

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 661

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 661-“What’s going on with Mr. Jack?” Winona confusedly asked Elise as they walked together.

It was Winona’s first time witnessing Jack flying into a rage in person.

“He was in a bad mood,” Elise calmly responded.

“Why was he in a bad mood?” Winona continued to ask.

Exasperated, Elise gently smacked her on the forehead and replied, “Because of your stupidity!”

“How is it my fault now?” Winona rubbed her head with a confused look on her face.

Elise merely shook her head and didn’t bother explaining. After all, Winona wouldn’t get it.

Winona sighed in response. However, when she remembered her unfinished cake, she put Jack

Cakes from Jack were unique. Every one of them was delicious in a different way. To be honest, she frequently dreamed of Jack bringing them more cake. Finally, she could have some today.

Meanwhile, the moment Jack exited the small white building, he pulled out his phone and called Ronald.

“I need you to look into a trainee for me, Ronald. His name’s Craig Baker,”

“A trainee? Are you going to recruit a newbie?” asked Ronald.

“Just investigate him already.” Jack then hung up.

“What happened? Why’s he so angry?” Ronald muttered.

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While Johnny was busy reading through his documents at his desk, Melody went through their accounts at the smaller desk beside him in the Smith Co.’s General Manager’s office.

Meanwhile, Alexander was sprawled out across the couch in the area designated for guests.

Sometime later, Johnny took off his spectacles and gently massaged his tired eyes before throwing an exhausted look at his boss.

“Your presence in the room while playing on your phone greatly reduces Melody’s and my productivity, Mr. Griffith,” said Johnny.

Alexander only glanced at him before re-focusing on his phone screen. “Correct me if I’m wrong, but are you trying to kick your superior out?”

Johnny pursed his lips but offered no denial.

“If there are no further orders, please head home and spend the day with your wife.” Melody was a blunt woman and decided to frankly voice out her displeasure. “You laze about while we’re working our butts off. Such a sight would easily make your workers go on a strike.”

“You guys are professionals. So none of you would do such a thing,” said Alexander. Still, he moved to sit up straight on the couch. However, his eyes remained trained on his phone as he kept scrolling. “Johnny, did you not make an official announcement when you ordered the staff to vote? People are now wondering if my wife bought these votes.”

“Noted. I’ll have the PR department work on it,” Johnny replied with a sigh.

“Good, good.” Alexander nodded in satisfaction. Then, he reported every mean-spirited top comment that had accused his wife.

A few moments later, he abruptly stood up and walked out of the door toward the meeting room as if he was suddenly reminded of something. Before he left the room, he called out to the other two, “We’ll have a meeting in half an hour in the big meeting room.”

“What’s he on about?” Melody asked Johnny.

“Maybe there’s another new voting link?” Johnny guessed with a shrug.

Although Melody didn’t respond, her facial expression stated her agreement with that guess.

What wouldn’t Mr. Griffith do for his wife?

By the time the meeting started, there was an all-out war on the internet about the votes for ‘National Goddess’.

The people who started the war were the fans of Tiana and other contestants. However, as the employees at Smith Co. voted en-masse during work hours, votes for Elise increased so dramatically in an instant that she immediately became second place. Such an extreme improvement had severely displeased the fans of those who had been displaced from their rankings.

And so, many people made numerous mean-spirited comments about Elise on Twitter. In fact, people began tagging the Twitter account of the 'National Goddess', asking them to investigate Elise's votes.

Joey had been keeping a close eye on the situation online. She had no plans to interfere at first, but when Tiana's fans' insulting remarks went overboard, she flew into a rage. So, out of nowhere, all of Elise's fans began to join in the mass voting.

"They're accusing us of vote brigading, so let us show them just how strong H's fans really are when we actually vote en-masse!"

Hence, just as vote brigading in the competition became a trending topic, the number of votes for Elise skyrocketed once more. Now, even random people began pressuring the competition organizers.

Finally, after over ten minutes of extensive monitoring, the 'National Goddess' organizers put up a post stating, "After investigation, we have found all claims of irregularities in Miss Elise Sinclair's votes to be untrue. Thank you for your interest."

In the meantime, Elise had surpassed Tiana and was at the top of the leaderboard.

That further infuriated the fans, and it even made the organizers begin to suspect there was some rigging involved in the competition.

Just then, the official Twitter account of Smith Co. posted an announcement that stated, "The company's employees and their respective families have all voted for Elise Sinclair. We congratulate Miss Elise in advance for becoming the National Goddess."

In order to ensure Alexander was satisfied with the post, Johnny also asked the PR Department to be bold and extravagant with the post. Hence, when the PR department posted the statement, it was trending.

Furthermore, Smith Co. was a company so immense that nearly a third of the adults in Cittadel were employed there.

As soon as the post started trending, all objections vanished into thin air. Then, Joey used her official international fan account and also posted an announcement saying, "Currently, over 22 million fans have voted in the competition." Now, no one dared to question the validity of Elise's votes. When the voting closed, Elise had at least double the number of votes Tiana had, and

she successfully became the first 'National Goddess'.

When Alexander read the voting results while standing outside the meeting room, he grinned in satisfaction.

By the time Brendan and Jack rushed over to Alexander, they noticed that he had a lovestruck look on his face.

"Thinking about Elise again?" asked Brendan as he walked over to rest an arm around Alexander's shoulders.

To that, Alexander only smiled and did not speak a word of objection. Then, he turned to Jack and commented, "You came fast."

"It's rare for you to call for a meeting. I wouldn't dare to be late. But why here? Where's Danny? How can he arrive later than me?" Jack was full of questions.

"Since he can't keep a secret, I thought it best we don't let him know," Alexander said with a raised eyebrow.

When they heard his statement, Brendan and Jack exchanged a look that conveyed their agreement.

Danny, who was nowhere near the room or did not know about the meeting, would definitely be upset by the lack of faith from his own brother, no less!

"Oh, just spit it out. What can we help you with?" Brendan asked.

Alexander leaned against the railing as he watched as people bustled about in the office. Then, after a few long moments, he finally said, "Everything you see here is mine. I am Kenneth Bailey."

The other two looked at each other in obvious shock.

"Are you saying it's a disguise?" Jack was the first to react due to his acting experience in historical drama.

"You can kind of call it that," Alexander said with a wave of his hand.

That admission rendered Jack speechless, and he had to take a deep breath just to calm himself since it was rather terrifying to see what people consider a myth come to life.

Brendan, on the other hand, was as cool as a cucumber. He had always known Alex was hiding a secret. As such, he had been mentally prepared and did not find this new information strange.

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Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 662

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 662-"Does Elise know about this?" Brendan asked, voicing the only question in his mind.

Alexander shook his head. "I wanted to see how you'll react first."

“First, it’s Elise who has a secret identity. Now, you’re revealing yourself as some other man. Just what are you two doing?” Jack sighed. Why couldn’t life be simpler?

Speaking of identities, Jack had found out who Craig Baker was. That man was just some uneducated fool. No one knew how he fooled Winona into liking him. He was enjoying life in the laps of several wealthy women while ensuring Winona kept working for him. It was rather impressive just how much of a scoundrel he was.

“I remember how furious you were when you found out about Elise’s alter-ego,” Brendan said, analyzing the situation from a neutral standpoint.

“That is the issue.” Even Alexander knew he was faced with a situation that he could hardly escape unscathed.

“If I were Elise, I’d divorce you right now,” said Melody as she walked over, heels clacking from a distance.

Alexander glanced at her but said nothing when he heard that.

Melody was the only woman in his think tank. That meant her train of thought was the most similar to Elise’s, which made it the scariest to him.

Johnny was astonished at how glum Alexander looked. Never once had he so much as frowned when dealing with challenging projects. Now, this handsome black-haired man was a wretched ball of nerves because of Elise.

“I think you can try and talk your way out of this by appealing to logic,” suggested Johnny.

“You think women can be reasoned with?” Jack dramatically protested.

“Who said women can’t be reasoned with?” Melody became unhappy when she heard Jack’s comment.

She was a pragmatic and logical woman. Anyway, Alexander was in the wrong. Not only did he hide his identity, but he also used the name Kenneth Bailey to test Elise. That was a wrong move in so many ways.

Even if he were her boss, she would not be helping him.

“So, appealing to logic means I’ll lose Elise?” Alexander tiredly asked.

The room went silent since that might actually happen.

Alexander let out a long sigh as he planted his hands firmly on his hips. Then, as his eyes flickered around the place, he spotted Clement standing not far away.

For some reason, Alexander decided to raise his voice and asked Clement, "What do you think?"

When Clement heard that, it was as if he was a robot that someone had just turned on. "I don't know, Mr. Griffith," he innocently replied with a blank face.

Alexander looked back down at the floor after he heard that.

Truthfully, Clement wasn't good at anything but being a bodyguard. At this point, Alexander was panicking and searching for solutions from, frankly, terrible sources.

"Forget it," Alexander said as he waved his hand. "You guys can go. Let me think about this alone."

Everyone scattered immediately.

Clement had also planned on leaving, but he had only just turned away when he decided to turn back around and walk over to Alexander. "Sir, try being sincere," he earnestly said.

"Sincere?" Alexander was confused.

"Yes." Clement nodded. "While I didn't like Mrs. Griffith in the beginning, these few months have told me that she truly loves you and wishes the best for you. So, I've accepted her. The key is to let her know that, just like her, you care for her more than you care for yourself."

Clement bowed and left after he gave Alexander his opinion.

Alexander just stood there for a long while, utterly lost in his thoughts.

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After a few days of imitating QH's calligraphy, Tiana finally grasped some semblance of their style.

As she stared at the study room full of practice paper, she began to subconsciously brainwash herself into thinking that the handwriting found on those papers was hers.

Beautiful penmanship flowed as smoothly as a river with decisive strokes etched into it.

After hunting down the best-looking piece, she took a photo of it and sent it to Cody Carlson, her Calligraphy Association teacher.

Then, just as she was about to call for the servants to clean up the room, her phone screen lit up.

It was a call from Cody.

Tiana cautiously answered the call, and she raised the phone up to her ear to hear Cody say in an excited voice, “Did you write that, Tiana?”

She nodded with a shy smile on her face as she bit down on her lip and replied, “Yes. I’ve been working on my penmanship for days. I wanted to see what you thought, Mr. Carlson.”

When Cody first saw the photo, he couldn’t help but zoom in to admire every single stroke in the picture.

Her penmanship looked somewhat similar to QH’s displays in the Calligraphy Association Museum, but hers was more graceful.

If he didn’t know for a fact that the only two surviving works of QH were being stored in the museum, he would’ve thought this was a picture of QH’s work!

Even though it had only been two weeks, Tiana had improved dramatically. It seemed like he had underestimated his student.

“Your penmanship is amazing. Not even I, your teacher, could’ve done so well.” Cody’s voice grew softer as he slowly calmed down. “Truly, you are very talented and better than your teachers. Tiana, you might be as accomplished as QH in the future.”

“Do you think I stand a chance of making the finals in the Calligraphy Contest?” she asked with sparkling eyes.

“Haha,” Cody guffawed. “Of course. You won’t just make the finals. In fact, your handwriting is better than many of the A-grade members in the association. Instead of just talking, why don’t you write a few more lines for me to look at?”

When Tiana heard that, she panicked.

After a few long moments, she finally thought up an excuse. “Mr. Carlson, I’m still not finished with the other characters and words. I’ll have to work on them before I can show you anything. Otherwise, there won’t be anything nice, and any more pictures of my penmanship would be for nothing. Right?”

“True,” Cody said, nodding. “You have always been a self-aware child. But, since you have a plan, continue at your own pace. Once you get the hang of a few of these words, the rest will come easily to you. I believe you can do it.”

“Yeah...” This time, Tiana didn’t respond as confidently as before.

After hanging up, she frowned at the three examples of calligraphy she had bought.

The total number of words found in these three examples was less than twenty, yet they cost her over three million.

Hence, it would cost her a lot of money to buy all known works of QH to use as references. However, if she wanted to stand out in the Calligraphy Contest, she had to do this.

She would need to consider this carefully.

Just as she was in deep thought, her phone chimed with a new message that read, “Do you need my help, Miss Tiana?”

When she took a closer look at the message, she realized there was no number listed for the sender.

Who was behind this strange message?

There was a high chance someone sent it to the wrong number.

She deleted the message straight away as she thought of that.

To give the contest more publicity, she then posted the photo she took on Twitter with the caption, “There are a lot of skilled participants in the Calligraphy Contest. I hope I can get a good score.”

As soon as Tiana posted the photo, her image began to garner widespread attention.

Most of the Calligraphy Association members liked and commented favorably on the post.

The moment Julius saw the post, he instantly shared it with Elise. “Boss, this is likely that woman’s goal.”

When she clicked on the link, she found comments calling Tiana the next QH. Although her face was as calm and aloof as usual, there was a glint of derision in her eyes.

Tiana had quite a lot of titles—SQ’s student and the next QH.

Then, Alexander walked into the room with a glass of warm water. When he handed it to her, he glanced over her shoulder at her phone. “Her penmanship looks like yours,” he commented.

“You’ve seen my calligraphy?” Elise tilted her head at him.

“Aren’t the pieces hanging in your grandparents’ place yours?” he shot back with a calm smile.

“True,” she said with an embarrassed smile. “Those were written when I was a kid fooling around, but they insisted on hanging them up. So, they’re more of an embarrassing memory...”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 663

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 663-“Anyone can be famous as long as the condition’s right. Those who only care about fishing for fame online wouldn’t be that good. Ellie is the one with true talent,” Alexander playfully stated.

“Based on that, I can join this Calligraphy Contest for fun, right?” Elise snickered.

Of course, she wouldn’t be joining the competition just to have fun. She also wanted to see what kind of name Tiana was trying to drum up for herself. First, she pretends to be Elise’s student. Now, she’s trying to claim the writing style Elise created as her own. Did she think Elise was dead?

When he saw how serious she looked, he couldn’t help but blurt, “Ellie.”

“Hm?” As she was busy filling in the form to participate in the contest, she didn’t bother looking up. “What is it?”

He opened his mouth in an attempt to speak and paused. A few moments later, all courage to confess fled his body. “Nothing. I’ll start the bath, so it’s nice and warm when you want it.”

“Okay,” she obediently agreed.

After a few moments of hovering around her, he eventually walked to the bathroom.

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Calligraphy Association, Tissote.

As soon as Cody walked into his office, he received a call from Lorenzo Forbes, the head of the association.

“Cody, are you sure the calligraphy in the photo you sent me belongs to your student?” Lorenzo immediately asked, going straight to the point.

“Yes. Why?” The mere mention of this fact was enough to fill Cody with pride.

“Don’t you think something seems familiar about the writing style?” Lorenzo asked.

“Sir, I know what you mean. You’re thinking that Tiana might be copying QH, but you also know that QH’s works have always been stored in the museum. We also only have two of their works. There’s no way she could’ve copied them. I guarantee that Tiana wrote them by herself,” Cody solemnly said.

After he heard Cody’s words, he found it rather difficult to continue discussing the matter. “I see. Let’s talk about this another day,” he said as he swiftly ended the call.

Lorenzo went into a trance-like state as he watched his phone screen fade to show images of Tiana’s calligraphy.

Was that person back?

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Two days later.

Elise received a message from Julius. “Boss, Tiana took your pin from your roommate.”

At that time, she was clearing out the dorm with Mica.

She put down the phone and continued with her task. Then, in a nonchalant tone, she asked, “Mica, where did you put the pin I gave you?”

Mica froze. After a moment of hesitation, she came clean, “Sorry, Elise. I loaned it to Sebastian. He said he was interested in the Calligraphy Association, and I couldn’t bear seeing him sighing all the time. So, I gave it to him. If it bothers you, I’ll get it back right away!”

Sebastian had borrowed it, yet it was now in Tiana’s hands. Plus, somehow, Mica knew nothing about this.

After some thought, Elise smiled and replied, “I don’t mind it. I don’t like wearing it after all.”

Just like that, she said no more on that matter.

However, that conversation hung up Mica's mind. Elise was the nicest girl she had ever met in her life, so she didn't want to disappoint Elise.

As soon as Elise left, Mica asked Sebastian to meet with her.

Even so, he only arrived half an hour after the agreed-upon time.

"Sorry, I was in class," he said expressionlessly.

In reality, the class he attended was not his. Tiana had uttered a few complaints about how she had too much to do and didn't have time to attend her classes, so he went to class for her.

"It's fine," she said. Her faith in him was absolute. Then, with a hint of panic in her voice, she asked, "Sebastian, can you return the pin you borrowed from me?"

He frowned upon hearing that. The pin was still in Tiana's possession, and he had told her she didn't have to worry about returning it anytime soon. How could he ask her for it so soon?

After thinking about it, he wrapped an arm around Mica's shoulders and warmly whispered, "Don't you want me to spend more time with you? I'll return it after I've spent a few more days with the Calligraphy Association."

"I do want to spend more time with you," she replied, but then hurriedly added, "but I don't want Elise to think I don't respect her. So let me have it for a while to show it to her. I'll let you have it right after. It won't take too long."

Sebastian lost all his patience when he heard that. Then, he immediately pulled away and haughtily said, "I lost the pin. You can't have it back."

"Lost it? How? Where? I'll go look for it with you..." Question after question poured out of her mouth as she panicked.

"Oh, you're so annoying!" He flung himself away from her. "It's already lost. How can it possibly be found?"

Startled, Mica froze. Then, she gingerly said, "But you promised me you'd take good care of it..."

"Yes, it's my fault," he coldly said in a matter-of-fact tone. "I'm surprised. I never thought you'd be so petty over some trivial pin. It looks like we're not suited for each other. Let's break up. I'm tired of this."

“What are you saying?” Mica smiled in disbelief, trying to calm him down. “I’m not trying to be petty. If there’s a problem, we can work on it together. So why must you say that...”

Sebastian held a hand up between them. There was a disappointed look on his face as he said, “I’m the problem. I’m not ready to love someone yet. I’m sorry, Mica. Let’s not talk to each other ever again. That’s all.”

Then, he left without sparing her another glance.

Mica stood there shocked as big, fat drops of tears rolled down her cheeks. Then, her world was engulfed by an abyss of misery. At that moment, she felt as though everyone had abandoned her.

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With the craze online surrounding the ‘National Goddess’, Nebula TV decided to produce a talk show called “Hangout with Idols”.

To maintain her media presence, Elise accepted the invitation to appear on the same episode as the nation’s darling, Garreth.

Although the two had only met once, they were familiar faces. Hence, as soon as the set was ready, they walked on together.

However, Garreth suddenly collapsed after three questions from the show’s host.

Thankfully, he had been standing in front of a couch and sustained no injuries.

After checking his pulse, she deduced his collapse was once again caused by low blood sugar. It wasn’t a major issue, but it still took him over twenty minutes before he came to.

When Garreth eventually opened his eyes, he saw Elise sitting next to him. “Sorry to bother you again, Elise...” he feebly said in thanks.

His eyes kept drooping as if he was resisting a strong urge to just fall asleep.

When she saw that, she said in a soft, reassuring tone, “If you don’t feel well, take the rest of the day off. We can do the show another time.”

Just as he opened his mouth to speak, Jenny strode through the curtains around the set and barked, “Change the time? For what? The next few months are all fully booked.”

You're not that frail, are you? You're fine now, right? We'll start in another ten minutes. Garreth, get up and go touch up your makeup."

He let out a sad, powerless sigh when he heard that before forcing himself to crawl out of the couch.

However, just as he got on his feet, he collapsed back on the couch as his breathing turned into uneven pants.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 664

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 664-Elise immediately rushed over to massage the few acupuncture points that would help alleviate Garreth's weakness. Only then did the pained expression slowly fade from his face, although his breathing was still quite labored.

"Is there a need for that? There will always be money to make. Can't you spare a moment to care for your own body?" Elise couldn't help but ask.

He weakly stared up at her with half-lidded eyes, but he had no strength to explain.

For the past week, he had been unable to sleep properly. Every day was packed to the brim with job after job that kept him working constantly. Even in between jobs, he still had to focus on memorizing his scripts. There was no personal time at all.

Everyone knew health was important, but his body no longer belonged to him after signing his contract. If he went against the agreement, he would be bankrupt for life.

"Ignore him," Jenny coldly said, folding her arms before her chest. "He just loves to gain sympathy using this trick. This isn't his first time. Anyway, he'll still finish the job afterward. Garreth, get up now, or I'll be forced to be rude before an outsider."

Those words dealt a painful blow to Garreth's dignity. Even though everyone in the industry knew just how bad Jenny could be, he didn't want Elise, the person he respected and looked up to, to see him cower before such humiliation.

He gritted his teeth and pushed himself to his feet as his knuckles turned a stark white color. He swayed where he stood for a few moments before eventually regaining his balance.

"I'm fine now, Jenny. I can continue," he said as he forced a smile.

It was evident that Jenny enjoyed the satisfaction of forcing others to do what she wanted as she proudly smiled and bragged, "See? What did I just say? He's a good kid. He wouldn't want to cause any trouble for me."

In Elise's eyes, how Jenny looked at Garreth was the same as an owner looking at an obedient pet.

Even so, Garreth had to smile through it all, which further satisfied Jenny's twisted desire to subjugate him.

This whole time, Elise had been watching with a frown on her face. Finally, she kicked her seat away and sat down on the couch. "I'm through here."

Celebrities were also human. Were they lesser just because they had signed a contract?

Today, she would have Jenny face the evils of the world.

“What did you say?” Jenny froze before saying with a fake smile on her lips, “Miss Sinclair, Nebula TV’s prime time doesn’t host programs where just anyone can appear on. Even though you are H, the ‘National Goddess’, you won’t be famous without television. I suggest you work with us. Do not ruin your future.”

Garreth, who also knew how much power Jenny held, spoke up as he supported himself with a chair, “Elise, I’m really fine. Don’t do this for my sake. Let’s go on with the show.”

“No, this has nothing to do with you now,” Elise stubbornly said, raising a hand to stop him from saying more. “I don’t want to work now because my mood has been ruined.”

“Elise Sinclair, don’t be so full of yourself! There is a penalty to breaking off contracts!” If gentle persuasion didn’t work on her, then Jenny would use threats.

“Oh, I have money. I can do whatever I want,” Elise innocently blinked back at her.

“You!” Jenny’s chest heaved with anger. Then, when she saw Garreth was watching her being humiliated, she flew into a rage and stomped to Elise. “Wench, you will learn what humility is today!”

However, Garreth’s roar stopped her before she could even do anything to Elise.

“Enough!”

She turned around to find his beautiful, soulful eyes glaring at her while his broad hands were covered with bulging veins as he held onto the chair tightly.

She just stood there stunned for a moment. Then, she let out a scoff. “Oh, okay. Do you think you’re all that now, Garreth? You’ve learned to side with outsiders. Good. So, you want to help her? Come.”

At this instant, he had no more energy left in him to fight with her. So, instead, he picked up the knife on the table and held it up to his face. “Continue with your bullying if you wish to ruin the company’s cash cow.”

After all, a kind gesture from a stranger was always enough for a desperate man to cling onto.

Elise was what he was clinging onto. There was no way he would allow Jenny to harm someone who had been so nice to him.

Meanwhile, Jenny was scared stiff. She had never thought the docile little lamb would one day learn to bite, let alone imagine him threatening her with the most valuable asset he had—his face.

Even though she could do as she pleased in Nebula Corporation, no one in the company dared to harm the cash cow. As of right now, Garreth Dowrick brought in nearly half of the company’s profits. If he ruined his face, her future would be doomed.

At that thought, Jenny reeled herself back in. “Fine. Don’t ever say that I’m cruel to you now. You’ll have today off. As for how you’ll make up for the losses caused by your recovery, that’s your business.”

“Thank you, Jenny. I’ll handle it,” he said, utterly miserable.

After shooting one last disdainful look at Elise, Jenny turned and left.

Now, the only people left in the room were Elise and Garreth.

As he threw the knife on the table, causing it to clatter loudly, he collapsed against the couch as all strength fled him.

“You didn’t have to step in,” she said, and her heart ached at seeing him like this. “After all, she can’t do anything since it’s me. But you work under her. Now that you’ve

embarrassed her, there's no telling what torments await you."

"Don't worry, Elise," he replied with a bright smile. "I may be younger, but I'm still a man. I can't let a woman defend me while I cower in a corner."

The sentiment made her feel warm on the inside. She was beginning to realize just how considerate and responsible this boy could be.

"Alright, let's not talk about that for now. I'll send you home for some rest," she said.

He agreed as he selfishly wanted more time with her.

Just as they were waiting at the studio doors for Winona to drive the car, two handsome and fit young men walked out of the studio.

When they saw Garreth being supported by Elise, one of them asked, "Garreth, are you okay?"

However, before he could respond, the other young man nudged his companion away.

"Oh, shut up. He doesn't need your concern. Look closely. He's standing beside the 'National Goddess'. We're not the same now. Don't bother getting close."

After saying that, the second young man dragged his companion away.

The encounter left an unpleasant look on Garreth's already pale and sickly face as disappointment sparkled in his eyes.

"Who are they? Friends? Did you guys fight?" Elise softly asked.

"They were my partners," he glumly muttered. "We were child actors and best friends. Then, the company wanted me to go solo, and I was given priority in everything. Slowly, we drifted apart."

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 665

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 665-For a moment, Elise had no words to say.

Any kind of relationship in this world would lose its innocence once it was mixed with interests.

At Blitz Entertainment, Jenny went straight to Mr. Lowry's office to complain.

"Mr. Lowry," she said coquettishly, plopping herself on his lap and placing her arms around his neck as she displayed her cleavage to him. "Somebody walked all over me today. Can you help me out?"

With his full attention on her cleavage, he muttered, "Of course, I have to. Who bullied my baby?"

"Who else can it be?" Jenny nudged her body closer and almost pressed her cleavage against his face. "It's Elise Sinclair! Before this, she started a live broadcast to go against our variety show, and she went on a strike for today's filming. She's just belittling us, and I think she even wants to steal Garreth from us! You can't just sit by and do nothing about this!"

When he heard this, he put on a severe expression, pushed his glasses, and asked in suspicion, "What do you mean? Sinclair wants to steal my employees?"

Since a long time ago, he already had a feeling that Elise didn't have an ordinary background. If no one had her back, she wouldn't be able to create such a big hype on the Internet just by herself.

"Exactly!" She deliberately exaggerated the matter and said, "You should have seen how smitten Garreth is with her. We might have gotten into a physical fight if I had left a second later! Feel it. My heart is racing so fast! You'll have to do something about it for me..." She grabbed his hand and placed it on her soft bosoms as she spoke.

A lecherous grin spread across Mr. Lowry's face, and after he enjoyed himself enough, he slammed the desk firmly. "Yes, we'll have to get even with her about this! Since she's not going to be of use to me, then I'll have to get rid of her!" A shrewd light flashed past his eyes when he changed the topic. "However, we can use this opportunity to rake in a fortune," he said, taking out his cell phone and calling the biggest investor of Blitz Entertainment, Mr. Howard, to ask him out for dinner.

In the evening, Mr. Howard showed up in the VIP dining room as promised, and Mr. Lowry hurriedly pushed him into a seat. After a few rounds of drinks, he brought up the topic in his mind.

"Mr. Howard, we've been working together for years, and I've never let you down. Only by working together can we make more money out of money. Do you recall that chick named Elise Sinclair the last time we ate together? That woman isn't a controllable pawn, but she has some influential figure on her back to help her progress. After this, she'll become our greatest hindrance, but if you invest in me, I can definitely get rid of this threat for us!"

Mr. Howard only smiled and listened without saying anything.

For the entire evening, Mr. Lowry had plastered a smile on his face, and his expression was becoming a little stiff and unnatural at this time. But, despite that, realizing that Mr. Howard didn't seem agreeable, he couldn't help but feel his heart beating against his chest.

What's wrong with my big ATM machine today? He would always agree to it whenever I asked for funds before this, but why does he seem unmoved today? Is it because my terms are not attractive enough? Mr. Lowry wondered. Then, he placed an arm on Mr. Howard's shoulder, and he whispered into his ear, "Look, I'll get you the chance to have a taste of the National Goddess. What do you say to that, huh?"

At his words, Mr. Howard jerked his head to look at him. Then, Mr. Lowry let out a low snigger under his breath as he thought that he had gotten Mr. Howard's attention.

Mr. Howard chuckled along for a few seconds, then caught Mr. Lowry off guard when he splashed the wine in his hand onto his face.

The moment the wine splashed on him, he suddenly snapped back to his senses, and he wiped away the liquid with his hand. His eyes widened and were filled with disbelief. "Mr. Howard, what are you doing?!"

Mr. Howard remained silent and gave him a gloomy look that gave Mr. Lowry a bad feeling. A few seconds later, the door burst open with a loud bang as someone kicked it open from the outside, and Elise walked in with Elliot and Sheldon.

Mr. Lowry peered at them before looking away and asking, "Mr. Howard, what's going on?"

Mr. Howard picked up the napkin and wiped his hands as he answered, "Lowry, I'm very wealthy, and you can never make enough money. However, I only have one life, and my life was given back to me with Miss Sinclair's help. So, tell me, what's up with you trying to harm my savior?"

"Your savior?" Mr. Lowry furrowed his brows, and the words suddenly sank into him. "The one who saved you was Elise Sinclair?"

Mr. Howard shrugged in admittance.

Behind Elise, Elliot stepped out and pointed at Mr. Lowry's nose, snubbing him, "You old fart, you don't even know how to act like a proper elder. Don't you dare have any designs on my boss!"

Just the term 'old fart' was enough to turn Mr. Lowry's face livid from anger. However, when he saw everyone in the room was in cahoots with each other, and he was now the outsider everyone hated, he immediately grabbed his jacket and left utterly flustered.

As he passed by the door, he bumped into Sheldon, who gave him a hard stare before he stepped aside and let him pass.

When he was gone, Mr. Howard welcomed them with a bright smile and showed Elise a seat. "Miss Sinclair, you're the great benefactor of my family, and I can finally show my thanks now. Anything you wish to eat, be it something that flies in the sky, runs on the ground, or swims in the ocean, I'll get them served immediately."

"It's just a meal. You don't have to go overboard. In addition, I don't eat that much in the evenings," Elise said, hinting at him to remain low-profile.

"Yes, you're right," he agreed in an amicable tone. "You're a magnanimous person, Miss Sinclair. Not only did you set aside the impolite things I did to you before, you even saved my life. You have my admiration for repaying my actions with kindness."

"It's all in the past now. Moreover, you didn't get your way, did you?" Then, she turned to face Elliot and clapped his shoulder. "I'll take it as returning Elliot's favor." Elliot was puzzled, so he asked, "Dad, what are you guys going on about? What impolite things?"

Mr. Howard put on a stern face and told him off. "Don't question what the adults are doing!"

He couldn't say directly to his son that he tried to take advantage of Elise. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to hold his head up high in front of him in the future.

"Fine, I don't even want to know." Elliot rolled his eyes, picked up his fork, and was about to start eating when something came into his mind suddenly. Then, he poured himself a glass of wine and raised his glass at his father. "But Dad, you handled the situation today so well. I thank you on the Boss' behalf."

After saying that, he threw back his head and finished the wine in a gulp.

For a long moment, Mr. Howard was in a daze as he finished a glass of wine together with him, and when he placed down his drink, he felt a sting in his nose.

After raising Elliot for so many years, this was the first time he heard him saying thank you.

His son had finally grown up!

However, it was apparent that Elliot wasn't an emotional person because he continued eating right after saying his piece, wasting Mr. Howard's built-up tears, which he had to swallow back in the end.

A long moment of silence passed by over the table, and it was Elise who broke the silence first. "Mr. Howard, I'm afraid you and Mr. Lowry won't be able to work together anymore after what happened today. I'm afraid I have gotten in the way of you making another huge profit."

Mr. Howard sighed. "My savior, what are you saying? Who do you think I am? I'm Elliot's father, and I have nothing left but money. So it doesn't matter whether I'm making more money or not," Mr. Howard said earnestly.

Nothing but money left, Elise repeated in her head and held her forehead in her palm at his declaration. "Since that's the case, will you be interested in donating money to a charity to help impoverished youngsters?" she asked directly.

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