

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 651

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 651-“Miss Hill, are you planning to protect SQ’s beloved artwork for her?” Somebody joked.

Tiana smiled faintly. “This painting has always been one of my teacher’s favorites. Not only will I put the old lady in a good mood if I purchase this and bring it back, but I can also perform charity at the same time. So, why not do it?”

“Miss Hill, you sure are attentive.”

“That’s right. You are so considerate. It’s no wonder that you are the only one whom SQ favors!”

“You are praising me too much.” She lowered her head humbly.

Elise raised an eyebrow at those words, feeling rather annoyed. The old woman? I’ve only been married for less than a month. I’m at the peak of my youth! When did I become an old woman!? My painting has no reason to fall in the hands of others either.

“Two million.” Her voice rang out like the toll of a bell in the morning, seeming to awaken all the people who were immersed in flattering Tiana.

Joey gasped at those words. She turned to the side and looked at Elise. “Why did you say no when I offered to buy it for you just now?”

Elise shrugged nonchalantly and looked innocent. “I never said that.”

While she spoke, she parted the crowd and walked to the position closest to the cordon, where she stood side by side with Tiana.

“I apologize, Miss Hill. I’ve had my eye on this painting for a while now. I’m afraid I can’t surrender it to you so easily.”

“That’s right, Tiana. You can pick a different painting and put the cost on my tab.” Joey came over on her own and observed Tiana with a wary look. Isn’t she that first-ranker who was manipulating the votes last night? Besides, her disposition is much worse compared to Elise when I look at her in person!

The smile on Tiana’s face faded considerably, but she continued to smile. It’s Elise again. Just what grudges do I have against this woman in my past life that I keep running into her everywhere!?

All of SQ’s artwork has room for value appreciation. If she bought this painting, it would only bring her a steady profit over time. Moreover, she could create a good reputation for herself by preserving her teacher’s artwork. Every move she made had been well-planned, but trouble just had to appear out of nowhere.

Although she could raise the price a little more, the other party had already mentioned that they first had their eye on this painting. Therefore, it would be disgraceful if she insisted on increasing the bidding price any further.

In this case, her reputation and demeanor were much more practical than the money she spent.

“No need.” She composed her emotions and gently said, “A gentleman does not snatch another’s beloved. Besides, the principle of ‘first come, first served’ stands in all matters. I would also like to thank the two of you for your generosity in buying the works of my teacher.”

Her remarks were utterly foolproof. Not only did those words highlight her tolerance, but they also allowed her to subtly resolve a dispute. So, regardless of how one looks at her, she would be regarded as a well-educated and cultivated lady.

Elise had no idea why Tiana claimed to be SQ's student, but she had quite a good impression of Tiana at the moment.

"Thank you." She politely thanked the other party. Then, she turned to the staff member and said, "Excuse me, can you please pack all three paintings up and send them to the Sinclair Residence in the historic town area."

"Of course, Miss." The staff member responded politely.

"Huh?" Somebody questioned in a puzzled voice. "Didn't Miss Hill explain earlier that only the painting in the middle is genuine? So, Miss, why are you also bringing the fakes back? Are you worried that these fakes might enter the market?"

"Who said that the other two are fakes?" Elise smiled brightly.

That person seemed amused. "SQ's student herself has already identified the painting.

So, what else is there to say? It looks like you are an outsider to this field, Miss!"

"It's true that I don't know much about art, but I do know a little bit." She explained in a manner that was neither too humble nor arrogant. "Miss Hill is not wrong. The second painting is indeed genuine, but the other two paintings are also genuine."

A look of delight flashed across Tiana's eyes. An actor is an actor, after all. How can she possibly understand the way of the elegant arts? Nevertheless, she quickly got rid of her emotions that were inappropriate for this occasion. Then, she pretended to be kind and spoke as though intending to help. "In truth, collecting artwork depends largely on the collector's preference. As long as the collector likes something, then the question of whether it is real or fake no longer becomes an issue."

The implication behind her words was a reminder to the 'knowledgeable' collectors that they should understand and respect the choices of others even if they liked to collect fakes. There was no need to point fingers. Needless to say, she also very cleverly confirmed that Elise was not an expert in this matter. Be that as it may, there was nothing wrong with her statement on the surface.

Even Joey couldn't help but look at Tiana in admiration. Could it be that the mastermind behind the manipulation of votes was not Tiana herself but her obsessed fans? Looking at how she relinquished the painting to Elise and helped us resolve a dispute today, she seems reasonable and amicable. Perhaps I have been gauging the heart of a gentleman with one's own mean measure. On the surface, she seems very gentle. She did not look like somebody who would do something so dishonorable.

When everybody heard Tiana's words, they exchanged glances with each other and smiled meaningfully. Moreover, they stopped being nitpicky and insulting.

Elise hated the feeling of being treated as a fool. Lowering her eyes in thought for a moment, she said, "Thank you for your help, Miss Hill. But, it is fate for everybody to gather here today. Therefore, I will dare to display my inferior skills before the experts."

She paused at this point, turned to look at the staff member, and asked a question. "I've already purchased the paintings. Can I touch them now?"

It was the first time this staff member had ever met such an impatient buyer. In any case, he decided that her request was entirely in line with the regulations after giving the question some thought and agreed. "You can."

Then, she pulled aside the red ropes of the cordon and walked over to stand in front of the three paintings. Finally, she reached out her hand to gently touch the painting in the middle. While she handled the artworks, she explained as though she was in a trance.

“Masters in framing traditional paintings have a special skill called clipping and uncovering layers. They can peel an ink painting apart, layer by layer. Depending on the thickness of the rice paper, they can usually peel off three layers. As Miss Hill said earlier, the force of SQ’s strokes can reach down to the back of the paper. Even if someone peeled the painting apart into three layers, each layer would be almost identical. The ink of the middle painting is darker, so it is most likely the top layer. As for the other two by the side, they are most likely the second and third layer in that order.” As soon as the words left her mouth, everyone reacted as though they had been enlightened by her perfect wisdom and were instantly frozen on the spot in shock. The method of clipping and uncovering layers was rare, but this method was very famous in the industry. They only used it in particular authentic works that had been handed down from ancient times. Those who had witnessed this skill before were people who had seen many famous paintings in their life. It was not an exaggeration to say that they were very knowledgeable.

On the other hand, Elise was just a young girl in her twenties. For her to have such profound insights just went to show that she was not as simple and ignorant as she seemed on the surface.

Tiana was so anxious that she started to sweat. Despite studying ink painting for several years, she had remained a nobody in the industry. It was not until somebody linked her paintings to SQ that she gradually made a name for herself in the oil painting circles. Ever since then, she had claimed to be SQ’s student. In order to prevent her identity from being revealed, she studied and researched all of SQ’s artworks that had appeared on the market. As a result, nobody was more familiar with SQ’s paintings than her.

However, such a person had appeared. Elise’s appearance had caused the image that she painstakingly created over the years to become shaky. With just a few words, Elise had turned her identity as the disciple who knew SQ like the back of her hand into a joke.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 652

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 652-Tiana suddenly felt a deep sense of crisis welling up from the depths of her heart. It was just like the moment she saw Elise’s face on the ‘National Goddess’ voting interface last night. This woman was probably her greatest nemesis.

While the others were still caught up in amazement, she quickly sorted out her emotions and pretended to look enlightened. “I can’t believe I forgot about such an important thing! Teacher once told me before about the method of clipping and uncovering layers. Almost all the paintings that she sent for mounting would use this method. It’s all my fault. I’ve recently been busy with the school competition while managing the Calligraphy Association. I must have been so busy that this slipped my mind. I’m so glad you reminded me about this, Miss Sinclair. Otherwise, teacher’s artworks would have been destroyed.” She gratefully extended her hand to Elise. “Miss Sinclair, I am truly grateful.”

Elise couldn't help thinking that these words sounded strange somehow, but she could not pinpoint exactly what was weird. However, when she saw that Tiana was looking at her sincerely, she stretched out her hand and shook hands with Tiana. "You're welcome. I didn't do much either."

The smile on Tiana's face deepened. "You have such a unique perspective, Miss Sinclair. If my teacher were here, I'm sure she would make another exception and take in another student."

She only spoke those words out of courtesy. However, Elise grasped the opportunity to push her luck further and answered accordingly. "That's great! In that case, I'll have to trouble you to give me SQ's contact information, Miss Hill." I want to see just who is using my name to swindle others.

Tiana was visibly taken aback by those words. That was just a throwaway remark. Why is she taking it seriously?

"Miss Hill, is my request very troubling?" Elise deliberately pressured the other party.

"What is there to be troubled about?" Tiana forced herself to smile. "I'm the only one who knows my teacher's social media account. It's just that she generally does not like to be disturbed, so I'm worried that you might be disappointed by the results, Miss Sinclair."

"You don't need to worry about that, Miss Hill," Elise replied without a change in her expression. "Even you have such a high opinion of me, Miss Hill. I'm sure SQ will not reject me either."

Tiana stared blankly at Elise's face for a few seconds, unable to shake off the ominous feeling in her heart. Why is Elise so confident that SQ will accept her friend request? Could it be that she has met SQ before? In that case, if I really do hand SQ's contact information over and the two of them meet, then won't the fact that I've been pretending to be SQ's student come to light? She decided to test the waters by handing over her secondary account after mulling over the problem. "Since you insist, Miss Sinclair, then I can only wish you good luck."

After saying that, she asked the staff member for a pen and paper. Finally, she wrote down the email for her secondary account and handed the note to Elise.

"Thank you, Miss Hill." Elise took the note and placed the note in her bag. After that, she nodded her farewell. "Well then, I'll be taking my leave now."

She then shot a look at Joey, and they left the exhibition hall together.

Joey followed behind Elise, muttering under her breath all the way.

She suddenly paused in her tracks and turned around to ask Joey once they exited the building, "What have you been muttering under your breath?"

"Nothing much." Joey lied without batting an eyelid. "I was thinking about what to eat for dinner. My mother eats according to the diet you gave her every day, forcing Daddy and me to eat those light and bland meals with her. I want to eat something different tonight. Will you cook for me, Elise?"

Elise sighed in resignation. "It's easy to get indigestion if you eat too heavily seasoned meals at night. It will make you fat. Keeping in shape is a girl's goal in life. You can't relax, not even for a single day. Do you understand?"

"Fine. For the sake of beauty, I can only sacrifice my little tummy." Joey leaned over and grabbed Elise's arm as she said playfully.

Elise had once mentioned that she did not wish to interfere with the 'National Goddess'

voting process. Therefore, Joey could not let Elise discover that she had been secretly investigating the matter.

The two of them laughed and chatted with each other by the side of the road, waiting for Alexander to come and pick them up.

It didn't take long before a black van pulled up beside them. The car door opened, and two men in black suits and sunglasses got out of the car to greet Elise respectfully.

"Miss Sinclair, the lady would like to invite you over for tea."

"Who is this lady you speak of?" Joey deliberately acted like she was not to be trifled with, and she shoved Elise protectively behind her after she stepped forward.

"Our invitation is extended only to Miss Sinclair. So, you do not need to know." The man who spoke did not fall for those tricks, focusing only on Elise. Instead, he leaned sideways to face the opened door and made an inviting gesture. "This way, please, Miss Sinclair."

"What if I refuse?" Elise crossed her arms in front of her chest. "She wants to meet me but does not even dare to tell me her name. Does your mistress think that I'm an insignificant ant that would come and go as I'm told?"

The bushy eyebrows on the man's face furrowed together slightly, and a noticeable change came over the aura around his entire body. There was a moment of silence. Then, he reached out to grab Elise to forcibly drag her into the car. Before he could lay his hands on Elise, the sound of urgent footsteps rang out behind them. The two men turned around vigilantly. Before they could get a clear glimpse of that person's appearance, both were kicked in the chest and collapsed to the ground.

"Is my wife somebody you can touch just because you want to?" Alexander stood on the curb, looking down on them from above. His eyes were brimming with coldness.

"Alexander! That was so cool!" Joey raised both hands and gave him a thumbs-up gesture.

Elise watched the simple but crude scene unfolding in front of her just now. The speculation that she had suppressed for a long time flooded her mind again. This method of solving problems is not Alexander's style. It's more like Kenneth to do this. Alexander was refined down to his very bones, and every action he took was calm and controlled. On the other hand, Kenneth was so lawless that even the Gods could not stop him once he lost his temper. She had clearly caught a glimpse of Kenneth's shadow at that moment, and the realization made her all the more stressed. She sighed as she clutched her chest.

Alexander was keenly aware that she wasn't herself. Hence, he hurriedly walked over and steadied her. Then, he asked in concern, "Ellie, what's wrong? Did you get hurt?" While speaking, his pitch-black eyes surged with murderous intent.

"I'm fine." Elise shook her head. "It might be that I didn't get enough rest last night. Forget about them; let's go back first."

"Alright, let's go back first." Alexander coldly glanced sideways at the two men crawling on the ground. Only then did he escort her to his parked car on the opposite side of the road.

Upstairs, Tiana watched the entire scene from afar. Her beautiful eyes narrowed slightly at the sight. Elise sure has many people around her to protect her. As things stand, I won't have the chance to interrogate her about SQ. But it doesn't matter. SQ has never

shown herself before. Elise might not actually know her, and I might just be overthinking things. She outshines me in every way. I hope I never run into her again. On the other side, Alexander was driving. He took a shortcut near the Science and Technology Museum to send her back to the courtyard house. When they rounded the corner and entered an alley, Elise saw a red luxury sports car by the side of the road in the opposite direction out of the corner of her eye. Craig was hugging a woman with an ample bosom. Their bodies were pressed closely together. It was easy to tell that their relationship was pretty unusual at a glance.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 653

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 653-Winona had claimed that Craig was busy with various commercials recently, so much so that they barely had any time to meet each other. If that was the case, then what was he doing just now?

Joey followed Elise's gaze and took in the sight. It was just that she did not recognize Craig, so she casually said, "That man must have a bad stomach."

"How do you know?" Elise asked innocently.

"It's so obvious! He's a kept man!" Joey pursed her lips. She despised these kinds of men the most—men who put on airs but only wanted to 'leech' off women to live.

Even Joey could tell that the relationship between Craig and that woman was not that simple. It proved that Elise was not overthinking things.

In the driver's seat, Alexander was slightly absent-minded as he drove. He would glance in the rearview mirror from time to time and observe Elise's reaction. He thought that today might be a good day to confess.

Following several internal struggles, he reduced his driving speed and prepared to speak. But, when he looked up, he saw that Elise had taken out her phone to make a phone call. The words that were on the tip of his tongue could only be swallowed back once more.

It didn't take long for Winona to answer the phone.

"Elise, I was just about to call you. So many people have been asking for you to appear in their commercials. Even Blitz Entertainment has started to prepare for a joint promotional effort." She was so busy that her eyes were spinning, but she seemed to be enjoying herself.

People who had just graduated from college were usually like that. They were not scared of exhaustion or hardship. Instead, they were most afraid of having nothing to do or being unneeded.

"Let's meet up and talk about that next time. I remember you saying that your boyfriend, Craig, is a trainee who has been very busy recently, right?" Elise could not ask too bluntly, so she could only ask in a slightly convoluted manner.

"That's right! He's really very hardworking. I only helped him a little in the early stage, and he is already doing much better recently. I heard that several investors have been interested in shooting commercials with him. Our goals are extremely aligned. If it's for the sake of our career, we are not afraid, no matter how difficult it gets. Else, don't you think I have a good eye for people?" At the mention of Craig, Winona shone as brightly

as a little sun, full of vigor.

Elise's heart immediately softened at those words, and she reluctantly played along.

"That's right. You're the best at reading people. Since you're working so hard, I'll personally cook for you when we meet in two days. I have to treat you well."

There were some things she could not bring herself to say over the phone. She figured that such things would be better said face to face.

"Sure!" Winona readily agreed. "I love you, Elise!"

They continued chatting for a bit longer before Elise ended the call. However, her expression was not very good.

"That was the girlfriend of the man just now, right?" Joey has keen observation skills, so she immediately hit the nail on the situation.

Elise did not deny those words and simply wondered, Why are so many people in the world unable to be satisfied with what they have? He has such a great girlfriend. It's clear as day that they could have worked hard together and built a better life with each other. Why do they have to betray themselves to obtain benefits without putting in any work? Of course, some people are willing to live like that. That's not an issue. But, he should not have made that choice while stringing Winona along and deceiving her.

Joey continued talking, her expression much sterner than before. "Elise, let me give you a piece of advice. Don't interfere with other people's relationships. Some people might get along with you very well under normal circumstances, but they are easily confused when it comes to relationship matters. Even if you have good intentions, you will not be able to help those with love-addled brains. If you can't bear to watch, then don't watch. There are some things in life that everybody must experience. Unfortunately, we can't always save everyone."

When she heard those words, Elise turned to the side and gave Joey a deep look. In her memories, Joey was either a playful little daredevil who was not afraid of anything or a proud little girl who acted cold on the outside but was warm on the inside. Even so, Joey's expression at this moment seemed so mature. There was a steadiness in her expression that was utterly out of place for people her age. It looks like Joey's past experiences are not that normal either.

Nevertheless, Elise had her own set of standards when dealing with people and other matters. She would not be shaken by external affairs.

"I understand what you mean. Nobody wants to cause trouble for themselves after all." She patted the back of Joey's hand and let out a long breath. "But, this world is so malicious toward girls. Girls should protect each other. As for the rest, we can think it over slowly."

Joey knew that she neither had Elise's broad love for others nor the intention of protecting all the weak. But, be that as it may, she listened to Elise's words. Girls should protect each other. That's why I will work hard to be the best person I can be. That way, I will definitely protect Elise.

Afterward, a brief silence fell over the car.

Elise had enjoyed herself today and was a little tired as a result. Then, she leaned back against the leather seat behind her and suddenly murmured without apparent reason.

"What did Winona do wrong? All the fault lies with that man. He acts one way in front of her and another behind her back. Why would he do that to the people who trust him the most..."

The speaker uttered those words without thought, but those words held significant meaning to the listener.

Alexander had initially planned to confess. However, his heart became disturbed after hearing those words. I didn't know she cares so much about those kinds of things. For the rest of the journey, all three were immersed in their respective thoughts and didn't exchange a single word.

That night, Elise returned to her room after taking a shower. Then, after she logged in to her computer, she sent an email to the email address that Tiana had given her.

'SQ, why did you change your social media handle? Has your phone been stolen?'

In less than two minutes, she received an answer from the other party.

'Is this Elise? Tiana mentioned you to me today. That's right. I accidentally lost my phone, so I had to create another account.'

Tiana sat in front of the computer and pressed 'Send' after typing those words.

Following that, she stared at the screen cautiously. Those words caught her heart in her throat, and she was so nervous that she could not move. I knew it! Elise does know SQ, after all. But, I can't be sure whether my secondary account can gain her trust.

Conversely, Elise couldn't help sneering coldly at Tiana's reply. That reply was akin to a guilty person giving themselves away by being too conscious about declaring their innocence.

The other party was terrified that Elise might not believe that SQ had taken in Tiana as a student. That was why she deliberately mentioned the name 'Tiana' despite knowing that this was a private conversation.

Seriously. You gave yourself away by concealing the truth! How unnecessary!

Her slender fingers tapped against the keyboard as she replied immediately.

'I see. I was wondering about the paintings that you left in my care previously. How should I return them to you?'

Paintings? Tiana's eyes narrowed slightly. SQ's paintings? Moreover, there's more than one! Isn't this practically a free gift? It's a waste not to accept!

'Give me an address. I'll ask Tiana to pick them up.'

The corners of Elise's mouth lifted slightly. She pretended to be mysterious. 'Didn't you say you are the only person who can take them? I won't hand them over to anybody else.'

'Okay then. I'll give you an address. Send the items there, and I'll pick them up myself.'

Tiana responded.

'Okay.'

A moment later, she shared an address with Elise.

Elise calmly read the contents of their conversation, and her eyes gleamed with a shrewd light. Good. The fish has taken the bait.

At the same time, late at night in the teacher's dormitory of Tissote University, Martin took out the sealed answer sheets and accurately found Elise's answer sheet.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 654

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 654-Suppose that Martin had held on to the last shreds of hope before this, fervently praying that Elise's results would be so terrible that she voluntarily withdrew from the Elite Class. In that case, it could be said that he completely lost all hope after seeing the huge number of ticks on her test paper.

After repeatedly checking the answers on the test paper twice, he glanced at the test sheet in front of him with a total score of almost ninety and fell into deep thought. The exam questions this time were much more challenging than the tests at the opening of the school year. Such scores would easily be ranked among the top five at the very least. In other words, Elise met the assessment criteria and did not need to leave the Elite Class.

This might have proven that Elise had extraordinary learning capabilities. Even so, he could never manage the Elite Class freely as long as she was in the class. What's more, she was much too independent and eccentric. She would not allow him to take advantage of her and might even cause trouble for him in the future. Keeping somebody like that around for an extra day would give him a terrible headache, let alone a few more months.

When that thought crossed his mind, he turned to look at the pen holder on his desk. Then, after two seconds, he took out a water-based pen, leaned against the desk, and quietly added a few more strokes to her answer sheet.

The next day, the first monthly exam results were finally released. Mason stood on the podium and glanced at Elise, who was sitting at the back of the classroom with a regretful look in his eyes. Only then did he look back down at the academic record in his hands and opened his mouth to speak.

"In this monthly exam, many of you have shown great improvement. But, unfortunately, there are no gatherings without parting in this world. According to the rules set up when this Elite Class was established, half of the students will have to leave this class." He paused at this point and took off his glasses before continuing, "The names that I read out after this will remain in this class and move forward with the teacher. For those whose names I did not call out, you will return to your original departments and continue your studies there after this class. Zacharias Chandler, Vicki Linwood... And, the last person is Sheldon Keller."

"Yes!" Sheldon couldn't help pumping his fist excitedly when he heard his name. The exercise booklet that Mr. Young gave was amazing indeed.

"Little Sheldon, this concubine can't bear to leave you!" Elliot playfully pressed his body against Sheldon.

"Don't worry, my dear concubine. I will be sure to visit you when I am free." Sheldon played along.

The two of them had been classmates for years, so they were reluctant at the thought of being separated.

Some were happy, and some were sad. Half of the students who had been eliminated were downcasted as they quietly packed up their things.

Mason felt uncomfortable at the sight, but he pulled himself together and encouraged the rest. "Students, the Elite Class is not the final destination in your life. On the contrary, it is just the beginning. Failing once in an exam does not mean anything. You are the best student in my heart. The world belongs to you. This vast sky belongs to

you. I believe that you will be able to create a place where you belong as long as you don't give up."

His words lifted the students' morale, and the atmosphere in the classroom was no longer as gloomy as before.

Sheldon looked at Mason, feeling grateful that he could meet such a good teacher. Then, after he thought about it again, he suddenly realized something. Why don't I remember hearing Elise's name just now? Her abilities are better than mine. Don't tell me she made a mistake this time?

He turned around suspiciously and saw the same bewilderment on Elise's face. Thus, he felt even more puzzled than before.

The invigilator for this exam is Mr. Young. He is also the one who tallied the scores, so there shouldn't be a situation where someone did not mark the test papers like last time. Don't tell me she actually scored badly this time? If that's the case, then won't she be leaving the Elite Class just like how Martin wishes?

"Little Sheldon, this concubine is so sad. It's been so long since you've doted on me. You have to come to my room tonight, but you're not allowed to leave!" Elliot was not bothered by the fact that he failed to remain in the Elite Class. At the moment, all he wanted to do was drag Sheldon out to party all night with him. However, Sheldon had a change of heart recently and was only focused on studying. Therefore, Elliot felt like he had been neglected for a long time. Now that the results were out, he could finally relax. "Stop making a fuss." Sheldon pushed Elliot aside. Stretching his neck, he leaned toward Elise and whispered, "Boss, are you alright? Do you want me to go and beg Mr. Young for another chance?"

Elise smiled meaningfully and did not reply to him.

At this moment, Stefan suddenly stood up. "Mr. Young, I would like to request a re-calculation of the scores."

"A re-check of the scores?" Mason pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose. "You have a score of 104 points and stand in first place. Are you still dissatisfied?"

"I'm satisfied," Stefan answered expressionlessly.

"Then, why are you doing this?" Mason asked puzzledly.

"I suspect that one of the students' scores has been miscalculated," Stefan said calmly.

"But, I did not announce the scores just now," Mason said.

"You also did not call out the name of a student who should have passed this assessment," Stefan explained.

"Hmm?" Mason's curiosity was immediately piqued. "Tell me, which student is it whose abilities our class monitor is so confident about?"

Stefan hesitated for a moment. Then, he spoke loudly, "Elise Sinclair."

As soon as that name left his mouth, the entire class turned to look at Elise in unison.

For a time, gossip spread throughout the class.

"Why does the class monitor care so much about Elise?"

"I remember that it was also the class monitor who lent his laptop to Elise last time. Could it be that the class monitor likes her?"

"That makes sense when you put it that way. We rarely see the class monitor interacting with others in private. He only reveals his presence when it comes to Elise."

"F*ck! The more you mention it, the more it seems to be true. Don't you think so too?"

They're pretty well-matched!"

"Sob, sob, sob... Don't create weird rumors about my idol! How can H fall in love with a nerd?"

"....."

The discussion continued.

Needless to say, these snippets of conversation entered Mason's ears. He was once a student himself, so he understood the boys' thoughts and did not expose them. Instead, he simply asked patiently, "Why are you so certain that there's a mistake with Elise's scores?"

"Teacher, have you forgotten? You gave me the answers and asked me to help you mark the multiple-choice and fill-in-the-blank questions. At the time, I marked an answer sheet where all the fill-in-the-blank questions were correct. Then, when I recognized the handwriting as Elise's, I flipped through the rest of her answers. According to my estimate, she should have at least 90 points," Stefan answered seriously.

"Ridiculous!" Martin had been secretly observing from outside the classroom. When he heard what Stefan said, he couldn't bear listening any longer and walked into the class.

"Mr. Kamp, why are you here?" Mason asked.

"Uh... I just happened to pass by." Martin gave a sloppy excuse and quickly glossed over the question. Then, he turned around to glare at Stefan in reproach. "The answer sheets are sealed for marking. How can you be certain that it belongs to Elise just because you claim that it was Elise's handwriting? Besides, the total scores were calculated by Mr. Young himself. It's bad enough that you're unhappy with my management. Are you going to doubt him too? Besides, Elise has not said anything. So, who are you to question the scores?"

"Who says I have nothing to say?" Elise stood up abruptly.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 655

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 655-Martin froze on the spot, feeling a little overwhelmed.

Elise had used the excuse of checking the answer sheets to somehow pass the exam last time. However, Mason was the person in charge of marking the answer sheets this time. All I did was perform a little trick. Don't tell me; does Elise intend to cause trouble without giving Mason due respect?

"Miss Sinclair, I know that the results are very difficult to accept. But, unfortunately, you have to trust that I am fair and impartial. I swear that I have not done anything to alter your scores." Mason reassured Elise.

"You heard him, Elise." Martin narrowed his eyes and continued angrily, "Mr. Young has always stood on your side. This is not a minor issue like what happened during the exams at the start of the class! You are the one who scored badly on the exam. That has nothing to do with anybody else!"

"That's right. That's why I got one more multiple-choice question wrong. I scored 96 last time, and I scored 90 this time. Is there a problem?" Elise sounded very sure of herself. Scoring six points less than before sounded as normal as eating one bite of rice less

when the words came out of her mouth.

“Hah!” He sneered contemptuously. “You got one more multiple-choice question wrong? Are you saying that your brain is filled with all the right answers? Do you think you can score as many points as you wish?”

“Why not?” Sheldon refuted. “A real top student is capable of manipulating how many points they can get!”

“That’s just trickery! It’s absolutely unreasonable!” Martin dismissed those words completely.

However, he knew in his heart that there were indeed a small number of students who could manipulate their test scores rather accurately in Cittadel’s test-oriented education. However, he was confident that these people did not include Elise.

“So, as long as I can score full marks on the exam, I can prove that Stefan and Sheldon are not being unreasonable. Is that right?” Elise asked coldly.

“There’s no need to go through such troublesome means.” Mason interrupted. “I brought all the answer sheets. I was planning to distribute them back to all of you later.

However, since you are dissatisfied with the test scores, I will re-check the test sheets again in front of you.”

Then, he took out the answer sheets from under the lesson plans while he was speaking and placed them on the desk. However, he realized that rechecking the test sheets one by one was far too time-consuming. He hesitated for a moment before lifting his head and saying, “I will focus on re-checking Elise’s answer sheet. If there are any other students who are dissatisfied with your test scores, you may mention the issue to me now. After all, this is related to the number of places among the students who get to study abroad. Therefore, it’s okay to err on the cautious side.”

It was just that most students knew their own abilities, so nobody said a word.

A moment later, he nodded and continued, “Good. Then, I will place Elise’s answer sheet on the projector. We can all help to check her answers. Class monitor, please help me turn on the projector.”

Thanks to Stefan and Mason’s joint efforts, it didn’t take long before Elise’s answer sheet, and the standard answer sheet were displayed on the blackboard simultaneously. Elise was quite popular among her classmates, so almost every single student examined the test sheet. Regretfully, there were no mistakes to be found in the answer sheet.

The answer sheet consisted of four pages, and every page was displayed for a total of five minutes. Even though twenty minutes had passed, not a single student stood up to testify for her. That meant that there was no mistake in the marking process and the calculation of the scores.

Martin quietly adjusted his glasses, a smug smile flashing in his eyes. He had long anticipated that Elise would ask for a re-check of her answer sheets. That was why his petty sabotage was seamless. This time, there was no turning the truth on its head, no matter how great her skills were.

Mason was the first person on the podium to finish checking the test papers. He couldn’t help sighing in disappointment. The rest of the students had the same regretful look on their faces.

Be that as it may, Elise remained calm and indifferent. Other people might not know, but she knew the truth. Someone had clearly changed the answers of two multiple-choice

answers from 'C' to 'D'. It was just the additional stroke along with a slight retouch here and there; there was no way to spot any significant changes. I would have been forced to suffer this loss in silence if not for my extraordinary memory. It looks like Martin is willing to do anything to kick me out of the Elite Class. But, I can't prove that my answer sheet has been tampered with. How can I get another chance to prove my abilities again?

"Boss," Sheldon asked anxiously, "Do you see anything? Tell me if there are any problems. I'm not scared of causing trouble. I will definitely get justice for you!"

"It's not that simple." Elise stared at the blackboard and quietly said, "Do you see questions three and seven of the multiple-choice questions? I wrote 'C' for both answers, but the answer sheets currently show 'D' instead. There's no way to explain this discrepancy."

When he heard those words, he followed her gaze only to see two large and distinct alphabet 'D' displayed clearly on the projector. It was impossible to notice that someone had changed the answers from the alphabet 'C'.

Our words will be mere accusations without evidence unless we can find the culprit who changed the answers. He swept a vigilant gaze over everybody in the classroom. His hands that he placed on his lap clenched into fists without him noticing. Who is it? Who dares to betray Boss with such dirty and underhanded methods?

"Little Sheldon, what are you doing? Why do you look so serious?" Elliot leaned over and acted coyly.

"Shut up." Sheldon didn't even bother to look at Elliot. "Boss' answer sheet has been tampered with. We need to find the culprit. That's the only way for Boss to remain in the Elite Class."

"Is there such a thing!?" Elliot immediately turned serious. He turned sideways and glanced at the podium for a moment. Then, he slammed his hands on the table with a loud thud and stood up abruptly.

All the students in the class jumped in fright. Mason was so shocked that his glasses nearly fell off his nose. Then, after he hurriedly put his glasses back in place, he reprimanded Elliot with a gloomy expression. "Elliot Howard, what are you doing!?"

"Teacher, I would like to turn myself in!" Elliot rakishly tapped his leg and spoke proudly.

"Turn yourself in? What wrong did you commit?" Mason asked suspiciously.

"I was mad at Elise, so I snuck into your office and tampered with her answer sheet!" Elliot announced.

"Nonsense!" Martin was certain that Elliot was causing a fuss on purpose. "Who doesn't know that you are terrific friends with Miss Sinclair? What reason would you have to do something like that? Hurry up and return to your seat!"

"Who is being nonsensical!? I'm being serious!" Elliot smacked his lips together, trying to think of a plausible excuse. But unfortunately, his brain was coming up blank. So, he swiveled his head around for an idea, and when he saw Sheldon, he immediately blurted out, "Elise always walks so closely to Sheldon, and I was unhappy..."

The entire class cheered ambiguously as soon as those words left his mouth. "Wow! This is explosive news!"

Sheldon's nose practically trembled when he heard those words. He glared at Elliot with a gaze that was as sharp as knives. This guy... I wish I could give him a knuckle

sandwich! Wait, wait! Why are people looking at us!? I'm innocent! Mason's expression froze for several seconds. When he returned to his senses, he gave a dry cough and placed his fist next to his mouth. He awkwardly said, "Uh... Mr. Howard, you don't need to be sad. There are many other guys in this world. Cough. I mean, girls. Don't get hung up on a single person..."

"Mr. Young! Is that the point!?" Martin reminded forcefully.

"Oh! Right..." I got caught up with gossip. Mason slapped his head lightly and got back to the main topic. "Elliot, tell me. Which answers did you switch?"

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 656

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 656-"Which answers?" The question tripped up Elliot. "Wait a moment."

He bent down while speaking, hooked his arm around Sheldon's neck, and turned them around. "Which answer was tampered with? Quickly tell me!"

"F*ck your grandfather, Elliot Howard!" Sheldon suppressed his voice and spat out those words through gritted teeth.

"I don't have a grandfather." Elliot was unfazed by the curses and tightened his arm around Sheldon's neck. "It's urgent! Don't you want Boss to remain in the Elite Class?" At the mention of Elise, Sheldon endured the embarrassment and explained the situation to Elliot word by word. "Multiple-choice questions number three and number seven. The 'C' has been changed to 'D'!"

"Thank you, darling!" Elliot roughly patted Sheldon on the shoulder and gave him a flying kiss. After that, he swiftly turned around and shamelessly mechanically repeated those words. "I changed the multiple-choice questions number three and seven to 'D'."

"What!?" Mason hurriedly picked up the answer sheet when he heard those words. Then, after he put on his glasses, he squinted at the paper and gave it a good hard look. Sure enough, the 'D' from those questions was clearly flatter than the 'D' from another question. It looked very unnatural.

He was so furious that he slammed the answer sheet on the table. Then, he pointed a finger at Elliot and admonished the latter. "Why would you do something like that!?"

"I already did it anyway. So, you can go ahead and scold me. But, in any case, I'm used to it," Elliot said in a devil may care attitude. He even tilted his head to the side and tapped his foot, looking extremely at ease.

Mason sighed and put on a regretful expression. "If that's the case, then you can leave the Elite Class immediately. Don't ever claim to be my student."

Martin was dumbstruck by the scenario playing out in front of him. What is going on here? Are they singing a duet? It's obvious that Elliot and Sheldon are colluding with each other. It's so obvious! How can Mason not notice!?

"Thank you, Mr. Young!" Elliot swung his shoulder bag over his shoulder and swaggered toward the classroom door. "I get to finish class early again!"

"Stop right there!" Martin was so furious that his chest was heaving up and down violently. "How can you believe his words just like that!? How can you accept that he changed the answers just because he says so!?" I cannot allow the plan that I so

painstakingly carried out to be ruined in the hands of a lousy student like Elliot!

“What else can I do?” Mason looked innocent. “The culprit who changed the answers has been found, and the answer sheet does indeed contain traces of being modified. Both the evidence and the culprit are here in front of us. What else is there that you do not understand?”

Martin knew that Elliot did not have the brains to harm another person. However, Elliot was willing to sacrifice his reputation to protect Elise. His actions proved that Elise must have great merits as a person. Just based on the cherished friendship between the classmates alone, he had to help them finish this farce of a show.

“Then, what about Elise Sinclair?” Martin asked doggedly.

“Those two multiple-choice questions will give Miss Sinclair an additional twelve marks, and her score will exceed ninety. So, it’s only natural that she remains in this class,” Mason calmly said.

“You can’t!” Martin clenched his fists so tightly that his knuckles made a crackling noise.

“Nobody can prove that Elliot is speaking the truth. So, you can’t add in those twelve points!”

“Are you saying that Mr. Howard is lying? What good will that do him?” Mason’s expression changed and became nasty. “Martin Kamp, must you think so badly of the students?”

This was the first time he called Martin by name. It was also the first time he openly confronted him.

It’s time these foreign teachers know that Cittadelian teachers are simply good-tempered and not doormats to be walked all over as they please! He is not allowed to make inferences of guilt regarding the students of Cittadel!

The rebuke left Martin at a loss for words. His mouth gaped open, and he thought for a long while before he finally managed to squeeze out a sentence. “Since it’s impossible to confirm whether Elliot’s words are true or false, we can only let Elise prove herself. I will only agree for her to remain in this class if she can get full marks on the exam.”

The last question on the monthly exam was something nobody could answer. The corresponding space for this question on Elise’s answer sheet had also been left blank. It was the only remaining barrier that could stop her. He would not relent as long as she failed to score full marks in the exam.

Mason’s expression twisted in annoyance, and fury lined his snowy-white eyebrows.

Even Stefan could only obtain one hundred and four points in this set of questions.

Moreover, the students had yet to learn the relevant content required to answer the last question on the exam. So, how could Elise obtain full marks? Martin was clearly trying to make things difficult for her.

He opened his mouth to argue, but Martin interrupted first. “Mr. Young, I believe my request is perfectly reasonable. Elise might be the victim in the case where her answer sheet was tampered with, but people are social animals. Who can guarantee that no unexpected incidents will occur in life? Sometimes, luck is also a kind of strength. If she cannot obtain full marks in the exam and prove that she is capable of remaining in the Elite Class, then I will never allow a student like her to remain in this class with those results in her monthly exam.”

Now that both parties claimed to be in the right, the situation fell into a stalemate.

“In that case, let’s not waste any more time.” Elise stood up. She picked up a water-

based pen and twirled it around her fingers. “Mr. Young, you still have some test papers and blank answer sheets with you, right?”

“I do.” Mason nodded dazedly.

“Should I take the test at the podium so that it’s easier for everybody to monitor me? Or, should I just take the test at my seat?” she asked calmly.

“Up to you.”

“Take the test on the podium!”

Mason and Martin spoke at the same time. They glared at each other for a moment. Then, Martin added, “The quota for studying abroad is a fair competition for each student. If you wish to remain in this class, then you will have to bear the burden of the whole class monitoring you.”

Elise fell silent for a moment before responding without the slightest change in her expression. “Okay.”

After she spoke, she picked up her pen and walked to the podium. Then, she took the test paper and answer sheet from Mason’s hand. As soon as she sat down, she began scribbling furiously without even looking at the questions.

Mason couldn’t help feeling anxious on her behalf, and he reminded her softly, “Miss Sinclair, don’t panic. Instead, pay attention and check your answers.” You won’t be able to remain in this class if you accidentally write the wrong answer.

“Okay.” She answered perfunctorily.

Her indifference left him feeling a little awkward. Nevertheless, he quietly walked away in small steps lest he disrupted her concentration while she was answering the exam. Twenty minutes later, Elise put her pen down and personally delivered her test paper and the answer sheet into Martin’s hands.

“Mr. Kamp, please be the first to check the answers. Otherwise, you might say that the situation is inconclusive if it passes through another person’s hands and another mistake occurs.”

Martin gave her a side-eyed glare in irritation. Then, he lifted a hand to accept the papers and immediately began to look through her answer sheet and check the answers.

However, the more he looked, the more solemn his expression became. He swallowed nervously when he reached the final question and saw the filled-out answer box. Finally, he walked over to the podium to take the standard answer sheet before he continued checking her answers.

However, the result of his checking made him unable to smile whatsoever—it was all correct. Even the word problem that both he and Mason would have trouble solving was answered correctly.

Although she had only used elementary physics knowledge to answer the question, the process was a little complicated. However, as a result, every step of the process was logically sound and organized, and he could not find any fault in her work.

His hand that was holding the answer sheet went a little cold. There was a loud buzzing noise in his head, and he suddenly felt dizzy. Even the equations written on the answer sheet began to swim wildly in his vision.

Elise Sinclair turned out to be a well-rounded straight-A student!

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 657

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 657-“How is it, Mr. Kamp? How many mistakes did she make?” Mason anxiously stood beside Martin. He had already made up his mind. As long as Elise managed to score a hundred points and above, he would allow her to remain in the Elite Class even if he had to burn his bridges with Martin.

Martin lowered his eyes, looking as though he had seen a ghost. He weakly murmured, “Full marks.”

“Full marks!?” Mason was ecstatic. He immediately snatched up the test paper and reviewed the answers excitedly. When he saw the final question, he happily grinned from ear to ear. Not only did Elise answer the question, but she also answered the question correctly.

She is a genius! She really is a genius! Given enough time, she will have more extraordinary achievements than me! No, she will stand above everybody else in the classroom!

“This is amazing! Miss Sinclair, I hereby announce that you can remain in the Elite Class!” He emotionally announced.

“But, Mr. Young...”

“Mr. Kamp, please refrain from speaking.” When Martin tried to stir up further trouble, Mason immediately cut Martin off. “If my memory serves me right, you were in charge of safekeeping the answer sheets last night. Given your attitude toward Miss Sinclair, it’s also possible that you were the one who tampered with her answer sheet. Do you want me to report this matter to the principal so that he can perform a thorough investigation?”

Martin panicked when he heard those words and immediately changed his tune. “Mr. Young, what are you talking about? I am a teacher. How can I possibly do something like that!? You might have misunderstood my words. I meant to say that Miss Sinclair has such good scores and strong learning abilities. Therefore, we should not only keep such a good student in this class but also entrust her with some important responsibilities. Perhaps, we can appoint her as the class leader or something.”

Mason rolled his eyes. How amazing. He’s gone and said all the good things now. Martin was very thick-skinned. He ignored Mason’s reaction and cleared his throat before shyly turning to Elise and making nice with her. “Miss Sinclair, are you willing to take up some responsibilities in the class?”

“Mr. Kamp, are you asking me?” She crossed her arms in front of her chest and lifted her chin arrogantly.

To sum things up, the meaning behind this question was equivalent to, “Are you begging me?”

Various expressions of fury flitted across his face, creating an absolutely fascinating sight as he could not stomach her arrogant appearance. Unfortunately, if he failed to coax her well and she brought this matter to the principal’s attention, Kenneth might even be summoned as a result. He would only bring a great deal of trouble down upon himself. It’s not worth it.

Thus, he forced a smile on his face and spoke in an ingratiating manner. “That’s right.

Just think of it as helping the teachers and taking care of the students in the class.”

“Haha...” Elise laughed wildly. Then, her expression abruptly turned cold. She expressionlessly said, “I’m not free.”

He was thoroughly rejected even though he was only trying to please, and his expression froze on his face. Then, after gaping like a goldfish awkwardly, he could only take the attitude and remained silent.

“Alright then. Since Miss Sinclair is reluctant, then let’s not force her. The lessons for today will end here. So, everyone is free to go.” Mason waved his hand to indicate for the others to leave.

Martin was the first to turn around and walk out as though escaping from something. Mason held Elise’s answer sheet in his hand as though he were handling some sort of treasure. Then, he turned around, walked back to the podium, and carefully placed the answer sheet into his briefcase.

“Yes! Elise, we can continue to be classmates!” Mica happily ran over to congratulate Elise.

Elise pursed her lips and smiled. At that moment, Stefan happened to pass by in front of her. So, she called out to him. “Mr. Reilly.”

“Can I help you, Miss Sinclair?” Stefan stopped in his tracks and said indifferently.

“Thank you. Both for today and the last time,” she said sincerely.

“It’s nothing. Don’t worry about it,” he replied.

After they finished speaking, they stood facing each other for a moment. Then, the atmosphere between them suddenly became awkward.

Elise had heard the whispered conversation among the students earlier to some extent. A young man’s love was pure and genuine, but she could not reciprocate such feelings. She was wondering how to turn him down gently to prevent hurting his self-esteem. But, she was also worried that she might be overthinking things. It would only embarrass them both if she rashly mentioned something like that.

After a brief period of silence, Stefan seemed to realize her concerns and took the initiative to explain. “Miss Sinclair, please don’t worry. I don’t have any other intentions toward you. I simply cherish your talents. I knew that you were the only person in this class whose abilities surpassed mine. You didn’t let me down after all.”

Her nervousness suddenly evaporated, and she burst out laughing. “Thank you.”

He was probably the kind of person who respected others like himself. He would only help due to logic and not due to emotions. For that reason, people like him generally received great respect from those around them.

“If you really want to thank me, then bring more challenging questions to discuss with me in the future.” After saying that, he nodded at the other two in greeting and walked out.

..

Outside the small white building, Elliot chewed on some chewing gum and squatted on a marble slab with his bag on his back. He was wallowing in boredom as he waited for Sheldon to come out of the classroom.

When the students of the Elite Class passed by and saw him, they grinned and teased him in a joking manner.

“Mrs. Keller! Why haven’t you left?”

“Elliot, I hope you don’t wait so long that you turn into stone! Hahahaha!”

“F*ck off!” Elliot leaped off the marble slab. “If you talk nonsense again, I will rip your mouth to pieces!”

“Oh, my! Mrs. Keller, you’re so fierce! Can’t you take a joke!?” One of the male students fearlessly provoked him.

“Fred Pearce! I’m going to kill you! Stand right there!”

Elliot chased after that student and rounded a corner. Then, all of a sudden, the boy shifted directions. Unable to dodge in time, he ran straight into Alexander, who was walking over from the opposite side. He was sent flying and fell to his butt.

“Ow...” He rubbed his chest where he had been bumped, and his small face was scrunched up in pain. “Who is so blind!?”

When he opened his eyes to see Alexander’s face in front of him, he abruptly swallowed nervously and immediately forced the words on the tip of his tongue down. Then, he smiled charmingly. “Mr. Griffith...”

Alexander stood there and raised an eyebrow at Elliot. He looked at Elliot suspiciously.

“What did that person call you just now?”

“It’s nothing.” Elliot climbed up from the floor and muttered under his breath. “Why is this man’s body as tough as a wall?”

“What did you say?” Alexander asked again.

“No! Nothing!” Elliot hurriedly explained.

Last time, Alexander beat Sheldon so badly that he could not get out of bed for three days. That incident remained fresh in Elliot’s mind. So, he did not dare to mess around with this guy.

At this time, Elise walked out with Mica and Sheldon in tow.

“What are you talking about?”

“It’s all because of you...” Elliot complained with an aggrieved expression. “This is great. Now everybody thinks that I have feelings for Sheldon...”

“Pfft.” Mica couldn’t help bursting into laughter and made fun of him. “Don’t you?”

“How is that possible!? Even if all the people in the world died, I wouldn’t fall in love with him, okay!?” He roared.

“Hey!” Sheldon was abruptly lit with pettiness. “Is it embarrassing to like me now? I haven’t settled this debt with you! Why didn’t you say you were jealous of Boss or something!? Why did you have to mention me!? How am I supposed to get a girlfriend in the future!?”

“Did you think I didn’t want to!?” Elliot howled loudly. “If I said...” If I said that I like Elise and this conversation spreads to Alexander, then won’t he beat me up to the point of becoming a cripple!?

“Forget it.” He felt so upset that he wanted to cry, but all he could do was comfort himself. Heroes will always have to carry a heavier burden than the non-heroes.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 658

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 658-Alexander raised an eyebrow and couldn't help wondering whether he had also been this noisy when he was still in college. Even a dog will be disgusted by this noise.

"What's wrong?" Elise asked when she noticed his absent-minded state.

"It's nothing," he replied faintly. "The car is parked at the school gates. Why don't you head there first? I need to speak to the principal about something."

"What is it?" she asked.

"The principal wants me to help obtain some sponsorship for the school." He randomly found an excuse.

"Oh. Alright then. Make it quick. We are supposed to go back and give Grandma a checkup." She reminded him. After she said her goodbyes to Mica and the others, she went ahead to the gates to wait.

...

Mason excitedly rushed into the principal's office, took out Elise's answer sheet from his briefcase, and placed the answer sheet on the table. "Mr. Haas! Look! We finally have a talented student in the school!"

When Leon heard those words, he immediately removed his earphones and picked up the answer sheet with a solemn expression. However, despite glancing through the entire answer sheet from top to bottom, he could not understand anything else except that the person who answered these questions had beautiful handwriting. Therefore, he couldn't help frowning.

"Oh! It's like this." Mason noticed the principal's confusion and hurriedly leaned across the table. Then, he stretched out his arm, pointed at the final question, and explained.

"This additional question is something even Stefan Reilly, the top student of the physics department, could only get a few points for using the right processes. But on the other hand, Elise Sinclair scored full marks. Moreover, she made no mistakes when answering the entire set of questions."

"What did you say? This is Elise Sinclair's test paper?" Leon couldn't help glancing at the answer sheet again. He repeatedly nodded in satisfaction. "Yes, that's right. It looks like her handwriting."

"Mr. Haas, that's not the point. The point is that Elise has an extraordinary talent in physics. She achieved such results in less than a month! She is a genius among geniuses!" Mason rubbed his palms together. Just thinking about teaching a genius made him extremely excited.

At this moment, somebody knocked on the open door behind them. Knock. Knock. The two turned to look in that direction and saw Alexander standing expressionlessly at the door. His expression was gloomy and stern. Furthermore, it felt as though his entire body was cloaked in a shadow of gloom.

"Mr. Griffith, please don't stand on courtesy. Come in." Leon called out.

Alexander walked in and got straight to the point. He questioned, "I heard that there was an incident where a student's answer sheet was tampered with in the Elite Class's recent monthly exam. I want to ask you about how the matter has been handled, Mr. Haas."

"Huh? Did something like that happen?" Leon was utterly clueless about the matter, so he could only turn to look weakly at Mason for help.

The smile on Mason's face froze. For a moment, he couldn't help feeling awkward. This incident only just happened. How did he know about this matter so quickly? He sure is well-informed.

"It's true that such a thing did occur." He nodded solemnly, and then he continued with some guilt, "It's my fault for not taking care of answer sheets properly. I hold some responsibility for this matter."

"Mr. Young, the only responsibility you hold is that you are way too soft-hearted. If I had not come today, wouldn't this matter have ended just like that?" Alexander's expression was gloomy, and his tone was harsh.

Elise was good-natured. She couldn't care less about the people playing petty tricks behind her back, but he could not do the same. Anybody who touches Ellie will have to pay the price.

Those words struck the nail, and Mason lowered his head in shame. He did not have a confrontational nature. When he saw that it had harmed nobody's interests in the incident, he had indeed decided to take a step back and leave well enough alone, and he never expected Alexander to drop by.

"Mr. Griffith, how do you plan to deal with this matter?" Leon asked good-naturedly.

"Find the culprit who tampered with the answer sheets and severely punish him."

Alexander's intentions were concise and to the point.

"Of course." Leon nodded and asked Mason, "Mr. Young, do you have any suspects?"

Mason sighed and said, "Actually, Elliot Howard has already confessed to the crime. He claims that he modified the answer sheet by himself. It's just that he was just disqualified from staying in the Elite Class. I'm afraid he might not be able to bear the pressure if we add another punishment on top of that."

"Elliot Howard?" Leon couldn't help feeling apprehensive when he heard that name. His father provided a lot of funding for Tissote University. This person is not somebody I can touch easily.

"Not him." Alexander had no patience to wait for the elderly to investigate the case themselves. Therefore, he got straight to the point. "Martin Kamp."

"Mr. Kamp!?" Leon furrowed his eyebrows in surprise. He opened his mouth to ask Mason for an explanation. Upon further thought, he realized that Martin had always been hostile toward Elise. It was indeed possible for Martin to do something like that, so he could only swallow all the words that were on the tip of his tongue back into his stomach.

Martin, oh, Martin... Why won't you help support your students instead? How can you do something like frame your own student!?

"That was also my guess." Mason had always been a just and impartial man. What's more, Martin was targeting talented students like Elise. A person who was jealous of talent was not fit to be a teacher, much less a lecturer at Tissote University.

Leon sighed tiredly. "Why would Mr. Kamp do something like that!?"

Alexander remained silent. Evil people do not need a reason to perform evil deeds.

After Mason thought about the question, a reason suddenly came to him. "Could it be that Mayweather Polytechnic University sent Mr. Kamp to cause trouble for us?"

Over the past few years, Tissote University has suffered various losses at the hands of Mayweather Polytechnic University. First, it started with the number of students for the

college entrance examinations. Then, it was the teaching staff. If they were still dissatisfied with those results, it was not impossible for them to deliberately send Martin over to attack the best students at Tissote University.

The more Leon considered the possibility, the more he felt that it made sense. There was no better explanation aside from this reasoning.

When that thought crossed his mind, his expression became very stern. He looked at Alexander seriously. "Mr. Griffith, please rest assured. I will definitely give you and Miss Sinclair a proper explanation for this issue. It's just that this matter concerns the vicious competition between the two schools, so I hope that you can bear with this issue for a while. Then, once we investigate the matter and find conclusive evidence, we will deal with this matter."

"Do you need help?" Alexander asked coldly.

"Huh? No. Not for this," Leon replied politely but proudly. "I have the ability to deal with something as minor as this. There's no need to bother you with this matter, Mr. Griffith."

"Do it as soon as possible." Alexander turned around and left without even looking back after saying those words. He was absolutely arrogant and decisive, leaving Mason and Leon behind to stare at each other.

A short while later, Leon came back to his senses and quietly said to Mason, "Mr. Young, please carry out this matter secretly. Please don't spread the news around..."

Elise was feeling very bored inside the car, so she casually checked the address of Apocalypse Strike's meeting place that she received. The results indicated that it was in the vicinity of the National Institute of Physics.

Wendy's seemingly kind but difficult-to-read face flashed through her mind for a moment.

Julius' WhatsApp message popped up. The vibration of her phone dragged her back to the present.

'Boss, somebody wants to buy your calligraphy. Will you sell?'

She tapped her keyboard. 'Who is it?'

Julius replied instantly. 'The other party has concealed their ID address, so we can't figure out anything for the time being. But, he is very generous. He offered one million for each word.'

Oh? How generous. 'Sell it.'

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 659

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 659-After further consideration, Elise added another sentence. 'Put out the bait to catch the big fish.'

Julius immediately understood. 'Understood.'

...

Two days later, Elise returned to the dormitory to pick up her things after class. Mica was practicing calligraphy. After they greeted each other, Mica immediately began to sigh.

"What's wrong?" Elise asked in concern.

“When will I finally receive guidance from QH of the Calligraphy Association if I continue practicing like this?” Mica asked dejectedly.

Elise leaned over to take a look. Mica’s words were not distinct, but they were clean and graceful. They gave off a delicate and exquisite vibe.

“I think they look great,” Elise commented objectively.

“Thank you, Elise. I know you’re just trying to cheer me up.” Mica put down her brush and sat back in her chair. Then, she looked up at the ceiling in despair and said, “I know my own abilities. But, with these chicken-scrrawl-like words, it will be difficult for me to even join the school’s calligraphy club, let alone Tissote’s Calligraphy Association.”

Elise mulled over those words for a bit. Then, she turned around and returned to her desk. Taking out a gilded badge from the accessories in her bag, she handed the badge to Mica. “Here. Take this.”

Mica was stunned for a moment. Her eyes lit up immediately after taking a good look at the badge. She got up excitedly and took the badge. “Isn’t this a badge from Tissote’s Calligraphy Association? So, you’re a member of the Calligraphy Association, Elise! But why is your badge golden? I’ve seen the badges of other members. They are usually blue or silver...”

“Uh... This is the color for prospective members.” Elise came up with a random excuse.

“In any case, you have the badge now. Then, when the Calligraphy Association holds an exchange meeting, you will be able to join in and learn some tips from the members there.”

“Is this okay?” Mica asked cautiously.

“What’s wrong with that? The Calligraphy Association is just a gathering of people who love calligraphy. And, you really love calligraphy. So, just take it as though you’re attending an open class. It’ll be fine,” Elise said lightly. “This badge was given to me by a friend. So, I’m sure there won’t be a problem since she gave it to me. But, it’s a waste not to use this badge.”

“Alright then! Thank you, Elise!” Mica happily accepted the badge.

The badge was so ingeniously and exquisitely designed that Mica even wore the badge when she went out on her date with Sebastian. It was not for showing off. She simply felt that it was very beautiful. More importantly, it matched well with her outfit today.

Unfortunately, it was clear that Sebastian failed to notice the bright little spot on her outfit. He was acting like a stereotypical straight guy as usual. Not only did he keep a distance that was neither too far nor too near from her, but he was also too embarrassed to be too direct even though he tried to hold her hand.

At a specific corner in the school garden, Sebastian moved even further away from Mica when they bumped into Tiana, who was walking toward them. Nevertheless, Tiana immediately saw through their relationship at a glance. She swept a deep and meaningful glance over Mica. Sebastian sure isn’t picky.

“Sebastian, your girlfriend sure is adorable.” When Tiana uttered those words, she deliberately smiled without showing her teeth. Her smile made her eyes curve and become as beautiful as crescents. Compared to Mica, she stood tall and looked down on the other party.

Mica was immersed in the sweet feelings of love and being praised. Therefore, she overlooked the deeper meaning behind those words.

On the other hand, Sebastian felt a subtle change in his heart. He loved Mica for her

naivete and cuteness. Even so, no man could resist being tempted by a woman like Tiana. A sense of humiliation struck his self-esteem, and he suddenly did not want to admit that he and Mica were dating for some inexplicable reason.

"I'm showing Mica around our school," Sebastian said, pretending to remain calm.

"Okay." Tiana nodded knowingly. It was just that her face all but wrote her mocking thoughts on the subject. Suddenly, her expression changed when she saw the gilded badge on Mica's clothes. Isn't that a badge from Tissote's Calligraphy Association? Ordinary members and senior members have blue and silver badges, respectively. This golden badge... is an identification only for S-rank members! Mica is an S-rank member of Tissote's Calligraphy Association!?

She was a Calligraphy Association member, but she was only an ordinary member. Even her teacher was only an A-rank member. I've only ever seen the president of the Calligraphy Association wearing an S-rank badge before. Just who is Mica?

She put on a calm expression and pretended to be surprised as she asked, "Miss Lynch, are you also a member of Tissote's Calligraphy Association?"

"Huh? Oh! You must be referring to this badge." Mica immediately understood the situation. She quickly waved her hands in denial and explained. "No. This is something one of my friends lent to me. She told me that this is the badge for prospective members of the Calligraphy Association. With this, I can enter the Calligraphy Association and ask the masters there to teach me calligraphy."

"Oh. I see." Tiana raised her chin slightly. It looks like this chubby girl doesn't know the origin of this badge.

"Um. Well, we still have other things to do and will be leaving now." But, Sebastian did not want to continue playing the role of Mica's lover in front of Tiana. So, he randomly created an excuse and quickly took Mica away.

Tiana remained standing there, watching the backs of those two departing figures with a deep gaze. Then, all of a sudden, a good idea popped into her head.

If I can pretend to be SQ's student and not be exposed, then it might not be difficult to pretend to be the apprentice of one of the S-level members of the Calligraphy Association. Besides, so many years have passed since those masters vanished out of sight. They probably died a long time ago. So there's no way for them to jump out of their coffins to expose my lies. As long as I have a token to prove my identity, I won't need to worry about outsiders not believing the lie.

She secretly affirmed the idea as she nodded to herself. Then, she quickly came back to her senses a moment later. There was work to do. Thus, she hurriedly increased her speed and walked out of the school.

According to the address she gave to the seller, she arrived at the area where the safety deposit boxes of Tissote Bank were located. She confirmed that there was nobody in the surrounding area before she used the password to open the safety deposit box and took out a scroll from within.

Once she unfurled the scroll, she confirmed that the words belonged to QH before she rolled the scroll up again. Afterward, she closed the safe and took a cab home. It was not until she placed those scrolls in the safety deposit box at home that she breathed a sigh of relief.

On the roof of a residential building near the villa, Julius monitored Tiana's every move

through a pair of binoculars. At the same time, he dialed Elise's number.

"Boss, the buyer is Tiana, the person who pretended to be your student last time. But, unfortunately, she went straight home after retrieving the scrolls and did not meet anybody else, so I don't know her purpose."

"Got it. Follow her closely during this time," Elise said.

"Don't worry. There's nobody I cannot follow."

...

That night, Tiana invited Sebastian to the school's small lake. This was a holy place for couples at Mayweather Polytechnic University. There would be couples cuddling together and kissing each other every two or three meters apart in summer.

Similarly, a certain level of relationship would be established through an unspoken consensus when a boy and a girl appeared here at the same time. This was precisely the illusion that Tiana wanted to give Sebastian.

When Sebastian arrived, Tiana was already sitting on the bench. It looked like she had been waiting for a while.

"Tiana," Sebastian called out nervously.

Tiana stood up when she heard his voice, revealing a pure and sweet smile. "We're already so familiar with each other. You can just call me Ana in the future."

He pursed his lips in excitement and swallowed nervously before mustering the courage to call out her name, "Ana."

He might have excellent grades, but his appearance was mediocre. He could never have imagined that he would be favored by the school idol, not even in his dreams. Therefore, his heart was beating as loudly as a drum.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 660

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 660-Tiana saw through Sebastian being clumsy at a glance and the corners of her mouth lifted in a contemptuous arc. Then, she pretended to be innocent and asked, "Did it affect your date with Mica when I invited you out?"

At the mention of Mica, panic flashed through Sebastian's eyes, and he hurriedly explained, "Ana, don't misunderstand. I actually don't have that kind of relationship with Mica."

"I understand. Sebastian, you don't need to explain yourself," Tiana said softly. "You're such a good guy. I'm sure there are many girls who like you. Actually, I really admire Mica for being so bold."

She pursed her lips and pretended to lower her eyes shyly. Her long eyelashes moved as she blinked, making her seem so seductive that he fell into a state of confusion.

As he furrowed his eyebrows tightly, he looked at her with some regret. Does this mean that if I had not pursued Mica, then she would have gotten together with me? No wonder she always smiled when she talked to me during the Nationwide High School Know-All Competition. It turns out that she has been hinting her interest in me all this while. Unfortunately, I was just too stupid and missed out on such a great match. I've really failed to live up to her wishes.

"To be honest, you're an amazing person," he said with regret. "Mica and I are still just getting to know each other, so we might not progress into something deeper. Perhaps I have to go through some setbacks before I can get together with the person who is truly destined for me."

If Tiana is willing to wait, I will make it clear to Mica as soon as possible so that I can give her an answer.

When Tiana saw that her lure had hooked her prey, she anxiously tried to draw a clear line in their relationship. "Please don't misunderstand me. I do not wish to destroy your relationship. On the contrary, I'm sure that you and Mica will be together for a long time." After saying that, she suddenly sighed once more. "Perhaps, Mica is simply born with more luck than me. After all, she got together with you, Sebastian. Moreover, she has somebody who can provide her with a badge from the Calligraphy Association to enrich herself. I have nothing in comparison."

"You can do it too!" Sebastian blurted out. It was not until the words were out of his mouth that he realized how inappropriate they were, so he quickly tried to change his words. "Actually, there are many people who like you, Ana." Including me.

A trace of impatience flashed through her eyes. Does this person have an idiot's brain? Can't he get the main point after listening to what I said?

"Since you're already dating, I don't want to think about relationships anymore. I just want to find something to enrich myself and pass the time. I really like calligraphy, but it's a pity that I can't get a recommendation from others. How great would it be if I also had a badge?" Although she was speaking wistfully, she was actually muttering in her heart, I've already made it so obvious. He understands now, right?

"Do you like Mica's badge?" Sure enough, Sebastian had been fooled, but before Tiana could confirm, he voluntarily rushed to please her. "I'll ask Mica for the badge for you."

"That... can't be good..." She pretended to be reserved.

"There's nothing good or bad about it. In any case, Mica mentioned that she was just borrowing it to use, anyway. So, I'll spend a little more time with her later and lend you the badge to use first," he said firmly.

"Alright then. I'll have to trouble you for that, Sebastian," she said affectionately.

"It's no trouble at all." He scratched the back of his head in embarrassment.

"Sebastian! Aren't you amazing! You even got hold of the school beauty!"

Then, one of his classmates walked by and deliberately made fun of them. This exchange greatly satisfied Sebastian's vanity and made him even more determined to clear the air between him and Mica. Otherwise, Tiana would be sad if she was forced to wait for too long.

...

Now that Elise was getting more popular, the endorsements she received had weakened one's hand from sorting through them. Winona had no choice but to bring her work to school where she found an empty classroom to have a face-to-face discussion with Elise. Be that as it may, the so-called discussion was just Elise nodding or shaking her head. The jobs that received a nod were jobs that she accepted while they passed on the jobs that received a shake of her head.

One hour passed. The documents were still piled high like a mountain on the table with no end in sight.

Elise suddenly felt a sense of irritation that came from nowhere. Leaning against the

table, she looked at Winona and changed the topic.

“Miss Jennings, you are buried in work every single day. Don’t you get annoyed? Don’t you want to meet your boyfriend?”

“My boyfriend? If you didn’t mention him, I would have already forgotten that he existed.” Winona pushed her glasses up the bridge of her nose without even looking up.

“Working people have no time for love. Besides, he has recently accepted several commercial appearances. He is probably so busy that his eyes are spinning, like me. So, where would we find the time to go on a date?”

“No matter how busy you are, you should have the time for a phone call or a video call every day,” Elise said meaningfully.

“Elise, we are different from you. You are so amazing and talented, but we are just ordinary people. If we want to gain a foothold in this cruel society, then when else are we supposed to work hard, if not now? As long as Craig has me in his heart, it doesn’t matter whether we chat or call each other every day,” Winona explained seriously.

Elise opened her mouth, trying to guide Winona into considering some other factors. At that moment, a knock sounded on the door behind her. Knock. Knock.

The two turned around and saw Jack walking in with a cake.

“Your afternoon tea is here!” he said while walking in. “Beautiful ladies, you should take a quick break.”

Elise turned and mysteriously whispered something in Winona’s ear. “Look. If you really want to see somebody, you will definitely find a way to do it.”

Winona looked innocent. “Okay. Okay. Mr. Jack is so nice to you!”

Elise was confused. “Was that what I was trying to say?”

“Isn’t it? Oh, don’t be bothered by such minor details.” Winona patted Elise on the arm.

Then, she stood up and naturally took the two slices of cake from Jake. “Thank you, Mr. Jack. Which one is sweeter?”

“The one on your left,” he replied gently.

“Oh! Hehe...” Winona handed the plate in her right hand over to Elise. She took the sweeter portion and sat down further away to give them space.

Elise shook her head and sighed. How did this silly girl grow to reach this age?

When she looked up, she saw that Jake’s gaze had followed Winona around unabashedly. Yet, his gaze was so gentle that one could squeeze water out of his eyes.

“Stop looking.” Elise poked him in the stomach. “She is taken.”

“What are you saying, Elise...” Jack feigned ignorance.

“Do you not understand? Fine. Then, let me be clearer. Winona has a boyfriend. Do you understand now?” She deliberately spoke eloquently on this subject. “The man’s name is Craig Baker. They are classmates, colleagues, and first loves. Some people might never have a chance...”

The smile stiffened on his face, but he quickly composed his emotions again. Then, he pretended to be indifferent and stubbornly replied, “I see. That Craig is such an unlucky guy. He will probably go broke from trying to feed her.”

“That’s true.” Elise deliberately revealed the truth. “How much savings can a trainee have? It’s no wonder he keeps it a secret from her that he entertains various rich ladies. But, that’s not important. Craig is only doing such things to give Winona a better future.”

“That’s a shitty future!” Jack exclaimed furiously for no apparent reason. “He doesn’t

even have the dignity of a man anymore; what future is there to talk about!?”

The corners of Elise’s mouth lifted almost imperceptibly before she teased, “They are a young couple in love. Why are you getting so agitated? This is an arrangement of mutual consent. One is willing to throw the punch and the other is willing to be hit. Do you understand?”

“I’m not agitated.” His expression was dark, and his voice was icy. “I just remembered that I have a commercial to shoot in the afternoon. Bye.”

After he said that, he turned to leave. Even when he passed by the door and Winona greeted him, he ignored her and did not respond.

Recommended Novels