

# Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 4

Chapter 4 How Come You're Disfigured?

Matthew left after they arrived at school.

Elise looked at the glittering gold sign that read, 'Springfield High School.' This feels pretty nostalgic. I haven't been to school for a long time, she thought. After reporting to school, she followed the teacher to her classroom.

As soon as she came in, the whole class was astir.

"So she's the Griffith Family's fiancée. Isn't she too hideous? How can she be good enough for the five Griffith siblings?"

"Holy cow! The way she dresses is so uncool—as expected of a country bumpkin."

"If she's from the countryside, she must be poor in her studies. Why is she placed in our class?"

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Seeing that everyone was talking about her, Elise realized at once that she had become famous. She clicked her tongue, knowing right off the top of her head who was behind this. Danny's so childish, she thought.

No one in the class was willing to share a desk with Elise, but she didn't mind that. Instead, she sat alone in a corner.

When it was time for recess, Elise went to the ladies' room, only to be stopped outside by a few female students. Some of them had dyed hair, and some wore heavy makeup. In short, they looked delinquent.

Lydia Harper threatened in an overbearing manner, "You must be Elise Sinclair. Be sensible and get out of the Griffith Residence as well as away from Athesea, I'm telling you!"

Elise's lips twitched. It seems I'm really unwelcome to the people of Athesea. But I'm here against my will as well, she thought.

"Did you hear what Lydia said, you ugly girl?"

Elise came to her senses and replied nonchalantly, "Yes, I did. But I'm not leaving. I'm staying here no matter what."

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Meanwhile, Danny was lying across his desk in Class 12A. He had just woken up from a nap when he heard some female classmates talking in front of him.

"I heard that Lydia of Class 12F had gone to teach Elise a lesson. Tsk, tsk, she's finished."

"She'll be roughed up, I guess..."

Danny raised his eyes slightly. It was him who spread the rumors, but that was only because he wanted Elise to have a rough time at school. He didn't want to get her killed, or Jonah would definitely kill him.

At the thought of this, he dashed out of the classroom.

Meanwhile, the ladies' room was a complete mess. The four delinquent girls who had come to teach Elise a lesson got the hell beaten out of them, especially Lydia, who looked a sorry sight with her head held down in the sink.

"I, Elise Sinclair, hate being threatened more than anything else. Don't ever mess with me again! Got it?"

"Yes, we got it! We were wrong! We're sorry!"

Elise dusted her hands together and was about to leave when she saw Danny standing behind her with a look of astonishment.

"You..."

During the past few days at school, Danny learned that Lydia had learned kickboxing. Yet she and the other three ended up like this after ganging up on Elise... He had a sudden feeling that Elise might be no pushover.

"I trained myself by cutting trees and climbing mountains in the countryside. These people are so terrible at fighting."

Upon listening to Elise's explanation, Danny had an epiphany. So that's it, he thought. Coming to his senses, he followed her out of the restroom.

"By the way, what are you doing in the ladies' room?" Elise stared at Danny with a peculiar look in her eyes.

Danny's face instantly flushed with embarrassment. "That's none of your business! I'm here because I like it," he replied, before quickening his pace toward his classroom.

Elise was rendered speechless. After she returned to her classroom, her cell phone beeped on the desk. It was a text message that read, 'Help me, Boss!'

'?' Elise texted back. There would be no good coming out of this call for help, she thought.

'Danny Griffith of the Griffith Family—my sworn enemy—challenged me to a race at the Nightwing Circuit tonight. Please help me out, Boss.'

'No, I'm not.' Elise lay across her desk, looking totally uninterested.

'Did Danny not bully you at the Griffith Residence, Boss? He's such a nuisance, after all. Just help me out, Boss. I'll pay you 5 million once you win the race.'

The person kept pressing her to help him out, so Elise pondered for a moment. Indeed, Danny's quite annoying. Five million isn't much, but it's decent enough, she thought. Therefore, she languidly texted back, 'Okay. I'm at Springfield High. Come and pick me up after school this afternoon.' After a moment's thought, she sent Matthew a text message, telling him he didn't have to pick her up after school as she had something to deal with and would be home late. They had added each other on WhatsApp this morning to make it convenient for him to pick her up in the afternoon.

Upon receiving Elise's text message, Matthew merely replied 'Okay' without asking much. After all, he was not interested in her at all.

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Nightwing Circuit was a well-known race track in Athesea, and those who hung out there were all rich dandies and scions of the upper class.

When school was over, Elise got into a Lamborghini; the man in its driver's seat was about the same age as Danny.

Jamie Keller frowned after shooting a glance at Elise. "Who are you? You've gotten in the wrong car."

Elise curved her lips into a smile. "You don't recognize me?"

Jamie's jaw dropped in astonishment at the familiar voice. "Holy sh\*t! How come you're disfigured, Boss?" My boss is a cool and cute little fairy. Why did she become like this? I couldn't recognize her at all! he thought.

Elise buckled up and said with a casual air, "Let's go and find a place to remove my makeup before we have dinner."

"Roger that, Boss," Jamie replied before he started the car and drove off.