

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 621

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 621-“Yes.” Johnny politely nodded and said without flinching, “I’m Johnny Smith, but my original name is Michael Freeman. I graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Business School with a double-degree doctorate, and am currently an external professor at MIT.”

“Good.” Kenneth walked forward in a good-natured manner and patted Johnny’s shoulder. “You’ve heard it, Mr. Haas. Smith Co. is full of talents, and all of them are from Cittadel. As long as you’re agreeable, they can be a lecturer at Tissote University any time.”

Leon’s eyes sparkled when he heard that. “Of course, I’m more than agreeable!” Right after he said that, he realized that he, as the principal, had acted in an undignified manner, and he cleared his throat to calm himself. Then, he turned his head and stared at Martin while saying, “Mr. Kamp, the first principle of being a teacher is to keep your word. You’re the one who came up with the idea to resign as the homeroom teacher. Do remember to write a report and send it to my office once you’re done.”

“Mr. Haas, you—”

“What about me?” Leon had more guts when he spoke now that he had Kenneth’s support. Thus, he immediately added before Martin could continue, “Mr. Kamp, you’re a foreigner, and everyone is polite to you because they see you as a guest. However, if you say one thing but do another without keeping to your word, causing the students to doubt your credibility, things won’t be as simple as just giving up your post as the homeroom teacher.” After he finished speaking, he let out a long breath.

Previously, he had always been polite and respectful when he spoke with Martin because he was a lecturer from abroad, but this time, he finally turned the tables on Martin and took the wind out of his sails.

In this country, it was the voices of the locals that carried more weight. For a person who could even abandon his motherland, he had no right to throw his weight around at honorable students in this country.

Martin could only shut his mouth and accept this outcome although he was embarrassed.

It couldn’t be helped because he couldn’t lose his qualifications to lead the Elite Class. Right now, he could only step down, but there would be a chance to be promoted again. However, if the students protested against him as a group and he lost his right to recommend students for studies abroad, then it would really be the end of him.

It’s never too late to have my revenge, Martin seethed silently. Kenneth and Elise, I’ll let you have your way for now. You guys better sleep with one eye open or else...

When Sophie saw that Martin had been punished, she thought she was off the hook. As she was worried she might catch Kenneth’s attention, she silently bent her knees and tried to sit down unnoticed. Unfortunately, her butt had barely touched the chair when he called out her name.

“Now, it’s time to speak about Sophie’s problem.”

Elise was speechless as she thought, It seems like he’s the actual homeroom teacher, giving out instructions one after another.

Kenneth raised his brows playfully at her when he caught the look on her face, and she sighed and shook her head in response. Why did I ever expect this guy to be serious for

once in his life?

He had his hands in his pockets and wasted no time in saying, "You can come in now." After that, Jackson walked in awkwardly while Elise stared at him curiously. Actually, he didn't want to just run errands for Elise, but Kenneth asked him to investigate this!

This was Kenneth Bailey!

Besides Alexander Griffith, Kenneth was probably the only one who could do as he wanted and find out anything in Cittadel!

As for Alexander, ever since Reuben's bizarre death, they were always at odds with each other; while one was unwilling to seek help from the other, the other was suspicious of the information provided. So, he could only find another way out.

Just as he was in a bit of a pickle, Kenneth came looking for him with a deal. It was as though the heavens were helping him, so of course, there was no reason for him to turn him down!

Even though he was going back on his words again, he had to bear with it for the sake of the truth!

After regaining his composure, he had a stern look as he showed his arrest warrant.

"Sophie Bowen, you're suspected of conducting illegal transactions in Bloodthirsty Manor and hiring mercenaries to assassinate someone. Therefore, you are now officially under arrest!" As he spoke, he tilted his head and gestured to his subordinates to arrest her.

Two plainclothes officers with police IDs stepped forward and dragged Sophie out from her seat.

"I'm innocent! I didn't do it! I have no idea what Bloodthirsty Manor is!"

She started resisting and used all her might to throw off the plainclothes officers in her fear. Then, in a moment of agitation, she managed to shove one of them to the ground when he was trying to subdue her.

The officer immediately pulled out the handcuffs and pinned her against the table once his partner fell. "Sophie Bowen, you now have one more charge, which is assaulting a police officer! If you continue resisting, I can and will fire the gun to bring you in!"

Upon hearing the word 'gun', her legs turned to jelly from fear, and she bit her lower lip, not daring to make a scene anymore.

The officer who fell over scrambled to his feet and straightened his clothes, looking somewhat embarrassed. In truth, he had tripped himself earlier, and his fall didn't have much to do with Sophie.

Since she had already been handcuffed, well... Then, it was just her luck!

Soon, the officers escorted Sophie out of the room, and the second they were gone, the classroom fell into complete silence.

Leon hurriedly spoke to Kenneth as he recalled the sudden employee transfer. "Mr. Bailey, may I inquire what has brought you here today?"

Even Martin couldn't help but perk his ears. Based on his previous research, Kenneth had a lot of businesses under his name, and he should be as busy as a bee. Usually, he wouldn't be available, but the moment Elise was in trouble... He would lunge forward to help her like a knight in shining armor. What a bootlicker!

However, he didn't know that Kenneth had already planted his 'spies' a long time ago in order to understand Elise's situation at the university.

“Of course, I’m here for work.” He cleared his throat in an attempt to look more professional, then took another look at Elise before reluctantly leaving. “Let’s go, Mr. Haas. Let’s talk business.” When he reached the door, he paused and added, “Please come along with us, Mr. Kamp.”

Although he made it here in time, he was still a step too late, and Elise had to prove her own innocence. This Kamp guy, who had no idea just who he was messing with, had to be taught a lesson!

Martin was momentarily startled as he took off his glasses irritably and told the class to self-study before he rushed out.

The instant he left, the class started rejoicing.

“Oh, wow; we won!”

“This is amazing! We’ve finally switched our homeroom teacher! I can’t stand him since forever!”

“Elise!” Mica trotted over and grabbed Elise’s hands in excitement. “You are amazing! Are you the one who recovered the video recording? Your computer skills are awesome!”

“I know someone who’s rather good at this,” Elise answered as she tried her best to gloss over the details. “He’s well-versed with computers, so he helped me out in a jiffy.”

“I see,” Mica uttered as she took Elise’s words at face value. “That guy, Mr. Bailey, is your friend, right? Elise, all of your friends are amazing, except me—”

“You’re amazing, too,” Elise interrupted with a smile. “Earlier, you’re the only girl who stood up for me. That takes a lot of courage, so don’t ever sell yourself short!”

“Really?” Mica chuckled sheepishly, a little embarrassed by Elise’s compliment.

Even though she knew that Elise was just being polite, encouraging words could really boost one’s confidence.

All of a sudden, she felt that she shouldn’t have rejected the people who wanted to be friends with her in the past. Friends could be each other’s lifelines; unfortunately, she had learned this lesson too late.

Luckily, Elise didn’t mind her company, so she would definitely treasure a friend like her! Meanwhile, David slumped onto the couch in anxiety when he received news about Celina’s disappearance. After Mrs. Woods gave him some water to take with his cardiac pill, he gradually managed to calm down from being agitated.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 622

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 622-“Hurry! Someone! Retrieve the money!”

That was the first thing David said after he snapped back to his senses.

Then, three hours later, he drove alone to an abandoned factory located south of the city.

The employees had packed ten million cash in two suitcases, and he used a lot of effort before he finally managed to drag it to the second floor of the building.

“Daddy!” Celina was bound to the chair and stood up in excitement upon seeing him, but Edwin forced her back into her seat with a knife. “Don’t move!”

Edwin pressed the knife’s sharp edge against her neck, and if it just got a little closer, it could cut through her delicate skin at any time.

As David loved his daughter dearly, he was awash with panic. “Stop! Don’t hurt Nana!”

“Hmph!” A sardonic laugh escaped Edwin’s lips. “Don’t worry, David. Nana is the woman I love the most in my life. How can I ever bear to hurt her?”

“Love? Is this what you call love?” David was furious as he tossed the suitcases on the floor.

“There are many ways to love a person. Just because you haven’t experienced it before doesn’t mean that it’s not love. For example, Nana wanted to leave the hospital and I took her away. Is this not true love?” Edwin asked casually.

“I’m not interested in your twisted reasoning,” David retorted and kicked the suitcases toward him. “I’ve brought you ten million. Now, let her go!”

“Don’t be in such a rush.” Then, as Edwin held the dagger in his hand, he paced around Celina and said lazily, “I’m afraid I’ll have to trouble you to bring the money to me so that I can check it with my own eyes.”

“There’s no need for that,” David sneered. “Ten million for my daughter’s life is nothing to me.”

“Of course, of course. Nana’s life is worth much more than me,” he said sarcastically. “However, regardless of our relationship, money is money, so it’s better to be safe than sorry, no? Besides, I don’t think you would like this to happen a second time, am I right?”

David didn’t rise to his provocation. Edwin was currently shouldering a large sum of debt and was now an outlaw who would do anything just for money.

Nana is in his hands now, and I can’t trigger him, David thought.

At the thought of this, he restrained his temper, carried the suitcases again, and dropped them about two feet away from Edwin before retreating to a safe distance.

Edwin waited until David was a distance away before he went forward to open the two suitcases, and his jaw dropped when he saw the amount of cash. Ten million; never before had he seen this amount of money, and now, all of it belonged to him!

He could pay off all of his debts, start another business, and make a comeback with this money. At that time, who would dare to look down on him again?

“You have your money. Now, keep your end of the bargain and let Nana go!” David urged.

Edwin’s face sank as he heard David’s commanding voice, but he still had feelings for Celina and didn’t actually want to kill her. “You can go now,” he said expressionlessly.

Celina immediately sprang to her feet and bolted toward David when she heard that. “Daddy!”

In a few seconds, David undid the ropes on her person, and she sobbed. “Let’s go, Daddy! Let’s go home! I don’t want to stay here any longer.”

“Just a minute.” David assured her, turned to Edwin, and said indifferently, “Take this money as your parents’ funeral expenses, and our families shall never be in contact ever again. I won’t pursue the matter with you this time, but if you dare to harm Nana again in the future, I’ll make sure everyone in the Haymond Family pays for what you’ve done!”

Edwin gritted his teeth in a fury, and the veins on his forehead popped. How dare he curse my parents! Yet, even at this point, he still does not fear me at all!

“Oh, Daddy! Don’t waste your breath on him anymore. It’s just ten million, merely enough for me to buy a few outfits. We’ll just take it as getting rid of a beggar. It’s so dirty and dusty here. I want to go home right away!

“Alright, alright...”

Celina threw a spoilt tantrum yet again, and David was utterly unable to handle her when she was in such a state. Hence, he threw a warning look at Edwin before leading her down the stairs.

However, Edwin was triggered by the phrase ‘getting rid of a beggar’, and he clenched his fists tightly. Then, when he looked out the window, he caught sight of the gas in the corner of the wall instead—he had prepared that to taunt David, but he ended up not using it.

At that moment, it was as though that can of gas had tempted him, drawing him closer to it.

Meanwhile, Celina and David had just reached downstairs when Edwin caught up with them.

“Celina Saunders!” Edwin shouted as he opened the gas can and splashed the contents

at her.

“Watch out, Nana!” David immediately stepped sideways and placed himself in front of Celina. So, the gas splashed onto him instead, completely drenching him.

David lashed out angrily as he thought it was just some dirty water, “You worthless piece of sh*t! I spared you your life, but you’re asking for death instead. Just you wait. I swear I’ll change my name if I cannot ruin your life and career!”

However, all that answered him was Edwin’s maniacal laughter instead of panicked blubbing. After a few seconds, he raised the kerosene lighter in his hand and flipped open the top.

David realized the dangerous situation he was in and spun around to escape upon seeing the brightly lit lighter. However, Edwin threw the lighter directly at the puddle of gas beneath his feet, and the fire started to spread instantly, engulfing him in flames.

“Ah, Daddy! Help! Somebody, help!” Celina shrieked, terrified.

“Save me! Help! It hurts!”

Despite falling to the ground, that action put out not one bit of the flames on his body, burning through his skin little by little.

Heart-wrenching howls resounded throughout the place and jerked Edwin back to his senses. Then, as he watched David roll around the floor in excruciating pain, his knees buckled, and he slumped to the ground. However, he quickly scrambled to his feet, ran into the room earlier, and escaped with the ten million in his hands.

Celina watched in vain with widened eyes as David burned to a crisp in front of her own eyes. As she kneeled in despair next to the corpse, tears flowed down her face, but she remained silent amidst her misery.

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At Tissote University, after Martin and the rest had left, leaving the student to self-study in the classroom, Elise took out her phone to get some things done. However, a piece of news popped up in her notifications all of a sudden, and it was even a piece of society news at that.

Initially, she wasn’t interested in this type of news, but the words ‘President of Saunders Corporation’ that flashed past her gaze caught her curiosity, and she tapped on the headline.

‘This afternoon, an arson incident took place in an abandoned factory in the south of the city. The victim was the president of Saunders Corporation, David Saunders. After

conducting an investigation, it was reported that the suspect, Haymond, was the husband of the victim's daughter. In order to extort money, he kidnapped his wife for a huge amount of ransom. During the transaction, a dispute broke out between both parties, resulting in Haymond attempting to burn his wife alive with gasoline in a fit of anger. Unfortunately, as David Saunders protected his daughter, he died in the gasoline-fueled flames. Details of the case are currently under investigation...'

A picture from the scene also accompanied the news. From the burned pile of black mass on the floor, it wasn't hard to make out the shape of a person, and it went to show just how tragic the scene was at that time.

Elise couldn't help but let out a sigh. She didn't expect that of all people, David, who was always making money through illegal means, would give up his life for his daughter.

This incident truly showed that despicable people were still human at the end of the day.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 623

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 623-It was almost time for class to end. However, the students started to become agitated ten minutes earlier due to the teacher's absence.

At this moment, Mason walked up to the podium from the front door with a smile on his face.

The audience below immediately reacted with a great burst of noise.

"Mr. Young? Is he going to be our new homeroom teacher?"

"That would be amazing! He's super nice!"

"Anyone else is better than Mr. Kamp!"

If Martin faced this kind of scene, he would have been throwing a great temper. However, Mason just smiled genially, raised his hand and waved it, then said kindly, "Children, be quiet and allow me to say a few words."

Mason had always been the face of Tissote University, and the students regarded him highly. Although his voice was not loud, the entire class quickly fell silent.

He nodded, gratified. Obviously, they were a group of good kids, unlike what Martin had said about them being difficult to manage.

"The school committee has decided that I will be in charge of the Elite Class in the future. I am old, and my brain does not solve problems as quickly as you, but I do have

some experience to impart to you, fellow students. I want to regard everyone as equals, so I hope we can make progress together in the future." Mason's introduction was neither humble nor arrogant, but it held weight. His voice felt like silk as it echoed through the hearts of every student, leaving them feeling warm and respected as individuals.

After a short pause, Mason laughed aloud and then continued his speech. "It's said that new officials can make bold changes, so I'll make the first one and cancel this evening's test and self-revision later today. All of you are college students; you should have time to enjoy your nightlife as well. It's not impossible to balance your studies and life, and I hope that all of you will be able to strike a balance between work and rest."

"F*ck yeah! Thank you! Thank you, Mr. Young!"

"I love you, Mr. Young!"

The whole class was cheering, and the sounds of their cheers had even drowned out the school bell.

After five minutes, the students dispersed and returned to their dorms.

Elise waited until the others were almost gone before she got up and walked outside.

"Miss Sinclair," Mason called out to her and walked toward her, holding a copy of a document.

"Yes, sir. May I help you?" she asked.

"It's nothing important." He handed over the document to her. "This is a set of physics competition exercises that I have compiled and organized for about a decade. You have a poor foundation in the subject. Take it back and go through it, and you'll avoid getting tripped up by some of the questions."

Elise looked at the stack of A4 sheets that was as tall as a bottle of mineral water and inhaled sharply. It must weigh at least ten pounds!

"Thank you, Mr. Young, but I have a lot of tutoring materials at home. And I probably have the ones that you have copied here too. So, you should leave it to other students who need it more," Elise politely refused.

Although she had a little arm strength when practicing silver needles, she didn't think she could run around with ten pounds of copy paper.

"You don't have to be embarrassed." Mason stuffed the stack of papers into her arms. "I'm giving these to you, so just keep them. You are the champion of the liberal arts majors, so you definitely cannot be performing worse than others. I believe you can

catch up, and as for the others, I have also made copies for them if necessary, so you don't have to worry about it."

She was amused at his insistence, so she could only accept it. "Thank you, Mr. Young."

"You're welcome." He nodded. Then, as if he had just recalled something, he opened his mouth and prepared to continue the conversation.

"Elise." Alexander suddenly appeared at the door of the classroom.

When she saw Alexander, she viewed him as her last hope of escaping, so she hurriedly walked away. "Sir, I promise to review the exercises in detail when I return home, so I'll be taking my leave!"

"Go on, then."

As soon as she went out, she immediately threw the heavy document at Alexander. "Hold it for me!"

Alexander took it reflexively but underestimated the heaviness of the document. So, his arm sank abruptly at the weight, but he clutched it firmly when he got used to it.

"What is this? It's so heavy," he asked curiously.

"The homeroom teacher's love and care," Elise said as she walked.

Alexander was baffled by her words.

...

As soon as she got into the car, she remembered something about Alexis and decided to come clean to Alexander.

"Alexander," she called out to him.

"Hm? What's the matter?" He smiled as he was in a good mood and laced his fingers with hers.

This identity of his gave him much more freedom to be by her side all the time and allowed him to be intimate with her.

When one loved someone, how could one endure not being intimate with them?

Alexander just wanted to be around her all the time, to feel her body temperature, smell her natural scent, and feel all her mood changes.

“I want to tell you something.” She frowned. “I sold the gift I was supposed to give you.”

He immediately understood that she was talking about Alexis but still showed a little surprise and teased, “Then, the next time you’re going to gift me, I’m going to be expecting double the amount.”

“Aren’t you angry?” Elise was a little surprised. Although she couldn’t be sure of his reaction, she didn’t expect him to react this way.

He was unexpectedly calm, as if he had already known about it and prepared for such an occasion.

“Dummy, how could I be mad at you?” He raised his hand and ruffled her hair. Then, he supported the back of her head and pulled her to him so that they were face to face before he said softly, “I already have God’s best gift, and anything else is the icing on the cake. Even if I didn’t get anything else, I would still be satisfied. I will never be unhappy as long as you are here by my side.”

Such sweet nothings naturally made her laugh, but she had always felt a faint feeling that this was all just a dream.

Recently, he had only elegant but insincere words for her every time they spent time together. However, as long as he was human, he would have a limit to his long fuse. Everyone knew Kenneth coveted her heart, yet Alexander did not react to such news at all.

Was it because of his sage-like lifestyle, or was he not as deeply in love with her as he used to be?

So, he felt no surprise, no anger, and no jealousy.

People were the most helpless to the loss of affection toward someone. They could feel and know it was leaving their world little by little, but they had no way of holding on to it.

Elise couldn’t help but wonder—were they truly husband and wife in their current state?

They had mutual respect for each other. Although they were busy, they completely trusted the other with everything they had.

If it was not extreme love, then it was extreme indifference.

She suddenly felt sad and didn’t want to be distanced from him.

“Kenneth wants to see you,” she said tentatively.

“Oh?” Alexander hooked his lips in a mysterious smile. “Is it that Kenneth, the one who faked being a couple with you before and now wants to buy over Alexis?”

“You knew?” she asked suspiciously.

“Of course, I knew.” Alexander laughed. “You are my wife. So, it’s only natural that I will pay attention to all of your affairs. In fact, no matter what you want to give me, the brand ‘Alexis’ shows me that I’m constantly in your mind and heart. It is apparent to me that no matter what you are doing and who you are with, I, Alexander, will always have a place in your heart.”

Elise’s heart suddenly softened at his words. His eyes were so deep and sincere as if they were trying to suck her in.

It turned out that he was aware of everything, including the meaning of the gift she gave him. She didn’t even have to say it, but he understood her loud and clear.

She remembered a poem—‘good rain knows its season’. And his love might just as well be such a good rain in the perfect season.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 624

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 624-“Elise.” Alexander’s expression suddenly became serious, and he asked, “Can I... kiss you?”

Elise’s face flushed, then she lowered her head and murmured, “You said I was your wife just now, so if you want to kiss me...”

“Oh, right. I’ve just gotten used to saying it.” He smiled, turning his eyes into crescents as he did so before he leaned over and kissed her lightly on the corner of her lips.

It was just a kiss, but all the speculation and the insecurity in her heart had vanished.

She wrapped her arms around his neck so that he could not step back.

“You haven’t said whether you will meet him or not.” Elise sighed and said in a frustrated manner, “I really can’t handle someone like him, so you have to help me deal with him.”

“Really?” He rested his hand on her arm. “You’re so smart, and yet you can’t do anything about him?”

She sighed helplessly, let go of him, and sat back. “That’s right. Kenneth is a very interesting person. He made me owe him a huge favor without saying anything, and he

has always shown me goodwill from time to time..." She paused when she said this before she turned her head and said seriously, "Alexander, I'm not a saint. I may not be tempted when there is such a person who asks nothing from me and is always good to me, but I really can't be indifferent to them. However, I do not wish to love someone else that isn't you. We are husband and wife, so can you help me with this?"

"Okay." Alexander held her hand again and patted it soothingly. "I'll meet him whenever you want me to."

"Thank you for being so good to me," Elise said.

He teased, "Is this the only time I'm good to you?"

"Of course you've always been this good. The man I love is someone I'm proud to be with," she boasted.

Alexander laughed. "Are you sure you're complimenting me or yourself?"

"Hehe. I will praise you when I get home!"

"Hm? Is it the kind of compliment that I'm thinking about?"

Elise immediately said, "No!"

"But I haven't said what it is yet.""

She just ignored him.

...

Another morning passed by.

Elise stood up and walked out as soon as the bell rang, refusing to give Mason a chance to nag at her.

In the end, he still called her to a stop. "Ms. Elise Sinclair, Mr. Elliot Howard, and Mr. Sheldon Keller, the three of you, please stay behind."

The three people whom Mason named wore the same expressions. Their faces drooped, and there was a look of hopelessness on their faces as if they had nothing left to live for.

"Mr. Young, you aren't planning to sentence us to detention like we're elementary students, right?" Elliot questioned as he knew Mason very well, and there were no rules for speaking up.

Mason rolled his eyes at Elliot. "Young fellow, I am giving you special attention here. How could you show such dissatisfaction? After all, I have to stay here after class with you too, you know? So, quit whining like a baby. Don't think I won't inform your parents!"

"I'm not three anymore, so why would you go looking for my parents..." Elliot muttered to himself.

Mason ignored him and continued to ask, "Have you read the exercise set that I gave you?"

"No, I didn't have the time," Elliot told him honestly.

Immediately, Mason smacked the rolled-up test paper on his head. "Of course, you don't have the time. You have to go to class, sleep, and still have to squeeze out some time to play games, don't you? Even the principal is not as busy as you are."

"Well..." Elliot scratched the back of his head and smiled cheekily.

Sheldon, who had not spoken for a while, suddenly became serious. "I read a little, but I don't understand it very well. However, my tutor is giving me a supplementary lesson, and I will catch up with the syllabus, so Mr. Young, you don't have to worry about me."

Elliot inhaled sharply and put the back of his hand on Sheldon's forehead. "Let me check. You don't have a fever, though. Are you alright?"

"F*ck off!" Sheldon smacked his hand off. "I want to actually put in effort into my studies now. Can't I do that?"

"Oh, please! Cut the bullsh*t. It's not funny at all." Elliot nudged him. After he spoke, he finally noticed Sheldon's solemn expression and asked, "Wait... Are you serious?"

"Yes," Sheldon said gravely. "I'm serious. In order to do well in game development, I must first become an excellent technician. If I can't achieve that, then how can I learn the skill sets I need in the future?"

Elliot didn't know what to say in response, but he suddenly felt that Sheldon seemed to be different, but he couldn't tell what had changed.

Mason was delighted by his attitude. "It looks like you can be taught after all. You are all smart children, and as long as you are willing to learn, it is never too late."

"Mr. Young, I think you're right." Elise said thoughtfully, "But Sheldon and Elliot have a poorer foundation than me, so you can just give them a supplementary lesson today, and I'll leave first, okay? Bye!"

After saying that, she immediately turned around to leave without waiting for a dismissal

by Mr. Young.

“Wait, wait, wait. Wait a minute...” Mason held her back. “Kid, you usually seem quiet, but why are you always so frantic? I have taught thousands of students throughout my career. Do you really think I can’t handle the three of you? Be good and stay here for revisions, and you can ask me directly if you have any questions. You don’t need to feel shy.”

She didn’t know how to get out of the situation. “But Mr. Young, I’m really not shy...”

“That’s perfect then. Now, just go back to your seat, and let’s get started!” Mason said with a smile.

She initially wanted to ask Sheldon and Elliot for help, but Sheldon sat back in his seat without saying a word. Elliot always looked up to him, so he sat back without making a fuss as well.

Elise tightly knitted her brows as she had an appointment with Kenneth and Alexander later on. She was not afraid of there being a conflict between the two when they met, but she had some doubts in her heart that she had to confirm in person.

As she looked around for an idea, she finally came up with a plan. She walked to Sheldon, picked up the pile of materials that weighed a ton, and then read ten lines at a glance.

Mason nodded in satisfaction. The three of them had good attitudes, so he felt that Martin’s evaluation of them was false.

After observing them for two minutes, he felt a little thirsty, so he turned and walked toward the podium, ready to take a sip of water.

As soon as he turned around, Elise stopped him.

“Mr. Young, your answer to this question is wrong.”

“What?” Mason hurriedly walked over, bent his upper body, and leaned in to read the question Elise pointed to.

That was a classic particle mechanics problem, which required one to calculate the tangential acceleration and the normal acceleration. Mason’s answer was thirteen, but the correct answer should be twenty-three.

The problem was in the calculation of the last portion of calculus in the solution. Mason’s logic was right, but perhaps there were errors in the calculation because of his age. Mathematical errors in physics were not easy to find, but it was also the most prone to mistakes.

"No, that's the right answer." Mason looked at the notes above. Every formula and step that he should use were correct, and there should be no problem with the answer.

"Your calculus is wrong. You should integrate all the previous content first and then head to the last step. Moreover, you didn't do it right after adding and subtracting," Elise said calmly.

"Is that so..." Mason pushed his glasses up, stared at the question, and began to calculate in his mind.

Elise snickered sneakily and asked, "Then, Mr. Young, since you're busy checking the math, can I take my leave? I have an important appointment to get to."

"Fine, you can go." Mason was busy checking his calculations, so he waved his hand and dismissed her.

"Thank you, sir. Goodbye, sir!"

She was like a rabbit and hopped out of the classroom immediately after speaking.

Martin witnessed this scene.

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 625

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 625-Martin stood at the front door and stared at Elise the entire time until she was at the entrance of the stairs. Then, he looked away from her figure and walked into the classroom.

Sheldon concentrated on doing the questions, and Elliot was casually playing games on his headphones in the classroom. Mason, next to him, was incredibly excited, and he was writing on the arithmetic exercise at a tremendous speed.

According to Elise's hints, he re-calculated the calculus using the physics formula and indeed came up with a new answer.

"Mr. Young." Martin walked up to him with an expression that conveyed his displeasure at Elise's treatment of Mason. "Now, you know exactly what I meant about Elise. Her focus is never on her studies, so you don't have to waste your energy on her."

Mason tilted his head to look at him and raised his left eyebrow at the unexpected comment. "What do you mean? I, however, am of the opinion that she still cares about her studies."

"Are you sure about that? Didn't you see that she was deliberately causing trouble for you so that she could take the opportunity to slip away?" Martin exposed her, feeling dissatisfied. "She relied on the support of the school's sponsors, and she does not

consider us teachers seriously at all. She is arrogant and doesn't give us the necessary respect!"

These words were too targeted. So, even though Sheldon didn't want to pay attention to them, he couldn't help turning his face toward the commotion and glancing at Martin impatiently.

There were all sorts of people around the world. However, were such people who spoke ill of their students behind their backs worthy of being teachers?

After returning home, he had to discuss finding a way to drive Martin out of Tissote University with his brother.

"Well, I appreciate Elise's spirit. There are not many students with such vigor now." Mason smiled. "Besides, I did make a mistake in this question. She is very good, very good indeed—"

"This is just a coincidence," Martin said stubbornly. "She's the kind of student that loves butting heads with her teachers, and she's constantly disrupting my class."

"Mr. Kamp, I think you are exaggerating the truth. After observing the class for the past few days, I don't think Elise is as terrible as you make her out to be." Mason's expression changed, and he didn't look happy. It was rare for him to take on the attitude of a leader. "Do be warned that your attitude is veering close to human rights violation where 'No person shall be denied the right to education'. Irrespective of a student's background, teachers should be patient and accessible when teaching. We may not be able to teach excellent students, but we can definitely decide what kind of teacher we become. So, Mr. Kamp, I hope you heed my advice."

With that, he said to Sheldon and Elliot, "You guys can go home. I'll give it a good thought and see how I can make up this lesson for you."

"Yes! Thank you, Mr. Young!"

Elliot reacted immediately. The next second, he dragged Sheldon out and left.

Sheldon deliberately bumped into Martin when they passed by.

"Sorry, sir. Goodbye, sir!"

He apologized dismissively, and before Martin could hold him accountable, they slid away like eels.

Martin said in aggravation, "Mr. Young! You saw that as well! These students don't even know what it means to respect teachers!"

“Ah? What? I’m old, so my eyesight is not good, and I can’t see clearly.” Mason pretended to be confused. Then, he picked up the documents, turned around, and left. “My wife is waiting for me to return home for dinner, so I’m sorry to cut our talk short. See you!”

He started walking off leisurely as soon as those words left his lips.

Martin’s face turned red with anger, and he couldn’t help but clench his hand into a fist by his side.

He really didn’t know what the board of the school committee was thinking when they arranged for an old man to be in charge of the Elite Class.

He couldn’t even figure out what was going on in front of him. How could it be expected of him to lead the whole class into a brighter future?

If this continued, Mason would destroy the Elite Class!

No, he had to find an opportunity to oust Mason from the position of the homeroom teacher and regain the leadership of the Elite Class.

Martin pushed his glasses’ frame when he thought of this, and a hint of shrewdness flashed in his eyes.

...

Alexander talked to Johnny at the school’s entrance, “Let’s do it as we practiced. Remember, don’t slip up.”

“I’m under a lot of pressure, boss.” Johnny wanted to cry. If he could act well, he would already be a boss on his own and wouldn’t have to work for others then!

“Take it easy. It’s just a meal. You can leave earlier if you really can’t continue,” Alexander said, already planning for the worst-case scenario.

“Fine, then I’ll be going now.”

When Elise came, Alexander had just hung up the phone. Then, they got in the car and set off directly to the appointed destination.

Since Kenneth was not interested in meeting him before, Elise found another excuse to make an appointment so that they didn’t have to worry about Kenneth being absent.

Soon, the two approached the VIP room of the Hall of Fame Restaurant.

The waiter opened the door, and Elise and Alexander saw the so-called ‘Kenneth’ sitting

in the room.

When she saw the two men appear in the same setting, the cloud of doubt that had been bothering her finally dissipated.

There was a time that she smelled Kenneth's cologne in Alexander's car, and she suspected that maybe they were the same person.

Now, it seemed that she was just overthinking things.

'Kenneth' took the initiative to get up and greet them. He reached out and held Alexander's hand. "Mr. Griffith, it's an honor to meet you."

"No, no. I don't deserve such a pedestal," Alexander said lightly. "Elise often mentions you to me."

"Well, that proves that I still have some weight in Miss Sinclair's heart."

'Kenneth' did not hide his appreciation for her at all.

"Indeed." Alexander naturally put his hand on her as if he wanted to make it known that she was his. "There really aren't many men like yourself, Mr. Bailey. You have been rejected by my wife so many times, but you still work tirelessly without expecting anything in return."

Immediately, 'Kenneth' laughed instead of being provocative when he heard this. "Well, I can't help it. Her charisma is truly something."

Elise coughed dryly, and her face flushed in embarrassment at what these two people were saying. "Are the two of you holding a staff commendation meeting? Even if you are, can I be excused?"

Alexander and 'Kenneth' finally let go of each other's hands and took their seats as they heard that.

After the dishes were served, she sneakily kicked Alexander's foot, signaling him to take the initiative.

Alexander lowered his eyes and nodded slightly in reassurance.

Then, he immediately raised his glass and looked at 'Kenneth'. "Mr. Bailey, I respect you and thank you for appreciating my wife. If you need anything in the future, you can contact me directly. I promise to offer aid as long as it is in my power to do so."

His purpose was obvious—he didn't want Kenneth to contact Elise again.

'Kenneth' had raised his cup halfway, but he put it back down again after listening to Alexander's words. "If that's the case, I'm afraid I can't drink this."

She originally planned to give Alexander full authority to deal with this while solely concentrating on eating, but when she heard this, she couldn't help but freeze and listen carefully to the conversation.

What did Kenneth mean? Did he not want to make peace?

She raised her head as if she had an inkling of what he meant, but 'Kenneth' had just happened to look over, and their gazes unexpectedly collided.

'Kenneth' looked at her affectionately and just gazed at her in silence.

She was also able to observe him seriously, and within ten seconds of detailed scrutiny, she suddenly realized that Kenneth was a little different today.

There was a saying in which the eyes were the windows of the soul.

Now, the 'Kenneth', sitting across from her, did not have any passionate love in his eyes.

Although he was good at pretending as if he liked her and was interested in her, it was too superficial.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 626

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 626-One couldn't fake pure love toward another.

'Kenneth' also seemed to realize that he was giving the game away and quickly turned his attention back to Alexander.

"Everyone is in the know, so I won't bother beating around the bush. Mr. Griffith, I know what you're worried about, and I also understand Miss Sinclair's concerns. I have said it before and I will say it again: I have no intention of making her uncomfortable, nor do I intend to violate her when my affections aren't returned. So, I don't think there's a need for you guys to distance yourself from me."

While he was talking, Elise was motionless like a cheetah in an ambush, engrossed and ready to make a fatal strike at her prey.

Alexander paused for a while when he heard this. Then, finally, he put down the wine glass in his hand, leaned against the seat behind him, folded his legs, and said with a smirk. "I hope Mr. Bailey understands one thing—my wife is very outstanding. I imagine

that, just like you, many silently choose to become an unknown knight by her side, even though I am one of them. But my wife has the final say on whether or not you can become an official knight that stands by her side. Other than that, the rest will be just purely harassment.”

“I didn’t intend to harass your lives,” the so-called ‘Kenneth’ said dispassionately.

“But you’ve already made things difficult for us.” Alexander pressed forward. “I have done some investigation on you, Mr. Bailey. And, truth to be told, we don’t quite agree with some of your methods. I have to say, though; I believe it’s true that birds of a feather flock together, and we’re unquestionably not alike. So, I think it’s better to make things clear when it comes to some aspects of our lives.”

“Do you mean you would want to stop the cooperation with Smith Co.?” ‘Kenneth’ looked at Elise thoughtfully again. “Is this what Miss Sinclair wants too?”

Alexander was also silent, calmly waiting for her answer.

Of course, he didn’t want her to cut off contact with Smith Co., since the company would solve most of her troubles.

He had joined forces with Johnny to act out this scene because he understood how her mind worked. Since she came up with the idea of asking him and Kenneth to solve each other’s problems, this meeting was inevitable.

The second reason was that Alexander wanted to take this opportunity to positively confirm Elise’s attitude and whether she could accept the organization of Smith Co. and the unruly Kenneth.

He had been wandering around her with two identities and genuinely felt guilt-ridden. He wanted to tell her everything, but he was afraid that she would be disgusted by his unscrupulous actions.

Alexander’s hand hidden under the table was secretly clenched into a fist, and he started to feel a little impatient.

However, Elise was thinking of something else.

She clearly had an appointment with Kenneth, but this one in front of her was a fake.

Was this Kenneth’s arrangement, or did those people also use a fake mask, kidnapped the real Kenneth, and used a fake one to confuse her?

No matter which one it was, she had to first confirm the other party’s identity.

Fortunately, she had tried on Jacob’s human-like skin mask before, and she knew

exactly how she could pull off the mask as quickly as possible.

She completely ignored the conversation between Alexander and the fake Kenneth just now. Then, she stood up without warning and walked around the table's edge toward Kenneth the next second.

As she walked, she recalled, "Kenneth, do you remember when we were in Landred City, you got stabbed in the alley because of me and almost died?"

The fake Kenneth's eyes looked around and while she was not paying attention, he hurriedly signaled to Alexander for help.

Alexander slowly shook his head. He was injured because he broke into the underground organization alone, not in an alley.

However, he could not express these words directly to Johnny. Only Melody was accompanying him in Landred City at the time, and Johnny did not know the details of what had happened.

After thinking about it, 'Kenneth' can only say, "Sorry, there have been too many things going on in Smith Co. recently. I don't remember the details of what happened so long ago."

These remarks were ambiguous enough that she could not catch him red-handed as he didn't confirm nor deny the statement.

Yet, they never would have thought that this was just her first attempt at prodding him for the truth. When Johnny and Alexander made eye contact, she had already walked behind the fake Kenneth. Then, she quickly took out a silver needle coated in paralytic, and as soon as he finished speaking, she stuck the needle in his neck. As a result, 'Kenneth' was almost instantly paralyzed.

Alexander stood up instinctively and wanted to stop her, but he was still a step too late. In just a few seconds, she took off the pretender's mask.

"Johnny?" She recognized the man immediately. "Why are you here? Where's Kenneth?"

She was almost certain that this was Kenneth's arrangement.

As expected, he did not dare to come.

Elise immediately turned to look at the other side of the table. When she saw that Alexander had stood up agitatedly, her anxiety-fueled suspicion returned; it was stronger than before.

A table had only separated them, but she felt terrified.

The anesthetic on the needle had taken effect and Johnny couldn't move half of his body, so he could turn his neck stiffly and came up with an excuse on the fly. "Miss Sinclair, don't get me wrong. As I said just now, the company is currently very hectic during this time, and Mr. Bailey can't leave, but he didn't want to break his promise with you. So, that's why he came up with this idea."

"Hmph." Elise sneered mockingly. "Busy? That's usually not the case, though. He visits me at school every few days. But when I truly need him, he's suddenly a coward?"

Johnny looked embarrassed and was stumped for explanations.

"He's just an employee, so there's no need to make things difficult for him. Just let him send a message to Kenneth," Alexander interjected.

She pursed her lips tightly and remained silent without expressing her position.

However, Johnny was a little dissatisfied with this outcome, so while he still could do so, he asked in amusement, "Miss Sinclair, can you at least tell me what gave me away?"

Elise looked over at him coldly. "Your eyes are very similar, but they don't look natural, and your tone is exactly the same as Kenneth's, but there are still some tonal differences."

Johnny smiled and laughed at himself. "I'm not a professional actor. However, I must say I'm quite satisfied with my performance. I must admit that I am surprised that you understand my boss so well that you can even tell the truth with just one look. It seems that my boss has a shot after all."

As soon as he finished saying this, the whole room fell silent.

Elise's eyes widened in shock as this was something she didn't even realize, so Johnny's words had caught her off guard.

Since when did she take notice of Kenneth's every move?

She actually paid attention to a man that wasn't Alexander?

She had constantly been escaping from the truth, but reality had finally slapped her across the face.

Alexander didn't expect Johnny to make such an ingenious move, but when he looked at Elise's disconcerted expression, his whole heart felt like it was being twisted and he felt suffocated.

His Elise finally fell in love with his other identity. He was happy, but he began to feel afraid.

Her heart accepted Kenneth, but would her pragmatism accept the other side of him?

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 627

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 627-Inside the private room, the tension in the air was so thick that one could slice it with a knife. Finally, after an unknown amount of time, a waiter pushed the door and entered to break the silence.

The two tacitly restrained their emotions and did not make a scene in front of outsiders.

However, Elise still didn't know how to face Alexander and ran out while the door was open.

When he saw her escaping, he picked up his jacket and hurriedly chased after her.

"Elise! Elise!"

At the hotel's entrance, she was forced to a stop and took a deep breath.

"Are you okay?" He stopped in front of her. The volume of his voice was quiet, his well-defined eyebrows were tightly knitted, and his blood running cold.

"I'm fine." She shook her head and lowered her face. "But I think there's something wrong with me, so I need to get away from the situation."

"Okay, I'll accompany you. I won't say or do anything. I will just be by your side," he said lightly.

"No, I don't want you to act like this," she said anxiously. "I mean, I just want some space for myself, alone."

Alexander leaned on her shoulder, looked at her adoringly, and said patiently, "We are now husband and wife. Regardless of what happens, we have to share the burden."

Elise resignedly pushed his hand away and took a step back. "Don't tell me you don't understand what Johnny implied earlier."

No man in this world wouldn't mind his wife having another man in her heart, let alone hearing it from someone else.

Alexander's hand hung awkwardly in the air momentarily before he pulled it back. Still,

with a faint smile on his face, he said, "Those people are used to being sycophants. I won't take it to heart. I'm telling you that I believe in you."

"But I don't believe in myself anymore!" Elise suddenly raised her voice, and her beautiful eyes were filled with tears because of guilt. "I feel bad now, you know? As long as I think about how I enjoy the love you give me, and at the same time, I can't help letting others live in my heart, I can't help but think that I am just like what they say, a fickle woman who's cheating on you!"

"No, Elise. You're not." His eyes instantly turned red-rimmed when he saw she was in such an agonizing state. "It doesn't matter whether you like me or care about Kenneth because..."

He couldn't stand it any longer. He had to tell her the truth, even if it meant potential rejection.

"Because I'm greedy." Unfortunately, she didn't give him a chance to finish. "Because I don't know what it means to be satisfied. I know what you're going to say, but Alexander, you shouldn't be shouldering the blame in this matter. So, give me a moment to calm down, okay? I'll come back to you after I've given this a serious thought."

"Elise..."

Alexander tried to explain again, but she was utterly out of her depth. So, after she finished saying her piece, she ran out, hailed a taxi, and left.

He chased the car, ran out onto the road, and stopped when the taxi accelerated.

As he watched the taxi drive farther and farther, the light in his eyes dimmed gradually before turning sorrowful.

After that, Elise stayed at the school on the grounds to prepare for the Nationwide University Know-All Competition.

In all honesty, she was just hiding from Alexander.

As for Alexander, he would wait by the school gate every day, but he would not call her, nor would he ever tell her he was there. He just sat in the car alone from when the street lights were turned on until the lights were turned off in the dormitory.

For half a month, they did not see each other.

As time flew in a blink of an eye, the Nationwide University Know-All Competition officially kicked off.

At 8.00AM, the students participating in the competition arrived at the TV station by school bus.

Due to Sophie's arrest, Elise naturally was ranked third, taking over her original position as the main competitor.

Before the competition, the participating teams waited in the candidate area according to their groups.

Stefan had a very stable mentality and he was sitting on a leather chair to meditate.

Mica was already nervous when she was at the school. So, when she arrived at the scene, she couldn't help taking deep breaths, trying to ease her emotions.

"Here, take this." Elise handed her a pill that she had specially made for Mica. "Eat it so you won't get sick later."

Mica took a look at the pink pill and asked curiously, "Is this a new product of yours?"

"Something like that," Elise replied honestly. "I made it myself, but if you are worried, you don't have to eat it. Instead, I can just massage your acupuncture points, so you'll be able to relax."

Mica laughed immediately, raised her head, and ate the medicine. Then, she twisted the lid of the thermos bottle and said with a smile, "Since it's given by you, I'll take it even if it's poison!"

"Mica, you've been badly influenced by Sheldon and the others!" Elise chastised her.

Due to her constantly staying at the school, apart from getting along with Mica the most, she also met up with Sheldon and Elliot every day whereby they became acquainted.

She had to admit that the existence of Elliot, the social butterfly, had improved Mica's social anxiety by a significant amount.

At this moment, a familiar and malicious voice came from the side.

"Well, well, well. Aren't you just so capable of winning people's hearts?"

The sound of high heels clicking on the floor approached, and Elise and Mica could finally see the voice's owner—Sophie Bowen.

Mica acted as if an enemy had arrived, and she quickly protected Elise behind her. "What do you want?"

Elise glanced at her and couldn't help but feel touched. A girl who was usually timid and cowardly could be tough in order to protect her friends.

Sophie was dressed up so conspicuously as the dress was so low-cut it almost reached her belly button. Those who didn't know better would have thought she was a part of some kind of tacky talent show.

She folded her hands arrogantly against her chest and stood in front of them. Then, she sneered condescendingly but did not answer.

Mica calmed down as she suddenly recalled what had happened before and said warily, "Sophie Bowen, did you escape from prison? Isn't hiring a hitman against someone a life sentence?"

"Escape from prison? What are you talking about?!" Sophie paled and retorted hurriedly, "The reason why I am standing here a free person is of course because I didn't break the law! You don't even understand this, yet you still have the nerve to be on TV. How shameful!"

Elise squinted her eyes. She didn't believe that people from Smith Co. would make a mistake. It appeared that the Bowen Family must have expended a lot of effort to get her out.

"You should be the one ashamed as a murder suspect," Mica said confidently. "It's useless for you to come back now. The principal has announced that you have been disqualified from participating in the competition on behalf of Tissote University. As the captain, I will never welcome someone like you into our team."

"Oh, you're just hilarious." Sophie laughed out loud. "Do you really think that no one would want someone with my qualifications after I leave Tissote?"

"Isn't that the case?" Elise probed expressionlessly.

"Of course not!" Sophie's expression became cold for a second, and she showed off arrogantly. "If it weren't for Mr. Kamp's visit in person, I would not have agreed to transfer to Tissote University. Everyone knows that Mayweather Polytechnic University has consistently ranked above Tissote's in recent years. I am here as Mayweather's representative, and I'll make sure to crush every single one of you!"

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 628

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 628-"You truly are a fence sitter, always picking the side that has the best chance at winning." Elise laughed sardonically.

“Why do you care which side I pick? The important thing is that no matter who I support, you don’t stand a chance against them,” Sophie said confidently. “The competition hasn’t even started yet. Who said Elise is your inferior? Even if her foundation isn’t that good, there are still Stefan and me. Don’t forget. Since you arrived at Elite Class, you’ve never beaten the both of us before!”

Mica argued in vexation, “You’re a registered student at Tissote University, but you went and provided another school with external assistance; that’s being disloyal. Furthermore, you’re unrighteous for abandoning your teammates, unkind for belittling your classmates, and unfilial for doing bad deeds using your parents’ money. Someone like you who is disloyal, unrighteous, unkind, and unfilial isn’t comparable to Elise at all!”

“You—” Sophie was so furious that she was rendered speechless as she pointed an index finger at Mica, unable to squeeze out a complete sentence.

Mica held her head high, deliberately posing triumphantly to provoke her and gain the upper hand.

Even Elise was surprised. There were more than 300 people in this great hall, yet Mica could say so many things at once without stuttering. It was a huge improvement from the Mica of before.

“Okay, Mica.” Elise walked up from behind her, placed her hands on her shoulders, then said softly, “We should only debate with kindred souls; never quarrel with addled trolls. If you continue, you’ll only be diminishing your class.”

It was effortless to have a conversation with someone of considerable intellect. Mica understood Elise’s meaning, so her anger subsided at her words.

After all, Elise had a point. So why should she waste time talking to the intellectually challenged?

The two of them were about to walk away when the teams from Mayweather Polytechnic University arrived at the waiting area. One of the teams saw Sophie and walked over to her.

“Why, Sophie? Do you still miss your comrades at Tissote University? Why don’t you just go back?”

The person who spoke was Malia Braun, a member of Mayweather Polytechnic University’s seeded team. Her family was relatively wealthy, and her IQ wasn’t bad, but she looked down on everyone. Everything she wore was printed with prominent logos of luxury brands. The only thing she lacked was having the words ‘I’m rich’ engraved on her forehead.

Next to her were Tiana Hill and Sebastian Walker, the other two members of the seeded

team who were slightly better than her but obviously more humble and well-mannered.

“What are you talking about?” Sophie hurriedly leaned toward them. “I’m now a member of Mayweather Polytechnic, so you should speak with some respect.”

“You still expect me to respect you? Don’t you know what you’ve done? In order to show off, you transferred to Tisotte University. Then, when you couldn’t fit in well, you transferred back. Do you think Mayweather is a hotel where you can come and go as you wish?” Malia said curtly.

“I…”

“All right. All right. We’re all teammates. Let’s not rock the boat,” Tiana persuaded gently. “Everyone wants to fight for the honor of Mayweather. So, let’s put personal grudges aside today. Do it for my sake.”

Tiana was Mayweather’s campus belle and the captain of the seeded team, so Malia still had to show her some regard. She pursed her lips and took a long puff of her electronic cigarette before relaxing on the sofa.

Although Sophie didn’t pursue the issue with her, she still rolled her eyes, and her expression was nasty.

Elise scornfully shook her head. After returning to Mayweather, it seemed that Sophie’s life hadn’t been easy either.

“Hello.” Tiana suddenly extended her hand to Elise and said with a smile, “I’m the captain of Mayweather’s Team 1. I’m Tiana. Let’s be friends?”

Elise thought for a while before politely shaking her hand and letting go.

“I heard you were last year’s top scorer of the liberal arts department?” Tiana asked despite already knowing it. “I’m this year’s top scorer. I hope that we’ll have a chance to compete against each other when the time comes.”

The corners of Elise’s lips curled up. “I look forward to it.”

Tiana pursed her lips, then gave her a meaningful smile before leaving with Sebastian.

“Are you all okay?” At some point, Stefan walked toward Elise and Mica from behind as he was worried that the students from Mayweather Polytechnic were causing trouble.

“We’re fine,” Elise answered serenely. “They were just saying hello.”

Stefan nodded slightly, then turned and walked away.

She couldn't help but take one more glance at him. This boy didn't talk much, but he was still valiant at critical moments.

In the classroom last time, he lent her a computer so that she could expose Sophie and Martin's false accusations. Speaking of which, she still owed him a favor.

However, she was a little stumped on ideas as she didn't know how to repay a boy of this age who only wanted to study.

"With Tiana here, I'm afraid it will be difficult for us to win the championship." Mica suddenly sighed, feeling dispirited.

"Is she very good?" Elise asked casually.

"You don't know about her?" Mica exclaimed in shock. "Tiana has been very famous since high school, and she is the champion of 'The Brain' for two consecutive years. She has a remarkable memory. It's said that her knowledge is on par with that of certain degree holders."

"What's 'The Brain'?" Elise asked naively.

"It's a knowledge-based variety show that's more insane than the Know-All Competition," Stefan interjected. "Every competition item aims to challenge the limits of humanity, and the audience jokingly calls it the Special Ability Rally. Those who can stand out have extraordinary capabilities."

Elise understood the gravity of the situation now since Tiana was able to earn Stefan's praise. Thus, she decided to be more focused when she was on the field.

At 9.00AM, the competition officially started.

After five elimination rounds, the Elite Class team of Tissote University and the seeded team of Mayweather Polytechnic University entered the finals simultaneously.

After four rounds of competitive quizzing, the scores of the two sides were at a stalemate, and they entered overtime. Each question varied from 30 to 50 points, and the two sides would race to be the first to answer. In the end, after the thirteen questions ended, the team with the highest score would win.

During the first ten questions, the two teams fought back and forth. The atmosphere was tense, and neither team gave the other any quarter.

The difficulty of the last three questions instantly increased.

“The phrase ‘take pleasure in others’ misfortune’ means that one will be happy when he sees others suffering. In German, there is a compound word for pain and joy. What is this word? Please answer—”

Tiana had some recollection of it, but she suddenly couldn’t remember.

Elise quickly pressed the answer button and answered, “Schadenfreude.”

“Schadenfreude is the correct answer!”

“In English, this word refers to the creation and instigation of a trend or craze. Please answer—”

Elise was under no pressure as she pressed the button again. “Trendsetter.”

“The answer is... Correct!”

Tiana smiled with some regret as she noticed how excited the host had become, but there was one more chance. As long as they got that right, they could turn the tides.

“One more question remains. The current scores of both teams are 440 points for Tissote University and 410 points for Mayweather Polytechnic. The last question is worth 40 points. If Mayweather Polytechnic answers correctly, they will be able to successfully defend their title.”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 629

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 629-“Let’s look forward to seeing which team will come out on top this year.”

“Now, onto the last question. Franklin D. Roosevelt mentioned the Four Freedoms in his 1941 State of the Union address, and the Universal Declaration of Human Rights reaffirmed these four freedoms as well. Please state all the four great freedoms. Start answering... Now!”

The moment the emcee finished talking, the red light on Mayweather University’s side lit up.

Tiana and her other team members looked bewildered, and after looking around, they realized that it was Sophie who pressed the buzzer.

“Do you know the answer?” Tiana asked, already feeling hopeless.

“What the hell? Don’t you know it’s very disadvantageous to be the first to answer?!”

Malia was so angry that she nearly flipped the table.

The emcee was already urging the team without waiting for Sophie's reply, "Okay, will Mayweather Polytechnic's reserve team members please give us the answer?"

Sophie swallowed; she felt so nervous that she was trembling.

In all honesty, she just didn't want to miss the only chance to make a comeback. She thought that Tiana and the others must know the answer, so she pressed the buzzer. However, it turned out that none of them knew the answer.

The entire country was watching her on TV, so she couldn't just give up no matter what.

Sophie clutched the corner of her skirt, took a few deep breaths, then hesitated before stuttering out her answer, "They are... Speech... Freedom of speech and expression of opinions."

At this point, she paused. How was she supposed to remember the foreign culture so clearly?!

"Miss Bowen." The emcee reminded her kindly, "You need to state all four great freedoms for it to be considered the correct answer."

She swallowed nervously as the timer on the big screen was on countdown. The more she tried not to pay attention to the numbers, the more anxious she became.

"Five, four, three, two, one..."

In the blink of an eye, time ran out.

Sophie let out a bitter tut and felt absolutely wretched.

"Oh, what a pity. Then, the opportunity to answer will automatically be given to Tissote University. Tissote University, please send a representative to answer."

Michelle and Stefan were both science students, so they didn't know much about this topic.

"They are the freedom of worship, freedom from want, and freedom from fear," Elise took charge and answered. Just as she did during the first two questions, her answers were concise, but she had only stated three.

Once again, the host reminded awkwardly, "Miss Sinclair, you need to state all four answers before the answer is considered complete."

Much to everyone's surprise, she only replied lightly, "I don't know what the last one is."

As soon as she said that, the audience was in an uproar.

After both teams had their turn, everyone else had already figured out the answer, as Elise and Sophie's answers were the combination of the correct answer.

However, why didn't Elise finish stating them all?

Amidst their astonishment, the countdown that belonged to Elise was over.

The host pursed his lips but was forced to announce that Sophie was again qualified to answer per the rules.

However, Elise's actions had rendered Sophie between a rock and a hard place.

If both their answers were combined and repeated, and the host announced that the answer was correct, Mayweather University would definitely be able to overtake their score.

Yet, she would in fact be defeating Elise by using the answer given by Elise herself, which was tantamount to receiving charity.

It would be like telling the world that Tissote University didn't fail to get the championship but didn't need it and gave it to Mayweather instead.

Now, it all depended on whether Sophie wanted to keep her dignity or be the champion.

Tiana and Malia couldn't afford to lose their dignity as competitors, so they coughed hard beside her, signaling for her to just let the timer run.

However, Sophie was wholly immersed in her own world and couldn't hear their 'signals' at all. This is a competition. If we don't enter it to win it, then what's the point?

Not to mention, maybe Elise didn't state all four answers because she just didn't know the fourth one and thought the answer Sophie gave was wrong.

She had consecutively answered two bonus points questions correctly earlier, so how could she possibly be sure of the last question too? She must have forgotten the most important one, but Sophie remembered it.

So, victory had already belonged to her in the first place.

That's right. Elise is still an idiotic person. Even if she suspected that my answer was wrong, she could've given it a try. Instead, she was the one who wasted this golden opportunity.

Before the competition, she said she would never miss any opportunity to trample on Elise.

As soon as Sophie recalled her words, she grew confident and exclaimed, "They are the freedom of worship, freedom from want, freedom from fear, and freedom of speech."

"The answer is..." The host was good at keeping up the suspense, as he deliberately paused before announcing, "Correct! Congratulations to Mayweather Polytechnic University for being this year's champion of the Nationwide University Know-All Competition!"

"We won! We won! Yay!" Sophie pumped her fists in excitement, then turned to celebrate with her teammates, but when she looked back, all she saw were three sour faces.

"What's with you guys..." Sophie innocently lowered her hands. "I won the championship for you guys. So, why are you giving me that look?"

Tiana sighed in exasperation and disappointment. "Sophie, you should collect this trophy on your own."

With that, she took the lead and left the stage to show her integrity.

Malia walked to her with a bitter look on her face. "The students from Tissote University didn't want it, but you went and picked it up in the name of Mayweather. What do you take Mayweather for? You must be a spy sent by Tissote University, right? F*ck..."

Then, she left too.

Although Sebastian didn't say anything, he left the stage as well.

Sophie was frozen in place for a full two minutes before she realized what Tiana and Malia meant.

Her answering the second time itself wasn't the problem, but the main issue here is that she not only used Elise's answer but also answered correctly, which was simply self-humiliation.

Elise had deliberately dug a grave for Sophie to jump in!

What the audience sitting in front of the TVs saw now wasn't how Sophie stood out, but Tissote University and Elise's exemplary conduct and integrity.

She won, but she placed Mayweather Polytechnic in a questionable state. If they were to have another close encounter in the future, regardless of whether Mayweather won

or lost, everyone would think that it was just Tissote University being humble and that they had always been more skilled.

What a cunning scheme!

After figuring it out, when receiving the award, Sophie didn't even dare to look at the camera as she hurriedly accepted the trophy and slipped away.

Tissote University was the runner-up and received a trophy too, but the committee seemed to have kept a keen eye on Elise's performance during overtime. After the award was presented, the volunteers called her aside.

"Miss Sinclair, allow me to introduce you to Ms. Wendy Jennings. She's the only female physics academician in Cittadel," the volunteer said.

"Miss Jennings." Elise nodded politely.

Wendy had an amiable smile on her face. "I heard that you transferred to the science class?"

"Yes."

"That's good." Wendy gave a slight nod. "All the best, Miss Sinclair. I can tell that your future is a bright one."

"Thank you," Elise responded calmly.

The corners of Wendy's lips curled slightly, and she glanced at the assistant who was following her.

The assistant immediately understood and handed a set of equipment to Elise.

"This is my gift to you," Wendy explained. "Learning requires a combination of work and rest. This game has a very novel concept and is rather new in the market; however, I look forward to seeing you in it."

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 630

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 630-Elise glanced down and reached out to retrieve the gaming equipment.

It wasn't that she hadn't played similar games that required physical equipment before, but upon holding it in her hands, she was still surprised by its weight.

However, her expression was still calm when she promised. "I'll make sure to play it well."

"Ms. Jennings, it's time." the assistant reminded her.

Wendy nodded, then left with the help of her assistant.

When they were quite a distance away, only then did Mica dare to come over and ask in excitement, "What did Miss Jennings say to you?"

As she asked the question, she was still looking in Wendy's direction from time to time.

"She asked me to play this game," Elise answered solemnly.

"Huh?" For a moment, Mica was taken aback. "Shouldn't she be asking you to study well and score well academically?"

Elise shrugged. "Who knows? Perhaps Miss Jennings' mind works differently from that of ordinary people."

"That's possible," Mica agreed. "If anyone can guess what a fellow in academia thinks, then everyone can be one of them."

After a while, her previous excitement returned, so she happily pulled Elise and added, "After being inexplicably suppressed by Mayweather Polytechnic for so long, we can finally hold our heads up high. So, let's go to Snack Street to celebrate!"

"Okay." Elise agreed since she didn't have anything planned anyway.

At this moment, a sincere sounding male voice came from beside them. "Excuse me, miss."

Mica froze for a moment, then turned and pointed to herself before asking, "Are you talking to me?"

She recognized him. He was Sebastian—Mayweather Polytechnic's contestant number two during the finals.

"Yeah." Sebastian nodded and said sheepishly, "I think you're very cute. Can I have your number?"

"Oh..." Mica was flustered and bit her lower lip shyly, but she dared not look directly at him.

Elise nudged her with her elbow and teased, "What do you mean by 'Oh'? He wants to get to know you. Don't you want to get to know him?"

“Of course not!” Mica blurted. After that, she realized that Sebastian hadn’t left yet, so she hurriedly took out her phone and quickly exchanged phone numbers with him.

“Thank you.” Sebastian smiled shyly. “I’ll send you a message. You girls carry on. Goodbye.”

“Bye.” Mica waved her hand and watched as the other party left.

Up until Sebastian boarded the Mayweather’s school bus, Mica’s hand was still shaking like a Lucky Cat’s paw.

Elise was sincerely happy to see Mica experiencing love at first sight in university and for having such a romantic encounter.

After a while, Mica finally recovered her composure, and when she saw Elise grinning, her face flushed crimson.

“Stop grinning!” Mica grabbed Elise’s sleeve and gave it a reproachful tug.

“Hehe... Who’s grinning? I’m not.” Elise grinned like a Cheshire Cat, as that was how best friends behaved when they saw each other getting romantically involved.

“You’re still doing it! It’s so annoying! I’m ignoring you!”

The two of them immediately began their mock fight.

“Elise!” Sophie suddenly rushed over to interrupt them aggressively. “Just because you have a good memory, do you think you can go around humiliating others? You’ve gone too far!”

Mica’s face hardened as she said coldly, “Sophie, don’t act innocent after taking advantage of the situation. If Elise hadn’t given you the chance, could Mayweather have gotten first place?!”

“Bah! Anyone can be the champion for all I care!” Sophie spoke as though she was restraining herself from using any vulgar words. “Do you think I don’t know? Did she truly give me a chance? She deliberately wanted the entire country to think that Mayweather only got its glory because Tissote University gave it up, not because we earned it with our own abilities. That chance you said you handed me on a silver platter was nothing more than a honeyed trap!”

“So what if it was?” Elise admitted candidly. “Even a moron would know to err on the side of caution, but you impulsively made a decision without thinking twice. Who is at fault here?”

“How dare you call me an idiot!” Sophie felt so furious that it felt like a physical weight against her chest, and her heavily dolled up eyes were widened in her rage, which made her look like a terrifying hag.

“You said it yourself,” Elise said in an unhurried manner. “I’m talking about you being...”

She deliberately trailed off and looked at Mica.

“A moron?” Mica answered knowingly as they exchanged looks and smiles with each other.

“This is outrageous! Both of you are such b*tches!” Sophie clenched her fists and stomped her feet before rushing toward Elise.

However, Mica stepped in front of Elise, so Sophie crashed into her before bouncing off and landing on her butt after falling off.

“Hiss—” Rubbing her painful butt, Sophie pointed at Mica and snapped, “You fat hag! P*ss off, this has nothing to do with you!”

“I’m fat, but I’m not yet old enough to be a hag. But it has to be said: even if I am old enough, I’ll unite all the grannies in the world and make sure they go on a strike just to refuse to have a daughter-in-law like you.”

Mica placed both hands on her waist and said confidently, “Also, this has everything to do with me. Elise is my friend, so her business is my business. If you try anything else, I won’t mind making you my human-bed and squash you flat!”

“You disgraceful peasant! You’re the only one left! Hurry up and get on the bus!” Malia shouted from a distance when she saw how embarrassing Sophie was before turning and walking toward the school bus.

What were the school leaders thinking by accepting such a dim-witted creature?

Apparently, embarrassing herself on live TV wasn’t enough, as she even went and chewed the other party off in private. Ugh, she’s so trashy.

Sophie was a little intimidated by Malia, so she hurriedly got up from the ground and chased after her, perfectly portraying what it meant to flee after being defeated.

“Hmph...” Mica snorted coldly as she stared at Sophie’s retreating back.

“Well done.” Elise patted her on the shoulder and praised, “You know, Mica, you’re so beautiful when you’re confident. No wonder that boy can’t help but ask for your number.”

At the mention of Sebastian, Mica grew shy again, so she hurriedly changed the subject. "Oh, we should go look for the others. Mr. Young and the others must have been waiting for a long time!"

After all the commotion, the two of them walked toward the meeting point at Tissote University.

However, when they went to the place, in addition to the school bus, there was a black multipurpose vehicle parked next to it.

Elise had a bad feeling about it as she looked at the car from a distance. Then, sure enough, when they approached closer, the door opened and Kenneth got out of the car.

She hadn't seen Alexander in the past few days, and of course, she wouldn't pay any attention to Kenneth. She wanted to just get onto the school bus, so she pretended not to see him, but he saw through her thoughts and walked over first, stopping her in her path.

"All your fans are outside. If you take the school bus, no one will be able to go back," Kenneth said dispassionately.

Elise shot him an icy glare. "You did this."

The news of her participation in the competition wasn't announced in advance, so even if her fans saw her on TV, it would be impossible for them to rush over so quickly.

Kenneth didn't do it, but he didn't deny it either. "I just want to talk to you. I promise to only talk about business and nothing else."

Elise hesitated for a while but eventually entered his car.

The school bus drove in front while they followed behind.

Just as he had said, as soon as the school bus left the gates, a group of fans suddenly rushed out and surrounded the bus.

Recommended Novels