

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1011

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1011-Later when the sun was already hanging high in the sky, Camren was sleeping in one of the rooms at Griffith Manor. Suddenly, Rebecca barged in by kicking the door open before pulling the blanket off the old man. "Stop pretending, Abbott! Get up and go back to where you belong!"

However, he only turned around in bed slowly, weakly revealing his pale face, unlike the rosy cheeks he had earlier that morning. He then lay down straight and coughed several times, speaking weakly. "Here you are, Becky. Here, have a seat."

When she saw the man's reaction, she began to feel a little hesitant. "Stop pretending. Our daughter told us everything. You're not sick at all. You're only here to stir up trouble, so leave before it gets ugly. The guards will show you the door when I say the word."

Then, as soon as the woman finished her words, the bathroom door opened, and Jessie came out with a dustbin. Nevertheless, the moment she saw Rebecca, she quickly hid the bin behind her. She acted as if she was guilty of doing something shady.

"What are you hiding? Show it to me." Rebecca was tempted to find out what was going on.

"Nothing, madam." Jessie's body tensed as she rapidly shook her head.

"Give it to me!" Impatient with Jessie's little games, Rebecca charged at her and snatched the bin.

In the meantime, Jessie had no intention of hiding the bin from her either. After putting up a little resistance, she did as Camren told her earlier and gave it to Rebecca, standing aside obediently. On the other hand, Rebecca instantly appeared worried when she peed at the inside of the bin with bloodied tissue papers. "Wait, what? You're sick, indeed?" Rebecca was bewildered as she asked with a soft voice.

"Well, now that you've already found that out, I suppose there is nothing else I can hide. Perhaps, my karma has caught up with me, but I do not blame anyone for my misery. Instead, my only regret is my failure to make it up to you, Becky. Don't tell Arie about my condition, girl. She has no idea about the truth at all—" Camren coughed violently as he struggled to get back up and leaned on the headstand. While Rebecca was overwhelmed with mixed emotions, her eyes fixed on the bin, Camren added, "Don't be sad, Becky. I'm at least happy that I can see you and our daughter before I die. Please don't worry about me—" Camren comforted Rebecca, but before he could finish his sentence, he started to cough again.

Meanwhile, Jessie, watching aside, couldn't help but feel impressed with Camren's good acting, thinking he would make a good actor if he worked in the entertainment industry.

"Save your breath." Then, Rebecca took the plastic bag out of the bin and took it away. Nonetheless, she doubled back after several steps and said, "No illness is incurable with modern medical technology today. You mustn't die yet because you need to live long enough to repay us your debt!" She walked out the door upon finishing her sentence.

"Why is it only you, Mom?" Ariel, who had been waiting downstairs, was surprised to see only Rebecca when she thought her mother could have settled her father.

"He is old, and his days are numbered, so I have no reason to be mean to him." Rebecca sighed in response.

"What are you talking about, Mom? Didn't I tell you earlier? He's pretending." Ariel couldn't believe she would fall for Camren's acting, although she always thought of her mother as an intelligent and shrewd woman. Because of that, she didn't know whether that was disappointing or laughable.

"I don't care whether that's true or not. I'll look after him while you carry on with your life. So, I'm going to go back and pack my stuff. Then, I'll move in and stay here." Rebecca was ready to dedicate her time to caring for Camren from then on.

"What's wrong, Mom? Are you devastated or something?" Ariel sensed something wrong with her mother's strange behavior.

"Devastated? Let's assume your mom has finally gotten over it, Honey. Furthermore, we should always respect our elders' wishes." Denny pulled Ariel aside with him.

"I must get to the bottom of the truth, or Rylenthe could pay us a visit and blame us for that." Ariel didn't want any unforeseen trouble.

"Let her come then. In fact, I'm looking forward to seeing her deal with your mom. After all, the insults from your mom's mouth are so devastating that they can destroy anyone's soul."

"How dare you make fun of my mom, Denny!"

"Um..."

...

After resting for half a month, Nerisse was beginning to grow tired of her diet, which consisted of only soup, although Elise was a good cook. "Come on, El. I can't take this

enymore. I've hed soup for elmost every meel in the lest helf of the month. Look et my tummy. I've put on so much weight that I'm steriting to lose my slim weist."

Elise held the spoon full of soup close to Nerisse's mouth. "No. Losing your slim weist is the leest of your worries now. Your condition will teke months to fully recover, end you've berely even lived through helf of it."

Nerisse ected like she would cry but quickly rolled her eyes when something crossed her mind. "Fine, I'll beer with my soupy diet, but please let me go out. I've been lying in bed for about helf e month end elreedy feel like en old ledy. If I stey in like this, I will be covered in cobwebs—"

"Why is it only you, Mom?" Ariel, who had been waiting downstairs, was surprised to see only Rebecca when she thought her mother could have settled her father.

"He is old, and his days are numbered, so I have no reason to be mean to him." Rebecca sighed in response.

"What are you talking about, Mom? Didn't I tell you earlier? He's pretending." Ariel couldn't believe she would fall for Camren's acting, although she always thought of her mother as an intelligent and shrewd woman. Because of that, she didn't know whether that was disappointing or laughable.

"I don't care whether that's true or not. I'll look after him while you carry on with your life. So, I'm going to go back and pack my stuff. Then, I'll move in and stay here." Rebecca was ready to dedicate her time to caring for Camren from then on.

"What's wrong, Mom? Are you devastated or something?" Ariel sensed something wrong with her mother's strange behavior.

"Devastated? Let's assume your mom has finally gotten over it, Honey. Furthermore, we should always respect our elders' wishes." Danny pulled Ariel aside with him.

"I must get to the bottom of the truth, or Rylantha could pay us a visit and blame us for that." Ariel didn't want any unforeseen trouble.

"Let her come then. In fact, I'm looking forward to seeing her deal with your mom. After all, the insults from your mom's mouth are so devastating that they can destroy anyone's soul."

"How dare you make fun of my mom, Danny!"

"Um..."

...

After resting for half a month, Narissa was beginning to grow tired of her diet, which consisted of only soup, although Elise was a good cook. “Come on, El. I can’t take this anymore. I’ve had soup for almost every meal in the last half of the month. Look at my tummy. I’ve put on so much weight that I’m starting to lose my slim waist.”

Elise held the spoon full of soup close to Narissa’s mouth. “No. Losing your slim waist is the least of your worries now. Your condition will take months to fully recover, and you’ve barely even lived through half of it.”

Narissa acted like she would cry but quickly rolled her eyes when something crossed her mind. “Fine, I’ll bear with my soupy diet, but please let me go out. I’ve been lying in bed for about half a month and already feel like an old lady. If I stay in like this, I will be covered in cobwebs—”

Elise pouted and replied, “I don’t know what you’re thinking, but if seeing Jamie is why you want to go out, then the answer is no. Come on, girl. You’re a grown adult, so why are you still acting like a stubborn child?” She felt like a mother nagging at her daughter every time she talked about that matter.

While Narissa pouted unhappily, Elise soon fed Narissa some fish and coaxed her to eat it. “I wouldn’t want to keep you grounded if I had a choice, but we have exhausted many resources to ensure the welfare and safety of your life and Jamie’s. Especially Zephyr, he has to prepare your medication once every few days so you both can recover sooner. Furthermore, I’m sure you don’t want to keep imposing on him, right?”

“Don’t worry about that. I will pay him extra on top of the price for his service.” Narissa had no intention of owing Zephyr his money.

“It’s not about the money, my friend. Zephyr may be a doctor with impressive skills, but he is not someone anyone could hire with money. Therefore, you’re actually paying him a favor rather than money.” Elise spoke from a neutral point of view.

“I bet it was all his idea, wasn’t it?” Narissa was starting to get a little desperate. “Why don’t you tell him to talk to me himself? I want to see how he will make me feel indebted to him.”

“You know what? I don’t think he has the time to play your games.” At times, it seemed to Elise that Narissa and Zephyr were like kids who simply went ahead with their plans, no matter what the others said.

“How busy can he get? It’s not like anyone has been hurt recently.” Narissa appeared to be skeptical.

“It’s your godson. Zephyr wants to be his mentor, but Irvin needs help to defeat Raymond, or he will not consider his request. Because of that, Zephyr is always nowhere to be seen after his meal, suggesting he is swamped.” Then, Elise changed

Narissa's perception of Zephyr. She added, "Anyway, Zephyr has been concerned about you and Jamie this time, so you need to stop being mean to him."

"Don't worry. I won't look for trouble with him if he leaves me alone." Narissa rolled her eyes upward.

"Good! Rest well for now. I need to go." Elise had to leave as she had to supervise her children, who had homework.

"Alright." Narissa responded affirmatively.

Elise stood up and warned her once again. "Remember, don't ever go looking for Jamie!"

"Okay! Okay! I heard you! Hmph!" Narissa covered herself with her blanket in an annoyed manner. As soon as the door closed, she crept off her bed and went to her closet to take her outfit.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1012

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1012-On a lazy afternoon, Zephyr was done with his shower and strolled to the pool while wearing his bathrobe. There, he donned a face mask and lay down in the sun with a facial mask at the manor to Griffith Manor's right. A few moments later, he dozed off, but in his groggy state, he vaguely saw a silhouette approaching him. When he opened his eyes, he first saw Narissa's face, which frightened him so much that he sat bolt upright. "Jeez! What are you doing here?"

"I'm here to see you." Narissa smiled faintly and spoke with a soft voice.

In the meantime, he found it strange at the sight of her appearance because she usually wore a tomboyish outfit. At that moment, her hair cascaded down her shoulder, and she looked like a princess, unlike her usual self. Soon, he gulped and asked her what she would do, his cheeks getting warm. "So, why are you here?"

"Come here."

"What?"

"Come closer so that you can hear me!" Narissa winked at Zephyr as if trying to put him under her spell. When the man did as he was told and stopped before her, she coquettishly said, "Closer."

Despite his lack of courage to look her in the eyes, he leaned closer to her as instructed. Before he could stand still, she suddenly pecked his cheek and quickly backed away. "What is the meaning of that?" He froze, holding his breath nervously.

"Don't you get it? Do you want to be my boyfriend?" Narissa whispered in Zephyr's ear and made him gulp again while he hesitated to reply.

"You only have one chance, so if you miss it, you can forget about it. Hmph!"

"Wait! Wait! Yes! I said yes!" He quickly seized her hand when she was about to leave in a fit of pique, laughing in a silly manner. Suddenly, an eagle appeared out of nowhere in the sky and swooped down at him, clawing at his face. "Get away from me!" He swung his arms wildly until he opened his eyes. Then, he realized the eagle that he saw never really appeared, but his palm had a sparrow in it. So, it was all a dream, wasn't it? He sat up straight and heaved a sigh of relief, smiling at the thought of the kiss in his dream.

"So, this is what you've been busy with?" A voice came from one of the trees in the yard.

When Zephyr looked in the direction of where the voice came from, he saw Narissa sitting on the tree with one leg casually dangling from the branch. "Wow. The fact that you had the strength to climb the tree as I did suggests you're close to full recovery," he replied humorously.

"You're not the only one who can do that." She stood up and squinted, sniggering. "Anyway, mind your own business, loser. What kind of dirty dream are you having that you're trying to do that sparrow harm?" In fact, she was going to look for Jamie, but instead, she got the directions mixed up and ended up running into Zephyr, whom she saw was having some shut-eye.

He chuckled sinisterly. "What if I told you I dreamed about you? Was it a dirty dream?" Little did Narissa know that he was actually telling the truth.

"You must be pretty gutsy to do that, then. Have you forgotten about my nickname? You'll pay the price heavily for your dirty thoughts about me," she threatened him, her eyes lighting up.

"You seem to like the nickname I gave you." Zephyr curled his lips upward.

"I like it more when I beat you to the pulp. Would you like to try that out?" Narissa put her hands on her waist, where she kept her hidden weapons.

"Sure, I dare you to do it now. If your wound ruptures, I'm still the one who will do the stitching for you, which will be better because I haven't had enough of looking at you—" Then, he tilted his head playfully, provoking the lady with his mischief.

She gritted her teeth, restraining herself from punching the men in the face because she didn't want to be at his mercy again. "You wait and see. When I recover, I will gouge your eyes and make you blind men." Following that, she jumped from the tree and disappeared from sight around the tall walls.

"I'll be waiting!" He gave chase while shouting, shaking his head in amusement at the thought of their interaction. Why would Miss Firecracker kiss me in the face? I must have lost my mind or something. "Wait for a second!" He suddenly realized something was wrong. "Would she tell the others that I'm not busy at all?" Fine, let's hope she doesn't have a big mouth.

...

Fortunately for Zephyr, Nerissa was not the person he feared she would be. As soon as she left his home, their encounter immediately slipped her mind. After infiltrating two yards and getting past the guards, she finally arrived at Jamie's home, only to find him away. Thus, she headed to the kitchen and poured herself a glass of water while giving him a call. "What are you doing?"

Although the two currently lived separately, they often talked to each other over the phone. Therefore, it didn't take him long until he picked up the call. "I'm cooking in the kitchen," Jamie answered.

"In the kitchen?" She circled around the kitchen with the glass of water in her hand, doubting he was referring to the same place she was thinking.

"Yeah, I'm trying to be a better cook to make good food for you after we get married. Alright, I need to return to my cooking now, see you. I'll call you back later." He quickly hung up on her, fearing she would see through his made-up story. Then, he turned his attention to Suella and irritably lectured her. "I only agreed to come with you because you said something happened to Alicia, not because of this goddamn rock-climbing competition!" Deep down, Jamie was still unable to get over his guilt for Alicia, but at the same time, he refused to let Nerissa know about that because he didn't want her to look down on him. Nevertheless, his guilt still got the better of him more than his ego did as he reckoned he was responsible for Alicia's misery. Due to that, he couldn't bring himself to ignore her fete, deeming himself obligated to right the wrong.

He chuckled sinisterly. "What if I told you I dreamed about you? Was it a dirty dream?" Little did Nerissa know that he was actually telling the truth.

"You must be pretty gutsy to do that, then. Have you forgotten about my nickname? You'll pay the price heavily for your dirty thoughts about me," she threatened him, her eyes lighting up.

"You seem to like the nickname I gave you." Zephyr curled his lips upward.

"I like it more when I beat you to a pulp. Would you like to try that out?" Narissa put her hands on her waist, where she kept her hidden weapons.

"Sure, I dare you to do it now. If your wound ruptures, I'm still the one who will do the stitching for you, which will be better because I haven't had enough of looking at your—" Then, he tilted his head playfully, provoking the lady with his mischief.

She gritted her teeth, restraining herself from punching the man in the face because she didn't want to be at his mercy again. "You wait and see. When I recover, I will gouge your eyes and make you a blind man." Following that, she jumped from the tree and disappeared from sight around the tall walls.

"I'll be waiting!" He gave chase while shouting, shaking his head in amusement at the thought of their interaction. Why would Miss Firecracker kiss me in the face? I must have lost my mind or something. "Wait for a second!" He suddenly realized something was wrong. "Would she tell the others that I'm not busy at all?" Fine, let's hope she doesn't have a big mouth.

...

Fortunately for Zephyr, Narissa was not the person he feared she would be. As soon as she left his home, their encounter immediately slipped her mind. After infiltrating two yards and getting past the guards, she finally arrived at Jamie's home, only to find him away. Thus, she headed to the kitchen and poured herself a glass of water while giving him a call. "What are you doing?"

Although the two currently lived separately, they often talked to each other over the phone. Therefore, it didn't take him long until he picked up the call. "I'm cooking in the kitchen," Jamie answered.

"In the kitchen?" She circled around the kitchen with the glass of water in her hand, doubting he was referring to the same place she was thinking.

"Yeah, I'm trying to be a better cook to make good food for you after we get married. Alright, I need to return to my cooking now, see you. I'll call you back later." He quickly hung up on her, fearing she would see through his made-up story. Then, he turned his attention to Suella and irritably lectured her. "I only agreed to come with you because you said something happened to Alicia, not because of this goddamn rock-climbing competition!" Deep down, Jamie was still unable to get over his guilt for Alicia, but at the same time, he refused to let Narissa know about that because he didn't want her to look down on him. Nevertheless, his guilt still got the better of him more than his ego did as he reckoned he was responsible for Alicia's misery. Due to that, he couldn't bring himself to ignore her fate, deeming himself obligated to right the wrong.

"Easy." Suella was unconcerned with his aggression, pointing at the rock-climbing platform. "Take a look at what's going on over there."

He then stuck out his neck and realized Alicia was wearing sportswear, which indicated that she was one of the participants. He then recalled the disclaimer written on the poster that clearly stated the participants would be contesting at their own risk because they would not be given any rock-climbing gears.

“You said she wanted to torture herself, didn’t you? A fall from a height like that would probably leave her handicapped for life. Anyway, the Alicia I know is probably still struggling with the thing that is disturbing her, although she may have seemed to get over it.” Suella tried to guilt-trip Jamie to keep him guilty.

When he heard that, he immediately rushed toward the participants and dragged Alicia away. Meanwhile, she was perplexed by his reaction and quickly shook his hand off her as they approached the exit. “What are you doing, Jamie?”

“You can’t be doing something so dangerous. Why don’t you tell us if anything is bothering you? Don’t put your own health or safety at risk.” Jamie was on the verge of losing his mind after finding his efforts to resolve the dilemma were futile despite sacrificing everything he had.

“Do you think I’m trying to kill myself?” Alicia was puzzled upon hearing his words. She chuckled and said, “What I will do later is not what you think. Before I met you, I was already an adventurous person. Furthermore, I’ve already practiced with this course hundreds of times, so I’m sure I’m going to succeed, not to mention that I’m professionally certified. Therefore, this will be a walk in the park for me, and you have absolutely nothing to worry about.”

“Are you sure you didn’t say that to make me feel better?” He was confused.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1013

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1013-“Are you doubting Dr. Lorwhal’s professionalism?” Alicia responded helplessly.

“Well, you have a point. Zephyr is the best doctor there is without question.” Jamie murmured to himself.

“You should trust Dr. Lorwhal even if you don’t trust me. From now on, you and I are nothing more than best friends, so don’t let your guilt weigh you down. Moreover, I’ve fully recovered from my condition. On the other hand, it’s you who needs to make way, or you’re only going to stress me out.” Alicia smiled, her eyes lit up as if the two of them had gone back to the time when they first knew each other.

Upon hearing that, Jamie finally believed that Alicia had indeed recovered from her condition. At that moment, he felt happy that she wished him well. "Thank you so much, Alicia." Jamie expressed his gratitude to Alicia.

"You're welcome." Alicia reacted like she was coaxing a child. "So, can I carry on with my competition?"

"Yeah, sure. Of course."

In the end, Jamie sat through the competition until the end. As Alicia said, she was an excellent rock climber who managed to win the competition and walked away with the prize. When it was over, both of them parted ways, whereupon Jamie went to Narissa's favorite shop and bought her some yogurt milk. Then, he slipped into her home at the interval and decided to give her a surprise. "Taa daa!"

At that moment, Narissa was sitting on the couch when a bottle of yogurt milk suddenly fell on her lap. The next second, she snapped out of her trance and saw Jamie sitting right next to her. "You've been craving this a long time ago, haven't you? Come on, help yourself." Jamie wrapped his arms around her and planted a kiss on her cheek.

As soon as Narissa took the yogurt milk, she asked in an absent-minded manner, "Weren't you cooking at home? How come you have a bottle of yogurt milk here?"

Damn it! My cover is blown. Jamie acted restless as if there were ants in his pants, retracting his arm from her while stammering, "Yeah, that's a good question. I-I was cooking. Then, I went out to the yard where I saw the guards. Yes, the guards. I told them to buy it for me." Jamie sighed as he explained.

"The guards?" Narissa looked at the man as if she was interrogating a criminal.

"Yeah." Jamie didn't dare to look Narissa in the eye. "It cost me quite a lot of money."

"Are you sure?" Narissa sensed something wrong with Jamie.

"Oh shoot!" Jamie started to panic and stood up anxiously. After pausing for a second, he ran out the door at lightning speed. "It's about time for my lunch. Also, Raymond is going to show up anytime soon. I have to go, or I'm going to get exposed. See you some other time, Honey!" He disappeared in a split second as soon as he finished his words.

Meanwhile, Narissa was seen with a glacial look on her face, taking a sip of the yogurt milk without feeling happy about it. After all, she managed to catch the fragrant scent that wafted from Jamie and was able to identify it as Alicia's favorite perfume.

...

Meanwhile, Alexander returned home after work and saw Elise glued to her laptop in a serious manner. "What are you looking at? You seem engrossed with it." Alexander took off his jacket and placed his hand on the couch.

"I'm tracking Owen's whereabouts in the past few days," Elise replied. She then put the laptop aside and wrapped her arms around Alexander's neck as soon as he set down beside her. "How was your day? Are you tired?"

"Nothing unusual." Alexander had nothing much to share about his mundane lifestyle. "Did you notice something?" he asked.

"Speaking of that, there is something worth paying attention to." Elise set up straight and added, "I realized Owen visited a place in the middle of nowhere around 4.00AM, and my intuition tells me that something can't be right for a man to go to a place like that at an ungodly hour."

"I see. Let's get Raymond to do a little scouting around that area then," Alexander replied.

"No, we can't do that. I understand something doesn't seem right about that place, but everything we know now is based on nothing more than our speculation. For instance, we have no idea how many people are guarding that area, so whomever we send there is only going to find himself in danger without any prior preparation. Therefore, we must first think of a way to divert those people away." Elise appeared to have a plan to handle the situation.

"Are you thinking of creating a distraction?" Alexander seemingly knew what was in Elise's mind.

Elise nodded. "Owen has been listening in for quite a while, and it's about time to let him taste a little success. Furthermore, I just happened to receive a text from him. He wants to meet me in person tomorrow. I think this is a good opportunity." After hearing Elise's words, Alexander grabbed his phone and ran off. "Hey, where are you going?" Elise called out to Alexander.

"To get what I need so that I can play my part in your plan."

Without Alexander's contribution, Elise would not succeed in tricking Owen no matter how perfect her plan might be. Soon, Alexander arrived in his study with his phone and took Owen's eavesdropping device from the signal jammer. Then, he held his cell phone near his mouth and said, "That's right. The goods will arrive tomorrow night, and it's important to make sure nothing goes wrong. Raymond and I will be there to receive them by then." After that, an affirmative hum was heard shortly before the eavesdropping device was shut down.

In the meantime, Owen and his henchmen were excited when they learned about the news. "Mr. Morgen, Raymond is Smith Co.'s best fighter, which means this is a huge deal." Owen's henchmen were excited that they finally had the chance to have their revenge on Smith Co. as Triune had been suffering from a humiliating defeat by them over the past few years.

...

Meanwhile, Alexander returned home after work and saw Elise glued to her laptop in a serious manner. "What are you looking at? You seem engrossed with it." Alexander took off his jacket and placed his hand on the couch.

"I'm tracking Owen's whereabouts in the past few days," Elise replied. She then put the laptop aside and wrapped her arms around Alexander's neck as soon as he sat down beside her. "How was your day? Are you tired?"

"Nothing unusual." Alexander had nothing much to share about his mundane lifestyle. "Did you notice something?" he asked.

"Speaking of that, there is something worth paying attention to." Elise sat up straight and added, "I realized Owen visited a place in the middle of nowhere around 4.00AM, and my intuition tells me that something can't be right for a man to go to a place like that at an ungodly hour."

"I see. Let's get Raymond to do a little scouting around that area then," Alexander replied.

"No, we can't do that. I understand something doesn't seem right about that place, but everything we know now is based on nothing more than our speculation. For instance, we have no idea how many people are guarding that area, so whomever we send there is only going to find himself in danger without any prior preparation. Therefore, we must first think of a way to divert those people away." Elise appeared to have a plan to handle the situation.

"Are you thinking of creating a distraction?" Alexander seemingly knew what was in Elise's mind.

Elise nodded. "Owen has been listening in for quite a while, and it's about time to let him taste a little success. Furthermore, I just happened to receive a text from him. He wants to meet me in person tomorrow. I think this is a good opportunity." After hearing Elise's words, Alexander grabbed his phone and ran off. "Hey, where are you going?" Elise called out to Alexander.

"To get what I need so that I can play my part in your plan."

Without Alexander's contribution, Elise would not succeed in tricking Owen no matter how perfect her plan might be. Soon, Alexander arrived in his study with his phone and took Owen's eavesdropping device from the signal jammer. Then, he held his cell phone near his mouth and said, "That's right. The goods will arrive tomorrow night, and it's important to make sure nothing goes wrong. Raymond and I will be there to receive them by then." After that, an affirmative hum was heard shortly before the eavesdropping device was shut down.

In the meantime, Owen and his henchmen were excited when they learned about the news. "Mr. Morgan, Raymond is Smith Co.'s best fighter, which means this is a huge deal." Owen's henchmen were excited that they finally had the chance to have their revenge on Smith Co. as Triune had been suffering from a humiliating defeat by them over the past few years.

"Relax..." Owen was sensible enough not to let the rush of excitement turn his head. "Let's decide what to do after I sound Anastasia out tomorrow." It's always better to have insurance.

"What a wise move, Mr. Morgan!"

The next day, Owen and Elise met up at a cafe. As soon as Elise sat down, she let out a sigh. "What's wrong? Did Alexander piss you off again?" Owen acted as if he cared about Elise.

"Today is my birthday, but Alexander said he had some business to attend to and left. Not only did he refuse to keep me company, but he also didn't prepare any presents for me. He said he was too busy meeting a client, but honestly, I don't believe he is that busy. I'm just not his priority. That's all. Alas, it hurts!" Elise covered her face and pretended to be heartbroken.

"Well, since you're sure you don't love him anymore, you should just let him go and move on." Owen comforted Elise and asked, "Who is that client by the way? Did Alexander mention that to you?"

"No, he didn't." Elise retracted her arm and continued with a confused look, "I heard him mention bringing some weapons and guns when he was talking on the phone earlier. Do you think he could be referring to the..." Elise then mouthed the word, 'guns', silently before continuing, "Ever since we came to Vegas, Alexander has become a different person, and his henchmen are always armed with guns."

Owen's eyes brightened up when he heard that. Weapons? Smith Co.? Well, I'm pretty sure something big is going on now!

Meanwhile, Elise knew their plan had succeeded when she saw Owen's expression. However, she continued to play dumb and asked, "What am I going to do? I can't really be of help, can I?"

“It’s alright. You’ve helped me a lot.” When Owen snapped out of his trance, he took a diamond necklace out of his pocket and continued making up his story. “I couldn’t take my eyes off this necklace when I first saw it in an auction. So, I decided to buy it, but it is only now that I finally understood why I did that. It’s all because—it’s destined to be your birthday present.” He then showed the necklace along with its case to Elise. “Happy Birthday. Do you like it?”

Seriously? Only a girl who hasn’t seen the world will fall for a necklace like this one. “Oh, yes, of course! This is my first present of the day. Thank you, Owen!” Elise was forced to act as if she was really surprised despite her frustration.

“Let me put it on for you.” Owen circled around Elise and carefully fastened the necklace around her neck, winking at her flirtatiously several times throughout the process. At the same time, he was laughing at Alexander for his foolishness, thinking the latter had no idea Elise was betraying him. Oh, poor Alexander. You’re going to be so surprised when you find out the one who betrays you is the woman you love so dearly.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1014

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1014-“Alright, Alexander’s driver is here. I’m sorry, Owen. I need to go.” Elise quickly figured out an excuse to leave when she reckoned it was time to go.

“No worries. Being able to see you is enough to make my day.” Owen pretended to see her off with a heavy heart but was actually happy that she was leaving on the inside. After all, he was tempted to seize his chance and execute his plan after learning about Smith Co.’s involvement in smuggling firearms.

“I’m happy that we met each other today. Anyway, I promise we’ll see each other again. Bye.” Elise left as soon as she finished her sentence. However, she was quickly disgusted by the promise she made as she justified her actions. Upon exiting the café, Elise made a few turns around the area before finally reaching Alexander’s driver.

While Raymond was the driver, Alexander was sitting right beside him. “Hit the gas pedal, Raymond,” Elise said as she removed the necklace. Deep down, she couldn’t wait to leave the place because she couldn’t stand Owen’s flirtatious attitude. In the meantime, Alexander looked at her in an ambiguous manner as if he was going to make fun of her. “Why are you looking at me like that?” Elise felt uncomfortable with how Alexander was looking at her.

“Oh, nothing. I just realized how good of an actress my wife could be.” Alexander responded in a deadpan manner.

“Seriously? Your wife just had a date with another man, yet you’re here making fun of her. Shouldn’t you have been nervous instead?” Elise tried to guilt-trip Alexander.

“Well, my boss is indeed the first man who sends his wife on a date with another man in this world.” Raymond joined the conversation and chuckled.

“You could always leave and return to Africa if you think your job is too easy!” Alexander rolled his eyes upward in an annoyed manner.

“Alright, I’ll keep my mouth shut!” Raymond kept his eyes on the road, thinking it was most sensible for him to back down.

While Elise chuckled in amusement, Alexander lightened up immediately at the sight of her smile. He then held her hand and fiddled with it. “Well, let’s just say I don’t think a nobody like Owen would pose a threat. More importantly, I trust you without question.” Alexander explained himself while sweet-talking his way out, deeming that to be the proper way of getting along with his wife in harmony.

“Are you praising me or yourself?” Elise saw through Alexander’s narcissism.

“Your husband is a smart and sensible man. So, of course, I was complimenting the two of us.” Alexander tried to act cute.

“Cut that crap.” Elise shoved him away. “By the way, what’s the status now? Did Owen fall for it?” She was curious to learn Owen’s whereabouts from the tracking device she left with him as it was equipped with GPS and eavesdropping features.

“There isn’t anything much to worry about with you on our side, Honey. As soon as you both separated, Owen immediately called his men to prepare for his plan. So, all we have to do is wait for the news.” Alexander smiled in response.

“Good.” Elise nodded, but soon, something seemed to cross her mind. “By the way, you haven’t told me what kind of surprise you have in store for Owen.”

“It’s some old training equipment.” Raymond interrupted the conversation once more.

“Do you still remember the money that we got from the Hellen Family? With Mr. Griffith’s approval, we used the money to replace all of our training equipment. However, we didn’t know what to do with the old ones until we thought of Owen.” As soon as he finished his words, his phone rang. In fact, every employee in Smith Co. was given two cell phones. While one of them was for business, the other one was for private use, as well as emergency situations. At that moment, the phone that was ringing was Raymond’s private one. Therefore, he quickly pulled over and answered the phone call.

After exchanging a few words, Raymond hung up the cell and reported what he learned to Alexander. “Boss, Clement said the Hellen Family just ordered some firearms from the mob in Diejen. The shipment will arrive tonight.”

Alexander's face changed. After a short moment of contemplation, he said, "It can only mean one thing for them to buy so many weapons—they are planning to go all out to take down Smith Co." He then went silent for a while before adding, "Tell our people that they no longer have to ship the training equipment back here. Instead, unload them there and sell them off at the given price. Then, use the money on increasing the diet at our training base."

"Boss, are we going to cancel our plan to take on Owen?" Raymond's eyes widened.

"No, I have a better idea." Alexander flexed his index finger.

Elise felt chills running down her spine when she saw the sinister look on Alexander's face. "Oops, it looks like things are going to get ugly for somebody."

...

When it was just past 12:00AM, Owen's phone rang. "Mr. Morgen, Alexander has just left his office with his two right-hand men, Raymond and Clement."

"Teal them!" Owen squinted and decisively gave an order.

Half an hour later, Owen arrived at the location that his henchmen sent him and found himself on the dock at West Coast. It turned out that they were on top of a lighthouse, which enabled them to have a good bird's eye view as they could observe what was going on at the dock with a telescope. Thus, Owen grabbed the telescope and watched the dock from afar, catching sight of Alexander talking to the captain before they completed the trade. After that, Alexander left the dock while Raymond stayed behind. Hmm. From the looks of their action, whatever they have on that ship is definitely something important to Smith Co. I don't care whether they are firearms because they are going to be valuable anyway.

"There isn't anything much to worry about with you on our side, Honey. As soon as you both separated, Owen immediately called his men to prepare for his plan. So, all we have to do is wait for the news." Alexander smiled in response.

"Good." Elise nodded, but soon, something seemed to cross her mind. "By the way, you haven't told me what kind of surprise you have in store for Owen."

"It's some old training equipment." Raymond interrupted the conversation once more. "Do you still remember the money that we got from the Hellen Family? With Mr. Griffith's approval, we used the money to replace all of our training equipment. However, we didn't know what to do with the old ones until we thought of Owen." As soon as he finished his words, his phone rang. In fact, every employee in Smith Co. was given two cell phones. While one of them was for business, the other one was for private use, as well as emergency situations. At that moment, the phone that was ringing was Raymond's private one. Therefore, he quickly pulled over and answered the phone call.

After exchanging a few words, Raymond hung up the call and reported what he learned to Alexander. “Boss, Clement said the Hellen Family just ordered some firearms from the mob in Diajan. The shipment will arrive tonight.”

Alexander’s face changed. After a short moment of contemplation, he said, “It can only mean one thing for them to buy so many weapons—they are planning to go all out to take down Smith Co.” He then went silent for a while before adding, “Tell our people that they no longer have to ship the training equipment back here. Instead, unload them there and sell them off at the given price. Then, use the money on increasing the diet at our training base.”

“Boss, are we going to cancel our plan to take on Owen?” Raymond’s eyes widened.

“No, I have a better idea.” Alexander flashed his index finger.

Elise felt chills running down her spine when she saw the sinister look on Alexander’s face. “Oops, it looks like things are going to get ugly for somebody.”

...

When it was just past 12.00AM, Owen’s phone rang. “Mr. Morgan, Alexander has just left his office with his two right-hand men, Raymond and Clement.”

“Tail them!” Owen squinted and decisively gave an order.

Half an hour later, Owen arrived at the location that his henchmen sent him and found himself on a dock at West Coast. It turned out that they were on top of a lighthouse, which enabled them to have a good bird’s eye view as they could observe what was going on at the dock with a telescope. Thus, Owen grabbed a telescope and watched the dock from afar, catching sight of Alexander talking to the captain before they completed the trade. After that, Alexander left the dock while Raymond stayed behind. Hmm. From the looks of their action, whatever they have on that ship is definitely something important to Smith Co. I don’t care whether they are firearms because they are going to be valuable anyway.

“What’s our next move, Mr. Morgan? Everyone is waiting.”

“Are we going to do it? Please say something.”

While the goons were anxiously urging their leader for his instruction, Owen shifted his eyes across everyone around him and finally broke the silence after a few moments. “Today is the day we take back what is rightfully ours!” Under Owen’s command, dozens of his men rushed to the dock and fired at the people who were unloading their cargo at the dock from the opposite.

In that instant, the people from the Hellen Family were caught off guard by the sudden attack as they did their best to put up a fight. Soon, one of the men was smart enough to give Stenson a call to request reinforcements. “Boss, we’re under attack. Someone is trying to rob our cargo!”

“What?! Damn it! Hang in there until I arrive! If you lose my shipment before I show up, I’m gonna rip you apart!” Stenson brought his finest men with him and left his residence after hanging up the call.

It wasn’t until twenty minutes later that the shootout ended with Triune emerging victorious. While Owen and his men successfully took over the ship, the Hellen Family’s people were forced to abandon the cargo and observe the situation from a distance. When Owen walked up to one of the wooden crates and opened the lid, the sight of firearms instantly put a wide grin across his face. As he was about to hold one of the guns, a bullet suddenly flew over his head and knocked his hat off. The next second, hundreds of bullets rained on them from afar, forcing Owen and his men to take cover. It was then that Owen saw dozens of boats coming in their direction while the people on them continued to fire in their direction.

Damn it! We nearly ended up with holes all over our bodies. Due to the shootout earlier, Owen and his men didn’t have sufficient ammunition to fight back anymore, so he told his men to fall back. However, their attackers went on to fire gunshots at them for the next ten minutes until Owen saw a chance and seized it to communicate with the people on the boats. “Identify yourself! These goods belong to Triune, so leave now!” Owen thought they were attacked by another mob that wanted a piece of their loot.

“What are you talking about? I’ve never heard of Triune before, but I’m sure you’re asking for trouble for trying to rob me of my goods! Now, let this name be the last words you hear as you take your last breath—Stenson Hellen.” Stenson immediately shot Owen’s man after identifying himself.

“Stenson Hellen? Wait a second. How did we even cross paths with the Hellen Family?” Owen questioned with a darkened expression.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1015

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1015-Before he could even react, the Hellens had already launched another round of attack.

“This won’t do, Mr. Morgan. They are heavily armed. If we fight back and use up our ammunition, we’ll only end up as targets!”

Owen’s subordinate hinted that they should retreat.

So, as indignant as Owen felt, he could only make the painful decision of retreating. “Fix the bombs! Blow whatever we can’t take with us. Evacuate!”

Following Triune’s retreat, the bombs detonated one after another, blowing up the ship.

Not so surprisingly, Stenson passed out as he watched his goods burn to dust with his own eyes. What have I done to deserve this?! Why am I always the unlucky one?!

...

“Cheers!”

The Griffiths, their friends, and partners were having a barbecue party in the backyard of Griffith Manor to celebrate the success of destroying Triune’s new outpost yet again.

After the first round of cheers, Elise noticed that only Clement was on barbecue duty, cooking up food diligently while everyone else was drinking and relaxing.

With that, she nudged Alexander with her elbow. “Ask Clement to join us at the table. It’s pretty bad that everyone’s eating here while he’s at the grill alone.”

“Trust me. Compared to a bunch of rowdy humans, he is more than happy to interact with silent ingredients,” comforted Alexander after taking a gander at Clement.

“Will he be able to find a girlfriend with that temperament?” she commented with shock.

“That’s why he remains single till this day,” remarked Alexander.

Elise grinned sheepishly at that. “As his boss, you should be held responsible for this.”

As Alexander was looking for an excuse, Raymond was gushing at the top of his lungs. “And guess what? A dozen or so people from different fields were imprisoned in Owen’s outpost. After we rescued them—well, to stay alive and to thank us for saving them—they decided to join Smith Co. on the spot. From now on, they’ll be working for us. Our base will be welcoming another batch of fresh meat!”

Alexander, too, felt proud when his subordinate was gleeful. With that, he exulted to Elise, “We have to thank the Hellens for providing us with bait. Without them, our operation wouldn’t have been a success.”

Raymond’s hearing was impeccable. As soon as he heard Alexander’s words, he raised his cup. “To the Hellens!”

Meanwhile, poor Stenson, who had just regained consciousness, sneezed violently.

"You sly fox, sitting there letting others fight each other out while you bag the prize later!"

On the other hand, Zephyr showed up to the party late. When he saw Jamie grilling corn, he snatched one that was ready without asking, eating the delicious delicacy away. "Mm, excellent grilling, Jamie. Say, if you ever decide to quit your business, you can consider being a chef."

At that, he turned around only to be taken aback, for he found Nerisse glaring at him. "I haven't pissed you off again, have I?" he asked in bewilderment.

"Actually, you have, Doc." Jamie didn't know if he should laugh or feel bad for the doctor. "I'm grilling these corns for Nerisse."

Cough, cough... Zephyr nearly choked on his saliva. After all, who'd think that the girl would ask for corn?!

Furthermore, to avoid repeating the yogurt accident, he even deliberately stayed away from the more common food like chicken wings and sorts.

"I assumed no one would want to eat this thing. Who'd have thought... Alright, I apologize. I'm sorry." Zephyr had no choice but to yield.

However, Nerisse's anger only burned brighter. She then insinuated sarcastically, "Some people sure love to idle their day away, never offering to help out but are the first person to run to the food every time. I swear, they grow in age but never in manners!"

"Come on. It's just one skewer," Zephyr argued in frustration. "You don't have to make such a big deal out of it, do you?"

"What? Just because you think it's not a big deal, I should think so too? Have you no shame?!" Nerisse grew agitated as she ceterweuled. "I'm warning you, this is the second time you've stolen my food. If there's ever a third time, it wouldn't be as simple as just kicking up a fuss!"

After that, Zephyr sighed and rested an arm on Irvin's shoulder. "Irvin, my boy. Have you witnessed it all? This is what happens when you piss the women off. You have to watch out when you venture the world."

However, the little guy merely lowered his shoulder and stepped aside to bring some distance between him and the doctor. "Mr. Zephyr, today is already the tenth day. According to our agreement, everything you said will be voided unless you can help me gain the ability to defeat Mr. Reymond before midnight."

"Is it already the tenth day?" Zephyr gasped. "Are you sure you remembered correctly?"

“Irvin, I suggest you don’t hold out too much hope toward e certain someone,” Nerisse said with e cold smile.

All thet cultivation end retreats ere nothing but idling his deys ewey. As if enything will come out of thet!

“And whet ere you going to do if I ectually succeed?” Zephyr deliberetely stirred her up.

“If you succeed, it proves that you heve something up your sleeves. Whet does it heve enything to do with me?” she rebutted. I’m hot-headed, not dumb. As if I’ll fell for your schemes.

“Oh? You’re not scered, ere you? You’re worried you’ll lose to me, em I right?” Zephyr shoved his hendes into his pockets end lured Nerisse to teke the beit.

At that, he turned around only to be taken aback, for he found Narissa glaring at him. “I haven’t pissed you off again, have I?” he asked in bewilderment.

“Actually, you have, Doc.” Jamie didn’t know if he should laugh or feel bad for the doctor. “I’m grilling these corns for Narissa.”

Cough, cough... Zephyr nearly choked on his saliva. After all, who’d think that a girl would ask for corn?!

Furthermore, to avoid repeating the yogurt accident, he even deliberately stayed away from the more common food like chicken wings and sorts.

“I assumed no one would want to eat this thing. Who’d have thought... Alright, I apologize. I’m sorry.” Zephyr had no choice but to yield.

However, Narissa’s anger only burned brighter. She then insinuated sarcastically, “Some people sure love to idle their day away, never offering to help out but are the first person to run to the food every time. I swear, they grow in age but never in manners!”

“Come one. It’s just one skewer,” Zephyr argued in frustration. “You don’t have to make such a big deal out of it, do you?”

“What? Just because you think it’s not a big deal, I should think so too? Have you no shame?!” Narissa grew agitated as she caterwauled. “I’m warning you, this is the second time you’ve stolen my food. If there’s ever a third time, it wouldn’t be as simple as just kicking up a fuss!”

After that, Zephyr sighed and rested an arm on Irvin’s shoulder. “Irvin, my boy. Have you witnessed it all? This is what happens when you piss a woman off. You have to watch out when you venture the world.”

However, the little guy merely lowered his shoulder and stepped aside to bring some distance between him and the doctor. “Mr. Zephyr, today is already the tenth day. According to our agreement, everything you said will be voided unless you can help me gain the ability to defeat Mr. Raymond before midnight.”

“Is it already the tenth day?” Zephyr gasped. “Are you sure you remembered correctly?”

“Irvin, I suggest you don’t hold out too much hope toward a certain someone,” Narissa said with a cold smile.

All that cultivation and retreats are nothing but idling his days away. As if anything will come out of that!

“And what are you going to do if I actually succeed?” Zephyr deliberately stirred her up.

“If you succeed, it proves that you have something up your sleeves. What does it have anything to do with me?” she rebutted. I’m hot-headed, not dumb. As if I’ll fall for your schemes.

“Oh? You’re not scared, are you? You’re worried you’ll lose to me, am I right?” Zephyr shoved his hands into his pockets and lured Narissa to take the bait.

Sure enough, this was the kind of bait the young woman would take. “Me? Scared of you? Fine, if you can provide Irvin with the ability to defeat Raymond, I’ll be your servant for a month!”

Given Narissa’s temperament, she would be able to get through the first round of goading but never the second.

“Alright, your words, not mine!” Zephyr lost his cool instantly as he pointed at her while beaming brilliantly.

“Darling, don’t!” Jamie hurriedly stopped his wife when he sensed a trap.

“Stay out of this.” The young woman had already let her temper do the decision-making at this point. “My words precisely. If you fail, you’ll have to be my slave for half a year!”

“Wow, fair much! Why do you only have to be my slave for one month while I have to be yours for six?!” Zephyr harrumphed.

“That’s how I roll. My bet, your call.” Narissa tilted her head at that, fearing nothing. As if the bet means anything to me. Huh? Wait! Why should I even bet?!

However, before she could come to her senses, he rushed toward her, grabbed her arm, and high-fived to seal the bet. “Deal! No backsies. A gentleman sticks to his words!”

“Fine, bring it on. Do it now!” She chucked her inchoate rationality away as soon as she saw his smug face.

However, the man chose to drop the issue then and walked away while resting an arm on Irvin’s shoulder. “Why the rush? Let my dear mentee eat his food and store up some energy first. Come, my boy. Let’s have a proper drink.”

“I don’t know how to drink.” Irvin actually just didn’t like the taste of alcohol.

“Just one tiny glass. You’ll be fine...”

After some cajoling and persuading, the young boy ended up drinking the wine Zephyr handed to him.

Meanwhile, Narissa was made livid by what she was seeing. She then walked away after a humph.

Elise, on the other hand, was baffled by the situation as she gazed back and forth between Narissa and Zephyr. “Why does it look to me that Narissa has been duped? She didn’t have to suffer any losses at all to begin with, but now, she has the risk of becoming Zephyr’s slave.”

Alexander smiled plainly at that. “Better be tricked by one of us than to suffer a loss out there.”

One would only learn from their mistake. The young woman could take it as gaining experience.

“Why don’t we make a bet too?” An idea struck Alexander, and he decided to trick Elise. “If I win, you’ll have to bear me another girl.”

“And what if the next one’s a boy?” she asked.

“That’s why I say bear me another girl. If the next one isn’t, one eventually will be.” He grinned deviously.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1016

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1016-“You are too sly,” Elise exclaimed as she realized she had been duped yet again.

As the saying goes, everything has its vanquisher. Alexander was her lifeline, and he had her wrapped around his finger.

“Then, I’ll pick first. I’m betting on Zephyr. If I win, we’ll have a son,” Elise declared.

“Oh well, I guess I’ll just have to bet on Narissa.” Alexander sighed and gave off a pitiful expression. However, in a split second, his eyes shone bright with triumph.

Elise was initially pleased with herself for being the first to bet, but she didn’t realize that Alexander would benefit regardless of having a son or a daughter.

...

After half an hour, the aroma of barbecue meat wafted in the air, filling the atmosphere with piquant wafts of herbs and spices.

Camren, who had been sleeping, was startled awake by the savory smell. He crept out of the room while Rebecca was napping and dashed to the backyard.

There were various cuts of meat on the grill, but the sizzling wagyu beef and pepper skewers stood out the most.

“Give me five skewers, with extra chili and spice!” Camren commanded Clement while rubbing his hands together and gulping his saliva.

Clement silently sprinkled the chili powder on the skewers, let it roast for a while, then took a handful and handed it to Camren.

Camren was about to bite into his skewers when a hand from the side grabbed them all.

“You’re not supposed to eat these!” Rebecca cried. “Dad! Are you even aware of your current health situation? How dare you eat the skewers? Are you not worried about dying?”

Her rambling demeanor was reminiscent of an elder reprimanding a child.

“I listen well to you these days. I also eat healthily every day. What’s the matter with having a sumptuous meal?” Camren wiped the saliva from the corner of his mouth and fixed his gaze on the meat skewer in her grasp.

“Don’t you realize that even slight negligence can lead to a major disaster? You should be cautious about what you eat for the sake of your health.”

Rebecca’s assertion sounded reasonable. She then bit into a large piece of slightly charred beef on her hand before grumbling, “It tastes so-so; nothing special.”

She took another bite as she spoke, and the juice from the meat swooshed out, making her entire mouth glisten.

Clement gave her a short glance before returning to his job.

Camren was on the verge of tears because, despite Rebecca's complaints, she devoured the meat so deliciously. This was torturous for him!

Clink! Clink! Clink!

Jamie clinked the glass and announced, "The tournament is about to begin. Please enter the arena in an orderly manner."

That does sound like a legitimate boxing match due to his emcee skills.

It's no surprise that Elise would suggest Jamie join the vibe builders at social gatherings.

People began to crowd around him at this point.

"Becky, let's go and watch the fun!

Camren had to experience the fun even though he couldn't enjoy the barbecue meat. He was the fastest to grab a decent seat, making sure Rebecca was by his side as well.

At this juncture, everyone had surrounded Irvin and Raymond. They were standing across from one another, exuding opposing auras.

Raymond took off his jacket and revealed only a white sleeveless vest. His muscles, particularly his toned chest muscles, were more visible, adding power to his fighting spirit.

In comparison, Irvin appeared much slimmer. He stood alone with a poker face, looking handsome but a little frail.

Camren looked around for a moment before turning to Rebecca.

"I heard they've all placed bets, Becky; how about we join in?"

"It's all stuff for teenagers. We are far too old for this." Rebecca had never shown any interest in such things.

"You're not getting it. If you try more new things, you will have a much younger mindset. It may also help to prevent Alzheimer's disease. In short, there are numerous benefits. You should treat me as a patient and play with me. Just once is enough!" Camren was sedfishing.

Women were always soft-hearted. Hence, Rebecce wouldn't be able to stend his glum expression. She eventually succumbed to his sulky fece, sighing. "Okey, fine. Only this once. How should we proceed?"

"It's simple; just bet on who you think will win, end the loser will grent the other perty e wish." Cemren didn't wait for Rebecce to respond before plecting his bet. "I'll go first! I'm going with Reymond."

Reymond is e musculer guy who will undoubtedly win.

Wegyu beef, pork brein, chicken wings... Please wait for me!

Cemren wiped his selive once more es he thought about the food.

"I'll bet on Irvin then." Rebecce plected e perfunctory bet, unconcerned about the outcome.

Reymond overheard their conversetions end relaxed his muscles by stretching his erms.

When Cemren sew Reymond, his eyes glowed with excitement. Cemren was determined to win the bet end eet his berbecue!

"Don't worry, Young Mester Irvin. I'll fight properly end not hurt you." Reymond exuded confidence.

Irvin didn't respond. Instead, he turned to fece Zephyr who was stending next to him.

"Don't worry. Just remember whet I teught you. You will undoubtedly win es long es you went to," Zephyr seid es he stepped forward end petted Irvin on the shoulder.

That does sound like a legitimate boxing match due to his emcee skills.

It's no surprise that Elise would suggest Jamie join the vibe builders at social gatherings.

People began to crowd around him at this point.

"Becky, let's go and watch the fun!

Camren had to experience the fun even though he couldn't enjoy the barbecue meat. He was the fastest to grab a decent seat, making sure Rebecca was by his side as well.

At this juncture, everyone had surrounded Irvin and Reymond. They were standing across from one another, exuding opposing auras.

Raymond took off his jacket and revealed only a white sleeveless vest. His muscles, particularly his toned chest muscles, were more visible, adding power to his fighting spirit.

In comparison, Irvin appeared much slimmer. He stood alone with a poker face, looking handsome but a little frail.

Camren looked around for a moment before turning to Rebecca.

“I heard they’ve all placed bets, Becky; how about we join in?”

“It’s all stuff for teenagers. We are far too old for this.” Rebecca had never shown any interest in such things.

“You’re not getting it. If you try more new things, you will have a much younger mindset. It may also help to prevent Alzheimer’s disease. In short, there are numerous benefits. You should treat me as a patient and play with me. Just once is enough!” Camren was sadfishing.

Women were always soft-hearted. Hence, Rebecca wouldn’t be able to stand his glum expression. She eventually succumbed to his sulky face, sighing. “Okay, fine. Only this once. How should we proceed?”

“It’s simple; just bet on who you think will win, and the loser will grant the other party a wish.” Camren didn’t wait for Rebecca to respond before placing his bet. “I’ll go first! I’m going with Raymond.”

Raymond is a muscular guy who will undoubtedly win.

Wagyu beef, pork brain, chicken wings... Please wait for me!

Camren wiped his saliva once more as he thought about the food.

“I’ll bet on Irvin then.” Rebecca placed a perfunctory bet, unconcerned about the outcome.

Raymond overheard their conversations and relaxed his muscles by stretching his arms.

When Camren saw Raymond, his eyes glowed with excitement. Camren was determined to win the bet and eat his barbecue!

“Don’t worry, Young Master Irvin. I’ll fight properly and not hurt you.” Raymond exuded confidence.

Irvin didn’t respond. Instead, he turned to face Zephyr who was standing next to him.

“Don’t worry. Just remember what I taught you. You will undoubtedly win as long as you want to,” Zephyr said as he stepped forward and patted Irvin on the shoulder.

Irvin nodded, not wanting to be the loser.

“Are both parties prepared?” Jamie presided over the competition using a wine bottle as a microphone. “Ready, set, go!”

After the words fell, Raymond took the lead in the attack by charging at full speed toward Irvin, punching him with his fist.

Irvin swung to the side to avoid being struck. As a result, Raymond’s fist slammed into the pillar behind Irvin and tore a hole in it.

Raymond picked himself up and struck out again. Seeing this, Irvin continued dodging Raymond’s blows. After a few rounds, several pruned dwarf pine trees in the garden were destroyed.

As Raymond picked up speed, it became clear that he had incredible destructive power. On the other hand, Irvin was constantly restrained and unable to fight back.

Nevertheless, Alexander stoked the flames by asking Raymond, “Raymond, why are you so weak?”

Alexander’s words insinuated Raymond’s failure to give his all. After hearing his father’s reprimand, Raymond’s destructive power surged dramatically.

“You are indeed a wonderful father!” Elise cried sarcastically, dumbfounded by Alexander’s treatment of his son.

Alexander lowered his gaze and smiled faintly without saying anything.

Elise was unconcerned and continued to watch the tournament leisurely without much discussion.

In reality, both of them were well aware of the fact that Raymond would lose, despite the fact that he appeared to have the upper hand in this match. This was already a huge blunder for a top boxer from Smith Co.

Raymond was enraged by Alexander’s insult and retaliated with merciless punches and violent kicks. Although the lawn was trampled by his romping movements, Raymond had not taken down Irvin.

After a few minutes, Raymond gradually lost his best form and his agility plummeted.

The time has come!

When Irvin noticed a breathless Raymond, he approached him from behind and assaulted him with silver needles.

Raymond noticed Irvin's sneak attack at this point. He quickly regained his composure and punched Irvin, knocking him to the ground.

It was, however, too late. The silver needles pierced the skin on the back of Raymond's neck and the medicinal liquid was injected into his blood vessels.

The tables were turned. Raymond felt numb all over his body, which sent him to his knees.

Irvin stooped up and patted his jacket. His eyes glowed with delight and surprise.

He actually did it.

"I lost," Raymond grumbled bitterly.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1017

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1017-"What?! Raymond can't possibly lose!" Rage seared through Camren.

Oh, God! I just want to enjoy my barbecue meat! Why are you playing with me?!

"All right, you lost. Now, you have to listen to me; return to your room and lie down obediently."

Camren had run out of energy, so he allowed Rebecca to drag him back into the room.

"You are still very powerful. It's just that Irvin is faster than usual," Elise consoled Raymond while assisting him in getting up.

"After all, I've underestimated my enemy." Raymond was embarrassed.

"It must be that bottle of wine!"

Irvin was initially distressed about the match. Zephyr did not give him any special physical training, so it was impossible for Irvin to outperform Raymond. Raymond was reminded of the bottle of wine that Zephyr had coaxed Irvin to drink half an hour ago when Elise commented on Irvin's agility.

"Isn't it true that the effect gives you the sensation that your blood is boiling all over your body?" Zephyr smirked at Irvin and raised an eyebrow.

Seeing this, Narissa reacted angrily and yelled, "Why are you giving Irvin stimulants? This is unethical!"

"Does the competition have a rule against taking medicine?" Zephyr questioned her sarcastically, blinking at her.

"You—" Narissa was enraged yet speechless.

He incited her. "What? Are you backing out now? Leave if you can't afford to lose!"

"You've got a lot of guts! I'll bet my bottom dollar that it'll end in tears! Otherwise, I'll be your maid for the next month!" She had no intention of repudiating.

If she welched, she would be no different than Zephyr, the sc*mbag.

"Hey, everyone heard it—she did it of her own volition. I didn't force her!" Zephyr invited the audience to testify.

"That's right. I did it voluntarily," she said. "And prepare yourself for the most 'memorable' month of your life, Zephyr!"

She strode away after warning him.

"That's fantastic, Doc!"

Jamie, who was enjoying the argument, secretly gave Zephyr a thumbs up.

"Keep up, Jamie!"

"I'm coming, Honey!" Narissa yelled. They then walked away together.

The food was almost gone, the excitement had worn off, and the audience had left.

Raymond regained his normal state after Zephyr administered the antidote to him. After that, he mysteriously pulled Zephyr aside.

"Doc, do you still have any of that medicine for Young Master Irvin?" Raymond inquired, a toady smile on his face.

"Are you interested? Here you go! One hundred thousand for a tube. Buy five and get one free. How many do you want?" Zephyr said as he took out a bunch of test tubes the size of a syringe.

"How is it so cheep? You spent so much time researhing end developing the medicine; shouldn't you be selling it et e higher price?" Reymond was beffled.

"You're so dumb. Can you afford it if I raise the price?" Zephyr was getting restless.

"No," Raymond said, shaking his head.

"Exactly!" Zephyr ensured no one was around before leaning in close and whispering, "To be honest, Area X is full of these medicines. It's time for Smith Co. to keep up with current news!"

"Huh? If that's the case, why have you been in seclusion for so long?" Raymond looked at him with curiosity.

"Tsk," Zephyr uttered as he placed an arm on Raymond's shoulders. He then added mysteriously, "If I don't pretend that the work is difficult, Young Master Irvin will think that it's an easy feat. He will make more challenging requests, and I'll be the one who suffers, won't I?"

"You're so cunning!" Raymond realized Zephyr's explanation.

"What are you on about? This is a good strategy that I doubt you will comprehend. Are you going to buy the medicine?"

"Oh yes! As Young Master Irvin's doctor, your ingenuity and wisdom are more than adequate!" Raymond smiled and lavished compliments on Zephyr.

"You're such a sweet talker." Hearing the compliments, Zephyr handed Raymond a bottle of pills and said, "This is for you."

"What is this?"

"These are concentration pills. If you come across someone you can't beat in the future, take these pills and you can pretend to be dead for half an hour."

"What if my opponent takes advantage of the situation and kills me?"

The question caught Zephyr off guard.

...

The following day, Nerisse was startled awake by a phone call.

She took the phone groggily, pressed the answer button, and held it up to her ear.

"Hello? Who is this?"

"Hey, it's me, Zephyr. I wonder who had agreed to serve as my maid, but hasn't shown up on her first day? Are you wenching on this agreement, Young Miss Nerisse?"

“Just wait!” Nerisse gritted her teeth as she erupted in rage.

After that, she put her coat on hastily and marched toward Zephyr’s house, which was located two houses away from hers. Revenge shot through her. At that moment, she even ignored Irvin and Alexie’s greetings along the way.

Zephyr appeared to be completely unfazed as he invited Nerisse into the house. He then sat on the couch and began barking orders. “I’m starving. You may begin preparing breakfast.”

“No, I don’t know how to cook.” Nerisse exhibited hesitation in every bodily gesture.

“You can learn it right now. Make me a simple breakfast. I don’t have a picky palate, so I’m easy to please.”

“How is it so cheap? You spent so much time researching and developing the medicine; shouldn’t you be selling it at a higher price?” Raymond was baffled.

“You’re so dumb. Can you afford it if I raise the price?” Zephyr was getting restless.

“No,” Raymond said, shaking his head.

“Exactly!” Zephyr ensured no one was around before leaning in close and whispering, “To be honest, Area X is full of these medicines. It’s time for Smith Co. to keep up with current news!”

“Huh? If that’s the case, why have you been in seclusion for so long?” Raymond looked at him with curiosity.

“Tsk,” Zephyr uttered as he placed an arm on Raymond’s shoulders. He then added mysteriously, “If I don’t pretend that the work is difficult, Young Master Irvin will think that it’s an easy feat. He will make more challenging requests, and I’ll be the one who suffers, won’t I?”

“You’re so cunning!” Raymond realized Zephyr’s explanation.

“What are you on about? This is a good strategy that I doubt you will comprehend. Are you going to buy the medicine?”

“Oh yes! As Young Master Irvin’s doctor, your ingenuity and wisdom are more than adequate!” Raymond smiled and lavished compliments on Zephyr.

“You’re such a sweet talker.” Hearing the compliments, Zephyr handed Raymond a bottle of pills and said, “This is for you.”

“What is this?”

"These are concentration pills. If you come across someone you can't beat in the future, take these pills and you can pretend to be dead for half an hour."

"What if my opponent takes advantage of the situation and kills me?"

The question caught Zephyr off guard.

...

The following day, Narissa was startled awake by a phone call.

She took the phone groggily, pressed the answer button, and held it up to her ear.

"Hello? Who is this?"

"Hey, it's me, Zephyr. I wonder who had agreed to serve as my maid, but hasn't shown up on her first day? Are you welching on this agreement, Young Miss Narissa?"

"Just wait!" Narissa gritted her teeth as she erupted in rage.

After that, she put her coat on hastily and marched toward Zephyr's house, which was located two houses away from hers. Raw anger shot through her. At that moment, she even ignored Irvin and Alexia's greetings along the way.

Zephyr appeared to be completely unfazed as he invited Narissa into the house. He then sat on the couch and began barking orders. "I'm starving. You may begin preparing breakfast."

"No, I don't know how to cook." Narissa exhibited hesitation in every bodily gesture.

"You can learn it right now. Make me a simple breakfast. I don't have a picky palate, so I'm easy to please."

"Roger that."

Narissa's desire for vengeance surfaced immediately, and she dashed into the kitchen with her phone.

"Let me know when you're ready. I'll take a power nap." He leisurely strolled upstairs with his hands in his pockets.

His actions fueled Narissa's rage. How could he disturb her sleep and then go to bed on his own after ordering her around? No way. He needs to be taught a lesson.

After giving it some thought, she took out her phone and began researching exotic dishes in the browser.

30 minutes later, Zephyr got dressed and went downstairs. He sat down immediately after seeing some dishes on the table.

In that split second, he frowned instantly after looking at the dishes.

Ordinary dishes would include at least one of these components—vibrant colors and fragrances.

However, Zephyr was unable to associate the taste and smell with the looks of the three dishes. He became uneasy at the sight of them.

Restraining himself from showing his feelings out of self-cultivation, he couldn't help but wonder, "What kind of cuisine is this?"

"The Cubers' home cuisine," Narissa said, stuffing the takeaway box into the trash can. She then dashed over, plopped down in front of Zephyr, and eagerly urged him to taste the dishes. "Eat up! What exactly are you waiting for?"

"First and foremost, don't I have a right to know what I'm eating?" Zephyr's face twisted with a truculent frown.

"Silly! Listen up! These are rock sugar sausages, spicy fish scales, and braised strawberries," Narissa explained as she stood up straight.

With each word that she said, Zephyr's face stiffened.

"What about this dark, sooty-looking dish?" He pointed at a black dish.

"It resembles your unscrupulous heart," Narissa responded.

"Huh?"

"Charcoal-grilled chicken heart."

"This is wonderful," Zephyr exclaimed, setting down the chopsticks he had just picked up to applaud her. "Come on! Eat it."

"This is made specifically for you and only you. How can I eat it when I'm just an unworthy maid?" Narissa was not stupid. Any normal human being would never consume these dishes.

"It's fine. I'm going to let you try it. Be my food taster to test for any poison." Zephyr extended his arm as a welcome gesture and simply stared at her demandingly.

"I'm sorry, but I don't offer such a service!" Her face fell as she realized he wasn't fooled by her ruse. Before leaving, she removed her apron and tossed it on the table. "My task has been completed! Good riddance!"

"Wait—"

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1018

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1018—"Did I say you can leave? You seem to have made a mistake. You are my maid, and you can only leave when I say so," Zephyr explained, folding his arms.

Narissa came to a halt, closed her eyes, and clenched her fists for five seconds before taking a deep breath, attempting to calm herself.

People will spread repudiation rumors if I leave now. How do I deal with the humiliation?

After some mental adjustment, Narissa turned around and plastered a rictus on her face, asking, "Alright, Dr. Lorwhal. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

Zephyr was pleased with her reply. He pointed at the restroom with his chin and said, "Wash my soiled T-shirts. They are costly and must be hand washed. If they are not clean, you are not permitted to leave."

"On it!"

Narissa carried the basin of clothes to the marble washing board in the yard.

"Hiring a servant at home is a wonderful experience. Haha!" Zephyr chuckled to provoke Narissa. He then moved a chair and lay down beside her to bask in the sun.

Fury overcame her and she muttered with irritation, "Such an evil capitalist! A sc*mbag! He's just a jerk who likes to play tricks on people. I'll tear him limb from limb one day—"

Rip!

Narissa struggled against her anger and unintentionally ripped Zephyr's shirt apart.

"What is that noise?" Zephyr turned to investigate the source of the ripping sound, only to discover a smiley Narissa, holding a ripped piece of clothing.

"My T-shirt!" he exclaimed, sprinting over to grab it. "This is my favorite white shirt!"

He was gasping for life. I need oxygen. I need CPR!

“Sorry about that; I’ll get you a new one. I have my servants and workers to do my laundry so I’m not very good at it,” Narissa apologized.

Zephyr took a deep breath and eventually regained his composure. “There’s no need; I’ll wash it myself from now on. Don’t ever touch my belongings again.”

“Okay.”

That’s a win-win solution. I, too, refuse to touch your belongings.

“I know you have a low opinion of me. You wouldn’t come to me if you weren’t afraid of being called a rascal, but nothing can change the truth. You did, in fact, lose. So, as long as you work hard for a week, we’ll call off the bet early.” Zephyr voluntarily retreated.

“Why are you so kind?” Narissa was suspicious of his intentions.

“You can believe whatever you want,” Zephyr stated unequivocally.

“Okay, and what exactly do you mean by working hard?”

Nerisse decided to take the risk because getting it over with would be preferable to prolong the agony.

“All the fundamental tasks—cleaning up, putting things away, and preparing edible foods. These are reasonable requirements, don’t you think?” Zephyr gave her a cold stare.

“Okay! I’m a woman of my word. I’ll make you a new meal right away!”

Following her words, Nerisse hurried into the house, ignoring everything else.

Zephyr shook his head, returned his clothes to the basin, and quietly cleaned up.

He couldn’t believe he was doing chores on his own when he had a maid.

Nerisse finally cooked a decent plate of Japanese food after an hour.

It was just sushi.

She spread the seaweed before adding the other ingredients and rolling it up. She then topped it with slices of frozen sashimi, making it a fancy dish.

She snapped a photo and turned to summon Zephyr, but she stopped before words came out of her mouth.

Something isn't right. How could Zephyr, the cunning scum, have taken the initiative to forego such a good opportunity to torture her by reducing her working hours?

Oh no! This has to be some kind of trap!

He simply wishes to persuade me to work hard for him. After a week of exhausting work, he will undoubtedly turn his back on me.

He is truly capable of such feats.

With these thoughts, Nerisse grabbed the wasebi on the side and stuffed each sushi with the mustard paste.

After that, she hurriedly called out Zephyr.

When he saw a table of exquisite sushi, his face lit up with delight. He thereafter exclaimed, "Not bad. You can still be trained."

He picked up a piece of salmon sushi and ate it in one bite as he spoke.

His expression and entire body froze instantly.

Nerisse, the culprit, was holding back her laughter.

A second later, Zephyr fell to the ground, his limbs twitching continuously and his eyes rolling.

"No way..." Nerisse was stunned, and she tentatively kicked him with her leg, "Hey, stop pretending. Get up quickly."

Zephyr twitched even more violently after that.

"Hey scumbag, what's the matter with you?" she asked as she knelt to assist him in sitting up.

As a result, Zephyr, who had his eyes closed, didn't respond. He shook even more violently than before, almost breaking free from her clutches.

Narissa decided to take the risk because getting it over with would be preferable to prolong the agony.

"All the fundamental tasks—cleaning up, putting things away, and preparing edible foods. These are reasonable requirements, don't you think?" Zephyr gave her a cold stare.

"Okay! I'm a woman of my word. I'll make you a new meal right away!"

Following her words, Narissa hurried into the house, ignoring everything else.

Zephyr shook his head, returned his clothes to the basin, and quietly cleaned up.

He couldn't believe he was doing chores on his own when he had a maid.

Narissa finally cooked a decent plate of Japanese food after an hour.

It was just sushi.

She spread the seaweed before adding the other ingredients and rolling it up. She then topped it with slices of frozen sashimi, making it a fancy dish.

She snapped a photo and turned to summon Zephyr, but she stopped before words came out of her mouth.

Something isn't right. How could Zephyr, a cunning scum, have taken the initiative to forego such a good opportunity to torture her by reducing her working hours?

Oh no! This has to be some kind of trap!

He simply wishes to persuade me to work hard for him. After a week of exhausting work, he will undoubtedly turn his back on me.

He is truly capable of such feats.

With these thoughts, Narissa grabbed the wasabi on the side and stuffed each sushi with the mustard paste.

After that, she hurriedly called out Zephyr.

When he saw a table of exquisite sushi, his face lit up with delight. He thereafter exclaimed, "Not bad. You can still be trained."

He picked up a piece of salmon sushi and ate it in one bite as he spoke.

His expression and entire body froze instantly.

Narissa, the culprit, was holding back her laughter.

A second later, Zephyr fell to the ground, his limbs twitching continuously and his eyes rolling.

"No way..." Narissa was stunned, and she tentatively kicked him with her leg, "Hey, stop pretending. Get up quickly."

Zephyr twitched even more violently after that.

“Hey sc*mbag, what’s the matter with you?” she asked as she knelt to assist him in sitting up.

As a result, Zephyr, who had his eyes closed, didn’t respond. He shook even more violently than before, almost breaking free from her clutches.

“Can you hear me? Give me a response, Zephyr! What’s wrong with you? How can I help you?” Narissa was antsy.

This was likely a disease similar to epilepsy.

“I... I have a mustard allergy...” Zephyr explained.

“You’re allergic to mustard? What should I do now? Quick, tell me what to do! Why didn’t you inform me sooner?” Narissa gathered her strength and wrapped him in her arms to keep him from falling again.

“I need oxygen. Perform CPR on me,” Zephyr answered weakly.

As such, Narissa regained her consciousness in an instant and glared at him. “You think I’m a moron, don’t you? Who suffers from allergies and requires CPR to save their life? Also, given your mustard allergy, why do you have so many large bottles of mustard at home? I— “

She then raised her hand and punched him with no hesitation.

Zephyr laughed as he rolled away to avoid her punch. “It’s just a joke; don’t take it seriously. This is just a test to hone your reflexes.”

“Huh?!” Narissa was not convinced.

“I can’t fool you, but I could just take advantage of the half minute you hugged me to assassinate you. Although the time seems short, it’s more than adequate. Friendly reminder—never be kind to your enemy.”

“You’re a sc*mbag! Skip your sound sleep tonight! I will get back at you!” Narissa howled, her face contorted with rage.

With that, she left in a heartbeat.

Zephyr then returned to his seat, made a sauce, and devoured the sashimi.

At the time, he was unaware of the gravity of the situation.

Has anyone ever eaten raw snake meat?

Has anyone ever gotten up at 3.0AM just to look at the sky?

Will a regular person throw a party at home with a DJ set?

Zephyr experienced everything in the next three days.

Narissa tried everything to get Zephyr to admit defeat, but he appeared to have practiced ninjutsu and was completely unmoved.

She was furious, and in a fit of rage, she threw him into the middle of the lake while he was sleeping.

Zephyr awoke gasping in the middle of rippling water at one point.

“How about I rescue you as long as you say you’re afraid?” Narissa shouted from the riverbank using a loudspeaker.

When he saw her, he calmed down, crossed his legs, closed his eyes, and began to meditate. He refused to respond to her provocation.

Narissa was ultimately the one who caved.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1019

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1019-“Ahhhhh! Is Zephyr even human? How can he endure that? Is he a turtle in his past life?” Narissa went to Elise and vented her frustration.

Finding it funny, she jokingly said, “I didn’t expect him to have such a good temper. You went too far, but he didn’t get angry at all.”

“Good temper my foot. He just can’t bear to lose a month’s free maid service!” Narissa retorted.

“Well, you do owe him. A bet is a bet. It’s reasonable even if he really wants you to serve him for a month,” Elise said in all fairness.

“Hey! If you keep speaking up for that loser, I’m going to get angry!” Rage overtook Narissa at this moment. Since she was still upset, all she wanted was comfort, not to hear more lectures.

“Who said I was speaking up for Zephyr? I’m speaking up for you, okay?” Elise patiently coaxed her.

“Really? I can’t tell.” Narissa pouted, showing she was still unhappy.

“Think about it. Zephyr has a good reputation in the underworld. Based on what you’ve told me, it’s highly probable that he’s not a heartless person. Maybe, he just wanted to teach you a lesson and make you yield after all this time.”

“So, he wants me to apologize to him? That’s so embarrassing.” Narissa had been persisting for so long because she didn’t want to be overshadowed by Zephyr. Thus, asking her to yield was no different from asking for her life.

“Actually, some things don’t necessarily have to be said. It’s up to you whether you want to keep your pride or want your freedom back.” After patting her shoulder, Elise stood up to go back inside. “Think about it carefully.”

Narissa was contemplating, and only when Elise was about to enter the room did she hurriedly call out, “Wait, El.”

“What else do you need to figure out?” Elise asked patiently after turning around.

Just then, Narissa walked up to her and hooked her arm, whispering in a coquettish voice, “Teach me how to cook. I don’t know how…”

...

After an entire afternoon, Narissa finally made four dishes and a soup with Elise’s guidance.

When Jamie returned home from work, he smelled the food from afar. The moment he saw the table filled with home-cooked food, he pretended to salivate and commented, “It’s a shame that I’m not the first one to taste my wife’s cooking.”

These dishes were made as an apology to Zephyr. Narissa had already told him on the phone.

Hearing that, Narissa picked up a piece of roasted pork with a fork and fed it to him, saying, “Here, you are now.”

“It’s so good! Darling, you’re so clever and deft. Where can people find a virtuous wife like you, who can take care of work outside and housework at home, nowadays? I’m truly blessed,” Jamie flattered her excessively.

“That’s enough, Jemie.” Elise didn’t want to be the third wheel. “It’s about time. Zephyr should be home by now. It’ll be just right if you send the food over now.”

“Right.” After Jamie glanced at the wall clock, he started to peck up the food. “I’ll go with you, darling.”

“I’m afraid you’ll just make things more complicated.” Elise didn’t have high hopes for him. If he could really help reconcile the two, he wouldn’t have waited until today.

In fact, Nerissa didn’t plan on having company either. “I’ll take care of my own business. I can go alone. Besides, I’d feel embarrassed with someone else watching.”

“Okay then. I’ll be here, supporting you from afar. You can do it, darling!”

“Thank you.” Nerissa nodded earnestly. Then, she pecked up the food before leaving.

When she arrived at Zephyr’s doorstep, she hesitated for a while before mustering up the courage to knock. However, just as she was about to raise her hand, the door opened from the inside, and Zephyr stepped outside.

“Is there something you need?” His expression was cold, his tone chilly.

Suddenly, she kept quiet for a moment as she didn’t know how to start. In the end, she just handed the lunch box over and said, “Here, dinner for tonight.”

When he lowered his head to look at the lunch box, he showed impatience on his face. “You came up with a new plan already?” Even before she could respond, he began to chase her away. “I don’t have time to play with you today. Go home.”

At this moment, her bad temper rose instantly. “I delivered food for you with good intentions. If you don’t appreciate it, that’s fine, but why must you be so enigmatic?”

With a frown, he impatiently replied, “Take it as I misunderstood you then, okay? Just go home. I don’t have an appetite today. Take the food back, and don’t bother coming to clean either.”

“You…” She almost lost her temper, but she forced herself to hold it back when she thought of the effort that she and Elise had put into preparing the meal in her hand. “Take a look at what I made before deciding whether to eat it or not.” She awkwardly held the lunch box and tried to open the lid.

Just then, Zephyr saw a suspicious figure at the street corner behind Nerissa, looking toward them. Without hesitation, he rushed toward the person.

As a result, the lunch box in Nerissa’s hand, which she just opened, was knocked over, and all the food spilled out onto the ground. Her whole afternoon of hard work had gone down the drain. For a long time, she stared blankly at the mess on the ground. You have gone too far, Zephyr!

"That's enough, Jamie." Elise didn't want to be the third wheel. "It's about time. Zephyr should be home by now. It'll be just right if you send the food over now."

"Right." After Jamie glanced at the wall clock, he started to pack up the food. "I'll go with you, darling."

"I'm afraid you'll just make things more complicated." Elise didn't have high hopes for him. If he could really help reconcile the two, he wouldn't have waited until today.

In fact, Narissa didn't plan on having company either. "I'll take care of my own business. I can go alone. Besides, I'd feel embarrassed with someone else watching."

"Okay then. I'll be here, supporting you from afar. You can do it, darling!"

"Thank you." Narissa nodded earnestly. Then, she packed up the food before leaving.

When she arrived at Zephyr's doorstep, she hesitated for a while before mustering up the courage to knock. However, just as she was about to raise her hand, the door opened from the inside, and Zephyr stepped outside.

"Is there something you need?" His expression was cold, his tone chilly.

Suddenly, she kept quiet for a moment as she didn't know how to start. In the end, she just handed the lunch box over and said, "Here, dinner for tonight."

When he lowered his head to look at the lunch box, he showed impatience on his face. "You came up with a new plan already?" Even before she could respond, he began to chase her away. "I don't have time to play with you today. Go home."

At this moment, her bad temper rose instantly. "I delivered food for you with good intentions. If you don't appreciate it, that's fine, but why must you be so enigmatic?"

With a frown, he impatiently replied, "Take it as I misunderstood you then, okay? Just go home. I don't have an appetite today. Take the food back, and don't bother coming to clean either."

"You..." She almost lost her temper, but she forced herself to hold it back when she thought of the effort that she and Elise had put into preparing the meal in her hand. "Take a look at what I made before deciding whether to eat it or not." She awkwardly held the lunch box and tried to open the lid.

Just then, Zephyr saw a suspicious figure at the street corner behind Narissa, looking toward them. Without hesitation, he rushed toward the person.

As a result, the lunch box in Narissa's hand, which she just opened, was knocked over, and all the food spilled out onto the ground. Her whole afternoon of hard work had gone

down the drain. For a long time, she stared blankly at the mess on the ground. You have gone too far, Zephyr!

Behind her, Zephyr was chasing after the person, but the person was already long gone. After standing there and looking around for a while, he returned home and saw Narissa staring blankly at the spilled food. Instantly, he felt a twinge of guilt and apologized softly, "Sorry, I just..."

"It's fine." She cut him off. "Don't need to explain. I won't force you to eat if you don't want to. Don't worry. It's our deal for me to be your maid for a month. 25 more days to go. I won't miss a single day."

"That's not what I meant..."

"But that's what I meant." She didn't want to hear his explanation at all. "It's better that we make this clear. You said that you don't need me today, so I'm taking the day off. Goodbye!" With that, she left without looking back.

Meanwhile, a hint of melancholy flashed in his eyes. He parted his lips to say something, but in the end, he didn't say a word and just turned around to get into his car.

On the other hand, just as Alexander was walking down the stairs, he saw Narissa returning in a huff.

"Darling? You're back already? What did Dr. Lorwhal say? Did he eat the food?" asked Jamie senselessly.

"Whoever mentions that loser in front of me again, don't blame me for cutting ties with you!" bellowed Narissa as she walked upstairs with Jamie quickly following behind her.

Seeing that, Elise shook her head and sighed. "It looks like she messed up again. Is my judgment of people really that bad? Is Zephyr making things difficult for her on purpose?"

"It's not about your judgment; it's the timing," Alexander said softly.

"Zephyr is in a bad mood? But wasn't he still all smiles this morning when Narissa threw him into the lake?" Elise was confused.

"He's facing some trouble," explained Alexander.

When she heard his reply, she asked with concern, "Is it a difficult situation? Why hasn't he mentioned anything about it?"

“He’s a person who operates outside of the rules. How could he possibly behave like an ordinary person? People who are from Area X all prefer to act alone.” His words were somewhat teasing.

“Humans are social animals. No matter how strong a person is, what they can achieve is still limited. Zephyr has helped us a lot during this time and is also willing to share his knowledge with Irvin. Honey, please help him if you can.” She was always the kind of person who always remembered those who were good to her.

“If I intervene, it will become a matter between two organizations.”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1020

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 1020-“Besides, if Zephyr doesn’t speak up, I have no reason to help him either.” Alexander represented not only himself but also the entire Smith Co. A slight move could have a huge impact, so he must consider everything carefully. “You don’t have to worry about this. I’ll take care of it.”

...

On a mountaintop in Vegas, a white convertible sports car drove along the wind and stopped gracefully on a platform by the cliff. At the same place, a man in a black windbreaker had been waiting there for a long time.

After getting out of the convertible, Zephyr walked straight to the man and stopped one meter away from him. As his gaze swept over the man’s body, he locked onto the five-pointed star badge on his sleeve, which was proof of his identity as a member of Area X.

“Are you from Area X?” Zephyr broke the silence and spoke first.

At those words, the man turned around and leisurely took off his sunglasses. Under the shades, his eyes were dark and sinister with an unfathomable gaze.

“I just joined a few months ago, so technically, you’re my senior, Sir Lorwhal.” The man put on a mere smile as he tried to cozy up with Zephyr.

“Are you Matthew?” Within seconds, Zephyr recognized the man.

The Griffith brothers’ entanglement was one of the points that he paid attention to when he was investigating Alexander. It was said that Matthew had been on the run and hiding, but he never expected him to become a member of Area X. So, he was curious about how a fugitive like Matthew managed to persuade the leader of Area X to allow him to join.

"It's great if you already know me. It saves me the trouble of introducing myself. It's almost dark now. How about finding a place to have a drink while we have a little chat?" Matthew's eyes narrowed into a slit as though he was concealing his true intentions with a smile.

"I have nothing to talk about with you. Hand over the person." Zephyr went straight to the point.

"Don't worry, Sir Lorwhal. She's safe with me. I'll take good care of her, but..." Matthew deliberately paused for a moment, looking a bit hesitant. "You know, her illness is very special and requires a lot of attention..."

"Just tell me what you want. I'm in a hurry." This kind of beating around the bush in negotiations was what Zephyr hated the most. Why can't people just get to the point?

"It's simple. One life for another!" A deadly intent flashed in Matthew's eyes.

"You want me to help you kill Alexander?" Zephyr immediately figured out his intention.

Both of us are members of Area X, and we have no personal grudges, so he has no reason to come after me. Therefore, it must be because he saw some value in me for him to seek me out. Zephyr was straightforward in his interpersonal dealings, so he could figure out who Matthew's target was within seconds.

"You're really the brain of Area X with your exceptional intelligence, Sir Lorwhal. Indeed, the one I went to deal with is Alexander. As long as you help me kill him, I guarantee to return the person to you unharmed." Not planning to hide his intentions, Matthew showed wild ambition in his eyes.

"You two are biological brothers. Do you hate him that much?" Zephyr tried to analyze Matthew's criminal psychology. Criminal psychology was one of the courses he took at Area X, and this kind of sick criminal who wanted to kill his own brother was simply a living textbook. Naturally, he wanted to get more information from him.

"Hate? I wish to crush him and chop him up into a thousand pieces!" Matthew fell into madness when he recalled the past. "Do you know that Alexander has deceived you all? He's just a hypocritical villain! He betrayed his brother and snatched his younger brother's women. Elise was the love of my life, but what did he do? He took her away from me! I'd feel better if he treated her well, but he caused her death. Even now, there's still no trace of her... Alexander destroyed everything I had. Shouldn't such a person deserve to die?!"

If he hadn't mentioned Elise, Zephyr might have sympathized with him as a pitiful person. However, now that he brought her up, Zephyr knew that he couldn't completely trust the words he had just heard.

Elise was alive and well by Alexander's side. If Matthew didn't even know this fact, then he had no right to talk about her being the love of his life.

"Alexander is very cunning. There may not be a suitable opportunity to make a move for the time being." Zephyr intentionally held back since making promises could easily lead him to a dead end.

"Don't try to fool me, Sir Lorwhel. You're so close to them. Do you think it's reasonable to say that there's no opportunity?" Matthew looked at him suspiciously.

"The most important person to me is in your hands. Do you think I would risk her for someone like Alexander?" Zephyr acted as though he had given up. "Besides, if Alexander is that easy to deal with, you would have already succeeded. Why do you need to come to me?"

After giving it some thought, Matthew realized that he was right, and his expression brightened up. "Since that's the case, I'll thank you so much for your help then, Sir Lorwhel. You've really gone out of your way."

Hearing that, Zephyr scowled and had a disgruntled look on his face. "I'm afraid I don't deserve that title. Just call me by my name." A person who threatens me with a hostage is not my junior.

"You're really the brain of Area X with your exceptional intelligence, Sir Lorwhal. Indeed, the one I want to deal with is Alexander. As long as you help me kill him, I guarantee to return the person to you unharmed." Not planning to hide his intentions, Matthew showed wild ambition in his eyes.

"You two are biological brothers. Do you hate him that much?" Zephyr tried to analyze Matthew's criminal psychology. Criminal psychology was one of the courses he took at Area X, and this kind of sick criminal who wanted to kill his own brother was simply a living textbook. Naturally, he wanted to gather more information from him.

"Hate? I wish to crush him and chop him up into a thousand pieces!" Matthew fell into madness when he recalled the past. "Do you know that Alexander has deceived you all? He's just a hypocritical villain! He betrayed his brother and snatched his younger brother's woman. Elise was the love of my life, but what did he do? He took her away from me! I'd feel better if he treated her well, but he caused her death. Even now, there's still no trace of her... Alexander destroyed everything I had. Shouldn't such a person deserve to die?!"

If he hadn't mentioned Elise, Zephyr might have sympathized with him as a pitiful person. However, now that he brought her up, Zephyr knew that he couldn't completely trust the words he had just heard.

Elise was alive and well by Alexander's side. If Matthew didn't even know this fact, then he had no right to talk about her being the love of his life.

"Alexander is very cunning. There may not be a suitable opportunity to make a move for the time being." Zephyr intentionally held back since making promises could easily lead him to a dead end.

"Don't try to fool me, Sir Lorwhal. You're so close to them. Do you think it's reasonable to say that there's no opportunity?" Matthew looked at him suspiciously.

"The most important person to me is in your hands. Do you think I would risk her for someone like Alexander?" Zephyr acted as though he had given up. "Besides, if Alexander is that easy to deal with, you would have already succeeded. Why do you need to come to me?"

After giving it some thought, Matthew realized that he was right, and his expression brightened up. "Since that's the case, I'll thank you so much for your help then, Sir Lorwhal. You've really gone out of your way."

Hearing that, Zephyr scowled and had a disgruntled look on his face. "I'm afraid I don't deserve that title. Just call me by my name." A person who threatens me with a hostage is not my junior.

"Alright then, Zephyr." Matthew didn't want to be under him either, so he patted Zephyr's shoulder twice and said, "Do your best. Without you, I don't know how long she can hold on." After speaking, he withdrew his hand and put it in his pocket before walking toward an MPV and speeding away.

As Zephyr stood on the platform, his shadow stretched out far under the setting sun. He had been clenching his fists tightly for a long time.

Only when the moon rose on the mountainside did he arrive home. As he walked past the front door, he immediately noticed the lunchbox on the ground.

Since he was in a hurry to leave in the evening, he had not had time to clean up properly. Upon closer inspection, he realized that only the food in the top layer had spilled, while the rest was still well protected.

After staring at the lunchbox for a few seconds, he impulsively bent down and picked it up before entering his house.

He closed the door, went straight to the kitchen, and heated up the food in the microwave. Then, he sat down and took a few bites. Home-cooked meals always had the same flavors, simple yet heartwarming. At this moment, there was finally a smile on his face.

“I didn’t know that you like eating things picked from the ground. Your taste is quite unique.” Alexander’s voice suddenly resonated in the house. Following the voice, Zephyr looked up to see Alexander standing by the balcony door with a glass in his hand, looking like he was watching a show.

“When did you come?” asked Zephyr.

“I’ve been here all along. It’s just that someone has something on his mind and didn’t pay attention.” There was some hidden message in his words, intentionally prodding Zephyr.

Ignoring his words, Zephyr changed the subject. “Do you need me for something?”

“Not really.” Alexander walked over and put down his cup, looking at him with interest. “I thought you might need me for something, so I came.”

After barely two seconds of eye contact, Zephyr turned his face away. “Your sixth sense seems to be off.”

“Is that so?” With a mysterious smile on his face, Alexander gave him a meaningful look before turning around and going to the door. “Well then, enjoy your dinner. Bye.”

However, Zephyr’s gaze followed him all the way, with countless thoughts struggling within him. In the end, when Alexander reached for the doorknob, he couldn’t hold back any longer and stood up sharply. “Alexander!”

Recommended Novels