

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 681

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 681-“Ha!” Elise burst out laughing from anger. “So, you do have a strong moral compass. But then, what are you doing now? Do you think it’s okay for you to barge into the home of a pair of newlyweds?”

“I...”

“Enough already,” Alexander interrupted, not giving Sofia a chance to speak. He then continued with a blank face, “You can go now.”

“Go? Go where?” Sofia asked, confused.

“Wherever you want as long as you’re out of my home,” he calmly replied.

“You’re kicking me out?” Her eyes widened with disbelief. “Alexander, can’t you see that I’m doing this for your sake? Anyway, your mom hired me. How can you speak to me in that manner?”

“How should I be speaking to you then?” His eyes went glacial. “Should I put up a shrine and worship you? This is my house and my wife’s home. Neither you nor my mother has any power here. I will not tolerate anyone who would insult my wife. When I wake up tomorrow morning, I don’t want to see your face here ever again.”

After he said that, he wrapped an arm around Elise and went upstairs with her, leaving Sofia alone and staring at the backs of a loving couple.

Pride was carved deep into the bones of Sofia, so there was no way she’d accept being ignored like that. After stomping her foot hard, she marched out the door.

Just who did that man think he was? She only ever acted subservient to him because she thought highly of him, but how dare he look down on her!

Well, she wouldn’t be serving them anymore. They would regret this!

As she walked out of the area to the streets, she cursed and shouted at the couple. Then, she took a taxi and spent the night at the bars.

When she woke up the next morning, her vision spun so hard that she had to support her head with her hands. She couldn’t help but feel angry with herself as she should not have acted so impulsively.

First, she went home, cleaned up, and changed her clothes. Then, thinking that there wouldn’t be anyone home at this time, she took a taxi back to Alexander and Sofia’s new residence.

However, as the taxi drew closer to the residence, she saw a young woman standing at the residence gates and looking around.

The taxi soon pulled to a stop, and Sofia exited the vehicle. She strode over to the other woman and loftily asked in a manner more befitting to the residence owner, "Who are you looking for?"

"Who are you?" the other woman rudely shot back.

"I am the housekeeper here," Sofia proudly stated.

"I see." The other woman's gaze scanned Sofia from head to toe with eyes filled with scrutiny.

Weirded out by how she was being studied, Sofia barked in a firmer tone, "If you don't tell me who you are, I'm going to get the guards to escort you away."

It was only then that the woman haughtily said, "My name is Maya Dahlen, Alexander's god-sister."

God-sister?

Sofia studied Maya closely as she silently pondered on how much faith she should give that statement.

For one, Maya didn't dress like someone from a middle-class family.

As for her claim of being Alexander's god-sister, both women knew precisely what Maya meant by that.

It was just a claim used to get Maya closer to Alexander.

Logically speaking, Maya was Sofia's rival.

However, Elise was Sofia's greatest enemy for now, and the enemy of my enemy is my friend.

If she used Maya to destroy Alexander's relationship with Elise, she would be saving herself a lot of work.

A cunning gleam passed through Sofia's bright eyes. Then, she smiled and made a welcoming gesture to Maya, "This way, please, Miss Dahlen."

Then, with scheme-filled minds, the two women entered the villa.

Meanwhile, Elise was taking a nap upstairs, ignorant of the presence of two pests in her home.

Sofia politely made some hot tea for Maya in the living room before sitting beside her.

“Surely you must be close to Mr. Griffith, Miss Dahlen?” Sofia tentatively asked.

“Are Alexander and Elise not home?” Maya replied without answering the question.

“Yes. Miss Sinclair should be in university right now, and Mr. Griffith at work. They’re both busy people,” Sofia immediately replied. Since she was new, she could only lie according to what she had witnessed over the past two days.

When Maya heard that, she instantly let out a sigh of relief. She relaxed so much that she even began shaking her leg as she nonchalantly said, “Of course, I’m close to him. I am his mother’s only goddaughter while he’s her only son. Why wouldn’t we be close? I would be Mrs. Griffith by now if Elise hadn’t interfered.”

There was a mocking slant to Sofia’s smile when she heard that.

As if. This girl has quite the self-confidence. I’ll give her that.

However, to amplify the animosity between Maya and Elise, Sofia went along with what was said despite her own wishes. “No wonder. I thought that you and Mr. Griffith would’ve been a perfect couple. I see. So, that’s what happened. What a pity. You two would’ve been great together.”

It was clear that statement had reminded Maya of something that upset her. Her eyes went dull as she let out a long, disappointed sigh.

In Maya’s eyes, her union with Alexander would’ve truthfully been the perfect match. After all, both of their parents were happy for them. But then came Elise out of nowhere, destroying her happy future!

“Forget it.” Worried that she might say the wrong thing, Maya waved her hand and changed the topic. “It’s in the past. Elise is now my sister-in-law. I should be taking care of her as her junior. Go get a room ready for me. I’ll be staying here from now on.”

“Of course, no problem,” was the swift answer. Even so, Sofia didn’t move and continued speaking, “But there’s something I’m not sure if I should speak to you about...”

“Tell me,” replied Maya.

“Did you read the entertainment news section yesterday, Miss Dahlen? Particularly, in the article regarding Miss Sinclair and Garreth Dowrick,” Sofia asked in a secretive manner.

“I did. Are you trying to remind me just how popular Elise is right now?” Maya huffed rudely as her face clouded over.

“Of course not.” Sofia shifted to sit closer to Maya and whispered into her ear, “I was home the entire time last night, and I saw Miss Sinclair bringing Garreth home. The two of them stayed in her room for over an hour, and no one was allowed to disturb them. Then, once in a while, I heard some strange noises coming from the room. I don’t know what they were doing, but...”

Maya’s eyes widened. “Are you trying to say Elise is in that kind of relationship with Garreth?”

“I’m not too sure.” Sofia immediately tried to pull herself out of the fray. “But then again, that man—Mr. Howard or something like that—did sneak in through the back after the journalists were here.”

“They must be doing it then!” Maya confidently stated. She grabbed Sofia and excitedly asked, “Have you told Alexander about this yet?”

“I did,” Sofia said with a sigh. “But Mr. Griffith wouldn’t hear of it. He even accused me of slander and was going to throw me out.”

Maya let go of Sofia’s arm as her eyes warily scanned the woman sitting next to her when she heard that.

Suddenly, she realized that Sofia had been trying to fan the flames the entire time.

“You like Alexander,” she declared before letting out a cold huff full of contempt. “You? You think you deserve him?”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 682

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 682-Sofia’s smile froze, then slipped off her face entirely as a grim look flashed across her features. Then, in a tone that was layered through with unbridled hostility, she grounded out, “I’m afraid I don’t quite understand what you mean, Miss Dahlen.”

“Act dumb all you want, but you and I both know what I meant,” Maya snapped as she slammed the glass of water Sofia had given her earlier on the coffee table. She went on

to say emphatically, "Alexander isn't someone that the likes of you should pine after, so give up before any damage is done."

"Well, isn't your confidence so moving, Miss Dahlen?" Sofia smirked nonchalantly and turned to look at the other girl with no small amount of disdain. "I have a double degree in Ph.D., my father is a high-ranking official, and my mother is a renowned figure in the business world. I've received countless offers to become editor-in-chief in various bigshot publishers, and even Alexander's mother has personally paved the way for my career in journalism. If the likes of me can't pine after him, then who can? You?"

"What did you just say?" Maya clenched her fists and demanded with gritted teeth, "Godmother was the one who asked you to come here?"

Maya had been staying with Elise ever since the Dahlen Family went bankrupt, and she had cut off all contact with Madeline. However, she firmly believed that Madeline would always be on her side.

Alas, barely half a year had passed since Maya's family's bankruptcy, and Madeline had already decided to make another woman her daughter-in-law. Do I mean so little to her that she would move on from me so easily? Maya couldn't help thinking.

She felt her nose prick as hot tears welled up in her eyes. She had treated Madeline as her own mother, but the woman had cast her aside in drastic times like she was nothing.

As it turned out, the Griffiths were materialists who put money and power above all other sentiments.

Sofia tipped her chin up haughtily as she cocked a brow and asked, "Why else do you think a young and beautiful woman such as myself would be doing here in Alexander's new house?"

Maya gritted her teeth and made no reply. She didn't think she could say anything right now to help her own case. Sofia had Madeline and a formidable family background to support her, and Maya had no one to rely on but herself now that her family was bankrupt.

While she, too, had studied abroad, her father was the one who had paid for it and made the arrangements. Upon her return to the country, her family coddled her, and there had been no need for her to join the workforce. So, at the end of the day, she had no accomplishments of her own to boast about, and she was nothing more than a pretty face.

Sofia, on the other hand, could sense the other girl's distress, but she wasn't going to let her off the hook so easily. She drawled in a sing-song voice, "It must take quite the

extraordinary character to become Madam Madeline's goddaughter. Maybe you have some sage advice you'd like to impart on me, Miss Dahlen?"

"Why would I do that?" Maya retorted incredulously. "If you're so great, then why are you still a housekeeper for the Griffiths? Do you really think Alexander would ever fall for a lowly servant like you? You're only good for picking up his dirty laundry!"

"Watch your tongue, Maya!" Sofia seethed, and she was like a human light show as her face turned red, white, and red again with fury.

Maya had no plans of backing down from the fight just as she regained the upper hand, and she went on to say, "Am I wrong? The family, academics, and pretty face that you're so proud of can't even begin to leave an impression on Alexander and make him fall for you. What makes you think that pouring him tea and cleaning up his house would make a difference? Maybe your skills lie not in journalism or being an heiress but in being a servant with no pride whatsoever!"

Sofia was enraged as she bolted to her feet. "Shut up!" She pointed at the door and roared, "Get out of the house!"

"Why should I? I'm practically a sister to the master of the house, and you are just a housekeeper. How dare you take that tone with me? If there's anyone who should get out of the house, it's you!" Maya shouted with equal belligerence, not at all intimidated by Sofia's maniacal stance.

There was a saying that hell hath no fury as a woman scorned. It was akin to an endless and senseless war when two women clashed with one another. Not even Sofia and her impressive double-degree Ph.D. could accord her the words she needed to argue reasonably against Maya, not while the latter was on a roll.

Incensed, Sofia lunged forward without another word, grabbed Maya, and then began to haul her toward the door. "I might not be able to keep Elise under check, but I sure as hell won't let you walk all over me! Get out! Scram!"

Maya felt rage boil in her when she was being abruptly manhandled to the entrance, and she immediately retaliated. She dug her nails into Sofia's arms, and soon, a fight ensued as both women clawed at each other. There was a lot of clothes-tearing and hair-pulling involved, too, and neither woman showed signs of backing down.

"Oh, no! Please stop fighting!" The maid who saw this rushed over to try and pull the women apart. However, when she realized that the brawl was escalating, she abandoned her noble attempt to break up the fight and ran up the stairs, whereupon the maid knocked urgently on Elise's door as she cried, "Mrs. Griffith! Mrs. Griffith, wake up! There's a fight going on downstairs!"

In the bedroom, Elise frowned and sat up in bed, but she kept her eyes closed as she shuffled to the door. She felt for the knob and opened the door, then asked groggily, "What's with all the noise?"

"Mrs. Griffith, a fight broke out between a female guest and Miss Hawkins! The guest even called herself Mr. Griffith's sister!" the maid explained anxiously.

"Sister?" Elise yawned. "I didn't know Alexander had a sister."

"Something like a sister, I suppose," the maid wagered. "I'm not sure, either, but I can't break up the fight. Please go down and take a look, Mrs. Griffith!"

"Fine." Elise headed back into the room and grabbed a robe, then pulled it on before she followed the maid down the stairs.

She had only just reached the landing when she heard Maya's familiar voice crying out, "Let go of me, you skank!"

"No, you let go of me first!" Sofia shrieked, not at all sounding like she was going to release the other girl.

Elise stopped in her tracks and chuckled. A cat fight, I see. Well, that's a fascinating development.

Sofia accidentally scratched Maya's face in the living room and drew blood from her porcelain skin. Maya screamed on the spot, and her voice grew thick with resentment as she accused, "You scratched me! You actually laid your wretched hands on my face! Don't you dare get away from me now!"

She really gave it her all this time as she reached out to try and claw Sofia's face.

"You crazy woman! I didn't even mean to scratch you! You were the one who started it!"

The scene was taking such an exciting turn that Elise nearly forgot why she was going downstairs in the first place.

On the other hand, the maid was terrified that there might be casualties if this continued, and she would have to bear the brunt of it when Alexander got home. "Mrs. Griffith," she prompted. "Shouldn't we stop the fight?"

"Hmm?" It was only then that Elise snapped out of her reverie, but what she said next had nothing to do with the fight. "Could you make oatmeal for me? I'm a little hungry."

"Of course," the maid replied out of habit. She was about to walk down the steps when she realized with a jolt that there was an emergency situation they had yet to resolve. "Wait, what about those two young ladies?"

“Don’t worry. I won’t let anything happen while I’m here,” Elise reassured the maid with a placating look.

The maid didn’t know what she meant by that, but seeing as Elise was the household’s mistress, she didn’t want to question her. As such, she went to the kitchen and made oatmeal as Elise told her to.

After the maid had gone into the kitchen, Elise ran her hand along the banister as she walked down the stairs and made as if to stop the fight.

“Oh, do stop fighting at once! Stop it!” she said half-heartedly. “How will I explain myself to Mom if the both of you broke something? Come on, break it up, please. For my sake.”

She was saying all these as though she meant well, but instead of walking up to the two scorned women to pull them apart, Elise sauntered over to the living room couch and sat down insouciantly, then propped her head up in her hands as she watched the show.

“Like hell, I’ll stop!” Maya roared. “I won’t stop until this skank apologizes first!”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 683

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 683-The slight sense of guilt that Sofia had felt earlier instantly dissipated when she heard this. She reached to grab fistfuls of Maya’s hair and knocked the girl’s head against the ground as she screeched, “Who are you calling a skank? I ought to wash your mouth out with soap!”

One would be wise not to underestimate the strength packed into a female professor’s punches because it didn’t take long for Maya to be knocked into a daze.

“Better yield now if you know what’s good for you!” Sofia yelled aggressively. “Yield!”

“I will not yield to a lowly servant like you! Go screw yourself!” Maya’s mind cleared up with each word that she bit out. Instead, she seized the opportunity to fight back when Sofia was briefly distracted. She reached up with both arms, put Sofia in a headlock, and pulled her down. Then, without warning, she clamped her teeth down on the girl’s ear.

“Ow! That hurts! Are you some kind of a rabid mutant dog? Let go!” Sofia shrieked, but the more she cried out in pain, the more it encouraged Maya. She was biting so hard that if she bit down any harder, she might just draw blood.

At a disadvantage, Sofia had no choice but to brace through the pain and tighten her grip on Maya’s hair.

Cries of agony and screams echoed throughout the living room. Even the maid couldn't help shuddering when she gave the two fighting women a wide berth as she brought Elise her oatmeal.

"Here you go, Mrs. Griffith," she announced as she set the bowl of oatmeal down on the coffee table. "Your oatmeal."

Elise picked up the bowl and stirred the oatmeal insouciantly, adding fuel to the fire as she called out, "Oh, Maya, why can't you just get over yourself? Miss Hawkins here is practically hand-picked by my mother-in-law, and if anything happens to her, I can't guarantee you would be safe from Madeline's wrath. So, just back down for your own sake, Maya. Don't go looking for trouble."

Had she not mentioned Madeline, then perhaps Maya would have listened to reason, but now, she was angrier than ever.

Once upon a time, Madeline had picked on Elise on more than one occasion just to protect Maya, and now, all the preferential treatment had gone to Sofia instead! There was no way Maya could swallow this bitter pill. But, suddenly, it was as if she unlocked some power in her as she managed to flip Sofia over and pin her to the ground with shocking strength, then rained punches down on her mercilessly.

"I'll beat you to death! I hate you, and I want to kill you! What are you going to do about it? So what if you have a prestigious degree? Do you think you're so eligible even at this age? You said your dad's some high-ranking official, right? Give me a name! Come on, see if you dare! I'll post it on social media tomorrow and tell everyone how his skank of a daughter beat up another innocent person! Let's see if he gets to keep his job after that!"

Maya could feel her adrenaline spiking with each angry word that tumbled out of her mouth. She was incensed when she saw that Sofia had managed to dodge and block all her punches and slaps, so she started spitting on the girl's face instead.

She continued spitting as she cursed, "You're nothing but a piece of trash! To hell with your fancy double-degree Ph.D.!"

"You b*tch!" Sofia screamed when she felt spit on her face. She had lost all sense of decorum at this point as she scrambled off the floor and pinned Maya down on it once more, then began to choke her. "I hate it when people spit on my face when they speak! And you call yourself a woman?! You disgusting wench! I ought to strangle you!"

When one descended into a maniacal rage as Sofia did, adrenaline would surge and make the person more forceful than usual. More importantly, Maya was petite and never Sofia's match, to begin with. Now that she was being throttled, she could only wield her weak punches against Sofia's arm.

It was only when Maya looked like she was about to pass out that Elise beckoned for the maid to pull the girls apart.

The fight ended with both women hauled into the ambulance and ferried over to the hospital.

Elise had no choice but to go along with them as she was the household's mistress.

Presently, Maya and Sofia were in the doctor's suite getting their injuries treated while Elise waited for them in the hallway.

Just then, Alexander called her. "Why aren't you home?"

"I'm at the hospital right now," she explained.

"What are you doing there? Did something happen? Which hospital is that?"

"Natural Hospital, the one closest to our place. I'm—" She was cut off by the beeping sound on the other line when Alexander hung up in a hurry. She stared at the home screen on her phone in amusement.

At that moment, Sofia walked out of the doctor's office first. She had a couple of scratch marks on her forehead, which the doctor had fixed up with some antiseptic and band-aids, and coupled with her tousled hair and torn dress; she looked like a right mess.

However, she appeared to be completely at ease as she sauntered down the hallway like a thug who had won a street fight, though, in all fairness, Maya was more roughed-up than she was.

Elise glanced at Sofia in mild disinterest and made no effort to speak to her.

Despite this, Sofia called out loudly, "Hey!"

Elise held her phone as she stood to the side and asked forthrightly, "What is it? You still got some of that adrenaline, huh? Do you want to fight me or something?"

Sofia laughed when she heard this and waved her hand to deny this. "Nah, not today. I'm wiped. I'll beat you up some other time."

Elise flashed her a good-natured smile and asked, "So why did you call me then?"

Sofia let out a long sigh, and when she gazed at Elise, it was with admiration and sincerity. "Nothing. I just wanted to let you know that you should start looking for a new housekeeper. I quit."

“Really? So soon? Surely Maya couldn’t have scared you that much,” Elise pointed out in amusement.

“You have no idea how little I think of that wench,” Sofia said, chortling as she shook her head. “Personally, letting you beat me doesn’t sound half as bad as letting that stupid Maya win,” she mused thoughtfully.

Elise couldn’t help laughing at this. “Is that a compliment?”

“Kind of,” Sofia admitted. Then, she reached out and patted Elise on the arm in a show of sportsmanship, then said, “I’m backing out of this competition for good. Maya won’t be the only woman you’ll have to watch out for. Heaven knows how many more of them are there. Good luck with dealing with them, and take care.”

With that, she shrugged off her jacket and slung it over her shoulder, then walked away with an astounding air of confidence.

Elise took in the girl’s cavalier attitude as she watched her leave and smiled for some reason.

Not long after Sofia left, Alexander arrived.

He rushed over to Elise and examined her from head to toe, then front to back. He even circled her once just to make sure she was completely unharmed. After he concluded that she was fine, he breathed a breath of relief and said, “I’m glad you’re okay.” But then, he recalled what the maid had told him when he called home earlier and instantly turned grim. “Where are Sofia and Maya?”

It was bad enough that these two women had been stirring up trouble for a while now, but to fight in his home was crossing the line.

“Sofia just left,” Elise answered. “And as for Maya…” The name had only just slipped past her lips when she glanced at the doctor’s office and saw that the person in question was walking out. She jerked her chin in Maya’s direction and said, “She’s right there.”

Alexander glowered in Maya’s direction mutinously, and there was no hiding the contempt and disgust in his eyes.

Maya looked pathetic with her hair mussed and tangled, and the fight had smudged her make-up. Startled, she kept her head down as she quietly padded over to where Alexander and Elise were, not daring to meet the former’s icy gaze at all.

She had wanted to sneak past them unnoticed, but when she drew closer to them and tried to give them a wide berth, Alexander snapped, “Stop.” There was not a trace of warmth in his voice.

She winced and halted in her steps. “What is it?” she asked so softly that it was almost like she was speaking to herself.

“Who said you could go by my place?” Alexander was intimidating, and the air around him crackled with angry energy. But, he didn’t wait for her response before threatening darkly, “Your father is still receiving treatment in rehab, right? So, let this be my final warning to you—don’t ever show up in front of me again, or I can’t promise that your father will keep living.”

At the mention of her father, Maya stiffened and looked up in shock. She wanted to confront and question him, but in the end, she said nothing. Instead, she swallowed her words along with her bitterness, then turned to leave the hospital in defeated silence.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 684

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 684-Meanwhile, over at Mayweather Polytechnic University, Mica was in a classroom in one of the campus buildings. She was seated in the last row as she worked on her calligraphy while waiting for Sebastian’s class to end.

Just then, Tiana walked past the back door and spotted Mica from the corner of her eyes. She sauntered into the classroom and approached Mica, hoping that she would tell her what Elise had been up to these days.

However, she had only just walked up to Mica when she caught a glimpse of the calligraphy work on the desk, and she suddenly grew very interested in it.

The Sonnet 18 calligraphy transcription bore the unique font that QH herself had developed. The font was precise, elegant, and demanded the beholder’s attention. The transcription was as good as a printed copy, but it was obviously hand-written, seeing as it was on an ordinary piece of paper instead of proper stationery.

Mica couldn’t even make the cut for the Calligraphy Association. Who would’ve thought that she personally knew a legendary figure who possessed such refined calligraphy skills? The transcription is superbly done!

Just then, Tiana suddenly remembered that Sonnet 18 happened to be the theme for the Calligraphy Contest finals held by the Tissote Calligraphy Association. So, if she could get her hands on this copybook and use it as a guide while practicing at home, she was bound to win first place!

Tiana brightened up at the thought, but she recomposed herself just as quickly as she reached out to tap Mica on the shoulder.

Mica turned around with a smile as she thought that it was Sebastian who had tapped her shoulder but frowned when she saw that it was Tiana. While Tiana was always courteous to her, Mica still found the girl inexplicably and unnervingly hard to read.

“Good day, Miss Hill,” Mica greeted with an awkward nod. “Is there something I can help you with?”

“It’s no big deal, but Sebastian was bringing his friend to the infirmary after the poor lad suffered a heat stroke, and he was asking if you could go over and lend him some cash,” Tiana lied smoothly.

“A heat stroke?” Mica’s eyes widened in concern as she pressed, “Is Sebastian okay?”

“He’s fine, but he left his wallet back home this morning, so he really needs your help now,” Tiana answered solemnly.

“Okay, thanks for telling me. I’ll get going then!” Mica said as she slung her purse over her shoulder and hurried out of the classroom.

The classrooms on this floor mainly were used as study halls on campus, and nearly all the desks were occupied with books and other stationery, indicating that the desks were taken, not to mention saving students the trouble of moving their stuff around. This wasn’t the first time Mica had been here, and in a force of habit, she had left the more cumbersome items behind on her desk, such as her calligraphy work.

When Mica’s footfalls faded, Tiana went to the doorway and peered out the corridor. It was only after she was sure that Mica had gone out of sight that she returned to the desk, took the Sonnet 18 transcription out from the pile of papers, and then shoved it into her bag. After that, she fled the scene.

Fifteen minutes later, Mica left the infirmary with a confused look, only to run into Sebastian at the stairwell.

“Sebastian?” Bewildered, she asked, “Weren’t you supposed to be in the infirmary? What were you doing upstairs?”

“Infirmary?” Sebastian blinked at her. “Class ended earlier than usual, and I came to look for you. Is something wrong?”

“But Tiana told me that you—ah, forget it. Now that your class has ended, shall we grab lunch? I don’t want us to have to wade through the cafeteria crowd when the rush hour hits.” She couldn’t care less about anything else now that she had Sebastian with her.

However, when she returned to the classroom to retrieve her things, she immediately noticed that the Sonnet 18 Elise had personally calligraphed for her was missing. She flipped through all the papers and books on the table and even the desk drawer, but the

script was nowhere to be found. Frustration and anxiousness filled her as she realized that this was the second time she had lost something Elise had given her.

Suddenly, an overwhelming surge of guilt seized her, and tears started welling up in her eyes as she panicked.

“Hey, why are you tearing up out of the blue?” Sebastian asked gently when he sensed that she had become gloomy next to him.

“I lost the calligraphy script Elise gave me. I was supposed to use it as a guide, and now it’s gone!” Mica said mournfully.

“Are you talking about the Sonnet 18 you’ve been poring over for the whole morning?” He thought she was being a little melodramatic about this and snapped impatiently, “How is losing a piece of paper a big deal? It’s not as if you’d be making a career out of calligraphy anyway. Can’t you just buy another script or something?”

“No, you don’t understand. Elise has been nothing but kind to me, and I... I’ve just been losing everything she gave me...” Mica couldn’t help the self-blame that washed over her.

Sebastian grew furious when he heard this. “What is that supposed to mean? Do you still blame me for losing your precious badge? I thought we agreed that we’d move on from that. Mica, if you have no intention of getting back together with me, just tell me right off the bat instead of holding my mistakes over my head!”

Mica was already despondent, but to hear him lash out at her made her gut wrench, and she lowered her head as tears started spilling down her cheeks.

At the sight of this, Sebastian softened. He still had some feelings for her, and he didn’t like seeing her cry. As such, he pulled her into his arms, then apologized softly, “Okay, I’m sorry. Stop crying. I only meant to say that the past is the past, and we shouldn’t let it affect us anymore. Mica, you know that I want to be with you for the long run, don’t you?”

She sniffed and stopped crying at once. “I know. I just wish you’d trust me a little more. I don’t blame you; I’m just worried I would let you guys down.”

“That’s enough now. Come on, let’s get something good for lunch.”

“Okay.”

She gathered her things and followed him out of the classroom obediently. For some reason, she couldn’t shake the feeling that Tiana had stolen the script from her, but in the absence of proof, she could only try to ignore this nagging thought.

...

Ever since his meeting with Jack, Craig had been struggling to make it as a gigolo. But, unfortunately, it had been half a month since any of the usual affluent ladies called him up, and he wasn't sure where they managed to get ahold of the younger trainees, either.

These days, he waited at the restaurants where the wealthy ladies usually patronized to badger them, only to have them cast him aside after they showed up with their younger new beaux.

Craig was used to living the high life after all this time of getting his hefty allowances from these ladies, and he couldn't be bothered to entertain those who could only offer him mere thousands. So, with his source of income shrinking fast, he decided to crawl back to Winona.

He went over to a high-end restaurant and ordered a feast for take-out, then made it look as if he was the one who had prepared it. Then, after asking Winona for her address, he showed up at her front door.

The bell had only just been rung when Winona came up to the door excitedly.

"Here you go, Miss Jennings! Kindly sign to accept this lovingly-prepared lunch from a certain admirer," Craig said pleasantly with a sweet smile.

Winona took the food containers and played along with his act, "Why, thank you, Mr. Delivery Man. My boyfriend isn't home right now. Care to come in?"

"Oh? Is that an invitation, ma'am? I can't promise that I won't do anything naughty," he teased as he wiggled his fingers like he was about to tickle her, then followed her through the door while she squealed and made to run away from him.

He had only just passed the threshold when he saw Elise standing by the kitchen counter with a drink in hand, and she was appraising them with mild amusement.

"Miss Sinclair," he greeted politely with a flamboyant bow.

Winona wasted no time in making introductions. "Elise, this is my boyfriend, Craig."

Elise pursed her lips and smiled as she eyed Craig meaningfully, then drawled with heavy implication, "How nice of you to personally bring Winona lunch. Thoughtfulness is a wonderful quality to have in a boyfriend, indeed."

He chuckled and pretended like he was embarrassed by the compliment, then scratched his head as he said demurely, "I just haven't seen her for a while, and I thought it'd be nice to drop by for a visit."

Winona flushed but seemed happy as she pursed her lips and said nothing.

Elise, on the other hand, looked highly entertained as she asked knowingly, “You’re a drama student, right?”

As it turned out, one could even pretend to love someone and make it look believable if one tried hard enough.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 685

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 685-“Not specifically. Craig’s a very well-rounded performing arts student,” Winona interjected to speak up for Craig. “By the way, Elise, do you think Rushmore Entertainment might consider signing Craig up as one of their artists? I saw that they were recruiting.”

Winona knew that Mr. Howard took Elise’s words seriously, and if Craig could get her recommendation, his career could blossom in Rushmore Entertainment. Moreover, Mr. Howard had very casually paid off Garreth’s contractual damages, which racked up to well over hundreds of millions, after all. So, surely he would extend the same sentiment to Craig if he got into the agency.

While Craig had the same idea, he still looked flustered when he heard Winona reveal his innermost thoughts. He reached out to tug on the corner of her shirt as he muttered in embarrassment, “Winona, what are you doing? You can’t ask Miss Sinclair to go through the trouble...”

Obviously, he was only feigning courtesy because he immediately glanced up at Elise expectantly after he said this, trying to whittle her down with his pleading gaze.

Alas, Elise was not one who fell for tricks like these. So she raised her glass at them and smiled as she changed the subject. “I’m sure the both of you would want to catch up after all this time. I won’t be a third wheel, then.” With that, she headed out of the kitchen and up the stairs, indirectly rejecting their request for her favor.

Craig faltered when he sensed that Elise had no intention of helping him with his career. He waited until she had disappeared around the stairwell before saying in low, angry tones, “What the hell, Winona?”

“What?” Winona shot him a blank look.

“This is the first time I’m meeting Miss Sinclair, and you’re already trying to build connections? What will she think of me?!” he demanded as frustration welled up in him.

Winona felt tears prick her eyes as she argued, "Be reasonable, Craig. I was only doing you a favor and hoping that you could start your career on the right foot. Do you plan on going around filming commercials for the rest of your life?"

"I'm a man, Winona. I don't want them to think that I'm only with you to get connections!" he snapped, his voice growing louder in the kitchen.

"Well, I know you're not like that, so isn't that enough? Why do you care about how others might see you anyway?" She could feel the pricking sensation in her nose as she added in a teary voice, "We're a couple, and I don't see the need for you to mind if I try to network for you. It's not even that big of a deal!"

This rendered Craig speechless as he stood there with his hands planted on his hips. He was still boiling with rage, but he was worried that he might push Winona over the edge, so he stopped arguing with her.

All of a sudden, the tension in the living room was so thick and suffocating that one could slice through it with a knife.

Just then, a steady set of footfalls drew near from the threshold, sounding particularly loud in this pregnant silence.

Craig turned to see who it was, but he had only just registered Jack's presence when the latter's fist came hurtling in his direction, then slammed right into his face.

Caught off guard by the assault, he staggered and toppled to the ground like a felled tree.

Winona gasped and quickly crouched down to prop Craig up, asking anxiously, "Are you okay?"

Craig knew that Jack had only punched him because of Winona. He swiped her hand away and spat out a mouthful of blood, then sat up on his own as he glowered at Jack mutinously.

On the other hand, Winona didn't seem to mind that he had so brusquely turned down her help and only went on to assess the damage to his face. Thankfully, there didn't seem to be any bruises or signs of a broken nose, though that didn't stop her from turning to glare at Jack incredulously. "Mr. Jack, why did you do that?"

"I've been wanting to hit him for a while now," Jack ground out through gritted teeth as his fists clenched at his sides. He looked intimidating and angry, like a high-strung predator ready to strike.

He didn't think Craig would continue his shameless ways even after being warned. He was clearly using Winona to achieve his own ends, and it was disgusting to see him put on a holier-than-thou and goody-two-shoes demeanor.

"Is there something going on between the two of you?" Winona pressed. She knew that Jack was not an unreasonable person, and she decided to try and mediate. "Craig's my boyfriend, and he's a really nice person, to boot. Did you maybe confuse him for somebody else?"

A grim look passed over Jack's face as he ignored her, and the awkward tension in the living room made an even stronger comeback this time.

As things were, she could only help Craig onto his feet. But he had only just straightened up when he shoved her aside, clearly lashing out at her.

She wasn't offended by this. Jack was something like a friend to her, and now that he had hit Craig, she couldn't help feeling guilty. She frowned and said nothing, though she eyed him worriedly nonetheless.

"You ambushed me like a coward! Why don't you prove you're a real tough guy and fight me without sneaking around, huh?!" Craig challenged furiously.

Jack's expression was not even the slightest shift as he drawled icily, "You think you're a match for me?"

"What the hell are you both doing?!" Winona was baffled by the hostility toward one another as she stood between them to hold them apart.

"You saw what he did, Winona! He started it! Whose side are you on?!" Craig thundered, trapping her in a dilemma.

She was so torn that she wasn't even sure what to do with her hands right now. Craig was her boyfriend, but Jack had been nothing but kind to her all this while. It would weigh down on her conscience if she were to side with either one of them.

As though reading her mind, Jack pointed out coolly, "This thing is between you and me, and we'll settle it like men without having to drag the poor girl into it, you coward."

"If it's a fight you want, then so be it!" Craig hollered, raising his fist and gearing to brawl.

Jack was incensed as well, and he took an imposing step forward.

Stuck between them like a weak barricade, Winona reached out her hands to try and stop them from coming into contact.

“What’s with all the noise?!”

At that moment, Elise appeared at the foot of the staircase and shouted at the two aggravated men, “If you’re going to fight, then take it outside! I won’t have that sort of nonsense happening in my house!”

She was on Jack’s side, of course, but seeing as he refused to confess his feelings for Winona and then chose to butt into the couple’s personal affairs, she was irritated and decided that he deserved to be snapped at just as much as Craig did.

Presently, Craig dared not disobey Elise, and Jack was always obliging when it came to her. The two men exchanged a glance, then did as they were told and marched to take the fight outside, with Craig being the last to go out the door.

Worried that something might happen to him, Winona wanted to hurry after him, but Elise stopped her firmly. “Stay here, Winona.”

“Elise, I have to go and stop Craig from getting into a brawl. What if they hurl fists and end up roughing each other up so badly that they leave injuries? They can’t afford to have their faces bruised up, not if they still want their careers in this industry!” Winona explained anxiously, though she did not try to take another step toward the door.

“He’s a full-grown man, and it’s his job to settle his own personal affairs. As his girlfriend, all you can do is wait for him to come back after he blows off steam so that you can try and talk some sense into him. You don’t have to mediate a fight or join in the brawl. We ladies need to protect ourselves at all times instead of going all out to clean up the men’s mess,” Elise pointed out patiently.

“But…” It was clear to see that Winona could not stop fretting over the two grown men fighting outside.

“Look, go and stop them if you want to, but you ought to really think about why Craig never told you that he and Jack were on such horrible terms. Does he even see you as a girlfriend or a confidante?” Elise turned around and made her way to her room after she said this.

It was only then that something clicked in Winona’s mind, and her thoughts were suddenly clearer than ever. In recent times, she had become more oblivious to what was going on in Craig’s life.

Before today, she had been under the impression that they were both working regular, monotonous jobs, which did not make for interesting conversation. However, judging from the scene earlier, Craig clearly had a far more exciting life than she thought.

Meanwhile, outside the house, Jack and Craig had come to a stop just in front of the door. They were glaring at each other balefully, and the air around them crackled like there was a brewing storm.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 686

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 686-After what felt like a long moment, Jack was the first one to break the tense silence by saying, "It seems like you thought I was joking the last time we met, Craig. But, unfortunately, your happy days are numbered."

"Whatever, man. Go right ahead, try and take me down. We'll see if you're just all talk," Craig challenged with matching defiance.

He had already discerned from the exchange earlier that Jack had feelings for Winona. He can't do anything to me as long as I stay with her, Craig thought.

On the other hand, Jack was unaware of what the other man was thinking. He only wanted to ruin Craig's reputation and life as soon as possible. He shot Craig a glacial look, then took out his phone and made a call as he walked away.

...

Meanwhile, a week had gone by, and Andy still had not received the calligraphy Elise wrote at the mall the other day. He even called the Calligraphy Association Museum to ask if they had sent the work to the Archive, but the employee on the other line fumbled over his words and excuses. Eventually, Andy grew restless and decided to drop by the Archive himself.

When he got to the S-Class Archive, he saw that the employee had dozed off at the work desk.

Andy rapped his knuckles against the desk, and with two thuds, he managed to wake the employee up.

"Mr. Nixon!" The employee snapped out of his sleep and stood up as he apologized profusely, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to slack off during work hours. I was just really worn out. I promise this won't happen again!"

"Don't worry about it. I'd be sleeping like a log by now if I were you. It's not the most interesting of jobs, to be fair," Andy said with a dismissive wave, not wanting to pick on the employee. Then, without beating around the bush, he asked, "I had an item sent over last week that still has not been archived. Why is that?"

"Mr. Nixon, are you talking about Elise Sinclair's calligraphy?" the employee asked.

“We’re in the S-Class Archive here, so who else would dare send something here unless they’re asking for humiliation?” Andy countered dryly.

“That’s true,” the employee agreed with a flustered smile. “I’ve been here for half a year now, but I’ve never received an S-Class item before.”

“So why haven’t you archived it?” Andy pressed. He had only one thing on his mind right now, and it was Elise’s calligraphy.

“Oh, well, it’s actually because Cody—that is, Mr. Carlson—and his student, Miss Hill, said that while Miss Sinclair is qualified for the Calligraphy Contest finals this year, she has yet to become an official member of the Calligraphy Association. So, as protocol goes, we’re going to need to see where she places in the competition this year and wait for her to be assigned a rating before we can archive her work,” the employee explained truthfully.

Andy’s eyes lit up. “Are you saying Elise is on the list of contenders for this year’s finals?”

The employee nodded with a blank look on his face. “Yes, that’s right.”

When he heard the confirmation, Andy felt as if he had seen the light at the end of the long, dark tunnel. For the last few days, he had been using his grandson’s WhatsApp to text Elise, but she never replied to any of his messages. He was starting to think that he would never meet the genius behind such intricate calligraphy, but alas, fate decided to humor him with a miracle, for he was finally going to see her.

There had been a considerable lack of talent in the recent Calligraphy Contests, and Andy only ever showed up when he was invited as a guest of honor to hand out the awards.

However, now that he knew Elise would be there, he was determined to stay for the entire run of the competition and watch her at work.

“Alright, I understand. In that case, keep the calligraphy with the utmost care until you can archive it,” Andy said to the employee. He and Cody didn’t see eye-to-eye, and he didn’t want the innocent employee at the museum to be caught in their spat, so he let the matter drop for now.

After that, he came out of the museum and decidedly posted a picture of Elise’s calligraphy, which he had taken before this, into the group text meant for premium members of the Calligraphy Association. However, he did not provide any context, making it seem like he was trying to keep something exciting a secret.

Little did he know that everyone in the group text would burst into an uproar.

'Andy, is this your work? Look at that handwriting! No one can do it without an S-Class Rating!'

'Come on. Flattery won't work without common sense. All of you should be familiar with Andy's penmanship by now, and there's no way that's his calligraphy. Spill, Andy. We demand to know the artist behind this legendary work.'

'Paging for Andy. Stop hiding and explain this right now!'

'Paging for Andy!'

Andy read the series of texts in amusement and waited for a minute or two, then clicked into the conversation to send in a voice note, saying, "I bet none of you saw this coming! I have discovered a genius, and she's the one behind this work of art. She's also a contestant for the Calligraphy Contest this year, so all you old fogeys might get to meet her.'

This voice note was met with a frenzied response from those in the group text.

'You discovered such rare talent and only decided to tell us now? What the hell, Andy?'

'Andy, this isn't fair! You have a genius disciple and held out on us until now! That's some clever hiding if you ask me!'

'Disciple? Please! Look at the remarkable talent packed into each cursive and tell me she isn't a true master of calligraphy. Mind telling us more about her, Andy? Give us a name or something so that I can visit her right now to behold talent with my own eyes!'

'You must tell us!'

'It's imperative that we know, Andy.'

At once, Andy panicked when he saw all these demanding messages, and he quickly sent a voice note saying, "I'm going to make it clear that I discovered her first! Don't even think about trying to beat me into getting her as my disciple, or our friendship is over!"

He knew exactly what these old foxes were up to. If he gave them a name, then they would hunt Elise down before the contest ended and have her become their disciple, then try to hitch a ride on her fame.

Now that he had called the other members out so mercilessly, they did not try to push his buttons.

However, they began booking their air tickets to take a flight to Tissote.

Presently, Andy was pleased when he saw that the group text had quieted down, and he nodded in satisfaction. He thanked the heavens that he and Cody had had a fight that led to the latter exiting the group. If he found out about Elise, then he would secretly try to procure her as his own disciple.

In truth, Cody was competent, though he often resorted to underhanded ways to achieve what he wanted. That, however, couldn't be helped, seeing as everyone in the industry had different goals and means to attain them.

Andy was never one to hang around people like that. However, he still tagged all the members in the group text and typed, 'The genius is an introvert with mild social anxiety, so I'd appreciate it if you could all keep her participation in the upcoming finals a secret from the public.'

Those in the group replied instantaneously in agreement.

...

On the day of the contestants' rating day, Tiana, along with Cody and Malia, drove to the Calligraphy Association.

As the car rolled to a stop outside the building, Cody glanced at Tiana and encouraged, "Just treat this like how you would any other practice session and take it easy. You have already outdone yourself regarding your skills, and you'll do great. Go on, then."

Tiana eyed the luxury cars that were parked on either side of the street and felt her heart drop to her stomach. She was so distracted by her own thoughts that her face had a dazed look.

"Tiana?" Cody called out, louder this time. "Are you okay? You seem a little pale."

It was only then that Tiana snapped out of her daze. She tucked her hair behind her ear and muttered a little absentmindedly, "Maybe I just didn't get enough sleep last night. I'll be fine."

"You have to be. The Calligraphy Association only does the rating once a year, and you can't afford to miss it. So, just hang on until it's done," Cody cajoled.

"I know, Mr. Carlson, but what's with the number of cars today? Are these all parents of the finals contestants? Some of these cars even have reporters in them, and they're all carrying equipment as well," she pointed out in confusion.

"Don't you know?" Cody explained calmly, "The heads of all the Association's divisions are here today, and I reckon they'll take part in the rating as well. The press is drawn to the likes of these people, so make sure you do well, okay?"

“Oh, okay,” Tiana mumbled as she let out a sigh of relief, then nodded with a smile. “Don’t worry, Mr. Carlson. I’ll do my very best! I’ll be going now.”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 687

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 687-“All the best! Let’s celebrate together when you come out,” Malia said lightly.

Tiana pursed her lips and smiled when she heard that, and she silently agreed.

She knew that Malia was smitten by her, but she was unwilling to give up her pride to confess her feelings. Hence, the two kept silent and continued maintaining this ambiguous relationship.

Sure enough, Tiana did not care. This way, she could stay single all the time.

There were 20 finalists in total and several people had already lined up in front of them. When she saw this, she naturally walked to the end of the line and stood graciously.

With exquisite facial features, Tiana was a standard beautiful girl and looked like your typical preppy girl. In addition to her inadvertently showing a bit of arrogance and self-confidence, she instantly attracted the attention of many people.

Inside the car, Malia and Cody got off and waited.

Just as they stood still, a reporter approached them. The reporter pointed to Talia and interviewed Cody, “Are you guys Tiana Hill’s family members? I heard that Miss Hill’s calligraphy skills are now comparable to that of QH from back then. Talents are cultivated from childhood indeed!”

Cody raised his chin proudly when he heard that. He could not help but lift the corners of his lips slightly, yet he pretended to be cold and indifferent. “You made a mistake. I’m Tiana’s teacher, not her parents.”

“Oh my! It’s actually the teacher of the next QH! I apologize for being disrespectful. Sir, can I ask you something quietly? All these heads of association of the branch of the Calligraphy Association attended the evaluation today for Miss Hill’s sake, am I right?” the reporter asked in curiosity.

At that moment, Cody felt that this person was chatty. Even so, he did not want to miss this opportunity to show off. Therefore, he replied arrogantly by saying, “If it’s not for her sake, do you think there is anyone else who is worthy of their travels and troubles?”

“Yeah, you’re right. The next QH’s reputation is well-known. She will definitely be evaluated well today. But, Sir, you must put a few good words for me in front of Miss Hill when the results are out. Give me a chance for an exclusive interview, please...” The reporter pleaded, sounding somewhat like a sycophant. Shortly after, he handed over a Sobranie brand cigarette that he was usually reluctant to smoke due to how expensive it was.

Cody pushed the cigarette back to the reporter after giving it a quick glance with a pretense of arrogance. Yet, he did not reject the reporter’s suggestion. “We shall see the situation. Just like me, my student never liked to be in the limelight. I’ll let her talk to you if there’s a chance.”

“A few words are enough! It’s really enough! Thank you, Sir! Sir, why don’t you come and sit in my car for a while? I bought the best fruit.”

The reporter was overjoyed and so happy that he couldn’t stop grinning like a fool.

I’m a freaking genius. I won’t have to worry about not getting that headline now that I have managed to land a deal with the next QH’s teacher! There’s definitely a pay raise for me this time!

On the other side, most reporters guarded the Calligraphy Association’s gate. They were taking pictures of the contestants who participated in the evaluation. Some of the staff members of the Calligraphy Association were also maintaining orders. The scene was boisterous and noisy.

At this moment, a luxury car slowly stopped at the main entrance of the Calligraphy Association.

The door of the car opened, and a girl with a slender figure slowly got out of the car.

Elise wore a floral princess dress and a pair of white shoes. She looked both youthful and ethereal and immediately attracted most people’s attention.

Alexander followed closely behind her and got out of the car.

He stood together with Elise in matching outfits with a handsome face and a straight-backed figure. The two completely portrayed the traditional ideology of a perfect couple.

Fastening the last button of his suit jacket, Alexander then took Elise’s hand and walked over to line up.

Even the staff could not help but take a look at such a perfect couple.

At the intersection in the distance, two teenagers trotted toward them at this moment.

“Boss!”

“Boss!”

Both Sheldon and Elliot came over to cheer her on as they knew Elise would have her calligraphy evaluation session today.

“All the best, Boss! With us here, you’ll definitely win!” Sheldon cheered.

“Well then, I shall wish you to be successfully rated as first-class!” Elliot said.

“Do you even understand how the evaluation system works? The highest rating for the Calligraphy Association is the S-Class rating. First-class, second-class, I think you’re more like a third-class retard!” Sheldon reprimanded, still as sarcastic as always.

“Hey! I dare you to say it again!” In an instant, Elliot widened his big eyes in anger.

“That’s enough, you two.” Elise hurriedly became the peacemaker. “Those who didn’t know might think that you two are here to fight me. So, it’s fine that you come to cheer me on, but behave!”

Only then did the two stop fighting.

However, those reporters had already recognized Elise at this time. So all the candid shots they were focusing on Tiana now landed on Elise.

In fact, some even fearless reporters wanted to get close to interview Elise. However, they retreated weakly after getting frightened by the domineering aura emitted by Alexander.

Even so, Elise successfully attracted everyone’s attention.

Tiana’s face, who was in the front, darkened when she realized the situation. After that, her facial expression became gradually more awful.

Not long after, Alexander answered the phone and looked distressed.

“Did something happen to your business?” Elise asked keenly.

“A minor problem came up, and my workers don’t know how to solve it,” Alexander answered truthfully.

“Then, you can leave first. You can’t go in with me anyway. It’s enough to have Sheldon and the others with me here,” Elise said thoughtfully.

Alexander looked at Sheldon and Elliot, then frowned slightly as he doubted their abilities.

“Mr. Griffith, don’t you worry!” Sheldon pulled Elliot to his front and patted his chest promptly. “Do you see this? Look at how strong his muscles are!”

Meanwhile, Elliot was also very cooperative as he raised his hands and showed his biceps.

Alexander let out a long sigh, then looked at Elise in resignation. “Well then, call me anytime if you need my help. Don’t be afraid to trouble me.”

“Got it! Now go,” Elise urged as she pushed him twice. Only then did Alexander turn around and left reluctantly.

The rules of the Calligraphy Association were very troublesome. They required the contestant to enter one by one. It was the next person’s turn only after the examiners completed the evaluation session for the previous contestant.

Yet it took them 10 to 20 minutes to evaluate a contestant.

Elise was the last in line, and the afternoon sun was glaring even though only half of the contestants in front of her went in.

“Boss, why don’t you wait under the big shady tree next to you? You’ll get sunburn at this rate,” Sheldon said.

Elise was getting a little hot, so she nodded and went over with Sheldon.

There was a circle of cement fences under the tree. Although they looked clean, there was still some dust on them. Hence, Sheldon directly took off his coat and laid it down. “Have a seat here, Boss.”

Elise helped herself, sat down, and teased, “Wow, Sheldon. You’re more of a gentleman than your brother. Could it be that you have a girlfriend?”

“Girlfriend? What’s that? Never heard of it. I’m fine as long as I can serve you, Boss,” Sheldon said with a smile.

“Such a glib tongue.” Elise shook her head and ignored him. Then, she took out her phone, contacted Julius, and asked him to help her discover what had happened to Alexander.

If it wasn’t for Danny, Alexander might have kept the food poisoning incident under wraps. I don’t want to be passive anymore.

Sheldon did not dare to disturb her when he noticed that Elise had something on her mind. So instead, he took advantage of Elliot's inattentiveness and took off his jacket. Then, Sheldon directly stuffed it under his butt and sat next to Elise.

"You b*stard! I just bought this new coat last night!"

I was planning to meet Stephanie in that outfit! Just like that, the two immediately started getting into a brawl.

At the same time, Andy, who was in the Calligraphy Association, received a call from the guard.

"Mr. Nixon, the young lady that you had mentioned, seems to have arrived. She's sitting under the big tree at the door!"

"I got it." Andy hung up the phone and looked solemnly at the fellow heads of associations in the room.

"She's here. I'll go pick her up."

"We'll go with you!"

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 688

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 688-After the person in front of Tiana entered, Andy just happened to come out with a group of elders in suits and leather shoes.

Tiana fixed her hair and greeted him with a smile, "Mr. Nixon."

Andy tilted his head, glanced at her, and replied with a mere hum. Then, he turned his face and looked away. Then, he moved his feet as he walked toward Elise and the others.

When Tiana saw she had been wholly regarded as a nobody, her facial expression changed again, and it looked extremely nasty.

Meanwhile, Sheldon and Elliot were playing 'Dead Battleground' online. When the game reached the most critical moment, they suddenly felt something shrouding the top of their heads, and their phone screens were covered.

And thus, the two of them looked up at the same time, only to realize a group of elders surrounded them at some point. These elders were all staring at Elise with flattering smiles on their faces.

Not to mention, their gazes looked precisely like a wolf that saw its prey.

“What are you guys trying to do?!” Without a second thought, Sheldon abruptly rose to his feet and stood in front of Elise.

“Young man, you must be Miss Sinclair’s younger brother. Just like a young hero, outstanding, tall, powerful, and handsome,” Andy said as he tried to curry favor with them.

At first, Sheldon got carried away with the flattering words and was complacent. However, he returned to his senses and regained his resolute position instantly. “Alright, that’s enough. I stand firm on my ground, so don’t try to corrupt me with sweet words. With me here, no one can hurt Elise!”

“Hehe... I’m sure nothing will happen to Miss Sinclair with you protecting her. But young man, you might have misunderstood. We’re here to pick Miss Sinclair up for her evaluation session,” Andy said with a smile.

“Pick her up?” Sheldon looked at them suspiciously and obviously doubted the credibility of Andy’s words. “Don’t all contestants have to line up for the evaluation session? Are you meaning to tell me that you’re preparing to bring our Boss to cut the line?”

“Only by giving her the green light can we highlight the importance of someone as talented as Miss Sinclair to us,” Andy said solemnly.

“It does sound a little logical.” Sheldon nodded, somewhat confused. But, in his opinion, Elise deserved this kind of treatment.

However, Elise did not want to receive any special treatments.

“Let’s just follow the rules,” Elise said, “It’s unfair to the other contestants if I cut the line. Moreover, I don’t want to cause trouble and unexpectedly crop up a new problem because I cut the line.”

“Sure, sure. Whatever you say, Miss Sinclair. All of us will accompany you and wait in line with you.” Andy was still fawning on Elise.

“Yes, yes, yes! Let’s all wait together!” Then, behind them, the other heads of the branch of the Calligraphy Association expressed their opinions, one after another.

There were even some who were very exaggerated in showing their hospitality toward Elise. “What are you doing still standing there? It’s so sunny outside. Why don’t you hurry up and find a parasol for Miss Sinclair?!”

“Yes, yes. Oh, and get a few more fans over too. We don’t want Miss Sinclair to feel hot, do we?”

“Where’s the water? Where’s the ice cream? Is there any fruit? Girls should eat more fruit! Fruits are good for their skins! No fruits? Go and buy them!”

“...” Elise was speechless. “Mr. Nixon, are you sure your friends aren’t a bit too much?”

“It is a bit exaggerated.” Andy nodded solemnly. Immediately after, he asked earnestly, “Or do you prefer milk tea instead?”

When Elise heard that, she was utterly exasperated. “Forget it. There’s no need for that. Just let it be.”

“Okay, please don’t be too formal with me. Feel free to let us know if you have any demands. We will definitely satisfy them. If there’s one thing that the Calligraphy Association does best, it’s that we pay 100% attention to talents. So, you’ll know when you come back and join us!” Andy always never forgot to advertise for the Calligraphy Association.

Elise tugged at the corners of her lips and let out an awkward laugh when she heard that. However, she did not answer him.

Not long after, Tiana finished her evaluation and walked out of the Calligraphy Association’s building.

A sharp-eyed reporter gathered around her for an interview.

“Miss Hill, how’s your evaluation this time?”

Tiana smiled shyly, brushed the loose hair behind her ear, and pretended to be reserved. “There’s a minor improvement compared to last year. But I only received an A-Class Rating.”

“A-Rating! Most of the heads of the association had this ability as well! Miss Hill, you truly are young and promising!” the reporter exclaimed in amazement.

Tiana pursed her lips into a smile but did not answer.

At the same time, both Cody and Malia stepped forward to congratulate Tiana.

“I knew you could definitely do it.” Malia smiled lightly.

“You did a good job.” Cody showed his attitude as a teacher and did not forget to admonish her, “Keep up the good work. Next year, you will be able to surpass me.”

“Yeah! I will do my best.” Tiana nodded obediently.

At this moment, Andy and a group of elders escorted Elise past them and entered the Calligraphy Association's building.

"As expected of a talented girl such as H, she actually receives so much attention from the heads of association of each major Calligraphy Association," the reporter said emotionally.

When Tiana heard the truth, her facial expression instantly turned awful.

"Mr. Carlson, I'm a little tired. Let's go back first."

After making a random excuse, she left with Cody and the others.

Since I showed up on the same occasion as Elise, I was destined to be robbed of the limelight. So why should I make myself unwelcome?

...

Elise entered the classroom, where she would be evaluated under the escort of several heads of the association.

Someone had placed a piece of calligraphy on a one-meter-long square table in the classroom.

That was Elise's entry for the Calligraphy Contest.

Elise narrowed her eyes at it, then adjusted her breathing slightly.

Andy walked over first. He took the work in his hand and admired it. "It's really the work of a genius. Even if QH is here, the master will be stunned for a while when he stumbled upon such great calligraphy skill."

"I have much to improve on," Elise said calmly.

Meanwhile, Sheldon and Elliot were also as calm as a millpond. They were not surprised at all. It's not surprising how many skills a woman who controlled Cittadel's largest gaming and e-sports company at this age possesses.

Andy felt gratified as he raised the corners of his lips into a smile. He was delighted with Elise's calm and collected composure.

In the meantime, the other heads of the association also exchanged glances and secretly expressed their affirmation of Elise.

If one wishes to succeed in calligraphy, the first and foremost is to be able to control their own minds and emotions.

“Okay, let’s get down to business.” Andy adjusted his state and said solemnly, “Miss Sinclair, although the pre-evaluation is a bit redundant for you, we still have to go through the process. You can simply write another one and let us evaluate it.”

“Yes, sir.” Elise nodded.

At once, some staff delivered her the pen, paper, and inkstone.

Elise walked over and picked up the calligraphy pen. Then, after she flattened the rice paper, she asked slowly, “Which font should I use?”

“Which font are you good at, Miss Sinclair?” Andy’s eyes lit up.

Elise frowned slightly when she heard the question. Then, after she gave it a good thought, she said perplexedly, “Anything is fine.”

It’s a hassle to make choices.

The entire classroom was silent for a moment, and the heads of association all cast their shocked gazes on her.

After a long time, Andy forced himself to calm down. He restrained his excitement and gave advice. “How about you write two words in each font?”

Elise nodded slightly, yet a trace of a quandary look flashed in her beautiful eyes. Then, she pinched her chin as she looked at the rice paper on the table.

It’s just one meter. It’s not enough for me to write at all. How about I write it a little smaller? No, I can’t do that! The soft pen is all about momentum. The smaller the writing, the less momentum it has.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 689

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 689-Andy misunderstood Elise’s stance and thought she was under pressure, so he took the initiative and said, “It’s also fine if you can write in two or three fonts.”

It was admirable enough for a calligrapher to be able to reach the pinnacle of the font they mastered in their life.

To Andy, being able to write in two or three calligraphic fonts was like being able to decipher astronomical numbers in the eyes of others.

“If that’s the case, can I have a change of rice paper three times longer than this one?” Elise requested.

“T-Three times?!” Andy swallowed his saliva nervously, and he widened his eyes in disbelief.

If she writes two characters for one font, how many calligraphic fonts does she have to write in a paper that’s three times as long?!

“Mr. Nixon, what are you doing? Hurry up and have someone prepare the rice paper!” one of the heads of the association urged eagerly.

“Huh? Oh yes, yes! Hurry up! Go to the warehouse and fetch her the rice paper!”

After a while, the staff came back with a rice paper that was three times as long. Then, they dragged in two more tables and spread the rice paper on top of the tables.

Elise stepped forward and wrote the first line of words without hesitation.

The first calligraphic font she wrote was the regular script. Shortly after, the vigorous strokes in calligraphy could be seen on the paper.

Next, she started writing the official script. Her handwriting was lively and firm as she wrote with well-defined and fascinating strokes.

Lastly, she wrote the cursive script. Her cursive strokes were elegant and grandiose.

...

The mouths of everyone present went from tightly closed to showing jaw-dropping expressions on their faces, and saying that they were all dumbfounded would be an understatement of the century.

Until Elise placed her calligraphy pen down and returned to her spot, the entire room was still immersed in her writing momentum. Even the examiners present weren’t able to regain their senses after a long time. Meanwhile, she had filled the rice paper on the table with various calligraphic fonts. As a result, there was no extra space on the paper, and not a single word written was superfluous. In fact, it could be regarded as perfect.

Up to this moment, she has vividly displayed the fonts of all the great calligraphers on the rice paper.

The rice paper that was three times as long could not even carry Elise's rich artistry background!

In the meantime, Andy was so thrilled that his eyes welled up in tears. How many years has it been? I thought I would never be able to witness such talent until the day I died!

Even Sheldon and Elliot, who was utterly clueless, were completely filled with admiration for her yet again.

"Boss, are you still human?"

How can anyone be so good at everything?

Elise clapped her hands, stood aside a little, and left her spot. "I'm done writing. Please evaluate me."

Andy, as well as the other heads of association of the Calligraphy Association, all went speechless.

Evaluate? Which one of us here is qualified enough to evaluate you?

"Are you guys not going to evaluate?" Elise urged.

"Uh..." For a moment, Andy was at a loss for words.

He urged Elise to show up for this evaluation session before because he simply felt that it might already have been her extraordinary performance when she wrote the word 'forbearance'. Even if she wrote it slightly less perfect, I can give her either a B-Class or A-Class rating. At least I can still have my pride and accept her as my own student. But now, her calligraphy level is far beyond S-Class Rating. None of us can surpass this, so how can we evaluate it?

"I think it's better to let Lorenzo evaluate you on the day of the Calligraphy Contest. What do you say, Miss Sinclair?" he respectfully asked Elise's opinion.

"It's fine with me." After all, she simply came over as a mere formality. As soon as her evaluation was over, she walked out.

Halfway through her tracks, she turned back and asked, "Does this mean there's no ranking for my evaluation today?"

After a pause, she added, "That's right. Let's just announce that to the public and leave some suspense for the finals."

"Miss Sinclair, we will carry out your order!" Andy agreed promptly

With Elise joining us, she will definitely restore the Calligraphy Association to its former glory. It will be announced regardless. As long as Elise is happy, there's no difference if we announce it sooner or later.

...

Since Cody and Andy were at odds, he did not participate in Elise's evaluation.

However, he still could not hold back his curiosity. In the evening, he eventually called one of the heads of the Calligraphy Association, Arnold Torres, whom he knew, and asked about the evaluation result.

"Arnold, what's the potential of the student that Andy discovered?" Cody asked, getting straight to the point.

"Why, you little... I thought you're not interested?" The man joked with him. "We're all in the same association. Are you and Andy seriously planning to stop talking to each other for the rest of your lives?!"

"If you don't wish to tell me, keep silent. Why did you mention him out of the blue? That's it. I'm hanging up!" Cody said arrogantly.

"Fine. Fine. Still, playing hard-to-get in front of me? Let me tell you: that girl did not receive any ratings for her evaluation." Arnold did not tell him the truth as he wanted to surprise him.

"No rating? What do you mean? There must be a rating for S, A, B, or C." Cody expressed his doubts. "Arnold, tell me the truth. What's her rating?"

"Look at you. You don't even believe me anymore." The man on the other end of the phone laughed heartily. "The truth is the girl didn't receive a rank. Ask the others if you don't believe me!"

Since Arnold had made his words clear, Cody had no choice but to give up.

Cody hung up the phone, leaned against the balcony fence, and went deep into his thoughts.

Could it be that Andy was wrong this time? He picked up a student who couldn't even get a passing score. Could it be that he eventually realized it when he evaluated her on the spot and disqualified her from getting evaluated? It seems that only in this way can everything be explained.

Cody showed a mocking smile on his face when he thought of this possibility.

Andy, Andy, there are times when you even fail through your miscalculation. Of course, as expected, one should retire and take care of their grandchildren when they're old. But, who asked you to occupy the position of the assistant head of the association and not retire? Now, you have become everyone's laughing stock. Andy, you're truly losing your skills in your old age.

The more Cody thought about it, the more excited he became. He immediately called Tiana to share the good news with her.

After she ended the call, Tiana looked at the 'Sonnet 18' that she was practicing and started taking shape. Finally, she could not help but show a triumphant look on her face.

I knew it! No one is perfect. God will eventually close a door for Elise! This time, I'll definitely be the champion of the Calligraphy Contest!

...

Alexander saw the house was in a total mess when he entered the door after rushing to a villa in the suburbs.

Clearly, Jacob's laboratory had experienced considerable looting. Someone had stolen all the vital information and destroyed the critical equipment. Even Jacob himself had disappeared.

"He was kidnapped in the morning, and the bodyguards we arranged around the house were all killed." Johnny stepped forward and analyzed the situation solemnly. "Our men have always been well-trained. But according to the examination status of their corpses, it looks like they didn't resist their killer. So, the other party obviously has ill-intention."

Alexander's eyes were gloomy, and the tone in his voice was weary and heavy. "Got it.

He fixed his gaze on the safe after giving the ruined house a quick glance.

As expected, the safe had been pried open, and all the human skin masks that Jacob kept inside had been taken away.

Alexander let out a long sigh and tightly furrowed his eyebrows when he realized this.

These people have kidnapped Jacob, so there's bound to be a bigger conspiracy they have planned. And the masks that Elise and I wore were all kept in Jacob's records. If the other party pretends to be us and does terrible things outside, provoking the enemy, then both Elise and I will be in an even more dangerous situation.

It seems like I need to reveal my identity to Elise as soon as possible. However, Elise's safety comes first despite the possible disintegration of our relationship.

At that moment, Alexander felt a strong sense of unease in his heart. Who the hell was this person who could kidnap Jacob away from under my nose without anyone realizing it?

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 690

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 690-Recently, Craig's life was terrible. First and foremost, one after another, the wealthy women blocked him. After that, his company had directly suppressed him and inexplicably canceled all his commercial activities.

Of course, he knew that Jack was the one behind all these acts.

However, Craig was not at all anxious and instead felt at ease while becoming a 'househusband'. He stayed home, ate, drank, and enjoyed himself on a daily basis. The only outdoor activity that he had was to get some food for Winona at a nearby restaurant.

Unfortunately, he was so used to living a lavish lifestyle that all of his savings were gone. Therefore, he naturally set his target on Winona.

On this day, Craig came to Winona with a lunch box as per usual. When he watched her eat the food, he pretended to speak casually, "Uh... Winona, can you lend me your credit card first? The company still hasn't paid me and my money has almost dried up. It's fine if it's just me, but I have to cook for you every day—"

When she heard that, she immediately grabbed her purse and took out one of her credit cards. However, just when she was about to hand it over, she suddenly remembered something and deliberately slowed down her movement.

"Craig, there's one thing I don't understand. What happened between you and Mr. Jack? Why did you two get into a fight as soon as you met?"

"Why else? Jack saw that I was younger than him and had received a lot of attention. So, out of his jealousy toward the juniors, he intentionally targeted me." At the mention of Jack, Craig pulled a long face and looked annoyed.

"Why do you say so? Mr. Jack is a good person who has even helped me a lot before. He's not the kind of person who would do such a thing." Winona was puzzled.

"So, what do you mean to tell me?" Craig asked expressionlessly, "Do you think I'm the one at fault? Do you think I'm the one who purposely slandered him and tried to damage his reputation? Winona, who's your boyfriend exactly?"

“Of course it’s you!” She did not expect him to be triggered this much. Hence, she hurriedly explained, “I didn’t mean that. I simply think that making a friend is better than making an enemy. If you can find out the source of the problem, maybe we can eliminate this animosity between the both of you. You know that it’s better to make friends than enemies in our industry.”

“Oh, come on!” Craig derisively dismissed her thoughts. “I don’t care if I have offended a hypocrite like him. So, what’s the big deal?”

At that note, he paused again. Then, he looked at Winona with suspicion. “Could it be that you have feelings for him?”

“Craig!” At once, Winona became serious. “Can you stop acting in such a childish manner?!”

“Oh, I see. So, are you going to despise me for being immature now?” A triggered Craig rose to his feet. “I see; this is why you’ve been standing up for him all this while! You guys hooked up a long time ago and are playing me for a fool, right?!”

He almost roared out the last words of his argument. She had never seen him act this way before, so she was utterly shocked and stunned for a whole two seconds. Is this still the kind boy with a sunny personality that I fell in love with? Why do I suddenly feel like he’s a complete stranger?

After he vented his anger, he suddenly regained his composure. The only person I can rely on now is Winona. If we split up now, won’t that mean ruining my own chances? There’s no way I will go down like this.

In a flash, Craig calmed himself down before he went over to try to pull Winona’s hand to coax her. “Winona, I’m sorry. I’ve been under too much pressure during this period, so I don’t know what has gotten into me to say those words. Trust me. I didn’t mean it...”

Even so, Winona reflexively avoided him a second before he could hold her hand.

After that, she put the credit card on the table. Then, she turned around and let the tears of disappointment roll down her cheeks. “Why don’t we both calm down for a while?”

He parted his lips in an attempt to ease the atmosphere, but he could only give up when he saw that she had no intention to continue the conversation.

After a moment of silence, he took the credit card and left in shame.

Winona waited until the sound of the footsteps had completely disappeared. Then, she wiped the tears off on her face and let out a long sigh. Next, she took out her phone and

made a call to Elise. "Elise, I want to take a half-day off to deal with some personal matters."

Elise knew Winona had finally woken up from her situation when she received the call. Therefore, she did not stop Winona and instead readily agreed to the request. "I'll give you a week off. So, don't push yourself too hard. It's fine if you also return to work after two days of rest."

"No, a half-day off is enough." Winona was an ambitious person. Since it was hard to gain Elise's approval, she wanted to live up to her expectations.

"As long as you know what you're doing."

Elise hurriedly hung up the phone call as she knew that she would overstep her boundaries if she continued the conversation.

...

Winona directly took a taxi and arrived at Jack's studio in the afternoon.

Then, she knocked on the office door before his moderate voice sounded. "Come in."

She pushed open the door when she heard that and entered.

Jack was playing games on the sofa, but when he looked up and saw it was her, he instinctively put away his phone. "What brings you here?"

As he spoke, he rose to his feet and opened the refrigerator. "What do you want to drink? Juice or mineral water? Or, do you want a light dessert? It just so happened that Ronald bought too much today."

"It's unnecessary." Winona behaved politely as she walked in and formally stood at a distance away.

At once, he noticed something was off. Thus, he could not help but be serious. "Is there something you want to discuss with me?"

"Yes." She nodded her head firmly.

With that, Jack had no choice but to close the refrigerator, walk over, and sit on the sofa. Then, he raised his hand and gestured for her not to be so restrained. "Why don't you have a seat?"

"Thank you, Mr. Jack." Winona bowed before she walked to the two-seater couch next to her to take a seat.

Although he did not want to admit it, he immediately deduced her intention. “You’re here because of Craig, aren’t you? Are you here to intercede for him?” Winona is a manager, and there are no secrets in this industry. She should have learned the news about me publicly banning Craig.

She didn’t deny this when she heard his statement. “Yes, but I’m not here to apologize.”

“So, do you think I’m trying to intentionally find fault with him?” Jack asked in a self-deprecating demeanor.

Winona shook her head and replied, “Mr. Jack, I know you do not care about such things. Hence, I came to understand one thing: what actually happened between the both of you?”

All this while, the Winona in Jack’s eyes was adorable and innocent. Today, when he saw her serious demeanor, he suddenly remembered that she also took charge as a manager for A-listed celebrities. Winona is no fool. It is because she trusts Craig that she is kept in the dark.

However, it was precisely because of this very reason that Jack could not bear to be so cruel. I can’t let her know how despicable the person she’s in love with is, so I can only choose to force Craig to leave voluntarily. This way, I can guarantee that Winona won’t be too hurt in the long run.

“What did Craig say?” Jack asked rhetorically.

“He—His condition is not looking good during this period of time. I can’t ask anything out of him, so I thought of coming here to ask for your help.” Winona was unwilling to rant about Craig behind his back. “I think we can be considered as friends, and friends should be honest with each other. Am I right?”

Friend. Such a burdensome word.

At that moment, Jack felt his heart sink abruptly as he became extremely uncomfortable.

Recommended Novels