

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 601

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 601-“How noisy,” Elise said, lifting her phone up impatiently to check the time. “You’ve got two minutes left—not too late if you guys run away right now.”

Speaking in a calm and imperturbable voice, she had an unpredictable aura around her.

The leader of the ruffians let out a disdainful sneer. “That’s my line, you little girl! It’s you who should be running away. Judging from how you look, I reckon you’re a student at Tissote University. I have the most respect for cultured people, so I’ll give you a chance to turn back. Hurry and go back to school, or it’s gonna be too late.”

Elise was unfazed, though. Her gaze rested upon Sheldon, who was wrestled to the ground, before she turned to the unconscious Elliot. The next instant, a piercing gleam flickered in her eyes as she peered at the ruffians’ leader and asked snappishly, “Who beat him unconscious?”

“I did.” An infuriated ruffian moved a step forward arrogantly. He said in a filthy language, “So? What are you gonna do, you f*cking b*tch? Wanna have a fight with me too?”

“Geez,” his leader interjected with a drawl just then. He said meaningfully, “How many times have I told you guys to be gentle when speaking to ladies? Why wouldn’t you remember that? Don’t you want to take a wife anymore?” Then, he turned to Elise and asked maliciously, “Say, little girl, what about I set you up with a date or something?”

“Sure.” Elise happened to be buying time. As her fingers interlaced, she replied with amused interest, “Let me say this first: I want a faithful lover who’s capable of protecting me. Also, he better have a bit of brains.”

“Sure! He’ll be absolutely faithful to you!” The leader turned around and put his hand on the shoulder of the ruffian who had just spoken offensively to Elise. Pulling the ruffian to the front, he beat his chest and guaranteed, “This is Devan, who’s been one of my men for a few years now. Not only can he easily fight three men on his own, but he’s also good at being a snob. I guarantee you that it won’t put you at a disadvantage to be his woman.”

Listening to the leader’s words, Devan unconsciously held his head up and puffed out his chest, as if he really thought of himself as a decent lover who was extremely hard to come by.

“Bah!” Just then, Sheldon hauled himself to his feet with his hands on the ground for support. “What gives you the cheek to fancy her?!” He didn’t know much about how outstanding Alexander was, but he knew that the man chosen by Elise herself mustn’t

be inferior. These guys can't even hold a candle to my brother. What gives them the right to lust after Boss?!

"What did you say?! You haven't been beaten enough, have you?"

"F*ck you, you son of a b*tch! How dare you look down on us!"

Enraged, the gang of ruffians turned around and raised their clubs at Sheldon again.

"Enough!" Elise hurriedly said in an effort to silence Sheldon. "Shut up, Sheldon!" They share the last name Keller and are blood brothers, but while Jamie is so smart, why is Sheldon so dense? Can't he tell that I'm trying to divert their attention?

Sheldon was stunned right away. Is Boss really gonna sacrifice herself for us?! I'm so touched! "No!" He gazed affectionately at Elise with tears in his eyes. Then, as if he was ready to sacrifice himself, he said, "Boss, you're the one who should run away! I'll always remember our friendship in my heart. From now on, you, Elise Sinclair, are my one and only boss!"

Elise was rendered speechless by Sheldon's response. No, that's totally unnecessary.

Meanwhile, one of the ruffians was sharp enough to catch the key piece of information. "Boss, he just called this woman Elise Sinclair!"

At once, the man leading the gang of ruffians looked at Elise with murderous eyes. "You're Elise Sinclair?"

Elise raised an eyebrow while feeling somewhat helpless. Oh, Sheldon! I came to save you, but you blew my cover. Could it be that you're actually in league with these guys? She let out a sigh before saying nonchalantly, "Yeah, I am. So?"

"So, you're Elise, huh? Well, that saves me another trip!" The man gave a sinister laugh. Then, he turned his head and said to the lackeys behind him, "Catch that lady and slash her face, the few of you!"

As soon as he said that, five knife-wielding ruffians behind him walked straight toward Elise.

"Boss, run!" Sheldon tried to go after the group of ruffians to protect Elise.

However, as soon as he got up, a ruffian lifted his foot and kicked him down again. Then, he bent down and grabbed Sheldon by the throat right away, threatening, "Keep still, you b*stard!" With that, two other ruffians crouched down and grabbed Sheldon's hands and feet before smashing their rock-hard fists into Sheldon's gut.

Sheldon gave a grunt of pain as blood trickled out of the corner of his mouth. "Pfft! Cough! Cough! Don't touch her! She's got nothing to do with this! She doesn't know anything, so whatever grudge you have, take it out on me and let her go!"

"Ha! You've got quite a bit of backbone, huh..." The man leading the ruffians let out a snort. "I'd have done you the favor in any other circumstances, but unfortunately, someone has ordered today that the three of you be made sorry for what you did. None of you are gonna get away with this!" he said.

Then, he urged the few lackeys who had gone to catch Elise, saying, "What the f*ck is wrong with you? Have you guys not eaten or something? Hurry the f*ck up! If you guys make me look bad by not getting the job done by the time the police arrive, I'm gonna cripple all of you first!"

Upon hearing this, the few ruffians immediately sped up and ran toward Elise.

Just as they had barely run a few steps, they suddenly heard a series of footsteps from their surroundings. When they stopped two meters away from Elise, they finally realized that the sound of footsteps came from behind her!

Stopping in their tracks in horror, the few ruffians turned their gazes toward the pitch-dark alley behind Elise. A moment later, they started to pull back simultaneously with their eyes wide open.

Angered, the man leading the ruffians kicked down the garbage can beside him. "What's wrong with you guys? How could you guys be scared of a woman? Believe it or not, I'm gonna cripple you all right now!" he said, before stepping quickly toward the few retreating lackeys. As their boss, I'm gonna teach them how to do their job!

However, no sooner had he moved a few steps forward than he saw the true nature of the darkness behind Elise. It was no ordinary darkness, but dozens of black-suited men!

Stunned, he stopped dead in his tracks, unable to raise his feet anymore, as though his legs had turned to lead.

At the same time, Moses' men emerged from the darkness, standing in two rows from one end of the street to the other end with Elise in their midst.

Elise had a petite figure, but as she stood in the midst of these men, she appeared countless times more intimidating all at once.

Seeing such an intimidating display of power, those holding Sheldon down quickly let go of him and hid behind their leader. On the other hand, the few ruffians who were nearer to Elise took to their heels and ran all the way back to their own gang, not daring to stop until they cowered behind the rest of the gang.

“Whose face did you say you were gonna slash just now?” Elise asked nonchalantly with a slight curl of her lips.

The leader of the ruffians gave an involuntary gulp. After composing himself, he turned around and ran with his lackeys, saying, “Retreat!”

With that, the gang of ruffians ran toward the end of the alley. However, just as they were about to run out of the alley, dozens of men in the same suit suddenly rushed out and blocked the exit.

In an instant, the ruffians stopped and looked all around them. Now, they had nowhere to run.

“How boring.” Elise smacked her lips. This isn’t challenging at all. After adjusting her cap, she ordered, “Catch them all.”

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Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 602

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 602-Knowing they were no match for these men, the bunch of ruffians gave themselves up right away without putting up a fight. Soon, the dozens of them were marched in front of Elise, kneeling in a row.

Elise stepped forward and questioned their leader, “Who sent you here? Spill it!”

“Um... I beg your pardon, miss, but there are rules in the underworld. We’re not supposed to betray information about our employer!” the man replied with a cringe.

“Understood.” Elise nodded before turning to Devan. Her eyes narrowed before she wore a thin, fake smile to ask, “I heard you guys came this time on a task to cripple my classmate’s leg. Is that true?”

Devan took a glance at his leader. Seeing that the man remained silent, he quickly replied in a servile manner, “It’s all a misunderstanding! Miss, please have mercy on us! We’re just trying to make a living, so please let us off!”

“Trying to make a living using other people’s lives and bodies, huh? Since you guys dare to be in this trade, you should’ve expected the consequences.” The smile on Elise’s face vanished all at once and was replaced by a frosty expression. Then, she ordered sternly, “Break one of his legs.”

“No! Please don’t do that! I’m sorry, miss! I was wrong...” Devan hurriedly gave a kowtow and apologized in fright.

Elise looked cool and unsympathetic, though. After all, had Moses' men not arrived in the nick of time today, Sheldon and Elliot probably would have been ruined for the rest of their lives. It isn't worth it to go soft on people who have no regard for human lives like them.

Moses' men were gangsters, so they showed no mercy toward Devan. After pinning Devan to the ground and covering his mouth, they swung their clubs and bashed his left leg again and again with sheer brute force.

With that, Devan's leg was broken, and so were the clubs, and Devan passed out as a result.

Elise glanced sideways at Devan. Shaking her head in resignation, she then walked up to the ruffians' leader again. "Can you spill it now?"

"I'll tell you! I'll tell you now!" The leader knew full well that Elise had just punished Devan as a warning to him, and that if he still refused to cooperate, he would be the next to suffer. He hurriedly made a clean breast of everything, saying, "In reality, I don't know who hired us either, but I know their user account on Bloodthirsty Manor. If you check them out on the website, you can probably find out who that person is!"

"Bloodthirsty Manor?" Elise hadn't heard of the name before.

The man explained, "It's an underground website set up several years ago where you can post any request or take up jobs. Jobs to murder people are common on the website, but we dare not commit murder, so we only accept jobs to get revenge or hurt someone. Even if we get caught for that, the punishment won't be severe—"

"And the website's address is?" Elise asked, getting straight to the point.

"It's on my phone!" The man frantically fumbled for his phone. After some tapping and swiping, he offered up his phone with both hands. "This is Bloodthirsty Manor's interface where you can see the order history here. It really wasn't me who wanted to reckon with you guys!"

Elise took the man's phone and glanced at its screen, only to find that what the man had said was true. The user account that had hired the ruffians was very special; it had only logged onto the website once and placed only one order. Presumably, it was an alt account set up expressly to hide the user's identity.

After pondering for a moment, Elise jotted down the website's address and tossed the man's phone back to him. "You hurt my classmates, and I broke the leg of one of your lackeys, so we're even. Now, get lost with your men."

Having his life spared, the man put his palms together and repeatedly kowtowed to Elise. "Thank you, miss! Thank you, boss! Thanks a bunch!"

“Hmm?” Elise cocked her left eyebrow. Why do I feel that the last sentence he says sounds rather offensive?

The frightened man shuddered before running away on all fours with his men, dragging the unconscious Devan with him.

Seeing that they had run out of sight, Elise turned around and dismissed Moses’ men. “Alright, you guys may leave now. Tell your boss when you go back that it’s not necessary to send so many people here for such displays of power next time.”

One of the men replied, “Hehe, it’s nothing! Like Boss said, you’re his madam, so it’s our duty to be at your service!” With that, the group of men let out a chuckle and left in all directions in groups of two or more.

Clamping his hand over his wound, Sheldon stood next to Elise, his jaw dropping in astonishment at the sight of Moses’ men, all of whom looked even stronger than a bear. “Boss, aren’t you a bit too well connected? Are you friends with gangsters too?”

“Huh? Nope, these guys are all extras,” Elise lied with a straight face.

Sheldon raised his eyebrow. “Boss, do you think I look like an idiot?” Are there extras who are all 180 centimeters in height and very muscular? Well, their uniform attire does make it sound plausible that they’re extras, though.

“Um...” Elise rubbed her chin with a thoughtful expression. After thinking about it for a moment, she replied with a straight face, “No, you don’t look like an idiot. You are an idiot.” Who else is the idiot here if not him? He nearly spoiled my plan just now, after all. With that, she turned to examine Elliot’s injury.

Elliot regained consciousness after Elise did a quick checkup on him and pressed his philtrum. “Oh, my gosh! You actually came?!” When he opened his eyes and saw Elise, he immediately sat up with a start. Then, he took her hand and ran, saying, “Run!”

Elise felt like crying. “Open your eyes and look around you! They’re gone!”

He stopped after running a few steps. After looking around him, he let go of Elise and scratched the back of his head. “Hehe, you’re right. Where did they go?”

Sheldon was just about to speak, but Elise beat him to it, saying, “Sheldon fought them off.”

“Huh?” Elliot’s eyes widened in astonishment. After a moment’s pause, he jumped with excitement, saying, “Holy cow! Sheldon, you’re terrific! Turns out you’ve got a few cards hidden up your sleeve, eh? I declare that you’re my idol as of today!”

Sheldon turned his face away with a slight frown without answering.

On their way to escort Elise back to her dorm, Elliot pestered her with questions about the details of how Sheldon had fought off the gangsters, to which Elise responded by spontaneously making up a story about a rare martial arts genius who fought off an overwhelming number of opponents on his own.

Elliot was so totally engrossed in her story that he didn't find any holes in it at all, but Sheldon felt bad while listening to it, so he merely followed behind them without saying a word along the way.

Soon, they arrived at the dorm's entrance. Noticing that Sheldon was unhappy, Elise took him aside and asked, "What's wrong with you? Why are you unhappy now that we've beaten them?"

"It wasn't me who beat them. Why let me take credit for it instead?" Sheldon was upright and honest, so he wouldn't covet things that he hadn't earned.

Seeing the young man's spoiled demeanor, Elise let out a sigh. "Just think of it as a favor to me. I don't want to draw too much attention. Could you understand that?"

He nodded with half-comprehension. Jamie said that the more capable a person is, the more low-key they are; that's probably the case with Elise, he thought. "Don't worry, Boss. Your secret will be safe with me." All of a sudden, he felt as though his blood was boiling again.

"Thank you, but it's really getting late now. You two should quickly go back."

Elise then returned to her dorm.

When Elise returned to her dorm room, Mica was already asleep. Creeping quietly into bed, Elise logged onto Bloodthirsty Manor and got a brief understanding of how the website worked before falling asleep. As a consequence, she succeeded in getting up late the next morning.

She didn't get up until Mica woke her quite a few times, and by the time they arrived at the classroom, Martin was already giving his lecture on the platform. Even Mica was reprimanded for this, and it wasn't until they gently apologized that he let them in.

The instant Elise entered the classroom, she acutely sensed the hint of surprise that flashed visibly across Sophie's eyes when she saw her. She seemed surprised that Elise would turn up today.

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Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 603-Without a change in countenance, Elise sat back and silently texted Bloodthirsty Manor's URL to Joseph, asking him to look into it.

After class ended, Elise caught up to Martin to ask him for a leave of absence. "Mr. Kamp, I've got something personal to deal with today, so I need to take a day off. Could you please write me a note of permission?"

Martin frowned impatiently. "Miss Sinclair, do you want to skip your lessons just days after joining the class? If you really have no intention of focusing on your studies, you should speak to the principal to withdraw from the Elite Class instead of dropping in and out of lessons in front of me!"

This lecturer must be bipolar or something. Never mind, I'm not gonna argue with a psychiatric patient, thought Elise. With this thought in mind, she tried her best to maintain her composure, saying, "You've got the wrong idea, Mr. Kamp. I really want to learn some stuff, but I had promised my friend a few months ago to be there today, and I think we should keep our promise. Don't you think so, Mr. Kamp?"

"I don't care whether you promised your friend a few months or a few years ago—whenever it was, it happened without my knowledge. I'm not your servant, and besides, what made you so certain so long ago that I'd definitely do as you say right now? What are you gonna do if I don't allow you to have a leave of absence?" Martin looked as though he had nothing to lose and wasn't afraid of the consequences.

"Well, in that case, I have no choice but to ask the principal for that." After giving Martin a nod of acknowledgment, Elise turned around and headed toward the principal's office.

Martin shouted at the top of his voice behind her, "Yeah, just go to the principal. You're best at exercising your privilege, aren't you?"

These words weren't spoken with emphasis, but the sarcasm in them was so unmistakable that Martin might as well just say explicitly that Elise was nothing without the principal's backing. Of course, by 'privilege', he wasn't only referring to the principal but also to Kenneth.

Elise stopped in her tracks on the spot. She really had enough patience with Martin, but this man's way of thinking was simply too much for anyone to put up with. He's as small-minded as an ant despite him being an adult man. We aren't enemies, but he keeps passing ill judgment on me. Does he really want that much to have a wicked person around him?

She took a deep breath and was just about to argue reasonably with Martin when someone spoke before she could. "Is that so? But I feel that the way you use your privilege puts everyone else to shame, Mr. Kamp."

This voice... Could it be Alexander's? Elise turned around, and sure enough, Alexander was walking up to them from the stairs nearby with his hands behind his back.

"Who are you?" Astounded, Martin staggered back half a step. "How did you get in here?!" I spoke to Mr. Haas last night to get the janitors to have an iron fence installed at the gate downstairs. Not only that, but they're supposed to lock the gate and forbid anyone from going in and out of the building half an hour after class starts!

"Oh, you mean this?" Alexander pulled his hand out from behind his back to show the iron chain he was holding before throwing it at Martin's feet. "I've cut it for you, though you don't have to thank me for that."

Martin was filled with rage when he looked down at the iron chain, which was broken into several pieces. Pointing at Alexander, he swore, "H-How dare you vandalize the school's property! Stay where you are! I'm gonna call the security guards now!"

"Oh, don't bother." Alexander brushed the dust off his hands. Walking toward Elise, he said leisurely, "Just take a look downstairs. It was those security guards themselves who let me in." Then, he took Elise's hand and interlaced his fingers with hers right in front of Martin.

"You two..." Martin's expression froze as he looked at the couple's interlaced fingers. For a moment, he found himself at a loss for words.

"Is it illegal for us to hold hands, Mr. Kamp?" Alexander intentionally raised his and Elise's clasped hands before them for display.

Martin let out a contemptuous sneer while looking at Elise with even greater disdain. I've really underestimated this girl. Not only does she make Kenneth fall head over heels in love with her, but she is also involved with another man, making the school a place for her to pick up men! As the anger went to his head, he finally came to his senses. Bending over the railing, he yelled at the security guards downstairs, "What are you guys waiting for? An outsider has broken into the Elite Class! Come over and chase him out of here!"

However, the head of security replied, "No, we can't chase him away, Mr. Kamp! He's the guardian of one of the students!"

"Her guardian?" Martin looked back at Alexander and Elise's intimate interactions. In what way could he be considered a guardian? Obviously, they are a couple!

"Technically, I'm her legal guardian." Alexander looked at Elise with tenderness and affection written all over his face. "I'm Elise's husband, so I think I have the right to know how she's doing at school."

“You’re her husband?” Martin got even more confused. I’m not yet married, and yet my student is showing off her husband in front of me?

Alexander explained slowly, “Seems like you’re unclear about our country’s policies, Mr. Kamp. Undergraduates can register for marriage as long as they reach the legal age to marry, and they can get bonus credit for doing so. Well, it looks like you haven’t gotten the bonus credit awarded to my wife yet.”

“Whether your wife should get the bonus credit or not isn’t up to you.” As Martin found Elise an eyesore, he considered Alexander a pain in the *ss. “I’m only asking you why you forcibly broke in while I was giving lessons. Do you know you’d disrupt my teaching plan by doing so?”

“Broke in?” Alexander looked at him with a smirk. “Don’t you feel ashamed of using such words at school as a lecturer? Since when does a school building have to be chained up and armed like a prison? Are those inside the building your students or your prisoners, Mr. Kamp? Is it unreasonable of me to suspect that you’re not carrying out some teaching plan but are imprisoning the students to satisfy your desire for control?”

“That’s a trumped-up accusation!” Martin retorted. “The Elite Class is different from ordinary classes in the first place, and I have my own teaching methods. If you’re not satisfied with that, you can bring this up to the principal or talk to me, but you shouldn’t force your way in without permission like a thief!”

“Well, in that case, Mr. Kamp, I also have a question for you.” Alexander raised his voice all of a sudden. He said with a nonchalant air, “Did you get the students’ permission or ask for their parents’ opinion before sealing off the school building and having an additional iron gate installed without permission? Did all the students’ parents give you the right to treat their kids like prisoners?”

As Alexander spoke, he was gentle in tone and manner like a total gentleman, making it seem to an outsider that he and Martin were just having a normal conversation. However, only Martin knew how confrontational the man’s words were. He reduced Martin to silence in a tit-for-tat way akin to boiling a frog in hot water.

Amid the silence, the man wrapped his arm around Elise’s shoulders and continued coolly, “This will be your first and last time doing so, Mr. Kamp. I hope that if you come up with another brilliant ‘teaching plan’ in the future, you’ll learn to listen to other people’s opinions. Also, as Elise’s legal guardian, I’m aware and approve of all her plans for outings, so you don’t need to be sarcastic from now on.” With that, he pursed his lips politely and left with Elise without looking back.

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...

Meanwhile, Elise took a drink from the almond milk that Alexander had prepared beforehand in the car before it occurred to her to ask, "What brings you to the school today? Didn't you have something to do last night? Why get up so early?"

Alexander replied, "Joey said you'd be flying to Landred City today, so she had me drive you to the airport and see you off since she feared she might not have time for that."

"Joey?" Elise was surprised. "How did she learn that I'd be going to Landred City?"

"Mr. Fassbender told her that, I guess," replied Alexander.

"What about you, then?" Elise diverted the subject. She asked with some anticipation, "Wanna go to Landred City with me?" After all, Alexis was originally a surprise she had prepared for Alexander, though the latter was still unaware of it even now.

To her disappointment, though, Alexander replied apologetically, "It's true that I'll be going to Landred City, but I'm afraid I won't be able to go with you. I have to fly to Riverdale before that to take care of something else."

"It's okay. Business before pleasure, right?" Well, it's better for him to find it out on his own. The brand is there and isn't gonna disappear, anyway, she thought to herself.

Alexander left after driving Elise to the airport.

An hour later, Elise's flight touched down at the airport, and Tom came personally to pick her up as they headed straight from the airport to the venue for the jewelry design competition.

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The annual jewelry design competition was an unprecedentedly spectacular event, and the venue was overflowing with crowds that extended everywhere from the entrance to the centermost part of the conference hall. Designers who would otherwise have

seemed aloof and unapproachable in magazines now came to life, becoming living advertisements as they moved actively around their respective works.

Frostine and Tina waited for Tom and Elise to arrive before the four of them stepped into the conference hall together. As soon as they entered, Tina started taking deep breaths. She mumbled to herself, "Can we set the world on fire on such a grand occasion?"

Tom gave her hand a gentle squeeze. "Relax. We should believe in Miss Murray's skills."

Upon hearing this, Frostine pursed her lips and looked away impassively.

"I do believe in Frostine, of course, but today's really gonna be a contest among the best designers in the field. See the woman dressed in fur who has just gone over there?" Tina jutted her chin toward the person ahead of them on the left. "That's Fiona Shepherd, the winner of last year's jewelry design competition. All her designs in the past year have been featured on Diamond Weekly's covers."

"Diamond Weekly, you say? That's just a third-rate magazine published by some self-proclaimed media outlet to draw public attention. I can get you featured on their covers if you like," Tom joked.

Tina responded by giving him a dirty look.

The pair had a jolly time exchanging glances with one another, making Frostine seem all the more lonely by comparison.

Back when the four of them were still at the entrance, Elise had noticed that Frostine looked low-spirited like a zombie. She thought about it for a moment, but just as she was about to speak to Frostine, the latter's eyes suddenly lit up, and she anxiously shifted her gaze in a particular direction as if to search for something. "Are you alright?" Elise asked.

Frostine's brows furrowed. After a long time, she said hesitantly, "I-I think I just saw Clemence go over there..."

"What? Clemence is here?!" Elise instinctively followed Frostine's gaze, only to see no sign of the woman. Well, it's not like I've held out much hope for that, anyway. How could someone who had gone missing for several years possibly show up all of a sudden? Still, the unexpected little episode made her somewhat disappointed.

In fact, it was justifiable for Clemence to be present at such an occasion. On the surface, Clemence was the wife of a physics professor and a meek and virtuous full-time housewife, but in reality, she was a uniquely gifted jewelry designer with an extraordinary passion for jewelry design.

Frostine was soon discouraged. "I was mistaken. I only sensed that she was nearby, and I hadn't felt like this for a long time. Perhaps I was just imagining things." With that, the light that had just kindled in her eyes at last dimmed all at once.

Elise put her arm around Frostine's shoulders, gently patting the latter to comfort her.

Meanwhile, the emcee was urging the contestants to have their entries in the competition put on proper display as soon as possible.

Although anyone who had produced a work of their own was, in principle, welcome to participate in the competition for the sake of promoting diversity, in reality, there was a bias toward more well-known designers, which was shown in the form of where their works were being put on display. The works of renowned designers were displayed in visible locations, whereas little-known designers could only draw lots to choose from the rest of the available locations. In reality, though, it made little difference whether they had drawn lots or not, as no one would go to the secluded corners.

As Tina stood at their booth looking at the works of renowned designers in the distance, she had a feeling that there was an insurmountable gap between them and these designers that they had no hope of closing. "We sure got 'lucky' drawing this spot. As long as we manage to make a name for ourselves, the location of the booth doesn't matter—is that the mindset I'm supposed to have right now?"

"Alright, let's not give up all hope just yet. Why don't we go see if there's any strong competitors?" suggested Elise.

Tom and Tina had no objection to it, but Frostine was uninterested. "I'll pass. Someone's got to keep watch over the booth, anyway."

Elise didn't force her to join them either. "Suit yourself. You're the one who designed the products, anyway, so no one understands them better than you do," she said, before leaving with Tom and Tina right away.

The jewelry design competition's rules weren't complicated. Participants would exhibit their works during the first half of the competition in order to get qualified to participate in the second half of the competition. Finally, the best design would be selected by the judges. In other words, the exhibition in the morning was an open audition, where each admission ticket counted as a vote; only ten entries that received the highest votes by twelve noon would be able to enter the second half of the competition.

Apart from the professional designer judges, most of the votes ended up going directly to the more well-known designers. By judging from the onlooking crowd surrounding each of the entries, one could basically estimate the number of votes received by all entries in less than half an hour into the first half of the competition. Essentially, the most popular entries were all the works of relatively well-known designers, whereas the

newcomers had few people around their display booths, resulting in a clear boundary between the well-known designers and the rest.

The display booth featuring the work with the highest votes was surrounded by crowds of spectators. Gasps of admiration broke out from the crowd one after another, making Elise's heart itch. "Come on, let's go and see what kind of design it is!" She picked her feet up and headed in that direction.

"Hold on a minute, Miss Sinclair!" Tom stopped her. "That's Fiona's work. She's signed up with the Saunders Family, so she's our rival now."

"So what if we're rivals?" Elise was amused. "Since they could plagiarize our works, why can't we learn from them?"

Tom was struck dumb with astonishment. Wouldn't that be outright shameless?

It wasn't easy to get into the circle of jewelers. Some pompous money worshippers aside, most jewelers had high principles and thus had nothing but disdain for copycats and knockoffs, which was why Tom had never thought of giving the Saunderses a taste of their own medicine, even though Saunders Corporation had previously driven Shaw's Jewelry Co. to the verge of bankruptcy by despicable means. In his heart of hearts, he felt he couldn't sink to Saunders Corporation's level.

Most of the readers are now reading this novels:-

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 605

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 605-Reading Tom's mind at a glance, Elise said without pulling any punches, "Mr. Shaw, I'm a businesswoman, and I have every respect for your style and principles, but I won't trifle with my own interests either. I hope you understand that it's an extravagance to talk about style and principles before chasing the Saunderses out of the jewelry industry." In the world, it's always the winners who get to make the decisions, whereas the losers will only be buried forever in the course of history.

After much effort, Tom finally managed to push his way to the front of the crowd while escorting the two ladies. However, when they saw the work displayed at the booth, their expressions froze simultaneously.

To their great surprise, Fiona, the up-and-coming jewelry designer's design looked exactly the same as Frostine's, only that Fiona's design had some accessories and little details added that seemed unimportant and easy to overlook. Even so, her design looked totally identical to Frostine's, so much so that it'd be hard to distinguish between Fiona's design and Frostine's if they were put on display together.

"Isn't this too much of a coincidence?" Tina exclaimed in horror.

Elise wasn't very surprised, though. Soon, she let out a sneer, saying, "This is no coincidence."

On the other hand, Tom was so anxious that he broke into a cold sweat. "This is bad. If such an obvious coincidence is pointed out by anyone, we're absolutely gonna be showered with abuse!"

"But you know deep down that we never did it!" Tina was both angry and resentful. Frostine's design wasn't her work alone; everyone in Alexis had put a painstaking amount of effort into it. It was an intense experience that she had truly gone through herself, so she found it really unacceptable that all their hard work would be labeled as dirty plagiarism all at once.

On the other hand, Tom was burning with anxiety as well. "What's the use of me believing it? The outsiders have to believe it as well! It's fine if they just look similar, but they look exactly the same! There's no way we can explain this!"

Instead of joining the pair's discussion, Elise merely tried to recall what exactly had gone wrong. While everyone else wasn't noticing, she quietly took out her phone and texted Joseph, asking him to look into something.

Meanwhile, Tom said, "How about we get Frostine to put something on top of our design to cover it? My heart's pounding. I have a bad feeling about this..." Taking matters into his own hands, he started to fumble for his phone.

However, as soon as he took out his phone, a commotion broke out in their booth's direction. "Come and take a look, everyone! The work Alexis entered for the competition looks exactly the same as Miss Fiona's!" exclaimed a busybody all of a sudden, drawing attention from the surroundings all at once. As a result, an endless stream of people flocked toward Alexis' display booth.

"Hey, it's true! I just thought it looked familiar. Turns out it's an imitation of Miss Fiona's design, huh?"

"Imitation? No, it's not an imitation. It's a knockoff!"

"No way! Aren't they treating us like fools, blatantly exhibiting works they've plagiarized from others? Alexis is going too far!"

The biggest characteristic of Cittadelians was their fondness for gossip and spectacles, so the news of the similarity between Alexis' submission and Fiona's instantly spread far and wide as it made waves among the crowd. In less than two minutes, everyone in the conference hall was startled by the news; such was the speed at which rumors spread.

With more and more people gathering in front of Alexis' display booth, Frostine, the designer, was immediately hustled into a corner, looking weak, helpless, and pitiful.

The designer named Fiona was brought here as well. Despite being a seemingly elegant and poised middle-aged woman decked out in jewels, she managed to keep in shape, and her upwardly slanted eyes and fine eyebrows oozed the aggressiveness of someone who thought justice was on their side. She dashed toward the display booth and studied Frostine's design carefully before her face wore an exaggerated expression. "Oh, my God! To think that someone actually copied my work as it is!"

Now that Fiona herself was here to seek justice, the onlooking crowd became all the more eager to fan the flames.

"Alexis Jewelry Co.? What kind of a lousy company is this? How shameless of them to piggyback on Fiona's success!"

"Where's the designer of this knockoff? Now what? Is she afraid of showing herself?"

In the face of incessant voices of scrutiny, Frostine stepped forward and said, "I designed these two products, but I never plagiarized anyone's work!" Despite her frail appearance, she spoke with absolute confidence and didn't seem dishonest at all.

But who cared? People would only believe what they were willing to believe. It went without saying which was more credible, a little-known newcomer or a famous designer who had once won the competition.

"That's absurd. You didn't copy anyone's work? Are you saying that it was Miss Fiona who plagiarized your work?"

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. Miss Fiona has made a name for herself using her own capabilities, and you? You're such a young lady, but you resort to plagiarism instead of putting effort into your work!"

"That's right! What trick did you use to steal Miss Fiona's design sketches? Spill it!"

"Stop playing the victim! The people have discerning eyes, so nobody is falsely accusing you here! Hurry up and come clean about it!"

Having grown up beside Clemence and her husband since her childhood, Frostine spent all her leisure time studying jewelry design, so she was somewhat out of touch with society. Upon being confronted with so many questions all at once, she was instantly at a loss for what to do. "No, I didn't! I..."

Noticing that some of the people were getting more and more agitated as they spoke, Tom hurriedly thrust his way through the crowd and stepped in front of Frostine, fearing that the young lady might suffer harm. "Everyone! Please listen to me, everyone! I'm the head of Alexis, so please come to me directly if you have any questions. Don't make things difficult for our designer."

“You’re the head of Alexis? That means you’re its owner, right? Well, you owe us an explanation for openly plagiarizing Fiona’s work!”

Tom let out a sigh. “To tell you the truth, these products are made by Alexis, and it took us nearly three months of painstaking effort to finish them, and every step of the process is well-documented, so they’re absolutely not some knockoffs. I believe there’s been some mistake here, so please give us some time before I give everyone an exp—”

“Give you guys some time? Who’s gonna give Miss Fiona time, then? It’s almost time to decide on the entries that will make it into the final selection. Are you guys trying to get Miss Fiona disqualified along with you guys? What a wicked scheme!”

“That’s right! Alexis must have been sent by Miss Fiona’s rival to disrupt the competition on purpose!”

“Get Alexis out of here! Get Alexis out of here!”

In the blink of an eye, Alexis became the target of public criticism. All of a sudden, the bystanders who had nothing to do with this incident transformed into crusaders for justice, eager to condemn Alexis to hell.

Tom’s face was flushed down to his neck with anxiety, but he couldn’t think of any solution.

Watching the scene from a distance, Elise wanted to step forward and voice her support for Alexis. However, Tom was still Alexis’ nominal owner at the moment, so it’d be inappropriate for her to show herself. She thought about it for a moment, but among the people she knew, Kenneth seemed to be the only person in Landred City who was powerful enough to put this matter to rest. However, now that she was already a married woman, she didn’t really want to get too close to that guy.

Just as she was still hesitating, a pair of dark-suited men pushed past the crowd in an imposing manner, clearing a path from the entrance all the way to Alexis’ display booth. A moment later, Kenneth, dressed in a tailor-made tailcoat, walked in at an unhurried pace under the gaze of the crowd.

At the sight of the scene, Elise involuntarily held her breath. Is Kenneth even able to read my mind now? He showed up just when I was thinking about him. What a timely help!

Most of the readers are now reading this novels:-

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 606

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 606-“Why is Kenneth Bailey here? Could it be that Smith Co. wants a share of the jewelry industry’s profits as well?”

“He seems to be up to no good. Let’s see what he’ll do.”

Kenneth’s presence calmed most of the bystanders as though he was their anchor. After a brief moment of silence, he looked up and rested his eyes briefly on Alexis’ sign, which was carved in cursive script. Then, he lowered his eyes and gave Frostine’s designs a cursory glance. “Is this what you guys were squabbling about?”

Of course, Fiona had heard of Kenneth’s name before, so she quickly assumed a gentle demeanor and replied in a soft whisper, “Mr. Bailey, this may just be an inexpensive piece of merchandise to you, but to us designers, our designs are just like our own kids. They contain all the painstaking effort we’ve put into them.”

“Kids, huh?” Kenneth curled his lips into a meaningful smile. Then, shifting his tone all of a sudden, he asked ingeniously, “Since it’s your kid, why let it fall into somebody else’s hands instead of keeping it safe?”

Fiona’s expression froze. Indeed, if one knew their design work would be used in a competition, they had all the more reason to keep it safe, so there was no reason for Fiona’s design to be leaked so easily.

Just then, someone spoke up for Fiona. “Uh, Mr. Bailey, aren’t you blaming the victim by saying that? Are you saying that those who committed heinous crimes like murder and arson are not guilty of what they did, whereas the victims should’ve been the ones to reflect on their mistakes? And besides, how could she possibly guard against people who are determined to steal her work?”

“She wasn’t able to guard against them, you say?” Kenneth looked at Tom and the others before turning his gaze to Fiona. Then, he said meaningfully, “She’s a celebrated designer paid handsomely by Saunders Jewelry, whereas they’re just a small company on the brink of bankruptcy that nearly has trouble issuing paychecks to its employees. How could they be capable of breaking through Saunders Corporation’s layers of security and stealing her design drafts?”

The person who had spoken just now fell silent. Now that he’s mentioned this, it’s true that Alexis isn’t qualified to set itself up against Fiona.

Kenneth then continued, “Frankly speaking, if I were one of Alexis’ employees, I wouldn’t have plagiarized the work of one of the most talked-about designers. Is it even necessary to do that in the first place? If I were to do that, I’d be found out as soon as I published my work. What’s the difference between that and announcing to the world right away that I’ve plagiarized her work?”

Every word he said hit the nail on the head while leaving no room for debate, especially when he spoke with an expressionless face and stony eyes that gave the impression that he wasn’t to be messed with. Who would dare to ask for trouble by incurring his wrath?

Fiona didn't bother to put on airs anymore. She said imperiously, "No matter whether it's necessary or not, no excuse can change the fact that Alexis has plagiarized my work!"

Without turning a hair, Kenneth turned to meet Fiona's eyes, his thin, cold lips parting as he uttered, "Let me remind you that I'm now vouching for Alexis. If it's found out later that what you said isn't the truth, what happened to Ziggy Carnegie is gonna happen to you."

"What happened to Ziggy Carnegie?"

"Seems like the whole Carnegie Family was brought down, and the family's business chain was gobbled up overnight!"

"Could that have been Kenneth's doing?! Oh, my God! It has to be him! Only he has the capability to do so!"

"Smith Co. is simply horrifying, wiping out even the influential Carnegie Family..."

Fiona unconsciously gulped a mouthful of saliva. But there's no turning back for me now! "Are you threatening me, Mr. Bailey? Is it really okay to treat a victim like this?" With a forced smile, she started to throw dust in people's eyes. "I was just wondering what gave an unknown company the nerve to set itself against me. Now that I see your attitude, I think I probably know the reason."

This woman was really good with words. In just a few words, she had slung mud at Kenneth.

For an instant, Kenneth's eyes darkened, but he didn't continue arguing with her. Instead, he said, "Well, since you've said so, I'll admit it. In any case, once the judges take a look at the products, they'll know who the real victim is. Do any of you still want to continue making me a laughingstock?" The note of threat in the last part of his speech was evident. Perhaps because of Fiona's provocation, he defended Alexis even more openly.

In Landred City, Smith Co. was a presence not to be messed with. Although everyone was eager to see what was next, they valued their lives, after all, so they hurriedly fled in all directions.

Watching all this from a distance, Elise was at a loss for words. Just what kind of a person is Kenneth? Whenever he does something good, he'll definitely make such a big deal out of it in front of me as if he wants everyone to know about it, but in front of outsiders, he only acknowledges the ferocious side of him. Take the Carnegie Family, for instance. He has taken down the bad guys by bringing down all the Carnegies' forces, but those people spoke of it as though he had bullied the weak. Not only that, but when Fiona flung groundless accusations at him, he acknowledged them without a word of protest.

She wondered if she should step forward and say thank you to Kenneth, but the latter merely darted an impassive glance at her before leaving with his entourage. It was rare that he didn't come to her to claim credit for what he had done, so she found herself a little unused to it. Luckily, though, this matter was finally put to rest.

It wasn't until lunchtime that Joseph called Elise. "I've got it figured out. Check your inbox; I just emailed you the surveillance video as well as the bank transaction records."

"As expected of SK's manager. You've regained your skills pretty quickly, haven't you?" Elise teased.

"Hehe, Elise, why does it sound to me like you meant the opposite when you said that? Alright, I won't disturb you any further. I'm still busy over here."

Elise was ready to return to the restaurant after putting her phone away. However, when she darted a glance at the second floor of the restaurant across from her, she saw Kenneth standing in the corridor and looking in her direction from afar. In an instant, she was certain that he was looking at her. After meeting his eyes for a second, she quickly withdrew her gaze and fled. 'Fled' was the apt word to describe it, for she ran away in a panic, her heart fluttering the instant she met his eyes.

She absentmindedly returned to the dining table, where everyone else was also in low spirits. "Say, now that such a thing has happened, how are we gonna make it into the competition in the afternoon?" Tom said with a heavy sigh. After all, Alexis was his only hope. If he wasn't able to make a comeback this time, he didn't know if he would still have the courage to pull himself together.

Tina felt pessimistic about it as well. "Are we gonna be knocked out just like this after working so hard for three months? There's no way I can take this lying down!"

Frostine wasn't good at expressing her feelings, but one could tell from her fidgety demeanor that she wasn't more imperturbable than anyone else deep down.

Just then, the restaurant's female owner brought them a dish of steamed king crab.

"Madam, could you have mistaken? We didn't order this dish." Tom panicked somewhat. After all, Alexis had been operating at a loss so far. If they were disqualified from the competition this time, they'd have no other way to make a living. Rather than spending money on seafood, he thought it'd be better to keep the money to pay another employee's salary.

"It's Mr. Bailey's treat," the restaurant owner said with a broad smile. "He said that Smith Co. would pick up the tab for your meals, and he wants you guys to keep calm. Nothing unexpected is gonna happen."

Most of the readers are now reading this novels:-

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 607

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 607-When she was done talking, she walked away with the tray.

The ones left behind did not understand what was happening, and could only exchange looks of uncertainty with one another.

Only Elise was in deep thoughts over what she had heard, as though she had an inkling of what was to come after putting the pieces of information together.

Just as expected, when they came back to the venue of the competition, the host was in the middle of announcing the people that made it into the finals. Alexis was among the names mentioned.

In an instant, the people around the venue started harboring complicated thoughts toward Elise's group.

Plagiarism was never tolerated regardless of the industry. Yet, Alexis was not punished for it and was even selected as one of the finalists of the competition.

They had already determined how rigged the competition was and had no intention of changing their opinions on the matter.

The prior incident was still on the consciences of Tom and the others, which was why they opted to stay a low profile and out of the people's attention.

Though they had done nothing to feel guilty about, they had failed to consider the actions appropriate to the circumstances. Even if what they did was right, they should not have done it in an imposing manner, especially not in a place where many eyes were on them. After all, what they did would incite an outcry from the public, which would lead things into a giant ball of mess.

Elise had another hand she could have played against the Saunderses but decided not to, as everyone would be the loser in the scenario. Alexis would be dragged into all kinds of brutal media manipulation. She would have been disqualified from the competition and this would stain her future as it would negatively affect her brand.

Fortunately, the advancement to the finals for both of the aforementioned participants had saved Elise a great deal of trouble.

It was at this time—with only 10 minutes left until the commencement of the finals—that Kenneth had entered the competition venue. Elise had decided to confront him after giving it a thought.

“You were the one who had arranged the list.” Elise’s tone carried a sense of confidence. “How did you pull that off with the organizers?”

As the corners of his mouth lifted, a smile gradually bloomed on Kenneth’s face. “An unusual circumstance warrants the use of an unorthodox method. The important thing is the results in the end.”

Elise knew of the ‘unorthodox method’ that Kenneth was referring to. It was nothing more than coercion and bribery, but ultimately it was a backdoor method. Those that had criticized Elise for her use of a backdoor method carried truth to them.

However, with how the situation had progressed, Elise did not have the slightest thought that Kenneth broke the rules of the game by doing so.

Rather than saying that it was an out-of-the-box method on his part, it might be better to see him as a pioneer instead.

When all was said and done, not everyone dared to go outside the norms and stand for the justice they believed in.

Elise thought to herself that even she was no exception as the only hand she thought of was something that would have left a poor taste in everyone’s mouth. Even though she was clearly framed, the only action that was left to her was to try dragging the perpetrators down with her.

She did have the means to make the organizer pay extra care to Alexis by forcing a minor issue of the non-compliance to the rules to allow Elise and her group the opportunity to explain to the public.

However, just like the disdain Tom showed for the accusation of plagiarism of the Saunders Corporation’s works, Elise wouldn’t be able to exercise her privileges in a calm manner.

Yet, Kenneth had taken another route and made the impossible possible.

Moreover, it wasn’t arrogance that Elise saw in Kenneth’s eyes, but confidence. He held within him the conviction that the people he defended were innocent and showed no ulterior motives for manipulating the outcome of the competition.

It was the brilliant and untainted kind of confidence.

Elise remembered a saying she had heard once, that there was no absolute right or wrong in this world. There would always be someone who chose to become part of the dark side of society to uphold the justice one firmly believed in.

By and large, Kenneth was one of those people.

She pursed her lips and smiled as a sort of affirmation of his righteous actions.

Kenneth then broke eye contact with her and turned his attention toward the stage, yet his gaze was distant, as though he was looking beyond the stage.

Elise, would you still be willing to associate with someone like me? Someone that can easily disregard the law; someone that holds an evil side to him?

Or would you only favor someone honest like Alexander Griffith?

However, I just couldn't see you suffering from this injustice, nor would I stand idle while the others are scheming against you. So what if this was an underhanded and backdoor method? No one shall escape my wrath after causing my beloved Elise such grievance!

I was the one that undertook the underhanded methods. If there was such a thing as retribution, then let it be I who has to suffer from it!

Soon, the finals started with the commencement of the runway of the models that were dressed similarly, as though there was a dress code.

Fiona's design, the 'Roman Holiday,' was displayed in section C. The diamond shone brightly and had a dazzling effect on it, its dazzle as soft as silk.

On the other hand, Frostine's 'Cinelle' used the red jade that was previously carved by Elise. It was seeing a ray of the evening sun as the sun gradually set under the red sky.

Just in terms of the materials used in their works alone had made the other contestants feel far inferior to Elise's group.

Nevertheless, the audience was in an uproar the moment the host had mentioned the word 'Alexis.'

"Is this a joke? You can get into the finals just by plagiarizing others?"

"She has someone powerful backing her up. There's nothing you can do even if you're feeling frustrated from this. Are you satisfied now? They could have just simply crowned someone they desire as the winner, yet they went along with the farce of the competition so people like you will have a good time."

"The winner? I doubt so! Unless they have even the judges inside their pockets! However, that would be impossible considering who was on the panel of judges this time. I heard one of them has a serious attitude and would never allow a plagiarized work to be crowned as the winner!"

"Oh? To think that someone so stubborn and unwilling to back down still exists in this time and age. Who is the judge?"

Amongst the chattering, the sight of ten well-dressed judges entering the right side of the stage in turns and them sitting at the judges' table attracted the attention of the audience.

However, Elise was so focused on her phone as she was waiting for her source to come through that she had shown no interest in them.

It was at this moment, Frostine—who was always quiet and reserved—rose from her seat abruptly. With her hands grabbing the hems of her skirt, she gaped at the judges' table in surprise.

“Are you alright?” Tina asked in concern.

As she continued gaping at the right side of the stage, Frostine pointed at the judges' table onstage, and finally spoke after she managed to slightly recover from the surprise. “C-Clemence!”

Elise immediately put her phone away as her expression changed the moment she heard Frostine.

Frostine was sure of what she saw, which was why she wanted to leave her position and immediately go onstage regardless of the consequences.

Fortunately, Elise had managed to call for someone to hold Frostine back. “Don't rush things. What if we are mistaken? Since the person you saw won't just disappear into thin air onstage, just be patient for now!”

“But... that's Clemence! It's Clemence!” Frostine's breathing turned ragged.

Just as Elise was about to persuade Frostine, the lights of the entire venue turned dark, leaving only a spotlight which was directed at the host that was standing on stage.

It was not appropriate to make a commotion right now considering the atmosphere. Elise could only be forceful with her methods to calm Frostine down. With a whisper, she reminded Frostine not to be rash for now.

After the host's introduction, the works onstage were subsequently shone in turn by the spotlights.

Perhaps the organizer had wanted to spark the media's interest in the competition and to take on additional space for the news, for they had deliberately placed both Fiona's and Frostine's work near each other.

It became much more evident with the works being able to be compared side-by-side.

The audience immediately went into an uproar.

Naturally, the judges could not just sit idly.

“If I am not mistaken, the work of groups 01 and 02 should be the same, am I right?” The voice came from the woman who was seated at the seating reserved for the head judge.

She had a large visor on her head and looked very much like a noblewoman. However, due to the visor covering her face, only her voice could be heard but no one could see her expression when she had said those words.

Yet, Elise still froze the moment she heard the voice of the noblewoman.

“As expected, nothing escapes the eyes of the judges.” The host smiled as he continued, “Just as shown, these two works were designed by Fiona and Frostine and had attracted attention just before the finals. Due to how well recognized the respective works are, the organizers have made an exception to present the two works onstage for the finals in hopes that the judges can determine which of the two works is the original.”

Most of the readers are now reading this novels:-

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 608

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 608-The validity of the claim as an original work was always a controversial topic. To present the task to determine the validity of the claim had already attracted attention, more so especially when presented in a venue full of morally just designers.

The audience was chattering among themselves while the judges were arguing among themselves onstage.

After examining the works in detail for over 10 minutes, the judge with glasses picked up the microphone and announced to the audience, “We unanimously agreed that No. 01, Fiona’s work, is the original!”

“Though the ‘Cinelle’ were made with unusual materials, the design for the ‘Roman Holiday’ was much more exquisite, as much attention was given to the finer details. As expected of the previous champion, her presentation of the jewel’s charm was done magnificently here.”

“Furthermore, Fiona was already the winner of the previous competition. There is no reason for her to plagiarize the work of an unknown person.”

“All in all, the ‘Roman Holiday’ is the real winner of this year’s competition. As for the ‘Cinelle,’ it should be disqualified from the competition, and for the contestant, Frostine, to...”

“Hold it—”

A soft yet resounding voice interrupted the judge.

With everyone’s eyes on her, Elise stood up and got up the stage. She then took the host’s microphone and said in a manner that was neither haughty nor humble as she looked over the audience, “Frostine is a friend of mine. I think it is necessary for me to show the esteemed judges and audience something in regard to this plagiarism fiasco.”

She then connected her phone to a projector and then opened up a video that she got from Joseph.

“What are you showing us right now?” the judge with the glasses asked suspiciously.

Elise smiled in response, yet there was no hint of joy in her eyes. “I would assume for someone that could come out with such deep analysis on our works, you would have the eyes to observe what I’m showing you!”

The judge was taken aback.

This brat is quite an arrogant one.

The room fell silent as their attention was on the video projected on stage. The beginning of the video was a slideshow of screenshots that showed various text messages. With curiosity, the audience began reading the texts, word by word, in silence.

As the slideshow of the screenshots was over, next came the video. It was at this moment that the audience was gradually becoming agitated once more.

The content was as follows:

“Everything’s in here with nothing being left out. Keep it safe, and make sure you put in a few good words for me when you see Mr. Saunders. I want to join the Saunders Corporation.”

“Don’t worry. Since I’ve obtained what I want, I’ll make sure to throw you a bone as well. However, I do want to ask about your reason for your wish to work for the Saunderses.”

“Isn’t it obvious? Who would not wish to join them now that the Saunders Corporation is on the frontier of the jewelry industry? Furthermore, Alexis—this midget of a company—only had about 20 staff. I can’t see how I am able to further advance my career in that place. If I want to achieve something big, I can’t stay at that place my whole life!”

“In other words, for ambition. Nevertheless, are you sure this is Frostine’s original design? Don’t you dare give me another person’s design!”

“Please hold your horses. My future is at stake here. Even if you are willing to cross the line, I am not willing to follow suit. I can guarantee you that there are no problems with what I gave you!”

The video was shot at an angle where Fiona’s face could be seen clearly.

The audience was dumbfounded as they came to a realization.

Frostine’s work was the original!

Fiona had paid Alexis’ employee to steal the design from Alexis!

“This is slander!” Fiona—who was sitting in the front row—stood up in a fit of rage, then pointed her fingers at Elise who was on stage and roared, “How dare you maliciously edit that video and slander me in public! I have never uttered those words in my life! And that person! That person was just someone asking for directions!”

Elise flashed a chilling smile and retorted in an indifferent manner, “Miss Fiona is not only beautiful on the outside, but also on the inside. With how far the distance between Alexis and the Saunders Corporation, you still took the time to show directions to an Alexis employee who had lost her way. You are making me feel inferior with how kind-hearted you are!”

Though both Alexis and the Saunders Corporation were located in Landred City, they were both in the opposite direction. It would be hard for both companies’ employees to cross paths with one another, and yet Fiona was claiming that an Alexis employee was just asking for directions.

Fiona’s excuse was flimsy at best, yet was still full of holes.

“Fiona was taken down!”

“I doubt even Fiona would have the courage to do this. Could there have been someone else behind this that was adding fuel to the fire?”

“Who do you think is capable of making Fiona give up even her own reputation?”

“Who else but the Saunderses? Plagiarising another’s work is what the Saunders Corporation does best. They are giving a bad name to the people of the jewelry industry!”

“That’s right! Even the jewelry from our company was being suppressed by the Saunders Corporation! I have not wanted to put up with it for a very long time!”

“Today’s incident wasn’t the only time the Saunders Corporation had committed a foul play!”

As Fiona continued listening to the crusade where the audience's voice was getting louder one after the other, her legs gave out and she fell on her knees in despair.

Her career in the jewelry industry was over.

Soon after, the result of the competition was announced. Frostine's work broke through the prior fiasco and became the winner of the competition. Alexis as a brand exploded in popularity as a result, for orders kept pouring in where even Tom had started to grow weary of it.

After everything was over, Elise brought the impatient Frostine backstage. Elise then knocked on the door to Clemence's room.

"Come in." Clemence's voice was much softer than it was when she was onstage.

Frostine couldn't help but take a deep breath as the image of the long-awaited reunion filled with hugging and tears came into her mind.

Elise smiled and shook her head before bringing her inside the room.

"It's been a long time." Clemence reached her hand out for a handshake with Elise.

"Yes, it has." Elise then briefly shook her hand as a greeting.

"I've seen you appearing on TV many times. Seems like the idol star H is doing very well," Clemence joked.

"That would mean that I have achieved the results that I wanted." There was not the slightest hint of haughtiness to her tone as she continued to clearly state her intentions, "Would you mind granting me the honor to have a chat with you, one-on-one?"

"I know what you want to ask." Clemence kept her faint smile on her face, yet it gave off the feeling of rejecting what was asked of her. "However, I do not wish to talk about any issues concerning my husband. So I'm afraid there is no need for what you're asking."

As soon as she finished saying that, Clemence then pursed her lips into a smile before making an excuse to leave. "I'm sorry but I have an interview after this. Please excuse me."

She then walked toward the exit, though it was with Frostine following her from behind anxiously.

When Clemence realized Frostine was following her, she stopped walking and turned around. With a smile as though she was smiling at a stranger, she asked, "Why are you following me?"

“Clemence, haven’t I been following you from the very start?” Frostine replied naively.

Clemence raised her hand and gently patted Frostine on her head. “You are not only a designer but a winner of a competition now. You have graduated from your apprenticeship with flying colors. This shows that even without me, you can still live your life just as well. From now on, you no longer need to follow me. You have your own life to live now.”

Frostine had never thought that the years of waiting and searching would lead her to this outcome.

Tears were welling up in her eyes, as she stood still without knowing what to reply.

Clemence, on the other hand, was still indifferent. When she had said everything she thought that she needed to say to Frostine, she left the room in light steps.

Frostine stood still like a child that was abandoned by the road. It was a lonely and heartbreaking scene to witness.

Elise walked up to her and patted Frostine on the shoulder in an effort to comfort her. However, she couldn’t hold back from sighing herself.

It wasn’t easy to finally reach Clemence, yet the person in question did not wish to divulge any information. This was another dead end for one of her leads.

Why was Clemence so adamant to avoid mentioning her husband?

At this point, Frostine had completely drowned in sorrow as she whispered in a faint voice, “It turns out, Clemence really does not want me anymore...”

Most of the readers are now reading this novels:-

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 609

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 609-Edwin had gone to the psychiatric hospital early that morning. To others, he was there to visit Celina. In reality, though, he was there to borrow money from her. The moment Celina caught wind of his motives, however, she straight up whacked him and chased him out of the room. Fortunately, he managed to escape quickly, or she would have hit him with her chamber pot. Just the thought itself disgusted him.

Edwin rubbed the ear that Celina had scratched when he entered the Saunders Residence. He was despondent. Time was running out. Where was he supposed to find the money to pay back the creditors?

David was sitting on the couch when he saw Edwin come in. "Is Nana doing better?" he asked, his face expressionless.

Edwin put on a heartbroken look and shook his head. "Still the same as ever. Ever since she was exposed on TV, her hatred for Elise hasn't stopped. The doctors said that it will be better to visit her less often in the future."

The cogs in David's sharp mind whirred. "Understood. I'll visit her some time later," he said in a low tone.

"I'll return to my room then, Dad. Long car trips aren't comfortable. I want to go to sleep."

"Go then." David coldly waved a hand in dismissal.

As he was deeply worried that he would show weakness in front of David, Edwin sped up his steps and half-jogged to his room upstairs.

David's gaze remained on Edwin as he raced upstairs. Only when Edwin's figure disappeared past the top of the stairs did David turn his head back. An obvious look of cruelty flashed across his eyes.

Right then, Mrs. Woods emerged from the kitchen. David asked her quietly, "Did you get the info?"

Mrs. Woods was currently the only trusted follower he had.

She carefully looked back to eye the stairs. Once she had confirmed that Edwin was back in his room, she lowered her voice. "Yes. The hardware store said that Mr. Edwin had gone there to pawn his belongings off. I called the psychiatric hospital earlier, and they said that Mr. Edwin had gone there to borrow money from Ms. Celina. Ms. Celina's condition flared up again because of that."

"To borrow money?" David's face paled before darkening in anger. His expression was stormy as he gritted his teeth and narrowed his eyes dangerously. "Keep a close eye on him! I want to see just what trouble he can still stir up!"

Meanwhile, upstairs, Edwin's creditors called him after he had gamed for a few rounds. He didn't dare to pick up the call. He only let out a breath of relief once the call had automatically hung up. After much contemplation, he rushed downstairs to look for Mrs. Woods.

"Mrs. Woods, do you know where my father has stored the divorce agreement for Nana and me?"

Mrs. Woods regarded him warily. “Mr. Edwin, are you planning to agree to Master David’s request and divorce Ms. Celina?”

“No, I mean, yes. I was thinking of showing Nana the divorce agreement. Maybe it’ll help with her condition. If it will help her get better, I’ll even accept the divorce!”

Mrs. Woods regarded Edwin meaningfully. She hadn’t expected him to be serious about Celina. No wonder David had tolerated him until now.

“No wonder you’re so attentive toward her. If that’s the case, wait here. I’ll be back with the agreement.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Woods!”

Shortly after that, Mrs. Woods came back with a document folder. Edwin took the folder from her and opened it. After he had confirmed the bank card was still inside it, he took the folder with him and left the house.

Since it was night, Edwin had no choice but to use the ATM to transfer the funds. After he inserted the card, he keyed in 2.5 million and confirmed the transfer. The next moment, however, a message popped up on the ATM’s screen, informing him that the transfer had failed due to insufficient balance.

Edwin’s good cheer immediately flickered. The Saunders Family were wealthy, so how was it that the compensation that David had given him was less than 2.5 million?

He forced himself to take a breath before he attempted to transfer 2 million to his own account, but the transaction still failed. He kept lowering the amount, until a ‘transaction successful’ message popped up when he entered 200,000, but Edwin’s expression could not get even uglier.

200,000? It wouldn’t even be able to buy a washroom here in Landred City, where land was as precious as gold. It was even less than Mrs. Woods’ annual salary!

In David’s eyes, Edwin as a son-in-law was worth less than a babysitter-slash-servant!

Edwin took the card out, tossing it to the ground before stamping on it.

“That old fox! That sly, sly old fox!”

He only left the bank once he had exhausted all his strength.

Meanwhile, David received a transaction notification from the bank.

...

Tom's expression was stormy as he gathered all the Alexis employees for a last-minute meeting.

"Alexis may be a small company, but we have always paid our employees on time, and we've never made you work on holidays, or deprived you of other benefits. I personally think that I've been treating you well, but I never expected that someone would sell me out, sell the company out, and sell everyone's benefits out!"

His voice took a darker and serious turn as he continued. The atmosphere inside the office instantly turned tense. The employees gossiped among themselves, but they also didn't dare to speak any louder, worried that they would end up painting themselves as the suspect.

"I am laying this out right now: stealing designs means that you are stealing company secrets. If you don't want to turn yourself in, fine. The police will make you admit your crimes!" Tom harshly warned, his voice dripping with threat.

The moment he finished his warning, the girl in the center of the first row fell to her knees with a thump.

"Mr. Shaw, I was the one who stole the designs, I admit it. Please, give me a chance to make things right. I'm the only breadwinner for my family. I can't get myself into trouble..."

Tom did not show any emotion. "The rest of you may go. Annette Fronda, come with me to my office," he said flatly. He then brought Annette with him.

Elise had already been waiting for ages inside Tom's office. When Tom and Annette entered, she was unhurriedly checking some company documents.

"Miss Sinclair, it's as you said—Annette Fronda was the one behind it. I've brought her with me," Tom said respectfully.

Shock filled Annette's eyes when she saw a girl her age seated by the desk inside the office. This girl is the true head of Alexis?

Elise slowly looked up and quietly shifted her gaze toward Annette. The imposing aura she emanated instantly made Annette lower her head to avoid Elise's gaze.

"M-Miss, I only caved in and betrayed the company because of Fiona's words... I know what I did was wrong."

"Is that so? But why did you give in?" Elise asked in a breezy manner.

Annette's nose stung, snot dripping from her nose as she wept. "My father is paralyzed, and my mother left us. My younger brother is still in school. It's hard to make ends meet.

I have a good salary thanks to Mr. Shaw, but I-I couldn't restrain myself when Fiona came looking for me with such a handsome sum of money. I'm so sorry!"

"If apologies are sufficient, then why do we still need the police?" Elise asked meaningfully.

Annette ended up dropping to her knees out of fear. "Miss, I promise you that this won't happen again. I've been working at the company ever since it was still known as Shaw's Jewelry Co. I've always given my all at work, and I've always worked hard. Please, give me another chance!"

Tom's heart couldn't take it. He would feel some sentimentality toward employees who had been working at the company for a long time.

"But your promise means nothing here," Elise said meaningfully again. "Not unless..."

Most of the readers are now reading this novels:-

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 610

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 610-What company would keep an employee who had stolen company secrets?

And so, Annette left her job at Alexis without fanfare.

After she left Alexis, Annette walked right into the Saunders Corporation building—she had fallen this low because of Saunders Corporation. David Saunders must take responsibility for this outcome! she thought.

"Mr. Saunders, I have nothing left. You have to keep me, or my family will be doomed!" Annette said to David as she wept.

David was currently fretting over the incident with Fiona. He couldn't be bothered with Annette right now, so he just gave her a half-hearted reply. "You still have the guts to ask me to keep you? Would the plan have failed and been revealed had you not left traces behind? Now I've lost a designer, and Saunders Corporation's reputation is under scrutiny. I'm already being courteous since I haven't come knocking on your door looking for compensation. Now get out!"

Annette went quiet. David had made his decision to leave her out to dry. After a moment, she announced confidently, like she had nothing else to lose, "You were the one who promised me a spot in Saunders Corporation in the first place. That was why I even took the risk. If you're going to renege on your word, then my only choice is to go to the reporters and tell them the truth!"

David lifted his head when he heard that and looked at Annette. "You really are quite unusually gutsy. You dare to even go against me?" he asked darkly.

Annette swallowed fearfully, but she still clenched her fists and prepared herself when she remembered Elise's orders. "I'm just a nobody. I'm just asking for 10,000 bucks for my salary. You, however, are different. If this incident gets out, Saunders Corporation will be looking at losses numbering in the tens of millions. Mr. Saunders, if you comply, your company will continue to profit. If you don't, then everyone will be dragged down with me!"

David narrowed his eyes and gritted his teeth. He had his fair share of experience because of his age, but here he was, being threatened by a young woman. It certainly didn't feel great to swallow his pride, but if he didn't, he would end up facing losses.

"Fine. Go to the HR department and introduce yourself. You'll be working in your previous position!" David waved a hand dismissively, unwilling to involve himself any longer.

"Thank you, Mr. Saunders, thank you so much!" Annette repeatedly thanked him before she retreated and closed the door.

David rolled his eyes. Worker bees were troublesome to deal with. He decided to keep Annette in the company and let her calm down a little. When the time came, he would just find an excuse to fire her. If he did it through proper channels, then she probably wouldn't have any ammo against him. The most important thing right now was to handle the newly-emerged Alexis.

David had already done his research. Alexis was originally Shaw's Jewelry Co. They were an established company that had been rendered close to bankruptcy by Saunders Corporation. Somehow, however, Alexis had gotten a streak of incredible luck in recent months. Not only did their shops repeatedly carry Peculiar Jadeites, but their designers' skill levels skyrocketed. David had no other option than to get someone to steal Alexis' design drafts, but he hadn't thought that the plan would be foiled.

If Saunders Corporation wanted to stand at the top of the jewelry industry, then their competitors must not be given the chance to rise again. Alexis was unstoppable now. David had to find a way to get rid of this eyesore, or Saunders Corporation would end up becoming just a stepping stone on Alexis' road to success sooner or later.

At that thought, David irately lit up a cigar and took a deep drag on it. His mind wandered as he leaned back in his seat.

Just what should he do to ensure Alexis' humiliation?

When half of the cigar had burned away, David suddenly slapped his thigh. "That's it!"

“It’s just as you expected, Miss Sinclair. All of Alexis’ stores haven’t been able to keep up with the customers’ demand after the jewelry contest. We’ve got orders for well into the second half of the year!” At Alexis’ headquarters, Tom was grinning from ear to ear. Shaw’s Jewelry Co. was finally making waves while under his leadership. When it was time for him to die in the future, he would not have to worry about disappointing his forefathers!

Elise was practically his idol. She was skilled through her own merit, and she was also meticulous in her tasks. Every step she took had been solid!

“This is only the beginning. We need to keep up the promotions and also hire more workers. Once our name is out, business is going to boom and we won’t be able to keep up with demand,” Elise reminded with a straight face.

“Got it. I already made all the arrangements for that. With Smith Co. greenlighting everything, things will go smoothly. Speaking of that, why don’t we send a present to Kenneth? We’ve benefited a lot from his kindness during the jewelry contest and for everything after that.” Tom had already thought about this.

“I have my own plans for that.” Elise could no longer repay Kenneth for everything that he had done. There was no need to care too much about the little details. A moment’s pause later, Elise diverted the topic. “One more thing—tell the technicians to add an extra layer of ultraviolet material to the jewelry when they’re undergoing the laser anti-counterfeiting process.”

“But costs will go up that way. Business may be on the upswing lately, but on paper, our books still say that we’re coming out negative. Wouldn’t we end up losing more money that way?” Tom took a more cautious approach.

“I told you before when we decided to work together that money isn’t a problem that you should be considering. It doesn’t matter if the costs increase, but we need to ensure that every item has that layer so that they have double the protection against counterfeiting. But, keep the anti-counterfeiting layer a secret for now.” Elise had a serious look on her face, her expression brooking no argument.

“Understood. I’ll pass down the order.” Although Tom was still doubtful, he had never doubted Elise’s abilities. She must have her own reasons for this.

A week passed in the blink of an eye. Alexis welcomed a new peak in sales after their first round of word-of-mouth marketing and publicity. It was the weekend, and people kept singing Alexis’ praises as they thronged through the flagship store.

Near closing time, a chubby middle-aged woman suddenly showed up. Her appearance immediately disrupted the store’s order.

“Where’s the manager? Get your manager out here right now! I want to see which of you had the guts to sell me a fake!” The woman furiously smacked the glass display case in front of her as she ranted for an explanation.

One of the salespeople with plenty of experience immediately stepped forward and patiently talked to her. “Madam, let’s go inside and have a nice, polite conversation if you have something to say, alright? Our manager is not present at the store right now. Please come in and take a seat. I’ll get in contact with our manager. Is that alright?”

“Bah! I think your manager just doesn’t want to see me. Trying to cajole me into going with you so you can silence me? I’m warning you now that I’m not one of those people who is content to just settle for some measly compensation! I insist on having that conversation here to let everyone know that you are a bunch of liars who sell fake jewelry!” The woman was emotional. She wouldn’t listen to reason at all. Her repeated mentions of ‘fake jewelry’ made the other customers who were planning to place their orders put down the jewelry in their hands as they decided to observe the situation.

“Madam, the manager really isn’t in right now. You’ll affect the other customers like this. It’s difficult for us to...”

“What? You still think of kicking me out?” The woman immediately began to throw a tantrum as she raised her voice to garner sympathy from the other customers.

“Everyone, look! This evil store won’t admit to selling counterfeits, and even attempted to chase me out. There is no justice left in this world!”

The salesperson had seen her fair share of customer tantrums, but there was nothing she could do to stop the unreasonable customer. All the salesperson could do was panic.

Right then, Tom walked in with Tina.

“What’s going on?”