couldn't believe she was slapped after helping Ashlyn out so much.

Ashlyn was angered even further, and she slapped Queenie once more. By then, everyone's eyes were on them.

Nelly stopped Ashlyn. "What are you doing, Ashlyn? This has nothing to do with Queenie."

But Ashlyn didn't listen to her. Instead, she looked at Nelly coldly. "So that means you're behind this."

Ashlyn slapped Nelly this time, and Nelly clutched her face in pain. She was going to explain herself, but after that slap, she changed her mind. "You can't change anything even if you kill me, Ashlyn," Nelly snapped, for she had nothing to lose.

Ashlyn was extremely triggered by that reply. She pounced on Nelly like a rabid dog that would bite anyone who so much as looked at her the wrong way. "You b*tch! You did this to me! I'll kill you!"

Nobody went up to help. In the end, the guards had to step up and pull them apart.

But that didn't stop Ashlyn from spitting at Nelly. Nelly's face was scratched, and her whole body throbbed in pain. Oh, so this is how it's going to be, huh? Since Ashlyn humiliated her, Nelly wouldn't let it slide so easily. "Don't get so riled up, Ashlyn. You did this to yourself."

The guests were visibly interested when they heard that. They could smell a gossip brewing, and they listened closely. After all, everyone knew Ashlyn had slept with a random man in her cabin by that point, so any insider detail was sure to be something they wanted to hear.

"You b*tch! I knew it! You're the one behind this!"

A smile tugged at Nelly's lips. "You asked me to help you, Ashlyn. But now you're blaming me? So ungrateful. And to think you're one of the Lawsons. How far you have fallen. You'd do anything to get your hands on Alexander, including getting yourself knocked up so he'll

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be forced to marry you. Pity your plans failed due to the accident. Nobody could have predicted that, so don't vent on us for your own fault."

Queenie looked at Ashlyn in contempt. She never imagined Ashlyn to be so savage and brutish. Since she threw the first punch, Queenie didn't have to hold back either. "Hey, you gave us the aphrodisiac, and you told us to spike his drink. We did as you said, but we had no idea why you ended up sleeping with a different guy."

Everyone gasped in surprise.

Wow, this is one big drama. No, wait. This is a conspiracy!

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

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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."

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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."

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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.

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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.

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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?"

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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.

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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.

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