

## Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 641

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 641-The traffic police officer took a few seconds to confirm that he was unharmed. Then, after he calmed down, he took out his police officer badge and pressed it against the glass. Then, he pointed at Danny and said, "You! Get out of the car immediately!"

In the end, he also called Alexander and Elise out of the car.

However, Danny bore the primary responsibility as the driver. The traffic police officer charged him with reckless driving and announced that he would be detained at the police station for three days.

"Heh heh. Mr. Police Officer, can't you give me a chance? I didn't do it on purpose! I swear I'm a good citizen!" Danny tried to butter up the traffic police officer with a smile. The traffic police officer was unmoved by those words and calmly wrote a ticket.

When he saw that the traffic police officer was straight and just, he could only ask for help from Alexander. He nudged at Alexander's arm and desperately pleaded with his eyes. "Alex, say something!"

"Okay." Alexander nodded and turned to look at the traffic police officer. Then, he spoke in a solemn voice. "All men are equal in the eyes of the law. Please bring him back and teach him a good lesson."

"Huh?" Those words left Danny dumbstruck. "No..."

Before he could argue, Alexander asked in all seriousness, "That being the case; please detain him well, Mr. Police Officer. Can we drive the car away now?"

"Go on. Go on. Be careful on your way." The traffic police officer waved them away dismissively.

"Okay. I'll make sure to obey the traffic rules." After Alexander finished speaking, he invited Elise into the passenger seat. Then, he circled around the car and got into the driver's seat, shutting the door firmly behind him with a bang. Moreover, this was all done right in front of Danny.

"Alex, you can't just leave me here!" Danny ran over and pounded on the car window.

"Alex, I'm your brother!"

Alexander calmly buckled his seat belt and started the engine. Then, he turned to look at Elise and asked gently, "Are you ready?"

Elise nodded dazedly and pointed at Danny, who was pounding on the car window. "Are you really going to leave him here?"

He looked up and responded without the slightest change in his expression. "There's always a price to pay for eavesdropping on a conversation. Besides, he was the one who selfishly brought you to the company. So just think of it as a small punishment for him. I'll ask Cameron to pick him up later."

He released the clutch and drove away after saying that, leaving behind Danny and the traffic police officer glaring at each other.

She observed the direction they were traveling before she asked, "Where are you going?"

"I'm sending you home," he answered faintly.

"No need," she replied seriously. "The so-called public relations crisis management indicates that we need to get the situation under control in the shortest time possible after the incident. I'm already too late as it is. We can't waste any more time. Let's go

straight to the hospital.”

He fell silent for a moment before he stopped the car by the side of the road.

“I don’t want you to get hurt.” He stared straight ahead with a gloomy expression. “I’ll take care of everything. You don’t need to worry about it.”

“Will I stop worrying just because you asked me not to worry?” She looked at him expressionlessly and continued almost obsessively, “What if I ask you to stop thinking about me or break up with me right now? Can you do it?”

She did not know what was wrong with her. It might be that most women were unreasonable when they were furious.

Although she was worried about him, she was also furious at him. She was furious that he refused to let her share his burden even though something terrible had happened to him. She was furious that he assumed her feelings for him to be so fragile. She was also furious that she had failed so badly in life. In the eyes of the man she loved the most, she was a person with whom he could only share the joys but not the sorrows in life.

The words she shouted at him rendered him speechless. Yet, at the same time, the strength of his grip on the steering wheel increased. He did not even dare to imagine the scenario. Could he oppose her if she really made such a request of him? This was what it was like to love another person. Once he had somebody he loved, he was filled with self-doubt and became timid. He was always worried about losing his beloved person.

Her heart suddenly softened when she saw the troubled look on his face.

“Well? Why don’t you refute it? Why don’t you resist? Weren’t you so talkative on WhatsApp? Why are you acting like a mute now?” she asked aggressively. “Tell me that you love me. Tell me that you can’t bear to leave me. Tell me that you won’t allow me to fall in love with another man. If you don’t say anything, how am I supposed to know? I seriously don’t know if you love me too much or if you don’t love me at all. How can you listen to other people claiming that I care about somebody else so much and still be so indifferent? Or, is it to say that you don’t need my love?”

“Who said that I’m indifferent?” He hurriedly explained. “I love you. I love you more than anything else in the world. Because of that, I care about your feelings more than mine! Ellie, I’ve said this before. There is only one thing I want to do for the rest of my life. And that is to make you happy. As long as you’re happy, it doesn’t matter what I have to do or whether or not it wrongs me.”

“But, I’m not happy! I’m not happy at all!” Tears streamed out of the corner of her eyes.

“I wanted to see you, but I couldn’t! Even if I lied to myself and tried to convince myself that I’m not sad, my heart just doesn’t feel happy anymore! Do you understand!?”

“Don’t cry. Ellie, please don’t cry. I was wrong.” He was utterly panicking at this point. His hand trembled slightly as he helped her wipe the tears from her face. “I won’t ever leave you alone again. Even if you chase me away in the future, I will stubbornly stay by your side every single day!”

Then, he finally pulled her in his embrace once more and hugged her with all his strength, almost as though he would only be satisfied once they merged into one.

It’s this warmth. It’s this distance. Only with this can I feel that we are in love with each other. She exhaled deeply and sniffled before she returned his hug.

“Alexander, I don’t want to hide anymore. We are married. I chose you, and I won’t ever regret this decision. Since I can’t take good care of myself, I’ll give myself to you. Take good care of me, lock me up, tie me up... It doesn’t matter as long as I’m completely yours.”

His heart ached painfully at those words. He asked tentatively, “Ellie, if I’m not me or if I’m a terrible person, will you still love me?”

She looked up at him with a sincere gaze. Her long eyelashes were wet with tears, which added an element of fragility to her appearance. “I’ve already fallen in love with you. There’s no going back now. Even if you are a villain, I can only give my everything to pull you out of the abyss. But I know that you’re not a villain.”

He stroked the top of her head and secretly made up his mind. Once this food poisoning incident has passed, I will confess to her.

After he reigned in his emotions, he drove her to the hospital where the girl with cancer was receiving treatment.

Thomas was performing surgery on the girl. Therefore, Elise and Alexander rushed directly to the operating room door.

The girl’s family was a gray-haired mother, who was currently sitting forlornly on the bench along the corridor. She and her daughter were dependent on each other and relied on each other. But, now that something had happened to her daughter, she felt as though her sky was about to collapse.

When she heard the sound of footsteps, she slowly raised her head. The moment she caught a clear glimpse of Alexander’s face, she suddenly lost control and lunged at him. “It’s you! It’s all your fault! You made my daughter like this! Return my daughter’s life to me!”

Alexander did not resist and simply endured the woman’s fists in silence.

A short while later, Elise’s thin and slender body stood in front of him. “Ma’am, please calm down!”

## **Recommended Novels**

## **Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 642**

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 642-“Who are you!? Who are you to stop me!?” The woman was currently fueled by her rage, so she didn’t feel scared despite Elise’s imposing attitude.

“I am Alexander’s wife. We came here to solve this problem.” Elise answered confidently. “If you think that your daughter will be fine after hitting him, then let me remind you this—the truth is that you will only disturb the doctor’s concentration during the operation if you continue to make a fuss!”

Even though the woman hated Alexander to the core, there was nothing more important to her than her daughter’s life. She did not wish to harm her daughter because of her actions. Therefore, she hurriedly stopped her verbal abuse and calmed herself down. The door to the operating room opened shortly afterward, and Thomas walked out of the room.

“Doctor!” The woman immediately rushed forward and asked anxiously, “How is my daughter?”

Thomas furrowed his eyebrows tightly together. He took off his mask and glanced toward Alexander. "I'm sorry. The patient is a stomach cancer patient. Compounded by her suspected poisoning, her stomach is bleeding heavily. The situation is relatively complicated. Unfortunately, I won't be able to save her with my abilities."

"Ah! Kiki..." The woman felt her vision going black, and her body slumped to the ground upon hearing those words.

It was fortunate that Alexander reacted quickly and caught her, preventing her head from hitting the ground and causing neurological damage.

"Don't just leave out the other half of your words." Alexander's expression was cold and slightly reproachful.

"How would I know that the family will be so agitated?" Thomas looked innocent and waved his hand dismissively. "Forget it. You know what I mean. You will need to ask Max E. Mumm for help with this."

It was not as if he could not perform the surgery himself. It was just that the risks were very high. He had already heard about what had happened to Alexander. If something went wrong with the girl while she was in the operating room, That would forever nail Alexander's name to the pillar of shame, so he could not afford to take this risk.

Besides, he had always suspected that Max E. Mumm was Claude Strike. He also wanted to study under Max E. Mumm but could never find the opportunity. So, this incident would give him the best of both worlds.

"Understood. Buy as much time as you can. I'll have somebody bring him here." Elise solemnly issued these instructions. Then, she took her mobile phone and made a call. After they made arrangements for the woman who had just fainted, Moses brought Claude to the hospital.

Inside the office, Claude and Elise looked at each other. The former was relaxed while the latter looked solemn.

Elise was just about to speak when Claude interrupted. "I'll do it."

"Do you know why I came to you?" Elise narrowed her eyes.

"This is a hospital. Not to mention, you brought me here. What else can it be except rescuing a patient?" Claude crossed his leg over his knee. Then, he acted as though he was still at home as he poured himself a glass of water and drank the entire glass. Only then did he slowly say, "I can take action, but give me back my freedom."

"Your freedom?" She indifferently asked, "Did you think we kept you in order to restrain your freedom? It was safest for you to stay."

"Safe or not, I know what I'm doing." His expression darkened, and he stubbornly continued, "I only have this one condition. Whether you agree or not is up to you."

"I can let you go, but you need to tell me what you plan to do," she said.

"To learn how to manufacture poison," he replied without hesitation.

"I recall you saying that you despise people who produce drugs the most. You claimed that manufacturing drugs would only destroy. But, on the other hand, medical skills can cure diseases and save others." She had a vague but ominous suspicion in her heart.

What kind of accomplishments will a genius doctor achieve if he learns how to manufacture drugs? Who will be able to keep him in check when that happens?

"Did I ever say something like that?" He was blatantly being flippant. "Let's say I did mention that before. So what? A doctor can save others, but can't I do the same using poison?"

"Of course, you can," she said. "As long as it doesn't hurt or victimize anybody, you are always free."

"You can't take back what you've said." Claude stood up abruptly, looking extremely eager. It was as though he couldn't wait to escape from her side.

"It's a deal." Elise promised.

Afterward, Claude personally performed emergency surgery on the girl, Keira Collins. A whole night passed, and Keira's mother regained consciousness while Claude operated on her daughter. Finally, after a long wait, Claude walked out of the operating room in exhaustion.

"How is it?" Elise walked forward and asked the question that everybody was most concerned about.

He took off his mask and exhaled deeply, then slowly said, "I saved her."

Everybody immediately breathed a sigh of relief at those words.

She kept her word and immediately released him. "You can leave now."

He immediately took off his surgical gown and stuffed his clothes into the arms of a nurse when he heard those words. Then, he took his leave without further ado. He had only taken a few steps when he suddenly seemed to recall something. He stopped his tracks, then turned back and shouted, "I nearly forgot to tell you—that person is suffering from an allergic reaction. She was not poisoned. Although her stomach cancer has progressed to the middle and late stages, she can still be treated. Per our promise, you will let me go only after I cure her. But I need to leave right now to do something. I'll return when it's time to perform the surgery! Bye!"

Immediately after that, he increased his speed and vanished down the end of the hallway.

Keira's mother, Mrs. Collins, hurriedly tried to chase after Claude when she heard that he could treat her daughter's stomach cancer.

"Don't worry. Claude said he will return, so he will definitely return." Elise knew that he still upholds The Hippocratic Oath, so he would not abandon a patient.

After hearing what Elise said, Mrs. Collins finally calmed down.

Keira was soon transferred to the general ward. Elise, Alexander, and Mrs. Collins decided to visit her together.

Keira slowly opened her eyes when the anesthetic finally wore off.

"Kiki, I'm so glad you woke up. It's alright now." Mrs. Collins held Keira's hand tightly and began to wipe at her tears again.

"Mom..." Keira was still very weak, so she could not speak comforting words and only called out softly.

Elise had gone through Keira's medical records before Keira regained consciousness.

Keira was highly allergic to yam. Even so, she had ordered a serving of roasted yams at Alexander's restaurant on the day of the incident. It was evident that she was deliberately trying to blackmail them.

Alexander could use Keira's medical record and the order slip from that day to prove their innocence. But, unfortunately, things had gotten out of hand. Besides, clarifying the truth was far less effective than the victim giving a statement.

Elise was just about to start the negotiations when somebody rushed into the room and ran over to the bed. That person threw himself forward and hugged Keira tightly. He

hugged Keira so tightly and so hard that it was almost as though he couldn't care less about anybody else.

Mrs. Collins scowled deeply at the sight, and it was clear that she did not welcome this person.

A long while later, Keira patted the person on the back. Only then did the man release her and stood to the side.

"This is my cousin, Raul Mckay." She took the initiative to introduce that person in a weak voice.

Cousin? The posture and strength in that hug did not make them seem like cousins. Elise and Alexander exchanged glances with each other. They immediately understood each other but did not expose her lies on the spot.

"Miss Collins, the doctor mentioned that you suffered from an allergic reaction. That was why your stomach cancer relapsed. Although Griffith Food Co. holds some responsibility due to our negligence, you should also bear part of the responsibility. We will pay for all of your medical expenses, but at the same time, I hope that you can clarify the truth in front of the media."

"What is there to clarify!?" Raul countered emotionally. "My cousin recovered from her illness a long time ago! This only happened because you poisoned us at one of your restaurants! Therefore, you have to take responsibility until the end!"

### **Recommended Novels**

## **Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 643**

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 643-"Shut up!" Mrs. Collins scolded. "You have no right to speak here!"

She was a rational person. Not only did Alexander's doctor rescue her daughter from the jaws of death, but there was also the possibility of completely curing her daughter's stomach cancer. For them, this was a great kindness. Besides, the food poisoning issue had been nothing more than a misunderstanding. There was no reason for them to blame others.

"Mr. Griffith and Mrs. Griffith," she said gently, "this is all thanks to you. Don't worry. We will ask the reporters to clarify the truth once Kiki is in better condition. It's not easy to do business nowadays. So, we will not cause trouble for you."

Elise's impression of this woman improved significantly. When they first met, she had seen the woman beating and scolding Alexander. Hence, she initially thought that the woman was a crazy and unreasonable old lady. Only now did she realize that the woman's actions stemmed from her deep love for her daughter.

"Thank you, both of you," Alexander said.

"Don't be in such a hurry to thank us." Keira pushed herself up from the bed and sat up, leaning against the head of the bed. Her weak face was filled with stubbornness. "I can clarify the truth, but you must compensate me for my health and mental damages. It's not much, just 10 million. You can afford it."

"10 million!?" Mrs. Collins was so surprised that her hometown dialect slipped out.

When she came back to her senses, she vigorously patted Keira on the arm. "Silly girl, what nonsense are you spouting!?"

We have always been mutually dependent on each other. While we might not be wealthy, we lived freely and with dignity. We have never even owed anybody so much as 10 or 100. How can she ask for so much money from them!?

"I'm not talking nonsense!" Keira seemed to have resolved herself, so she spoke with great persistence. "Without 10 million, you can go ahead and clarify the truth yourselves!"

"Keira Collins!" Mrs. Collins stood up angrily. "Do you know what you are saying!? What have I been teaching you since you were just a child? You cannot take a single cent from others if that money does not belong to you. Besides, you have just recovered from a serious illness, and you were saved by them! If anything, you should be grateful to them! But, look at you! What are you doing!? You disappoint me."

When she heard those words, a hint of sadness flashed across Keira's eyes, but the look vanished quickly. Even so, the change in expression did not escape Elise's notice.

"This is my own business. Mom, don't interfere in this," Keira went on without heeding the others. "Only I know best whether or not my body suffered any damages. Besides, I have no obligation to clarify the truth for your company. Even if you don't wish to cough up this money, there are many others outside who would be more than willing to pay. So, please leave if you're not paying."

Alexander was about to agree when Elise raised her hand to stop him. She pretended to be troubled. "You have to give us some time to raise this amount of money. Because of the negative news over the past two days, many people have been coming to collect various debt payments from us. So our accounts are empty right now."

"Fine." Keira agreed readily. "One day. I will only wait for one day. If I don't see the money in one day's time, then don't blame me for cooperating with those reporters first."

"One day is enough." After saying that, Elise shot a look at Alexander. Then, the two of them walked out together. It wasn't until they arrived downstairs that Alexander tentatively tried to ask Elise about her plans. "Are you trying to buy more time?"

To be honest, he wanted to say that he would still pay the 10 million in the end.

However, it was too idealistic of her to think that she could use this time to patiently persuade the other party. She did not seem to know that human nature was inherently evil. For an ordinary family, 10 million was an income that they could never hope to achieve in their entire lifetime. Who would willingly give up on this opportunity to reach the skies in one step?

"10 million is not much, but we should not let other people blackmail us so easily. One day is enough time for us to investigate everything about Keira and her cousin," she explained.

He nodded in agreement. "Raul and Keira do not look like relatives to me."

She originally planned to perform the investigation on her own. However, before she could tell him her plans, her phone rang. It was a phone call from Mica. When she saw the caller ID, she immediately answered the call. "What's up, Mica?"

"Elise, didn't you check the class group chat? Where are you!?" Mica's voice was very anxious.

"I didn't check the chat. What's wrong?" Elise had always set the class group chat on the 'Do Not Disturb' mode.

"Hurry up and return! The monthly exam has been brought forward. The exam is about to start!" Mica anxiously exclaimed. "This is all my fault. I was so busy dating that I

forgot to remind you!”

“It’s fine. I’ll head back now.” Elise did not waste any more time. She ended the call and informed Alexander about her plans before leaving by taxi.

At this time, it would better express Alexander’s sincerity in making peace with the other party if he remained in the hospital.

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Inside the classroom, Martin walked to the back of the classroom after he finished handing out the test papers. Then, he leisurely glanced at the clock on top of the podium. The clock display indicated that it was 9:00 AM sharp.

He had notified the class via the group chat yesterday that the exam would begin at 8:30 AM. Even so, Elise’s seat remained empty.

According to international practice, students would be barred from entry into the exam hall half an hour after the exam began. In other words, Elise had lost her qualifications to attend the monthly exam. As a result, her grades would immediately be marked as zero.

This is great. I was worried that Mason would deliberately let Elise and the other poor students off easy when setting the exam questions. But now, Elise is voluntarily absent from her exam. The Elite Class will be much easier to teach once I kick her out. This is easier than I thought it would be!

He stuck his hands in his pocket, looking very refreshed.

To his dismay, he heard the click-clacking sound of high-heels coming from the corridor the next moment. At the same time, Elise barged in through the front door.

“Teacher, I’m late! I’m sorry!” Elise took a deep breath and adjusted her breathing.

“It’s fine. Hurry up and take your seat. Don’t disrupt the exam.” Mason, who was the invigilator for this exam, responded good-naturedly.

“You can’t!” Martin rushed to the front aggressively. “Thirty-one minutes have passed since the start of the exam! Elise Sinclair can no longer enter the exam hall!”

“Mr. Kamp, this is not the college entrance examination. It’s just a test organized by the class. So there’s no need to be so strict,” Mason said.

“One can do nothing without rules and regulations.” Martin did not back down at all. “Mr. Young, you are the homeroom teacher. You indeed have the final say on the matter, but won’t this class become disorganized if nobody follows the rules? If you let Elise enter the exam hall today, then the other students will learn from her example. Who will take responsibility for that?”

“Miss Sinclair did not act deliberately. Besides, our class students are good kids. They will not do something like that,” Mason earnestly replied.

He knew that Martin did not like Elise. That was why Martin wanted to use this opportunity to expel Elise from the Elite Class. Unfortunately, it was true that she had given him leverage over her. All Mason could do at this point was say something nice in hopes that Martin would let Elise off.

“I don’t know whether the others are good students, but that is not the case for Elise. I have repeatedly emphasized the importance of the monthly exams in front of her. Even so, she was still late today. A person like her does not care about her future. Why should we worry about her? Today, you must follow the rules!” Martin deliberately raised



his voice.

“Mr. Kamp, there’s no need for you to speak so loudly. I might be getting on in years, but I’m not deaf. I can hear perfectly fine!” Martin was starting to become upset.

He was the Director of the Department of Physics and the homeroom teacher of the Elite Class. I pleaded with him kindly, but he put on airs instead! Just because I am a tiger who doesn’t show my strength, does he take me for Hello Kitty!?

“Um...” Elise suddenly held up her phone. Then, she pressed on the screen so that the screen lit up, and she said, “According to the network time, it’s only 8:45 AM right now. Don’t you know that the clock in the classroom is fifteen minutes ahead?”

## Recommended Novels

### Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 644

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 644-“Is that true?”

“Are you kidding me!?”

Both Mason and Martin spoke in unison.

“Usually, classes are held according to the time displayed on the clock hanging in the classroom. So how can you just claim that it’s faster?” Martin questioned. “Miss Sinclair, if you missed the exam, then you’ve missed the exam. If you begged for mercy, Mr. Young and I might have been able to work out something. However, with you making up lies and trying to gloss things over, this is an issue with your character! I will not allow a student like you to remain in this class!”

Mason opened his mouth to persuade Martin, but Elise’s voice rang out first. “Mr. Kamp, did you really grow up abroad? Your speech skills are truly one of a kind. I’m afraid the politicians have lost a talented politician with you being wasted here as an educator.”

“Elise, you were late for your own exams. How dare you cause so much trouble and disrupt the other students’ exams!?” Martin’s tone became tougher.

“I believe the one disrupting their exams is you, Mr. Kamp?” Elise rolled her eyes and walked to her seat.

“Stop right there!” He rushed over and grabbed her by the hand to drag her outside.

“Miss Sinclair is disrupting the order in the exam hall. So it’s only right that she is kicked out of the exam hall!”

“Let go.” She had tried peaceful measures before using force. After he dragged her by several steps, she violently shook his hand off. “Have some dignity!”

What she hated the most was being in such close contact with an unfamiliar person the most. Even now, she felt as though all the cells in her body were itching and aching as a result. Thus, her expression became extremely gloomy. There was not the slightest hint of a smile on her face. On the contrary, the aura around her entire being was so cold that it was frightening.

When he met her eyes, he caught a glimpse of frost in those eyes for a moment. His Adam’s apple unconsciously rolled up and down in response.

“Teacher,” Mica finally couldn’t help standing up and arguing for Elise’s sake. “Elise is not lying. The clock on the wall is indeed fast by fifteen minutes, so she is not late.”

“So what if the clock is fast by fifteen minutes?” Martin asked sternly. “I distributed the test papers at 8:00 AM according to the time displayed by the clock on the wall. Even if

the clock is fifteen minutes early, I, too, started the exam fifteen minutes early. So, the half-hour period after the exam should also be counted 15 minutes in advance. Late means late, and there is no disputing this fact! Now, Sit down!”

Mica had been spending quite a lot of time with Elise recently. She might have gotten a little more confident, but she was still accustomed to being obedient to a teacher. So, despite her reluctance, she could only sit down in silence.

Similarly, Sheldon and Elliot were anxious for Elise. It was just that they could not think of anything to refute Martin’s words, so they could only wallow in their anxiety. How can Boss forget about something so important!? Why did she give Martin such huge leverage over her!?

After Mica was rebuked, the boys who had been eager to take action also lowered their heads and continued to fill out their test papers. In this way, the battle to defend Elise was silently eliminated by Martin. Everything seemed to be a foregone conclusion at this point.

At this moment, the usually taciturn class monitor, Stefan, stood up. “Teacher, I don’t think that Miss Sinclair should be disqualified for the exam.”

“Stefan, this has nothing to do with you. Focus on your test papers.” Martin was quite polite to him.

“But, teacher, I am the class monitor. What right do I have to call myself the class monitor if I cannot speak up on behalf of the students?” Stefan asked resolutely.

Martin had no idea how to refute those words, so he could only remain silent and continue listening to Stefan’s argument.

“The exam notice you posted in the group chat was sent out according to the network time. If you refuse to admit to using the network time, then the 8:00 AM you mentioned could be interpreted as tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, or any other day. Therefore, Elise did not misread the time. Because you have made a mistake with the exam’s date in the first place.”

After Stefan finished speaking his piece, he calmly sat down, picked up his water-based pen, and slowly answered the rest of his questions.

On the other hand, everybody else in the classroom was utterly stunned by his words.

The class monitor usually seemed relatively quiet, so they never expected his words to be so blunt as soon as he opened his mouth.

Those words enlightened Sheldon. Hence, he immediately stood up in support of Elise.

“The class monitor is right. You are the one who made a mistake with the timing, Mr. Kamp. Why should a student who came to take the exam on time be punished for your mistake? Are we your slaves!?”

“That’s right!” Elliot slammed his palms on the table and stood up. “Where there is oppression, there is resistance! Do you know how much those missed fifteen minutes of sleep in the morning have affected my health!? I suspect my studies are going so badly because you start class early every day!”

“Hey! Mr. Howard, that last sentence of yours is a little overboard...” Mason waved his hand humorously, asking them to return to their seats. After that, he turned to look at Martin and asked, “Mr. Kamp, do you have any other issues?”

Martin knew that he could no longer stop Elise. Even so, he refused to give up. “But, Mr. Young, we have always carried out the exams during this time. Why is it wrong today? Besides, it’s not fair for Elise either if the exam starts fifteen minutes early.”

“I don’t mind.” Elise swaggered over to her seat. He clenched his fists that were hanging by his sides, and the veins on his forehead bulged prominently.

Mason patted Martin on the shoulder and comforted the latter earnestly. “Since Miss Sinclair does not mind, then you don’t need to blame yourself anymore, Mr. Kamp.” Blame myself? Martin raised his eyebrows in anger. Why should I blame myself? After Mason finished speaking, he picked up a test paper and personally delivered it to Elise. “Do your test well.” He placed the test papers on her table and turned to look at the rest of the class. “Everybody, thank Mr. Kamp for adding an extra fifteen minutes to the exam time.”

Huh!? When did I say that!? Add an extra fifteen minutes!? Won’t that mess up everything!? Martin opened his mouth to deny the statement. However, the students cheered in unison before he could say anything. The sound of their cheers came from all directions. “Thank you, Mr. Kamp!”

The principal happened to pass by during his patrol around the school and couldn’t help nodding in satisfaction.

Martin met the principal’s gaze and smiled awkwardly. He could only swallow the words on the tip of his tongue. So be it. It’s only fifteen minutes anyway. In any case, the scores will only go up. The good students will only get better. But, on the other hand, the poor students will not do any better even if I gave them an additional 150 minutes! As soon as the principal left, Mason and Martin returned to their respective positions as invigilators, with one person standing in front and the other at the back.

Martin walked one step at a time until he slowly came to stand behind and to the right of Elise when he recalled the situation during the last test. Then, he craned his neck and watched her answer the test.

Elise roughly went through the test paper and took up her pen to write. But, he was staring at her so intently that she couldn’t help feeling uncomfortable. She turned back and met his suspicious gaze when she sensed it. She frowned at the sight, then turned back again as she prepared to start writing once he passed by.

After waiting for ten minutes, she looked back again, but he was still standing there. Therefore, she simply tossed her pen on the table and leaned back against her chair. At the same time, she reached up a hand to signal Mason, who was standing on the podium.

Unfortunately, Mason did not notice her. On the other hand, Martin seemed to succumb to his guilt. “What are you doing!?”

Elise didn’t want to speak to him, so she raised her voice and shouted, “Mr. Young, Mr. Kamp has been making things difficult for me since just now. And now, he is standing right beside me. I’m so stressed that I can’t write anything!”

### **Recommended Novels**

## **Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 645**

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 645-“Only you are being so difficult!” Martin was so furious that his mustache bristled, and he glared angrily. “Sheldon didn’t complain about

me disturbing him!”

“Who said that?” Sheldon immediately quipped up. “Mr. Young, I want to complain about Mr. Kamp too! He is discriminating against us! He doesn’t watch any of the other students. He only stares at us both!”

“Me too!” Elliot also shouted from across the aisle.

“What has this got to do with you!?” Martin rolled his eyes at Elliot.

Elliot smacked his lips. Then, he lowered his head and muttered under his breath,

“Looking at you upsets me so much that my answers are all jumbled up...”

However, Mason did not take Elise’s side in this matter. “The invigilation rules did not mention preventing a teacher from standing in a certain spot for an extended period of time. You have all undergone the mock exams before, so you should know that an invigilator has the right to stand anywhere. It’s more important that you adjust your mentality as soon as possible.”

Martin curved his lips triumphantly. Let’s see what other things you can come up with now. No matter what, I’m going to discover the secrets behind how Elise answers the test questions today!

Elise pondered for a bit. Then, she stood up and asked, “Mr. Young, can I take the test on the table next to you?”

There were two tables on the podium. One was higher, and one was lower. They usually used the lower table to store chalk and other miscellaneous stationery.

Nevertheless, it was pretty neatly organized.

“Won’t the pressure be great if I stare at you?” Mason asked in amusement.

“Nope.” She moved quickly while speaking, carrying her chair and sitting beside him.

He couldn’t stop laughing at the sight. I’ve been teaching for so many years, but this is the first time I’ve ever met such a unique student. Of course, there have been many students with great confidence and abilities. Even so, she is the first one to act so magnanimously.

“Okay, okay. The test will continue like this.” Mason hurriedly spoke up to defuse the situation when he saw that Martin was about to lose his temper again.

Martin burned with rage but had nowhere to vent his anger. Thus, he could only glare furiously at Elise, who was sitting on the podium, and his gaze never shifted away from her for a second.

Unfortunately for him, the exam ended with him failing to discover anything.

While he collected the test papers, he deliberately pulled a little trick. He picked out her test papers and positioned them so that they were placed third from the bottom. This way, he would immediately recognize her test papers even after they were sealed and bound. When the time comes, it doesn’t matter what kind of results she gets. I only need to do a little something...

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After the exam, somebody suggested that they head to the Snack Street for a gathering. The Elite Class had been established for so long, but they had never held a party before. The class monitor was met with a hundred responses as soon as he made the suggestion, and everybody agreed to his proposal.

Along the way, Elliot seemed gloomy. Sheldon hooked his arm around Elliot’s shoulders and intentionally stretched out his hand to tickle the latter’s stomach. “Mr. Howard, are

you sad because you did badly in your exams?”

“F\*ck off.” Elliot pushed Sheldon away irritably. “Who is worried about that!?”

Sheldon rubbed his chest where Elliot shoved him and asked suspiciously, “What else is there to worry about?”

“I’m worried about my father.” Elliot sighed and suddenly looked depressed. “He’s ill. He’s terribly ill.”

“Don’t joke around. I saw your father on the cover of a gossip magazine just two days ago, surrounded by women. He sure doesn’t look like a sick person to me,” Sheldon joked.

Elise’s sharp hearing caught those words, and she couldn’t help listening in on their conversation. Elliot Howard... Mr. Howard... They can’t be from the same family, right?

“As you said, that was a few days ago. He has not regained consciousness since passing out at a hotel during his last outing. Even the doctors have no idea what’s wrong with him.” Elliot slumped his head dejectedly and aggressively kicked at a rock by his feet. “Although I don’t like my father, he is very good to me. I don’t want anything to happen to him.”

The mention of his father made him stop in his tracks. His eyes were red-rimmed, and he looked like an abandoned child.

Sheldon walked over and patted Elliot heavily on the shoulder, then he said comfortingly, “Don’t worry. Mr. Howard will be fine.”

“Um...” Elise cleared her throat uncomfortably and asked awkwardly, “Is your father’s surname Howard?”

Sheldon smiled wryly. “What do you think, Boss? Have you gone senile? You forgot the exam time this morning. And now, you have even forgotten the common sense that all children take after their father’s surname?”

“Okay.” She was sure now—that handsy Mr. Howard is Elliot’s father. Then, she continued, “Sheldon is right. Your father will be fine after sleeping for a few days.”

When she saw how distraught Winona had been, she used the needle with the most potent anesthetic. Unfortunately, it would probably take two to five days of sleep for the effects of the drug to recede.

“I hope so.” However, Elliot did not hold out much hope, and he was wondering if he should head abroad in search of a doctor.

“But, your father is quite the debauched man,” Elise said meaningfully.

“You must be talking about those gossip magazines.” Elliot looked at her innocently. “I think it’s fine. My father is single and wealthy. Isn’t it normal for him to have a few women around him? He was hoping to find me a stepmother who would love me. But those women are always targeting his money. None of them have ever thought of being nice to me. He later figured it out, so he only looked to fool around without bringing marriage to the table.”

“Single?” She stopped in her tracks. “Are your parents divorced?”

He looked even more depressed and shook his head. “My mother died in labor when giving birth to me. For so many years, it was my dad who brought me up alone.”

She originally thought that this would be a story of a lecherous man fooling around outside so much that his wife became fed up with his behavior and eventually left her family and her children behind. However, she had not expected such a sad story

instead.

"I'm sorry." She quickly apologized.

"It's fine." He lifted his hand and scratched the back of his head. "In any case, I've never had a mother since I was a child, and I've gotten used to it. Besides, my father has always spoiled me, so I've never suffered any grievances."

Elliot had once mentioned what he did not lack the most. Mr. Lowry of Blitz Entertainment also said previously that Mr. Howard held a very high position in the industry. With a family background like that, it was true that a child would grow up cherished and all his troubles swept away easily.

"Here." She took out a small glass bottle containing transparent liquid from her bag.

"Take this back with you and ask your family doctor to inject your dad with this. He should be able to wake up by tomorrow."

"What is this?" He picked the bottle up and examined it.

"Um... My husband gave it to me; it's just a supplement that's very good for the body. Just think about it. A person will feel energetic if their body is nourished. I'm sure he will wake up as soon as his vitality is restored." She came up with a bunch of excuses in response.

"A supplement?" Sheldon seemed to have heard something incredible. Suddenly, his gaze became curious when he looked at Elise. Then, he leaned over and sneakily whispered in her ear. "Mr. Griffith is so strong. Does he usually need to take vitality enhancement supplements?"

"You!" Her face flushed red. Then she reached out and smacked his head. "I was talking about supplementing the body with nutrients! I didn't mean that!"

"Hehehe..." Sheldon rubbed at the spot where he was beaten and smiled tauntingly.

"Boss, you don't need to understand. I understand. I understand..."

Elise was rendered speechless. What the hell do you understand!?

## Recommended Novels

### Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 646

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 646-As soon as those words came out, Alexander walked over from afar. He asked faintly, "What are you guys talking about?"

"Nothing!" Elise hurriedly said. "We were just talking about the exam."

His eyes dimmed slightly. Ellie is hiding something from me, after all. However, he still pretended to be calm and asked, "Did you do well on the exam?"

"I did my best," she replied. "I'm done here. Let's go."

She was worried that Sheldon and Elliot might talk nonsense in front of Alexander, so she quickly took the lead and left, and Alexander followed behind her.

When they got into the car, he handed a document to her.

"As you guess, Raul Mckay and Keira Collins are not cousins. They are lovers. After Keira was diagnosed with cancer, they separated for five years. During this period, Raul never engaged in another relationship. It wasn't until he saw the news about Keira suffering from food poisoning online that he came to visit her at the hospital." He explained.

"So, they are a pair of star-crossed lovers," she said expressionlessly.

“Yes.” He turned to look at her, and the look in his pitch-black eyes held complicated emotions, making it impossible to guess what he was thinking at the moment.

“Let’s go and have a private meeting with Raul first.” Then, she made a decisive decision.

“Okay.” He immediately started the engine and drove off.

Unfortunately, Raul also coincidentally happened to be a chef at a five-star restaurant. Elise and Alexander arrived at the restaurant where Raul worked and ordered a whole table full of Keira’s favorite dishes. They asked the waiter to summon the head chef when all the dishes were served.

Raul was slightly surprised to see them. Even so, he maintained basic professional etiquette and greeted them good-naturedly. “Sir, Madame, do you have any comments on my dishes?”

“I heard that you were just a normal chef five years ago, Mr. Mckay. Do you have a secret for becoming domestically and internationally famous in a short time?” Elise asked casually.

“Cooking is similar to life itself. God rewards hard work. As long as a person is hardworking enough, anybody will have the chance to become a better version of themselves.” Raul stood with his hands behind his back and provided an extremely professional answer. He gave off the feeling that he was using his professionalism to keep them at a distance.

“Wow! That’s truly inspirational.” She nodded meaningfully and abruptly changed the subject. “Indeed, hard work always pays off, but the truth is that not everybody will get the opportunity to work hard. Isn’t that right, Mr. Mckay?”

“I don’t understand what you mean, Miss.” He looked at her confused, but a niggling feeling of doubt suddenly emerged in his heart.

Needless to say, he recognized Alexander and Elise. He also knew that the motives behind the appearance of these two could not be pure. However, he was just a chef. He was not good at anything else besides working with food, so he could not understand the hidden meaning behind their words.

“Did Mrs. Collins tell you that we can treat Keira’s illness?” Elise asked, straight to the point.

His expression changed quickly. Those slightly tired eyes seemed to brighten considerably, but he deliberately suppressed his emotions. Then, finally, he replied somewhat uncertainly, “Mrs. Collins has never mentioned that before. Don’t try to deceive me.”

“Do you think we need to deceive you?” Alexander said in a low voice. “Five years. How did it feel to not meet the person you love for five years? I believe just five days is unbearable enough.” He paused at this point and glanced at Elise affectionately. Only then did he continue to reason with the other party through pathos and logos. “You finally got back together with Keira. Are you just going to watch helplessly until the day the heavens separate you forever?”

“You investigated me.” Raul narrowed his eyes and couldn’t help becoming vigilant toward them. Then, he lifted his chin and stubbornly said, “Even if that’s the case, don’t bother thinking that you can get anything out of me. Kiki’s demands are my demands. No matter what she wants to do, I will never betray her.”

“Even if she wishes to give up her own life?” Elise questioned aggressively. “Then, let

me ask you this: Do you really love her? Or do you actually hate her? If that's not the case, then how can you just watch as she chooses death?"

He reacted as though she had touched upon a sore spot. His eyes widened abruptly, and he looked like he wanted to argue about something. Nevertheless, after a few moments of hesitation, he suppressed the rage that surged up in him.

"If there are no issues with the dishes, then I will take my leave now." After he said that, he gave them a slight bow and turned to leave.

"I thought your feelings for Keira were sincere. But, it turns out you're just a scumbag who doesn't want to be dragged down by her issues." When he turned away, she suddenly spoke up in an enigmatic manner. "She had cancer for five years, but there was never a day when you stayed by her side during that time. Now that you've seen her again, did you finally let go of the obsession in your heart? Did you get a clear glimpse of how ugly she looks when sick? Did that strengthen your conviction and justify your decision to abandon her to fend for herself?"

Those words made him pause in mid-step. His hands that were hanging by his sides clenched tightly into fists. He stood there in silence for a few moments before he suddenly turned around and slammed his fists down on the table. Then, as he lost control of his emotions, he yelled at the top of his voice. "You don't know anything!"

This sudden turn of events immediately attracted the attention of everybody in the restaurant. Practically everybody turned to look in this direction.

The moment he realized that he had lost his composure, he straightened himself and looked around him in a slight panic. Then, he took off his hat and ran into the alley in the back, where he frantically punched every brick and stone on the wall as though his hands were not made of flesh and bones. He kept going at it and disregarded the pain he felt.

By the time Elise and Alexander caught up to Raul, he was sitting on the ground with his back against the wall. His expression was pained and conflicted—he looked like he was on the verge of a breakdown.

She took out a tissue, handed it to him, and then murmured, "If you love her, you should know what's best for her."

"It's useless." Then, he used both hands to cover his forehead and conceal his face and shook his head vigorously. "Kiki doesn't want to live. She wants to die. Nobody can stop her..."

The probability of cancer recurrence was so small that it was only one in tens of millions of people. However, Keira was that one person out of tens of millions of people.

She had been cured once, but her cancer came back again in such a short time. The roller-coaster ride had destroyed her will. Therefore, the possibility of getting cured no longer brought her any joy. She did not wish to go through another bout of great sorrow and joy again. So, instead of dragging the people around her down day by day, she decided that she might as well take the money to give them a more comfortable life afterward. Even if doing this would take her life, she would not feel as though she owed them too much in her heart.

"Is there somebody threatening you in the shadows?" Elise asked suspiciously.

"No! There's nobody!" Raul shouted emotionally. "Kiki is a good person! She is the best woman in the world!"



“A good woman? Will a good woman blackmail others for 10 million without reason? My mistake, it’s not just 10 million. It’s the entire Griffith Food Co.” Her expression was frosty. “Frankly, we can afford to pay the 10 million. However, we cannot suffer this grievance. If you don’t tell us the truth, we will simply use this money to ask the media to reveal the order receipt and the surveillance video on the day of the incident. What do you think will happen to Keira?”

“You can’t!” He got up from the ground and rushed toward her in agitation. Alexander quickly stood in front of Elise and separated them.

## Recommended Novels

### Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 647

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 647-“You can’t do that to Kiki!” Raul furrowed his eyebrows deeply, looking extremely agitated.

“And, what gives her the right to do that to my husband?” Elise was completely unsympathetic. “How are we not innocent in this matter? If she insists on blackmailing us, we will only end up in a lose-lose situation.”

He lowered his gaze with a conflicted expression and immersed himself in his own thoughts, seemingly contemplating the odds of her acting recklessly in retaliation.

He had promised Keira that he would keep her secret, but he never imagined that he would face a situation like this. She only mentioned taking advantage of her illness to extort some money from Alexander to support her mother. She never said what would happen to her after that. If she can’t even rest in peace after receiving that money, then what’s the point of all that money?

From what he had gathered from Elise, the balance on their accounts would remain beyond the reach of most ordinary people even if the company went bankrupt. So even if Mrs. Collins received 10 million in compensation, there was a possibility that Alexander and his wife would make her life extremely difficult in the future.

But... Keira has made up her mind. So I should support her wishes!

Alexander could see that Raul was still hesitating. Thus, he patted Elise on the arm and indicated for her to leave first. “Leave this to me.”

She considered this for a moment and obediently went back into the restaurant.

Inside the narrow alley, Raul remained leaning against the wall and seemed to be in an extremely poor mental state.

In the midst of that silence, Alexander suddenly took out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and offered them to him.

He glanced up at Alexander, seemingly surprised that such a refined and privileged person would enjoy such ordinary things.

Alexander pushed the cigarettes forward once more, urging the other party to take one. Only then did Raul take a cigarette out of the pack and dig out a lighter to light the cigarette.

Likewise, Alexander lit a cigarette; then, after puffing on the cigarette a few times, he threw the half-smoked cigarette to the ground and snuffed out the fire with his foot.

Then, he patted Raul on the shoulder and said earnestly, “Sometimes, men will never be understood by their loved ones. You must be prepared to make sacrifices once

you've found somebody you love. If I were you, I would be willing to do anything as long as Keira survives. It doesn't matter even if she hates me, blames me, or refuses to see me again. There's nothing more important than her life. Don't you think so?"

Raul held his cigarette between his fingers and turned to the side to glance at Alexander before turning his head away again. Then, as he made up his mind about something, he took a deep drag on his cigarette.

After Alexander finished speaking, he stuffed the remaining half pack of cigarettes into the outer pocket of Raul's shirt and left without another word.

Elise anxiously asked about the situation when he returned to the car. "How is it? Did you figure out the mastermind behind the scenes?"

"Not yet." Alexander buckled his safety belt. "But, I will soon."

Those words felt like half-truths to her, but she also knew that he would never say anything that he was uncertain about. Thus, she was relieved.

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The next day, Keira sat leaning against the head of the bed in the hospital ward. Her complexion was ashen. She stared out the window blankly as she looked at the gloomy sky; it felt as though she was looking at her fate. It was completely dark, without the slightest hint of light in sight.

Raul walked in with an insulated lunchbox and arranged the dishes he made himself on the dining table, one at a time. "These are all your favorites. Have a taste and see if my skills have improved."

She stared at him coldly and looked unimpressed. "You don't need to do this. We broke up five years ago."

He ignored her, brought out a small bowl for her, and placed a piece of meat into the bowl. "You were the one who decided that. Getting together is a decision made by two people, so breaking up should also be a decision made by two people. It doesn't count if you are the only person making the decisions."

"Raul Mckay!" Her tone was firm. "Do you not understand words? I don't want to see you! Leave! Don't appear in front of me again!" I'm about to die soon. I don't want the last memory he has of me to be so ugly.

"Stop making a fuss and eat." He completely ignored her temper tantrum, then he speared that piece of meat with a fork, and fed the meat to her. "Open your mouth. Ah..."

"I'm not eating!" She raised her hand and slapped away the fork in his hand. "I told you—I will never eat what you make again! How many times will you make me repeat myself!?"

He sighed as he bent down to clean up the mess. He slowly said while cleaning up, "I didn't stop you when you decided to leave five years ago. But, this time around, I don't care how far I can go with you. I am not going anywhere. I know you don't want to drag me down. But, all of my efforts were for you. What's the point if I can't be together with you?" He stood firm beside the bed and looked her straight in the eyes. "I promised Alexander I would step forward to clarify the truth for their company. I also told them we don't need the compensation money anymore."

Her eyes filled with tears when she heard the first part of his speech, but she suddenly became agitated by the end of his sentence. "What!? What right do you have to make

decisions on my behalf!?”

“I can’t just watch you die!” He unconsciously raised his voice. “They said there’s a high chance that you can be treated and cured. If you survive, then we can take care of your mother together. The three of us can live a good life together. Everything will get better...”

“Better!?” She lost control of her emotions, and tears leaked out from the corner of her eyes. “I know my body best. This illness will never get better! I don’t want to die someday without leaving anything behind for my mother! Raul Mckay, you’re too much! Get out! I don’t ever want to see you again!”

Outside the door, Mrs. Collins returned with a flask of hot water in her hands just in time to hear her daughter’s words. She stood outside the hospital ward and looked lost for a long time.

“Why can’t you just try once more?” Raul begged. “Even if you won’t do it for me, do it for your mother. Can’t you just try one more time? If you can recover once, then you can recover a second time. But, we can’t bear the shock of losing you. Not even once!”

“That’s right! The doctor can cure this cancer, but it can also come back. I struggled against this cancer from when I was in my twenties to my thirties. In the end, I returned to my starting point again. What’s the point of this struggle!?” Despair filled Keira’s expression. “I would rather sacrifice my life in exchange for my mother’s comfort for the rest of her life. I won’t need to continue lying on the bed like a cripple and forcing her to take care of me.”

She stubbornly turned away, lifted her hand to wipe the tears streaming down her face, and was determined not to face her own vulnerability.

Mrs. Collins couldn’t bear watching outside the door any longer and pushed open the door to enter the room.

“Mom?” Keira looked over in astonishment. “When did you come back? How much did you hear...”

Before she could finish her sentence, her mother hugged her tightly. Those wrinkled hands patted her back in sadness.

“You stupid child! How can you be so foolish!? So foolish! What’s the point of me living alone if you’re no longer here!? I’ve never loved money. I love my daughter! I will disown you if you dare to have such thoughts again!”

“Mom...”

The mother-and-daughter pair hugged each other and wept. In the end, Keira was successfully persuaded. So, she decided to continue receiving treatment and came forward to clarify the situation for Griffith Food Co.

With the help of the media, Alexander was finally cleared of the stain on his reputation.

Elise stood among the audience, watching the mother-and-daughter pair being interviewed. Then, she looked at him in curiosity. “Just what did you tell Raul?”

Alexander pursed his lips and smiled. “It’s a secret between men.”

## Recommended Novels

## Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 648

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 648-As soon as the press conference was broadcasted on the news, Owen immediately received a phone call from Wendy.

"Miss Jennings." His tone was respectful. "I assume you've seen the news?"

"I told you to cause trouble for Alexander. Is this all you can do?" Her tone wasn't harsh, but every word carried a connotation of blame.

"I'm sorry. It's my fault." He lowered his head while holding the phone. "I will find another opportunity."

"Haven't you realized? You're working at the wrong angle," she calmly said. "Elise and Alexander are husband and wife. If other people cause trouble for them, it will only strengthen their bonds and make them reveal a united front to the outside world. This method will never work even if you repeat a similar incident ten times or a hundred times over."

"You mean..." He carefully probed at her plans.

"All corruption begins from within. Since Elise stubbornly refuses to realize her error, then we have to help her see Alexander's two-faced nature." Wendy narrowed her eyes slightly, and a shrewd look flashed in her eyes. "When she despairs over the people closest to her, she will learn how filthy this world is and how inferior humans are. Then, she will naturally approach us and join us. At that time, we can finally work together to bring about the coming of the apocalypse!"

"But, Miss Jennings," Owen asked uncertainly, "will the apocalypse really come?"

"What are you trying to say?" Her tone became hostile.

"Please don't misunderstand." He quickly explained himself. "Of course, I know that humans are hopeless. But, can we really create a new world that belongs to us if we destroy the humans and the current world? Up until now, I've only ever seen traces of the new world in games..."

Half a minute of silence came from the other side of the phone when he finished speaking. The silence during that half-minute made him feel as though a century had passed. His heart rose to his throat, and he couldn't help swallowing nervously.

A long time later, her voice rang out again gloomily. "Don't forget this: Even if there is no new world, humans are pathetic. So we must prevent them from progressing any further. Only the very best and outstanding people have the qualifications to survive. Survival of the fittest. That's our mission!"

"I understand." He solemnly gave a salute as he clutched the phone tightly. Then, he looked before him and continued, "The strong will devour the weak. These filthy humans deserve to be destroyed!"

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After they left the press conference, Alexander and Elise returned to the villa. Quentin and Layla had been back in Tissote for some time, but they had yet to meet with Alexander. So, it was high time to visit them. Layla came out of the house to greet them as soon as they got out of the car. She tugged at Elise and grinned from ear to ear.

"Sweetie, you are my daughter indeed! I lost five kilograms just by following your diet for a few days. Not to mention, I don't feel hungry at all!"

"It's great that you've lost some weight." Elise smiled gently. Then, she turned around and introduced Alexander. "Mama, this is Alexander."

"Mama." Alexander took the initiative to greet Layla.

Layla nodded repeatedly. "Not bad. Not bad. What a handsome-looking man. You're well-matched with Elise!"

"Thank you, Mama." He had expected to receive criticism and mentally prepared himself under that assumption. But, contrary to his expectations, she turned out to be so warm and friendly.

During dinner, Layla also enthusiastically piled food onto Alexander's plate. "We're a family now. Don't be so reserved. Eat more."

Alexander smiled and thanked her, and his appetite was much better than usual.

"Men should always stay in shape, no matter how old you are. It's enough to only eat until you're half-full. There's no need to be greedy." On the other hand, Quentin looked grumpy and was not very welcoming toward Alexander.

The corners of Alexander's mouth lifted. However, he remained smiling without taking those words to heart.

"He's gotten old and senile. Don't listen to him." Layla continued to do things her way as usual. "Come. I'll get you another bowl of soup."

Quentin's expression changed and became extremely ugly. Finally, he angrily snapped, "Why are you serving him soup? He's a man. It's not like he doesn't have hands. Why does he need you to serve him?"

As soon as those words left his mouth, the atmosphere around the table became extraordinarily awkward.

However, he was not afraid of making the situation uncomfortable. So, he leaned back in his chair, straightened his jacket, and grimly put on the attitude of the head of the house. He was deliberately making things difficult for Alexander, so there was no reason to conceal his intentions.

Thus far, Owen stood first in the line of son-in-law candidates that he approved of, and Kenneth was a close second. There were a few others who were bearable, but Alexander was the only one who was unacceptable. The main reason was that the Griffith Family was no longer the same as before. Even if it was only because of all the wretched things that Alexander's mother had done to Elise in the past, this man was not worthy of his goddaughter.

Quentin felt like a ball of rage was stuck in his chest, and he simply could not understand. How did Alexander manage to slip through the gaps and steal the victory at the last moment!?

Alexander had expected this outcome. Therefore, he unhurriedly put down his utensils and looked toward Quentin. He was just about to speak when Layla took the opportunity away from him.

"It's such a joyous occasion. Let's open a bottle of wine. Quentin, come with me to the wine cellar to pick a good bottle of wine." She walked forward to drag Quentin away while she spoke.

"I'm not going." Quentin shook her hand off and leaned back in his chair like a boss. She looked at the others around the table and smiled patiently. At the same time, she reached out and harshly pinched him around the waist. "Are you coming!?"

"Ouch!" He jumped out of his chair in pain. Then, he quickly bowed and begged for mercy. "I'll go! I'll go! Is that enough, Your Majesty!?"

Then, she turned around and pulled him away by the ear after removing her hand from

his waist. "Let's go quickly! As if I'll let you continue being such an ingrate in this place!" Just like that, Quentin was dragged into the cellar with not a shred of dignity left, and Layla finally released her hold on him after turning on the light.

"Oww..." He rubbed his stinging ear and complained in an aggrieved voice. "Have you gone crazy, you old lady!? How can you be so violent toward me!? Are you trying to kill your husband!?"

"You deserved that!" She was so furious that she laughed sardonically before she explained. "Alexander is our godson-in-law. Why are you making things difficult for him!?"

"So what if I'm making things difficult for him!? I'm setting the ground rules with him for Elise!" he replied with great confidence.

"Come on. Do you think I don't know you? You just hate his guts." She persuaded him earnestly. "To be honest, I don't really like him either. Nevertheless, he is the person Elise chose. If you disrespect him, then you are also disrespecting Elise. I know you love our goddaughter. Do you think I don't love her? In any case, these are the affairs between them as husband and wife. If they live a happy life, then we'll just spoil them silly. That's the best-case scenario. If they are not doing well, then we will naturally support Elise. Besides, they have just gotten married. Why are you pointing fingers at them for no reason? Have you ever thought about the consequences before? What if something really happens between them down the road? Won't it be our goddaughter who suffers heartbreak?"

He never imagined that his wife would have such great wisdom. For a moment, he was utterly fascinated by the sight of her, and for a split second, he couldn't even feel the pain in his ear any longer. Perhaps, women are inherently better at maintaining a marriage than men.

## Recommended Novels

### Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 649

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 649-When Quentin returned with the wine from the cellar, his attitude toward Alexander significantly changed. Not only did he warmly serve Alexander some food, but he also had a few drinks with Alexander. It truly felt as though he had married off his daughter.

Quentin had gotten a little drunk, so Layla helped him upstairs to wash up after dinner. Meanwhile, Elise and Alexander sat on the sofa and cuddled against each other. The television was playing her recent coffee commercial that had just been released. The entire room was tranquil except for the sound of the television.

Alexander was enjoying his time alone with her. He had one hand wrapped around her shoulders while his other hand played with hers.

"Mama really likes you," Elise spoke up suddenly.

The corners of his mouth lifted slightly at those words, but he replied with a hint of regret, "It's a pity that Papa is still..."

"You don't need to worry about that." She smiled brightly. "Didn't you see that Mama wears the pants in the Fassbender Family? So, Papa's opinions are no longer important."

“Mama likes me only because she loves you so much.” Her words amused him, so he leaned over and pressed his forehead against her. “But, thank you. Wifey, you and your family, have been so kind to me.”

She put her arms around his neck and hugged him, nuzzling against his face like a little kitten. “They are also your family now.”

He returned her hug, deeply enjoying the familiar feeling of her body against his.

Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap... At this moment, Joey rushed downstairs with her laptop in her arms. When she reached the living room, she saw the two of them hugging each other. Thus, she hurriedly turned around and covered her eyes. “I’m sorry! I’m sorry! It wasn’t on purpose!”

Elise and Alexander looked at each other and smiled. Only then did they let go of each other and sat slightly apart. Then, she smiled faintly and asked, “What is it? Tell me.”

Joey turned around, walked over with her laptop, and sat on the sofa next to Elise.

“Take a look at this. Somebody has nominated you as a candidate for the ‘National Goddess’. You’re among the top five right now!”

Elise glanced at the screen. The girls on the screen were indeed quite good-looking. Be that as it may, she didn’t pay much attention to this matter. “These voting systems have no practical significance. They are just gimmicks that the organizers use in order to attract the masses. There is no need to pay attention to this.”

“But your fans are already rooting for you and putting effort into increasing your popularity,” Joey said with a serious expression. “Are you sure you don’t want to post some nice-looking pictures so that they have materials to bring in votes?”

To be honest, Elise felt that most of her fans were very adorable. Although what she needed was a large-scale effort to attract popularity right now, she did not wish to use them in that manner.

“No need,” she said. “These kinds of election-type affairs can easily lead to fights between the fans. I don’t want my fans to get hurt. So, just leave it up to fate.”

“Alright then. I’ll relay your words to the hardcore fans,” Joey muttered.

“Huh?” Elise raised an eyebrow suspiciously. “Are you very close to the fans?”

“Hehe...” Joey scratched her head in embarrassment and gave a dry cough. Then, she sat up straight and announced proudly, “Let me formally introduce you. I am Lil Jojo, the leader of your fan club!”

“The leader of my fan club?” Elise was even more confused.

“Yup.” Joey nodded and looked at Elise innocently. “Ever since those obsessive fans almost harmed you, I’ve infiltrated your fan club and formed an Anti-Obsessive Fan Alliance. At present, I am the leader of this alliance. But, of course, there’s no helping it. I’m the little sister of an idol!”

Elise was so amused by her she almost started laughing. “Okay, as long as you’re happy. It’s just that you are all girls. Don’t put yourself in danger because of me. Do you understand?”

“Don’t worry,” Joey carelessly said. “You have quite a lot of male fans too. If we need to charge into battle, they will be very willing to help. They won’t let us get injured.”

Alexander frowned upon hearing those words. That’s not good news.

Elise simply smiled and dismissed everything as a joke. It was a given for fans and idols to mutually encourage each other. At the same time, their respective private lives should be kept independent and separate. The chances of their lives being linked

together were not high, so there was nothing to be concerned about.

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The voting process for the 'National Goddess' was in full swing. As the top scorer in the last college entrance examination, Tiana had an all-rounded development in terms of morality, intelligence, physique, and beauty. That was why she stood firmly in first place ever since the beginning of the voting.

Unlike before, when she perfunctorily pulled up the voting interface after she finished her shower today, she discovered a familiar face—it was Elise Sinclair of Tissote University.

Two days ago, Elise's name was not even listed among the top ten rankings. However, she jumped to fourth place in the short span of forty-eight hours. Moreover, the number of votes she held was only 10,000 votes away from the third place.

If things continue at this rate, it will not be long before my position of first place in the rankings is compromised. Tiana's delicate face was seemingly covered in a layer of frost. At the same time, her hands, with their distinct joints, unconsciously squeezed the mouse tightly.

Elise was well-known in the entertainment industry and had quite many fans. She must have instigated those fans who only knew how to appreciate garbage music to do this.

I seriously don't understand what is wrong with people nowadays. All they know are the trending pop songs. Can that kind of thing even be considered music? Only music played by classical instruments can be called real music. Elise is nothing more than a clown who is good at attracting publicity. Somebody like me, who grew up under the influence of the symphony, exists on entirely different levels. Comparing myself to Elise is a disgrace to my status.

Even so, it was precisely for this reason that Tiana could not allow herself to lose to Elise. She pondered for a moment and picked up her phone. Staring at the computer screen, she dialed a number. "Hey, do you know about the 'National Goddess' ranking..."

It was 2:00 AM. Joey couldn't fall asleep, so she clicked on the 'National Goddess' voting link. In the time it took for her to blink, she saw the number of votes for Tiana, who held first place, increasing by one million votes suddenly.

She initially thought that there was something wrong with her eyes. So, she lifted her hand and vigorously rubbed her eyes. When she looked again, the votes had increased by another one million. It was evident that somebody was manipulating the votes.

Isn't that cheating!? She was absolutely furious. Thus, she immediately picked up her laptop and began working. She was determined to dig out the person behind the manipulation of votes. It's not like my idol cannot afford to lose to others. But, she can only lose to somebody in a fair and square contest. She cannot lose to some garbage who plays such petty tricks in the shadows.

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As soon as Alexander entered the office in Smith Co., he lay down on the sofa and closed his eyes.

Johnny immediately stood up to report about work. "We have started the mining process



in the mines in South Africa. The contractor...”

“Wait.” Alexander raised a hand to interrupt. “Put these things aside for the moment. There’s something more important that I need you to do first.”

“Please give me your orders.” Johnny immediately corrected his attitude, and his expression became stern. When he saw Melody entering the room, he did not forget to shoot her a warning look so that the other party did not make a sound.

Melody thought that something major had occurred, so she couldn’t help becoming serious.

“I’m going to send you a link.” Alexander sat up and seriously operated his mobile phone. “Make sure that all the staff in the company clicks on this link before 10 AM tomorrow.”

“Yes. I guarantee that it will be done!” Johnny felt his blood boiling in excitement. The boss has finally come forward himself! He’s about to do something big! He took a deep breath and clicked on the link. Almost immediately, his solemn expression turned into stunned disbelief. ‘Welcome to the first ‘National Goddess’ voting election...’

## Recommended Novels

### Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 650

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 650-When Melody noticed Johnny’s expression, her own expression unconsciously became more solemn than before. What is it that can be so difficult to handle? She quickly took out her phone, tapped on her chat with Alexander, and clicked on the link.

In the next moment, she had the same expression as him.

“Is this the extremely important matter you mentioned?” Melody was confused. She turned her phone screen that showed the ‘National Goddess’ voting interface in Alexander’s direction.

“Is that not important?” Alexander leaned his head back against the sofa and started spewing nonsense. “If Elise is not a goddess, then who is?”

Both Melody and Johnny were silent. We have no words for your shamelessness. Thank you very much.

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During the weekend, Elise dug out two tickets given to her by the principal from her bag and took Joey to visit the art exhibition.

The art exhibition was held in the Science and Technology Museum. Unlike a solo art exhibition, this exhibition included the most famous works of modern domestic artists.

The exhibits were not chosen based on the artists’ background, but based on the presentations of their artwork alone.

This art exhibition was also known as the cradle of artists in Cittadel. The artists who could exhibit their works in this exhibition would have a bright and promising future.

Elise and Joey only came here to join in on the fun. Elise originally planned to take a quick look around before leaving, but she saw her artwork ‘Appreciation of Spring’ being exhibited at the place where the artwork had gathered most people.

When Joey saw Elise stopping to look, she asked curiously, “Do you like it, Elise? Should I buy it for you?”

The artworks here were being exhibited, but they were also being sold. Moreover, one-tenth of the sales proceeds would be donated to the Red Cross Society as a charity. Elise smiled and did not reply. Then, she stepped to the side to call Julius as she took out her phone.

Julius answered the phone quickly. "What's up, Boss?"

"Did you get rid of my paintings without permission?" She got straight to the point and asked the question.

"Paintings? Are you talking about those ink paintings?" He mulled over her question.

"No. Noel took one previously, but the rest are being stored properly."

"That makes sense then," she said. "That painting is currently on sale at the Science and Technology Museum's art exhibition."

"What!? Noel sold the painting!?" Julius was absolutely astonished. "Has he gotten so desperate that he has to sell the paintings for a living now? Boss, please don't blame him for this. I will go and purchase that painting immediately!"

"No need. I'm right here," Elise replied. "Leave this matter to me. You don't need to worry about this." Then, after a brief pause, she added, "If you get the chance, you should find Noel and bring him back. Tell him that what happened is water under the bridge now. We are still a family."

"I knew it. You don't blame him at all, Boss. It's Noel who can't let go..." When talking about Noel, Julius couldn't help but feel saddened.

"Whether or not he can let it go will depend on him. Nobody can do anything for him, so don't blame yourself." After saying that, Elise ended the phone call.

While on her way back to where Joey stood, Elise coincidentally overheard the discussion among several people participating in the art exhibition, which had gathered around one of the ink paintings. Thus, she couldn't help but stop to listen.

"The thin layers of mist and the mountains scattered around are simply ethereal. Not to mention, the vague figures and the beautiful scenery complement each other and give off a delicate vibe."

"What an ethereal world. It truly is an exceptionally gorgeous ink painting!"

"The ink painting is incredibly vivid and life-like. The artist created such a heavenly place with only a few strokes. The black mountains and the white waters... Although there are only a few colors in the painting, the result is exquisite and noble!"

"That's right. As the saying goes, 'Each new generation excels over the last'. It looks like this is an extremely talented artist. This artist will surely become one of the pillars of Cittadel's ink painting industry in the future!"

Behind the crowd, Tiana listened to these compliments from a distance. The corners of her mouth twitched slightly; she couldn't help feeling proud of herself. These evaluations proved that her hard work had not been in vain over the years.

At this time, somebody put forward a different opinion.

"Why does the painting style seem similar to that of the Little Picasso, SQ?"

"When you put it that way, it really does seem quite similar. However, compared to SQ's painting, this artwork lacks strength. It is still lacking in some ways."

Tiana did not expect there to be experts who understood art in this exhibition. After composing her expression, she parted the crowd, walked over, and explained in a manner that was neither humble nor arrogant. "I studied under SQ, so it's not strange for our painting styles to be similar. I am proud to be compared to my teacher's

painting.”

“Oh, so you are SQ’s student! Forgive me for the disrespect.”

“Those who can impress SQ are extraordinary indeed. Your initial artworks are already so superb that one cannot look away. I believe your future achievements will be comparable to SQ herself!”

“That’s right! This painting has great collection value!”

The people fervently discussed among themselves. As they were fascinated by the title of ‘SQ’s student’, many were thinking about buying the painting to keep in hopes of it rising in value in the future.

Elise crossed her hands in front of her chest as she watched calmly from a distance. I don’t remember taking in a student.

Those paintings were something she found fun in the past. After learning from the masters of traditional painting for a few days, she had casually drawn those pictures. It’s one thing to be praised to the moon and back, but why didn’t anybody tell me that I’ve even taken in students?

At this time, another person spoke up.

“I heard that SQ’s artwork is also being auctioned at this art exhibition.”

“That’s right. I just came from there. The ‘Appreciation of Spring’ is truly a masterpiece!”

“The painting is excellent indeed, but three paintings are being exhibited today. Only one of them is genuine, but which one of them is the real deal? It’s so hard to differentiate between the real and the fake!”

“Huh? Isn’t SQ’s student standing right here? With her around, there’s no need to worry about telling which is fake and which is real!”

“That’s right! Let’s ask Miss Hill to join us!”

As their hospitality was hard to refuse, Tiana hesitated for a moment before finally going with them.

Elise originally intended to return and look for Joey, but she leisurely followed behind them instead.

The number of people gathering at the ‘Appreciation of Spring’ booth had only increased compared to earlier. The space seemed even more crowded after Tiana and the others came over.

Three identical paintings hung side-by-side on the display wall within the cordon. Under the illumination of various lights, each of them had its own respective beauty. Moreover, they were separated by a distance of one meter, so it would be difficult to tell them apart unless one was a professional in the field.

Fortunately, Tiana had done a lot of research on famous paintings. She could tell that the ‘Appreciation of Spring’ hanging in the middle was genuine at a glance. Thus, she confidently announced, “My teacher’s painting has vigorous and powerful strokes. The control over the finer details is also particularly critical. Although the first and third paintings are amazing imitations, in the end, they are far from the teacher’s standard in terms of strength. Only the second painting actually came from my teacher’s hand.”

The way Tiana mentioned her ‘teacher’ was so smooth and intimate that Elise herself was beginning to doubt whether or not she had taken in a student in her sleep!

The others nodded in approval.

“As expected of SQ’s student, she can tell it right away. I’ve been enlightened.”

“Looks like the ‘Appreciation of Spring’ is bound to become a big hit in today’s auction.” As soon as those words rang out, Tiana waved her hand and summoned one of the staff members from nearby. Following a whispered discussion, the staff member turned to look at everybody and announced loudly, “Miss Tiana Hill has offered a bid of one million for the ‘Appreciation of Spring’.”

### **Recommended Novels**