

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 666

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 666-Mr. Howard immediately acquiesced to her suggestion and said, "You're right, Miss Sinclair. I should do more charity after this close shave with death. So tomorrow, I'll allocate 100 million to the orphanages in Tissote so that the kids can have a better life."

Elise raised her brows and said awkwardly, "It's not a problem if you think that's what I'm saying, but the youngsters I mentioned earlier are slightly older."

"Older?" A confused look washed over his face. "How much older?"

"More than a dozen years older." Elise smiled, and her eyes crinkled.

Mr. Howard appeared lost in her words as he scratched his head.

Elise lowered her head and thought for a couple of seconds. Then, she whisked out her phone and searched Garreth's name in the browser before placing it on the table in front of him.

Mr. Howard straightened the phone and stared at Garreth's picture with knitted brows. Then, a few seconds later, his eyes sparkled, and he gasped in surprise, "Miss Sinclair, do you mean that I should compete against Blitzzy Entertainment?"

"You're the biggest investor behind Blitzzy Entertainment, and you definitely have what it takes to do this, don't you?" Elise leaned sideways, moved closer to him, and pointed out to him in a whisper, "As far as I know, just the past year alone, the revenue Mr. Lowry made in private from the cooperation between the Howard Family and Blitzzy Entertainment was more than two billion. Elliot is a simple person, and if the business scene is filled with shrews such as Mr. Lowry, I'm afraid you'll still have a lot to worry about your son in the future, even after retirement."

Her words made him peer over at Elliot, who was engrossed in eating, and the look in his eyes gradually turned sharp. After that, he slammed the table and made up his mind. "I'm in!"

Elliot was startled, causing him to spit out a mouthful of soup as he almost choked. Before he even had time to wipe his mouth, he hurriedly got up and stood in between Elise and Mr. Howard. Then, he spread out his arms, blocked Elise from his father, and asked aggressively, "What are you doing? I'm warning you, old Mr. Howard, you're not allowed to bully my boss!"

"Hey, you rascal. Are you even clear who your father is?" Disgruntled, Mr. Howard got to his feet and placed his hands on his hips.

"It's you..." Elliot gradually lost the resolution in his voice, but he swiftly added, "You are my father, and she is my boss. Both of you are separate people to me, but you're in the wrong when you raise your voice!"

"I—" Breathless from the anger, Mr. Howard opened his mouth to argue, but ended up laughing instead. Then, he reached out, pulled Elliot forward, and ruffled his hair. "Good boy, as expected of my son, you know what's important! Miss Sinclair is our family's great benefactor. So, you'll have to stand out to help her solve any issues in the future, just like you did earlier. Do you understand?"

"Of course! I don't need you to remind me of this!" Elliot patted his chest and added, "Have you seen my muscles? I trained myself just to be worthy of my boss. Do you really think it was out of fun that I asked for money to sign up for boxing classes?"

Mr. Howard nodded in gratification. This is great. I finally don't have to worry about

teaching my son anymore.

Elise was right; Elliot had a straightforward personality, and he could be easily read like a book. Besides, he was gullible, couldn't keep a secret to save his life, and was easily manipulated by others. In the past, he was constantly worried about how Elliot would live once he was gone. However, with Elise here looking out for his son, he could rest easy now.

As he thought of this, Mr. Howard shoved Elliot aside and extended his hand in excitement to Elise. "Miss Sinclair, I'll do as you wish."

Elise smiled brightly and shook his hand firmly. "To a happy cooperation, then!" "What cooperation? Are you guys going to invest in an orphanage?" Elliot asked innocently.

Mr. Howard whacked him lightly on the back of his head. "Go back to your seat and don't disrupt Miss Sinclair enjoying her meal."

If it was in the past, Elliot would have left in a huff, but because Elise was here, he didn't lose his temper and obediently returned to his seat.

Mr. Howard was so happy when he saw that his son wasn't rebelling against him for once. So delighted that he got himself drunk after continuously drinking glass after glass of wine.

When he left the hotel, he thought he was out on his usual business meeting and grabbed a few stacks of bills from his secretary's bag before stuffing them into Elise's hands.

In the end, Elliot couldn't stand it anymore, and he dragged him away, stuffed him into the car, and drove off.

This father-and-son duo highly amused Elise. However, when all was said and done, she turned around and handed the cash to Sheldon. "Return this money to Elliot later." After she said that, she realized that there was an invitation card between the bills, and she picked it out to look at it. It was a cocktail party hosted by the famous collector, Jonas Hymer, and he would be presenting his precious private art collection to his guests at the party.

Beneath the card, there was a line of tiny characters, especially noting that the collection included the painting SQ made at the peak of their career—'Ink Peonies'. Interesting, she thought, keeping the invitation. "I'm taking this, don't forget to mention it to him later."

"Sure." Sheldon gave her a nod. "Should I drop you home?"

Right after the words left his lips, a black MPV rolled to a stop in front of them, and the door slid open, revealing Alexander seated in the backseat. His face was solemn but noble at the same time, but when he turned to look at Elise, it immediately became soft and gentle.

"Come on, Ellie," he said gently.

Elise nodded and turned to Sheldon. "I'm going now."

Then, she climbed into the car, and it slowly drove away from the hotel after starting the engine. Sheldon watched with a deep look in his eyes as the car gradually drove further away, and when he recalled the contrast in Alexander's expressions earlier, he couldn't help but chuckle out loud. Love is such a magical thing.

Not long after the car started, Alexander passed an envelope to her.

“What’s this?” she asked.

“You’re qualified for the finals of the calligraphy contest. This is the admission card sent by the organizer, and there’s also an invitation card,” he said.

After taking a look at the contents, a wide, silly grin spread across her face.

“What’s so funny?” he asked, curious.

She tilted her head to peer at him. Then, she turned to take out the invitation card that she had in her bag and compared it side by side with the one in her hand.

“You already have this invitation card?” He understood immediately and asked, “Who gave it to you?”

“Elliot’s dad, but that’s not important. What’s important is that I have two invitations now.

So, Mr. Griffith, do I have the honor to invite you to attend this with me?” Elise said playfully.

Alexander chuckled, but he pretended to be aloof as he said in indifference, “I’ll think about it.”

Elise narrowed her eyes dangerously and asked, “Are you sure?”

He snapped out of his act the next second and raised his palms in defeat to express his loyalty. “I agree. Anything my wife says goes!”

“That’s a good boy.” She raised her chin arrogantly, then leaned into his arms naturally.

After a while, she asked out of the blue, “Are you finished with your work? Why didn’t I see you on any business trips recently?”

“That’s right.” In an instant, Alexander’s face turned solemn. “I have a business to attend to within the country.”

“Great!” Elise didn’t think much of it as she wrapped her arm around him and held his waist. “We can meet each other every day, then.”

Alexander hugged her tightly, but his mind started to wander.

The only thing he needed to do was come clean, but there hadn’t been a suitable occasion for him to do so.

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Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 667-Alexander and Elise dressed up to attend the cocktail party two days later. As it was a private party and not opened to the media, it didn’t receive such huge publicity, and the guests could enter the manor and look around at will after checking in at the entrance.

Regardless of the type of collector, they all had a certain amount of capital in their hands.

Judging from the manor and villa details, Elise could tell that Jonas’s net worth was not lower than the Griffiths in their heyday, but he had always been low-key and was never interested in the rankings of the rich. Hence, nobody knew how many assets he had under his name.

Holding Elise's hand, Alexander followed the trail of the other guests. Finally, after they grabbed their own glass of champagne, they reached the gallery where the paintings of various famous artists were displayed.

The paintings were encased in glass on a special shelf, and every painting had unique security equipment, which made it convenient for guests to admire the painting while preventing theft.

However, there was an obvious flaw with it; once someone broke the glass, the painting inside would be easily damaged.

Elise stopped in front of the drawing, 'Ink Peonies', then looked at the other paintings around it and realized they were masterpieces by renowned painters from the last century or famous pieces from post-modern geniuses. For her first painting to be on display here, it could be considered as a very high valuation of her work.

"Do you like it?" Alexander was already thinking of ways to persuade Jonas to let him have the painting when he saw the smile on her face.

Elise shook her head with a smile. "I can't see why this painting is so great. It's better to just keep it for people who understand it to admire it."

Just then, a girl in a ball gown stepped out from behind her with her head tilted to the side. After she had taken a good look at Elise's face, she beamed in excitement. "It's really you, Miss Beautiful!"

"You are..." Elise trailed off in confusion.

"It's me!" She flashed Elise a captivating smile that showed off her white teeth and adorable little canines. "Do you still remember that someone was chasing you in the mall, and I was the one who helped you to escape?"

As the memories flooded back to her, Elise pointed a finger and asked tentatively, "You're the girl at the barbeque restaurant?"

"Yes, that's me." She bobbed her head and appeared a little embarrassed as she tucked away her fringe behind her ear when it came loose. "I still haven't had the barbeque until now."

"I see. Are your friends really busy?" Elise asked softly.

The girl shook her head, pursed her lips, and said, "After I dropped out of school, I lost contact with my classmates and friends, and there's no one I can ask out to have a meal with."

All of a sudden, Elise felt sorry for her, but she didn't know how to comfort her.

Alexander read the situation and decided to let them have some time alone. "I saw a few people I know, so I'm going over to say hi. Both of you have a good chat," he said as he walked away.

After he left, the girl didn't seem so reserved anymore, and she took a step closer to Elise, introducing herself, "I'm Stephanie, and you're Elise, aren't you? Elise Sinclair, I've watched your variety show, and I couldn't even recognize you when you dressed up like that the other day. I'm so sorry about that."

Elise pursed her lips into a smile and didn't deny anything she said. Then, Stephanie continued cautiously, "Miss Sinclair, may I add you on WhatsApp? I promise I won't annoy you all the time."

After all, Elise owed her a favor, so she didn't turn her down and added her contact after taking out her smartphone. Then, they started chatting about everything and anything.

From their conversation, Elise learned that Stephanie was an art student, and she majored in oil painting, with a liking for Western culture. Just like Elise, she was here because of the invitation from an art competition.

Half an hour later, they finished their champagne, and Stephanie stopped a waiter close to them. Then, with Elise's glass in her hand, she went over to him and exchanged it for two new drinks.

Tiana arrived late, but she immediately caught sight of Elise and Stephanie chatting away happily the minute she walked into the gallery.

There were only that many people in the art industry of Tissote, with a lesser amount of socialites within. But, as everyone knew, there were always pretty girls in the art field, so Stephanie had always been Tiana's biggest eyesore the whole time.

Furthermore, Elise had just snatched the title of 'National Goddess' from her—a title which she coveted so much, and a sense of danger started to build up aggressively within her when she saw the both of them hanging out together.

She looked around from a distance for a while, and while there were many people everywhere, she slowly moved closer to them. Then, when she passed by Stephanie, she quickly reached out and gave her a hard push.

Stephanie lost her balance and fell forward as she was caught off guard in stilettos.

Although Elise had quick reflexes and held her steady, Stephanie still bumped into the display case in front of her. When she regained her balance again, the 'Ink Peonies' had fallen as well, and the glass case was shattered into pieces with a few sharp shards of glass cutting through the painting instantly under such a huge kinetic force.

“Are you alright?” All Elise was concerned about was whether Stephanie had sprained or bruised herself.

“I’m alright.” Stephanie shook her head in frustration and muttered, “However, I’m afraid that... I’ve ruined the painting.”

Elise took a quick glance at it on the floor and came to the decision that the painting was indeed utterly ruined. However, she still said in an assuring tone, “It’s just a canvas. What’s more important is that you’re alright.”

Stephanie sighed heavily and looked behind herself in confusion but saw nothing.

That’s weird, she thought. I clearly felt someone pushing me earlier.

“What’s wrong?” Elise asked, sensing something amiss.

Before Stephanie could say anything, the party host, Jonas Hymer, had rushed to the scene with a group of close friends.

When he saw the mess on the floor, the knot between his brows tightened, and his expression turned even more sullen.

At the same time, Alexander heard what happened and rushed to the scene as well. He walked to Elise, then softly put his arm around her, giving her an assuring hug.

A long moment of silence washed over before Tiana popped out from a corner and walked forward with a sorry look. She swept away the glass and then picked the drawing up with a regretful look. “This is the best drawing by SQ so far. What a shame...”

The other guests also chipped in to express their regrets about the situation as well.

“SQ has the most potential to support the painting field within the country, and she only has a few pieces of artwork. One destroyed makes it one less art piece in the world by SQ!”

“I remember when Mr. Hymer brought this painting back from an auction abroad, he spent almost ten million on it. After these few years, the price must have doubled a few times. This is a huge loss indeed!”

“What a shame for the painting!”

As Jonas listened to their comments, his face flushed with anger, and his expression was incredibly nasty.

Stephanie stepped willingly forward as she knew she was in the wrong and apologized sincerely. "I'm sorry, Mr. Hymer. I was the one who destroyed the painting accidentally. Once I'm back, I'll definitely ask my father to compensate according to the market price."

"Compensate?" Jonas' eyes were fierce and rounded as he glared at her. "How are you going to compensate me? Maybe SQ is no longer living in this world, and their works are priceless. Do you think you can pay for this and call it a day?!"

His attitude pissed off Elise very much, and just when she was about to help Stephanie out of the situation, Alexander held her back and opened his mouth first.

"It's fate that we're able to attend your party, Mr. Hymer, and everything happens for a reason. So, why don't you take a step back and restrain your anger?"

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Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 668

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 668-"It's not your collection that was destroyed. But, of course, it's easy for you to say that." Jonas didn't buy into his act at all. "Even if you want to be generous at the expense of others, you have to see if you have the right to!"

After ruining his treasure in his house, he was still expected to let it go. How was that possible?

Before this, Elise still held a little hope. She felt that anyone who knew how to appreciate her work must be good to get along with. But, now that she saw Jonas' behavior, her fantasy was suddenly shattered.

Besides everything else, she was furious when she saw him attacking Alexander.

Elise suddenly removed Alexander's hand that was holding her back and strode forward, then said bluntly, "It's reasonable to compensate for the damage to your personal belongings according to the cost. We've apologized and promised to compensate, but you're reluctant to forgive a girl and are rude to your guests. Is this how distinguished you are, Mr. Hymer?"

"Distinguished?" Jonas let out a sarcastic laugh. "Fine, I don't want compensation. Let her restore the painting to its original state. Is that distinguished enough?"

"What's done is done. Why do you have to force her to do something that's beyond her power?" Elise asked dispassionately.

"So, you know that it's something that's beyond her power? I have a lot of money, but only one of these paintings exists. Every time the artist gets a burst of inspiration, it

means the birth of a new life. If she destroys my painting, she's committing murder!" The more Jonas spoke, the more emotional he became; even the blue veins on his forehead were bulging.

Stephanie lowered her head and had nothing to say. She reckoned she deserved to be scolded for the trouble she caused.

Jonas didn't want the money; he wanted the painting. However, she ruined the painting and repairing it didn't make much sense. The situation seemed to be frozen in this state.

Elise didn't expect that Jonas would throw such a massive tantrum because of her painting. So it was rather hard for her to speak up for a while.

At this moment, Alexander put forward an idea. "Mr. Hymer, if you don't mind, I have a few collections that aren't bad. So you can go to my house and choose one to fill the vacancy. Plus, this lady's compensation will make up for the loss. How about that?"

"If any painting can replace it, will there be any criminals who are executed by the law?" Jonas' tone was harsh, and he refused to back down.

Alexander couldn't bear it anymore after hitting a snag twice, but he had no better solution.

The other guests began to exchange whispered discussions.

"Everyone knows that Jonas is obsessed with paintings. SQ's work has been his favorite in the past few years. So it's no wonder he's so angry."

"That's right. Jonas has spent more time with these paintings than he had with his own children. Who on earth can still calmly bargain after losing a child?"

"It's all this woman's fault! She wasn't cautious!"

When Tiana noticed this, her lips curled up.

Stephanie, oh, Stephanie. From today onward, you will really have a 'reputation'.

Elise saw that Stephanie's eyes were red, and her heart softened, so she could only bite the bullet and take responsibility for the matter.

"Actually, Mr. Hymer, I was joking with you just now. Miss Stephanie didn't drop the painting. I pushed her, so she knocked into the display cabinet and ended up destroying the painting." Elise forced a smile.

"Elise..." Stephanie raised her head in confusion, her eyes glistening and filled with puzzlement.

The two of them were clearly standing side by side just now. From Elise's position, she wasn't at the angle to push her. She didn't want the beautiful Elise to get into trouble because of her.

Elise discreetly shook her head, motioning for her to stay silent.

"A joke?" Jonas' tone became even colder. "You used SQ's painting as a joke?"

"Calm down. Calm down." Elise waved her hand, trying to get him to take it easy. "I was just angry that you were deceived, Mr. Hymer, so I helped you ruin this fake."

"You're saying that my painting is a fake?" Jonas skeptically raised one eyebrow.

"Exactly." Elise nodded affirmatively.

"What? A fake? How's that possible? Jonas bought a fake?" The crowd began murmuring, all expressing their disbelief.

However, Jonas was bold enough to say sarcastically, "My painting has been professionally appraised. Do you think you can get away with saying that it's a fake?"

"Don't worry. Since I dare to say that, naturally, I have my reasons. I brought the artwork that is at the peak of SQ's career. Mr. Hymer, are you really not planning to take a look?" Elise deliberately cast a bait to divert his attention.

Jonas thought for a moment, then loosened up. "Okay. I'd like to see what you are. Go and get the painting. I'll wait here."

"Wait a moment," Elise responded with a smile, then glanced at Stephanie again to reassure her before pulling on Alexander and preparing to leave.

"Wait." Jonas stopped her. "You're together. You're not tricking us into staying here while you escape, are you?:

Elise frowned. "Mr. Hymer, isn't it better for there to be more trust between people?"

Jonas shook his head, indicating that he wasn't going to let them leave simultaneously.

"How troublesome," Elise muttered, then walked over and grabbed Stephanie's hand. "I'll go with her and leave my husband here. Will that work?"

Alexander was baffled.

Jonas nodded and said impatiently, "Be quick."

Elise took Stephanie's hand and hurried off.

In the garden, she randomly approached a servant and successfully sweet-talked them into bringing them to the study of the villa.

Unsurprisingly, Jonas, as obsessed with paintings as he was, had space and tools for painting in the study room.

Elise hurriedly found the inkstone and stuffed it into Stephanie's hand. "We're pressed for time. Help me grind it."

Stephanie stuffed it back into her hands, then began to talk to herself as she paced in place. "Time is indeed running out. There's no other choice. I can only try to restore SQ's work based on my memory. But, my ink painting skills aren't good. Even if I did it, it'll probably only be 50% similar. We have no choice. This is the last resort. Elise, you grind it. I'll—"

Stephanie was speaking halfway when she turned around, only to see that Elise was already standing at the table with a few brushes in her mouth. Both her hands were moving in sync as she painted gracefully.

She was instantly stunned, completely attracted by Elise's painting.

"We need to rush. I'm running out of ink. Don't just stand there," Elise urged solemnly.

Stephanie returned to her senses and hurriedly ran over to hand her a brush.

Ten minutes later, a lifelike 'Ink Peonies' appeared on the paper.

Even though Stephanie didn't know much about ink painting, she was shocked by the lifelike appearance of the peonies.

"Elise, you..."

Elise set the seven to eight brushes in her hand down on the table, then stretched and asked, "Similar, right? Let me tell you. My ancestors sold fake paintings. When it was my turn, I specialized in copying the paintings of these modern artists, so I'm very familiar with SQ's 'Ink Peonies'!"

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Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 669

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 669-Her ancestors sold paintings? She might as well say that her ancestors were tinters. Do I look that easy to fool?

Stephanie fixed Elise with a complicated expression, unable to calm down even after a long time.

The person she had been looking for so long was right in front of her, but she found what she had searched for far and wide by sheer dumb luck.

...

When the two of them returned with the painting, everyone had already moved to the villa's hall.

Jonas sat on the main seat of the sofa, his brows still tightly furrowed. His anger didn't seem to have eased much.

Someone had already mentioned Elise's identity to Jonas just now. Besides Alexander, she was also friends with Kenneth. If he openly offended her today, it wouldn't do anyone good. However, he was dissatisfied, as she ruined his beloved treasure just like that.

He thought that if Elise could come up with a fake look genuine to console him, he might as well let it go.

Jonas slowly raised his head upon hearing the sound of footsteps and saw Elise holding a rolled piece of rice paper, thus shattering his hopes.

"Where's SQ's authentic work?" Jonas asked bluntly, showing no mercy whatsoever.

Elise slapped the rolled-up painting against her palm, then shook it nonchalantly. "Here it is."

Then, she held the middle part and slowly unrolled it, revealing the ink peonies inside.

Jonas opened his mouth in surprise, his eyes gleaming halfway through Elise unrolling the rice paper.

When the painting was wholly unveiled, he couldn't help but walk forward and take the artwork from Elise's hand, fascinated.

Judging from his experience collecting ink paintings, as soon as he touched the rice paper. Obviously, it hadn't been long since she made this painting. It was definitely not the pinnacle work of SQ, but the ink peonies on it were indeed vividly painted. It was captivating, and it was undoubtedly a collectible.

"Mr. Hymer, what are you still doing there in a daze? Since there are experts here, hurry up and ask them to make an appraisal!" Someone called out.

Only then did Jonas recover, bringing the painting over to a few friends who appraised antiques.

The experts placed the painting on an empty table, then formed a circle around the table and began to carefully examine it with a magnifying glass.

After a few minutes, everyone reached an agreement.

The older appraiser said solemnly to Jonas, "This is indeed the work of SQ."

Jonas was thrilled and quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

"But, one thing is strange." The appraiser placed his hand on the rice paper, which was immediately stained with black ink spots. He murmured dubiously to himself, "SQ's 'Ink Peonies' was made a few years ago. Why hasn't the ink dried out yet?"

"Ahem." Elise coughed awkwardly when she heard his remarks. "Uh, maybe because it's been too humid recently, and no special protective measures have been taken. But, this doesn't affect the authenticity of the painting, right?"

"Of course, it doesn't." The appraiser smiled and shook his head. "Not only is this painting the work of SQ, but it's even at a higher skill set than her previous painting. One can see that although the master has been keeping a low profile over the years, they have constantly been transcending. This spirit is simply commendable!"

Elise cast a triumphant look at Stephanie when she heard this, reckoning that she could now rest assured.

Stephanie slightly pursed her lips, her smile not exactly natural.

Jonas was particularly excited. It was a pity to lose the pinnacle work of SQ, but the appraiser had just said that the painting Elise brought was of a higher skill set and had more collectible value than the previous one. With this luck, he should go and buy a lottery ticket!

However, at this moment, several guests raised objections.

"That's not right. Since this one is the authentic work of SQ, what about the one just now? Is it possible that both this and the 'Spring Appreciation' are real?"

"In my opinion, one of them must be fake. SQ's student identified the one that was destroyed!" "Isn't that too narrow of an outlook? Of course, SQ doesn't have many artworks, but it's impossible that one can acquire only a few paintings. On the other hand, as the appraiser mentioned, maybe someone has painted a new and better one?"

“The point is that none of us have ever met SQ. Who knows if they actually painted it or not? If it’s fake, wouldn’t Mr. Hymer have no choice but to be a victim and suffer in silence?”

Jonas said nothing but simply frowned slightly and lowered his head.

They weren’t wrong. However, between a ruined genuine painting and a famous painting that may or may not be authentic, he didn’t think it was a loss on his end.

The key to collecting such things depended on whether the collector liked them. The value of the collection came second.

But now, going with the herd, he couldn’t tell the truth from what was false. He couldn’t just take their word for it and let the matter slide.

All of a sudden, a voice rang out. “You’re all confused, aren’t you? SQ’s student is right here. Let her tell us if SQ has created any new artworks recently. She will reveal the truth then!”

Tiana was about to run away, but when she heard this, she couldn’t help but come to a sudden stop while sorting out her emotions.

Sure enough, someone caught sight of her in the next second.

“Miss Hill! You’re here! Come and save everyone from this confusion!”

The corners of Tiana’s lips twitched, but she had to bite the bullet and walk into the center of the crowd, standing opposite Elise.

When Elise saw her, she gave a meaningful smile.

Tiana’s senses were sharp as she noted the meaningful look in her eyes and guiltily turned her head aside.

Calm down. The one who contacted Elise is an alias that isn’t bound to any proof of identity. So Elise won’t find out that I’m the one behind SQ’s account.

After a little mental preparation, Tiana returned to appearing confident and elegant.

“Miss Hill.” Jonas had a lot of respect for SQ’s students, so he asked humbly, “Dare I ask, has SQ made another ‘Ink Peonies’ lately?”

Tiana didn’t answer immediately but pretended to be pretentious and walked to the table before studying the painting again.

Finally, she answered thoughtfully, "It is indeed the one made by my teacher a few days ago."

Undoubtedly, there was a reason she said that. Elise had an inexplicable connection with SQ. Since this artwork had passed the appraisal, she could only admit that it was genuine. Even if any problem arose in the future, everyone could place the blame on the appraisers.

Not to mention, if she weren't on the same page with these people, they would probably ask her to personally contact SQ, which would be troublesome.

Jonas clasped his hands tightly together, and his eyes couldn't hide his joy and excitement. "Thank you, Miss Hill."

"Don't mention it." Tiana pursed her lips.

Elise lowered her gaze when she heard this. So she painted the painting, and solved the dispute, but Tiana was getting all the credit?

"Miss Hill." Elise said meaningfully, "Did you remember it wrong? One of the paintings that SQ let me keep is 'Ink Peonies'. So, they should have painted this one two years ago."

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Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 670

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 670-Tiana froze.

Elise must be kidding. She had seen those paintings in person before stuffing them into the safe. There wasn't an 'Ink Peonies'.

Could it be that Elise didn't hand over all of SQ's paintings that day but kept a few to herself?

Oh, Elise is cunning. She reckoned Elise was betting on the fact that SQ was old and had a bad memory, so they wouldn't find out even if one or two paintings were missing, so she deliberately kept some to enrich herself.

However, Tiana pretended to be SQ to take the paintings away since she didn't know how many genuine artworks there were. After everything she had done, it had backfired and Elise was now taking advantage of it.

Tiana found such actions a little distasteful at the thought of it. She had also taken SQ's painting, but she was always worried and did not dare to show the artwork to other people, but Elise was openly using it to win favors.

How shameless. No one rivals her when it comes to this.

However, it had gotten to this point, so she couldn't expose Elise. All she could do was explain with a smile, "SQ has been repeatedly creating the same painting in the past few years, sometimes even painting five to six of the same ones within a year. So, it's really difficult to tell the specific time they created the artwork."

"Oh, it seems like SQ quite values perfection." Elise chuckled mockingly.

She hadn't touched a brush for several years, but such a colossal lie was being told. It was indeed hard for Tiana to make up a new lie now.

Jonas was a clever person too. He sensed that something wasn't right at once, so he quickly stepped forward to mediate the situation.

"Hahaha... If that's the case, then this is the end of the matter today. Thank you, Miss Sinclair and Miss Hill, for solving my predicament today. I'm ecstatic to be able to get a new piece done by SQ. As for the details, there's no need to pursue it anymore.

"Everyone, please continue to drink and enjoy yourselves in the garden. I will immediately frame this 'Ink Peonies' and put it back in place for exhibition. Please look forward to it."

Since the commotion had ended and the host had spoken up, there was no reason for everyone to stay gathered, so they dispersed.

When everyone was almost gone, Jonas took the initiative to walk toward Alexander and apologize.

"Mr. Griffith, if I've offended you today, please don't take it to heart. I will definitely pay you a visit in person some other day."

"It's okay." Alexander gave him a concise answer.

Jonas knew that he was in the wrong and figured that it was only right for Alexander's attitude to be cold, so he just smiled lightly and didn't continue the conversation.

After a while, Jonas tried to win over Elise again. "Miss Sinclair, judging from the conversation between you and Miss Hill earlier, it seems like you and SQ have quite a friendship. Is that true?"

Elise snorted lightly as she stared at Jonas' shrewd face with an ambiguous expression. When she saw that Tiana hadn't gone far, she simply admitted, "I've indeed been friends with SQ for many years. Mr. Hymer, I wonder why you are asking about this, though."

Beside them, Tiana stopped silently and tried to eavesdrop.

He smiled and went straight to the point. "To be honest, I've long admired SQ and very much hope to meet the figure in person. So, Miss Sinclair, I wonder whether it's inconvenient for you to introduce me."

Elise crossed her arms over her chest, steering clear of his main question. "Tiana is a student of SQ. Wouldn't it be easier for you to ask her about this?"

"Don't mind me saying this, Miss Sinclair, but I've already tried this. However, she'll refuse every time. I've been unable to fulfill this wish, so I'm a little unsatisfied." Jonas sighed in regret.

She squinted her eyes. Did this guy admire her or merely wanted to obtain more of her artworks to earn a profit? Since his purpose was unknown, she certainly wouldn't reveal her identity so easily.

However, in order to create some excitement for Tiana, Elise agreed. "Okay. It just so happens that SQ and I made a pact a few years ago. We'll meet in Tissote in half a year's time. I'll bring it up to her. As for whether or not she wants to meet, it's not up to me."

"Yes, of course!" Jonas was extremely grateful, but he still clearly grasped the critical information. His expression became serious as he leaned over to Elise before asking cautiously, "So, Miss Sinclair, what you mean is that SQ would be visiting Tissote in half a year's time. Is that what you mean?"

He's pretty smart.

Elise smiled and looked up at Tiana's nervous figure in the distance before deliberately raising her voice to say, "Yes, SQ will make a comeback by then and she will expose all the fakes."

When Tiana heard this, her heart began to race and her mind buzzed. SQ is really still alive and will appear in the public eye in half a year's time.

If that was the case, wouldn't she, a fake student of SQ, be reduced entirely to a laughing stock?

No! That can't happen! I'm an 'It Girl', a genius that all masters compete to learn from. I'm not a fake! I'm not! She murmured to herself in a daze while taking step after step as she slowly left the villa.

Elise shook her head when she saw this. If Tiana were willing to confess now, she would still have a chance to start over. However, if she refused to come to her senses,

then it wouldn't be Elise's fault for coming forward to deal with the matter when the time came.

"That's great!" Jonas excitedly grabbed Elise's hand and expressed his determination. "Miss Sinclair, before SQ comes, you must give me a letter of approval. I will solely be responsible for all of her hospitality and ensure that her stay in Tissote will be smooth!"

"Let's talk about this another time." Elise withdrew her hand, neither agreeing nor rejecting his offer.

He, however, took it as a done deal and began to plot how to use SQ as a source of income.

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After the banquet, Stephanie left the villa in Elise's car.

Stephanie and Elise sat in the backseat while Alexander sat in the front passenger seat for what seemed like a silent journey back.

When they were nearing the city center, Stephanie spoke and broke the silence. "Elise." She held Elise's hand and gave her an earnest look. "I will keep your secret for you."

Elise pretended to be confused and appeared naive. "What are you talking about? I don't understand."

Stephanie pursed her lips and smiled. "You don't need to understand. All you have to know is that I won't tell anyone what happened in the study today."

"That would be great." Elise added by way of a joke, "If you tell anyone, someone will probably sue me."

Stephanie chuckled but didn't continue with the topic. Instead, she turned to the driver and said, "Sir, pull over at the shopping mall in front."

"You want to get off here?" Elise was puzzled. "We can send you home."

"It's okay." Stephanie grinned. "I was so scared at the party that I dared not eat much. So, I have to go and eat some more food. Hehe."

"All right, then." Elise had never been keen on forcing others, so she asked the driver to stop at the mall entrance.

After the driver parked the car on the side of the road, there were many cars on Stephanie's side, so Elise opened the car door and went down to make way for her.

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