

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 701

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 701-Andy followed Lorenzo's gaze and saw Elise, and he couldn't help but look proud.

"Mr. Forbes, this is the talented girl I have told you about. She is Elise Sinclair, a finalist." Andy tried to show off.

"What did you say?" Lorenzo couldn't help laughing. "Elise participated in this contest?"

She could win against every judge, yet she is now standing off the stage. This is ridiculous, totally tomfoolery!

"In that case, please let Miss Sinclair come on the stage and—" Lorenzo paused, then turned around to ask Andy, "Who is she?"

"Tiana Hill," Andy answered.

"Oh." Lorenzo nodded. He then bent over, adjusted the microphone on the table and said to the audience, "Miss Sinclair, please come on stage and comment on Tiana Hill's work."

Tiana was full of reluctance.

As a student, Elise is not even a member of the calligraphy association. How is she qualified to comment on my work?

Tiana was angry and annoyed. However, she could only suppress her annoyance as it was Lorenzo's decision.

As Elise heard the familiar voice from the speaker, she turned around and looked at the judging panel, only to meet Lorenzo's gaze.

Their eyes met each other, and their faces were filled with the joy of old acquaintances reuniting.

Elise smiled bitterly and obliged Lorenzo's request to go on stage.

The emcee handed her a small whiteboard and a marker pen. Then, he looked at the audience and said in a suspenseful tone, "Okay, let's see what score Miss Sinclair will give to Tiana!"

After thinking for a while, Elise neatly wrote the number 1 on the whiteboard. She turned the board to face the audience and the camera.

“One?!” The emcee thought he had read it wrong. So, he pretended to clear his throat and politely reminded, “Miss Sinclair, did you miss a stroke?”

“No.” Elise looked seriously at the whiteboard and then innocently, “This one point is her consolation mark. If I were to evaluate her calligraphy skills, the score might not look good.”

Tiana gritted her teeth in anger.

What do you mean? Are you saying my work is worthless?

Do you know that this is an authentic seal script? How dare she want to give me zero points?

I finally know Elise’s true colors. She is just a bumpkin. She doesn’t know anything, including the seal script. She is bringing down my standard.

What is Mr. Forbes doing anyway?

Who are you trying to humiliate?!

The audience couldn’t sit still either.

“Does Elise really need to do that? She is too disrespectful!”

“All singers are uneducated, after all. Calligraphy is Cittadel’s cultural heritage. Seal script is the pilot of modern calligraphy. She must be illiterate to not know this!”

“Such arrogance! Tiana is QH’s pupil. Elise doesn’t know what it means to respect seniors. I’m sure the star in the entertainment industry does not care about QH.”

“I wonder why this bumpkin can be a star. I’m speechless!”

Tiana was Cody’s pupil, after all, so he would not stay silent after receiving this humiliation.

“Andy Nixon!” Cody pointed his finger at Andy, who favored Elise. “So, this is your favorite contestant? She is too arrogant!”

Andy raised his hand and flicked his nose with a look of disgust. “Sure. You smell, too. Maybe you should rinse your mouth.”

“You little—” Cody widened his eyes with anger.

That is completely irrelevant!

Just you wait! I'll see how you can be arrogant after Tiana wins the championship.

Elise took the emcee's microphone and looked at the judges panel. "Sirs, what do you think about the score I gave?"

The emcee saw the opportunity. "Right, Tiana Hill has not yet been scored. Please write out her scores!"

He didn't see such a hot-blooded scene for years. He was curious about how the event would unfold.

Lorenzo and Andy nodded in agreement. They then looked at each other and raised their pens, simultaneously writing the number on the board.

After a while, the emcee raised his hand. "Please show your board!"

Lorenzo and Andy showed the score at the same time.

On the big screen in the venue, the camera zoomed in infinitely as the two harsh zeros appeared.

Both of them gave zero marks to Tiana.

It was lower than what Elise gave.

Hence, the total score was 1.

It was a new low in the calligraphy competition.

The emcee twitched his mouth in embarrassment.

This is a new record, right?

Elise raised her eyebrows at that. "Sir, you're too strict."

Tiana is still a student; you must not be harsh to her.

However, Tiana's behavior was unforgivable for Lorenzo and Andy.

They would give her a negative 100 score if possible and pin Tiana to the hall of shame.

At that point, there was an uproar.

Lorenzo and Andy were the calligraphy masters, and it was self-evident who they stood for.

People couldn't help but wonder if Tiana was really worth supporting.

Cody blew a gasket and rushed to the panel to question Lorenzo. "Mr. Forbes, I know you're friends with Andy. However, you can't be so unfair! Even untrained eyes can understand that Tiana's work is excellent. It is a nationwide live broadcast, and you are obviously bullying her!"

"Cody, what do you mean by that? We are not bullying her. Our scoring is according to the rules of the contest. The reason we have achieved today is that we are fair. Are you questioning our skills?" Andy sternly scolded Cody.

Andy let it slide because he didn't want to deal with Cody. However, he didn't expect Cody to act this way.

He couldn't tolerate Cody fooling around on such an occasion.

"I—" Cody was at a loss for words. For years, Lorenzo and Andy had power in the calligraphy association, so Cody couldn't afford to offend them.

After hesitation, Cody turned his head and pointed his finger at Elise. "I have no right to question you, but I can do it to Elise. She is not a member of the calligraphy association, so what did you let her comment on Tiana, an A-Class Member? This is unreasonable!"

"Who says she's not a member?" Lorenzo refuted without hesitating.

Cody was stunned, then he continued questioning, "I know every member below A-Class. Elise Sinclair is not on the list!"

Andy felt embarrassed.

Indeed, it is hard to explain.

However, the rank of a member is just for show. Elise's skill has already surpassed that of Tiana long ago. It was only that Elise wasn't awarded a medal.

It is reasonable to let Elise score Tiana's work. However, the opposite is true too.

"I think you have forgotten. You don't have the right to view the information of members from A-Class and S-Class!"

Lorenzo's face turned gloomy and ugly.

Why is Andy letting them be arrogant? How dare Cody dare question my authority?

The audience was stunned for a long time, as Lorenzo had implied Elise was an S-Class Member.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 702

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 702-“Sir!” Andy was the first to regain his senses. He immediately grabbed Lorenzo and exclaimed with disbelief, “Don’t tell me Elise is...”

There were only a few S-Class members since the Calligraphy Association’s establishment. Some of the elders had already died, leaving only Lorenzo and QH, one of the association’s founders.

Six years ago, Elise was just a teenager. At such a young age, she stood out among all the calligraphy masters, thereafter successfully integrating all calligraphy associations across the country and establishing the headquarters.

That’s so creepy!

“That’s impossible!” Cody refused to accept that. I am one of the pioneer members here, and if she is truly an S-Class member, it is impossible for me not to have met her at least once!”

Lorenzo simply rolled his eyes in response. “There are a lot of people you haven’t met yet. According to your logic, shouldn’t they all be dead by now?”

“That’s not what I meant!” Cody was anxious. “Fine. I’m not going to argue with you about it. Elise is an S-Class member and she was also a candidate for the final round, so she should be able to write a few words to prove herself, right?”

Fortunately, Cody had asked around and discovered that Elise’s writing was completely inappropriate. Otherwise, Lorenzo and Andy would easily deceive him now.

Lorenzo, on the other hand, simply explained calmly, “It’s her choice whether to do so or not. No one can force her.”

“It wouldn’t be good if you kept defending Elise, sir!” Cody’s tone was forewarning.

An expressionless Lorenzo simply tilted his head and stared at Cody. “So what if I stand up for her? Are you going to remove me from the presidency?”

“I’ve never even thought of that! However, if someone attempts to use his position for personal gain, members like us have no choice but to defend ourselves!” Cody expressed himself pitifully, as if he were a victim.

Lorenzo was taken aback when he heard that. Then, he approached Cody and looked him in the eyes, thereafter saying coldly, “Is that so? Let me see what you can do then.”

He exuded a natural authoritative aura, as if he was in command of everything. Even though Cody was taller, Lorenzo appeared to be more powerful at this moment.

Cody was so nervous that his Adam's apple bobbed up and down, and he struggled to stay upright and look into Lorenzo's eyes despite his trembling legs.

When Elise noticed that a fight was about to break out among the judges, she quickly calmed the situation by saying, "There's no reason for me to act as if I'm bullying the juniors. Since Miss Hill's master isn't happy with me, why don't I compete against Miss Hill?"

"Why should we follow your words? Do you think you own the association?" Cody took advantage of the opportunity to turn around and look at her.

When Lorenzo heard Cody's words, Lorenzo glared at him sternly.

She indeed owned the association!

"Well, we'll decide by votes." Andy didn't want Cody to bother him any longer, so he turned around to face the presidents of the Calligraphy Association branches from other districts. "Those who do not agree for Tiana and Elise to compete, please raise your hand," he said.

Cody was the first person to raise his hand.

All of the other presidents, however, sat motionless.

Cody then signaled to his friend with his eyes, hoping for his friend's support. That did not happen. Instead, his friend found him embarrassing and quickly avoided his gaze.

To this friend of his, Cody was merely reckless before this but his personality was still acceptable. However, he was acting really stupid today. It was impossible for him to gain any future advantage by openly opposing the president and vice president at such an event!

Cody was the polar opposite of a wise man who knew when to stop in the face of an unfavorable situation.

"Those who support the contest between Tiana and Elise, please raise your hands now," Andy stated.

All of the presidents raised their hands as soon as he finished speaking. The contest's holding was unanimously agreed upon.

Andy nodded in satisfaction when he saw this. He turned around to face Cody. "Look, even if I and Lorenzo aren't counted, Elise has far more supporters than you. Majority wins; we must hold this calligraphy competition!"

Then, he quickly took the microphone from the table and declared loudly, "Everyone, on behalf of Tissote's Calligraphy Association, I am pleased to announce that an additional round has been added to this calligraphy contest, with the topic Sonnet 71. Tiana Hill and Elise Sinclair, you may begin."

Following that, the supporting crew went up to the stage and divided two tables so that both Tiana and Elise could begin at the same time.

After that was done, Tiana and Elise were the only ones left on the stage.

Tiana walked over to the table and grabbed her brush. However, she did not take any further action. Her brow furrowed as she stared at the writing paper, and cold sweat beaded on her brow.

Sonnet 71 was entirely different from Sonnet 18! How was she going to write that down?

Everyone would realize the moment she wrote that she didn't know the art of writing on seal script at all!

But if she didn't, what other options did she have to prove her worth? What exactly should I do now?

Her mind was blank.

Because of her inaction, the ink accumulated at the end of the brush and thickened into a drop, which fell on the pure white paper without her reacting.

At that moment, the ink droplet smudged the paper. It was a nuisance to the eye.

"How could you make such a blunder after spending so much time learning calligraphy?" Elise scowled. "It appears that you have forgotten everything QH has taught you."

Tiana was also taken aback. It was embarrassing for a calligrapher to have the ink dropped before she could write anything!

Shocked, she threw the brush away and took a few steps back.

"I... I can't do it..." Tiana spoke as if she had lost her soul. Her previous grace had vanished at this point.

She then became enraged and yelled at Elise, “Isn’t this what you all wanted to see after accusing and doubting me? I can’t handle the pressure! You can rejoice now that I am unable to write anything!”

Tiana shifted all of the blame to Elise and Lorenzo with just a few words.

Cody couldn’t look on any longer as well and he scolded both Lorenzo and Andy, “You’ve all gone overboard! I now know you’re all jealous of Tiana’s talent and want to clamp her down! You have no right to destroy a talented calligrapher!”

While speaking, he intentionally went near one of the judges’ microphone so that his allegations could be broadcasted out to the entire country.

By doing so, the situation would spiral out of control and no one would be able to have a decisive say.

Elise simply shook her head after witnessing everything that had occurred. Indeed, birds of the same feathers flock together. Tiana wasn’t a good samaritan to begin with, and it was no surprise that she grew up with this attitude after being raised by such an unreasonable master.

“Cody Carlson, do you know what you are saying?” Andy was burning with rage. “Do you think you could still be here now if Lorenzo and I were jealous of the others’ talent?”

“Ha! You finally admitted that you’re jealous of me! You’ve bullied me a lot over the years—”

The two of them then began their epic feud. Elise decided not to get involved in that and began writing quietly.

Andy, on the other hand, was so mad with Cody that he clutched the other man’s collar and was about to give him a punch.

At this instant, the host’s voice broadcasted from the speaker. “G-Goodness, this seal script is...”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 703

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 703-Even the photography crew who had been shooting the fighting scene earlier turned their camera to Elise’s writing.

The next second, her writing appeared on the screen. Everyone now knew why the host couldn’t say anything.

Elise's writing was utterly magnificent.

All the descriptive words they could think of were inadequate to express how wonderful her writing was.

Beautiful? This was far too brief.

Every word glistened like a diamond? This appeared to be an exaggeration.

Grandeur? Such a word seemed like a no-no too.

It was a simple classic poem, but her writing transported everyone back in time, and the person creating it was right in front of them.

The audience was so engrossed in Elise's exquisite writing that they were at a loss for words. It was only a few minutes later that they regained their composure and expressed their admiration.

However, when the camera moved closer to her writing, it was revealed that she signed off with 'QH.'

Cody was initially astounded by her talent, but when he saw these two alphabets, he was overjoyed.

He knew Elise's writing was far superior to Tiana's, but imposing herself as QH was a grave mistake.

"Elise Sinclair!" He took it upon himself to act for justice and reprimanded harshly, "You are such an imposter! How dare you sign off with QH's name?!"

"Who said she is an imposter?" Lorenzo's captivating voice rang out, capturing everyone's attention.

Stunned, Cody turned around, only to see Lorenzo standing on the other side, a microphone in his hand.

Lorenzo's authoritative aura suppressed him once more, and he felt fearful in his heart.

After casting a resentful glance at Cody, Lorenzo turned to face Elise, who was standing on stage. "Young girl, I've reminded you many times that you need to sign off with your seal," he said gently.

"Sorry, I forgot about it," Elise said, sticking out her tongue.

"Where's the seal I customized for you?"

“I forgot to bring it with me,” she answered with a shrug.

That left Lorenzo speechless. He had anticipated this as well, because Elise was always uninterested in such things.

He sighed and walked toward the stage, stopping in front of her.

Then, he took out a small box and handed it to her.

In the box was a transparent seal carved from jade. It was small and exquisite, and it would instantly catch one’s eye.

Elise was surprised to see it. “It’s a nice piece of jade!”

After all, she was still a young lady who smiled at cute and beautiful things.

“Wow. I didn’t know that you now know how to study jade now after six years!” Lorenzo joked.

“Well, someone taught me, so of course I have to learn it well.”

She recalled the time when she learned about stone gambling from Alexander, and they were so excited that they both stayed up for the entire night.

Fortunately for Elise, she was able to pick up a few skills. Her aptitude for learning was commendable.

“Keep this new seal that I customized for you. The previous one was made of gold and isn’t nearly as valuable as this one. I spent a lot of money on this, so you better keep it well!” Lorenzo reminded her.

Though he didn’t expect her to bring it everywhere with her, he hoped she would use it someday.

“I shall oblige, then.”

She happily took the seal and stamped it on the spot where she had previously signed off.

The seal’s red ink was imprinted on the paper. It said ‘Elise Sinclair’ and the alphabets ‘QH’ was below her name, although these two alphabets were much smaller.

Seeing that, Lorenzo nodded in relief, before taking over the microphone from the host and turned to face the audience. In a serious tone, he announced, “Everyone, there have previously been many rumors about QH’s identity, and I had no choice but to keep

it hidden due to her age. Now that she's made a name for herself, I'm proud to reveal that QH's real name is Elise Sinclair!"

Everyone below the stage exclaimed in surprise.

Even the photographer couldn't help but stick his head out to take a look.

Nobody would have guessed that the Calligraphy Association, which played a significant role in Cittadel's cultural aspect, was founded by a young lady who was underage a few years ago!

Normal underage students would be still trapped in the classroom, struggling with their studies or entering into relationships.

But Elise was unique. She became a composer, wrote her own music and lyrics, and even founded the Calligraphy Association! Heaven absolutely bestowed her abilities.

Some astute viewers immediately suspected something was wrong after her identity was revealed.

Didn't Tiana say she was QH's apprentice? Why didn't she recognize QH earlier?

And she even addressed QH as 'Mr'.

So, does it mean that she had no idea QH is actually a woman?

Tiana, unlike everyone else, felt her legs wobble when QH's identity was revealed. She would have fallen to the ground if she hadn't supported herself by the railings behind her.

Elise is QH? How is this possible, though?

No! I must be dreaming. This isn't true at all!

She wrapped her arms around herself tightly and clenched her fists. Her nails were digging into her skin, but she felt no pain.

It was unbearable for her to imagine Elise mocking her behind her back when she saw her artwork that she had published online.

And all of the calligraphy artworks Tiana went to great lengths to acquire could have been Elise's ruse!

It seemed that Elise had planned for Tiana to engage in copying calligraphy script to the point of no return.

Such an evil plan of hers! Tiana thought.

After a long while, Elise finally realized Tiana's hatred-filled gaze.

It's time to deal with her, Elise decided.

"Tiana Hill." Elise looked at the other woman solemnly. "Since you said you are my student, you should now go through the apprenticeship ritual. I don't have much of a request; just kneel and bow to me will do."

Hearing that, Tiana clenched her fists even more tightly.

How dare she ask me to kneel in front of the entire country? She is such a b*tch!

However, Tiana was well aware that failing to do so would be equivalent to telling everyone that she was not QH's apprentice at all, and all her bold and confident words earlier would become an irony that would work against her.

With that in mind, she gritted her teeth and decided to take a step back for her own good.

This time, she made up her mind to compromise.

Then she miserably took a deep breath and approached Elise, thereafter kneeling down in front of the latter.

The entire scene was deafeningly quiet.

And Tiana's face was burning, as if she had just been slapped hard.

After a while, she mustered her courage to say, "Miss Sinclair, your apprentice is here to greet you!"

How humiliating this was for her!

Tiana swore in her heart that she would pay Elise twice as much humiliation in the future.

"Hello, my dear apprentice," Elise light-heartedly responded. However, her face suddenly became emotionless and in a cold voice, she continued, "Since you said you're my apprentice, today, in front of everyone, I hereby expel you and forbid you from ever returning! It is beyond me to have such a dishonest apprentice who would simply defame anyone!"

That instant, Tiana was stunned to the core. There was no reaction from her, and it was as if she had been struck by lightning.

Elise wasn't trying to help her to get out of the embarrassment at all! Instead, she was pushing her all the way to the bottom of the pit of shame!

Tiana's calligrapher image, which she had worked hard to maintain over the years, was now completely destroyed.

Seeing how the situation unfolded, the astute Cody was concerned that Tiana's case might implicate him. As a result, he dashed to the stage and vowed to cut all ties with Tiana. "I took you in because of your talent, but you cheated and took advantage of me! Miss Sinclair is right. You are no longer my apprentice from now on! I am severing all ties with you!"

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 704

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 704-Andy couldn't help but scoff at that. "He dissociates himself rather quickly, doesn't he?"

However, Lorenzo was perplexed by something. "How did you obtain the S-Class badge?"

"I picked it up from the roadside," Tiana answered grudgingly, her head lowered.

"Even at this point of time, you still refuse to admit your wrongdoings," Elise responded resentfully while shaking her head.

Elise had given Tiana a chance to repent. Since the latter did not cherish such a chance, Elise was not going to relent either.

As soon as Elise finished speaking, she turned and looked around the audience, trying to find Julius. She then gave him a light nod, indicating that he could begin his work.

With that, he took his phone and sent a message out.

The screen dimmed in seconds and then lit up again after a flash.

However, it did not show the live broadcast of the contest as it should have. Instead, a video was playing.

The male and female leads in the video were none other than Tiana and Sebastian.

At the same time, the audio was broadcasted through the speakers.

"I brought the badge that you asked for," Sebastian exclaimed as he handed the badge to Tiana.

“Thank you, Sebastian. I will return it to you after I’ve used it,” Tiana replied in a sincere manner.

“That’s not urgent. Take your time,” Sebastian responded shyly as he ruffled his hair.

Then, the scene changed to Tiana’s hostel.

Outside the hostel, Sebastian was blocking Tiana’s path. “Give me back the badge.”

Tiana, on the other hand, simply replied, “You want me to return the gift that you’ve given me? Don’t you feel embarrassed?”

Hence, Sebastian had no choice but to return empty-handed.

The video stopped here.

The truth had now been revealed. Tiana borrowed the badge but refused to return it.

“Wow, I never expected Mayweather Polytechnic’s campus belle, as well as one of its elite, to do something like this!”

“Isn’t she just making use of him? I would never have guessed she was such a materialistic person based on her innocent appearance!”

“It’s so rude of her to not return something she borrowed! I suppose she had made up her mind to impersonate QH.”

Even with her head bowed, Tiana could feel the disdainful stares directed at her from her surroundings.

She tried to breathe normally to calm herself down.

But in the end, the gossip around her was too much for her to bear and she ran down the stage in a mess.

All of the reporters in the center swarmed her, forcing her to flee outside. However, outside the venue was already crowded with reporters who had heard about her wrongdoings and were waiting for her. In short, her path was blocked by all of them.

“Miss Hill, are you really not QH’s apprentice? So all of the calligraphy works you posted online were copied?”

“Could you tell us about your relationship with the man in the video, Miss Hill?”

“Copying is a big taboo in the Calligraphy Association. What prompted you to take such a risk? Please explain, Miss Hill!”

Tiana was surrounded by reporters and had nowhere to escape at all. Being forced to the corner, she squatted down with her arms wrapped around her head and yelled angrily, "I don't know! Stop bothering me!"

Lorenzo shook his head upon seeing that. Then, he took the microphone and announced, "On behalf of the Calligraphy Association, I now disqualify Tiana Hill from this contest and expel her from the association. The association will never accept her again!"

Elise then took her place as one of the judges, thereafter rating the remaining contestants.

The end result was that contestant number 12, Abby Mellor, rated the highest.

And she happened to be the lady Elise met in the washroom.

After the results were announced, Elise personally handed Abby the champion trophy and said, "Congratulations. You have a lot of talent. Your skills will undoubtedly improve with regular practice."

"Thank you, QH." Abby was utterly excited. Before the reporters began taking pictures, she grabbed Elise's arm and said, "I've always admired you, QH. Can I learn from you?"

Hearing that, Elise spent a few moments hesitating.

Abby had never learned under a master before. She had no formal training and as a result, her writing had a distinct style that set her apart from the other contestants.

Elise was sure that Abby knew this too.

Most likely, Abby was now publicly requesting to be Elise's apprentice so that she could tell her stepmother, who was difficult to deal with.

In the end, Elise decided to help Abby on this.

Furthermore, her writing would reflect how a person was. Abby's writing was polished and full of her distinguished personality, so her personality wouldn't be too far off either.

"Okay. I'll take you in," Elise agreed.

Abby then bowed to Elise in front of all the reporters, officially becoming Elise's apprentice.

After the contest ended, Elise was dragged to the corner by Andy and Lorenzo.

"Don't even think about sneaking away! Whatever happens, you must remain in the association for at least two weeks in order for us to catch up!" Lorenzo clutched her sleeve as he spoke, as if he was afraid she would flee.

"That's right! Young girl—sorry, Miss Sinclair, the S-Class Archive was prepared

specifically for you, and there are currently only a few art pieces inside. How inappropriate is that? You must produce at least seven or eight more works so that it does not appear so empty!" Andy supported Lorenzo.

"What nonsense is this?" Though Elise was at a loss for words, she found them amusing and joked, "You'd best let go of me, Lorenzo, or I'm going to call the cops now!"

"Then do it," Lorenzo said calmly. "Even if they are here, nobody will leave until I have your promise."

"Sir, it isn't very appropriate for you to talk in such a manner to Miss Sinclair, no?" Cody appeared out of nowhere and interrupted them.

That ruined their happy atmosphere. All three of them simultaneously rolled their eyes at Cody's words.

Andy then looked at the other man. He suddenly thought of something and he asked, "Cody, I vividly recall asking someone to deliver Miss Sinclair's works to the Archive. Why did you stop it? Are my instructions as vice president now being ignored by you?"

"Tiana had me under her spell at the time! Besides, I had no idea it was Miss Sinclair's work as I had not opened it!" Cody explained with a frown on his face.

"You rejected Andy's recommended art pieces before even looking at them. This clearly demonstrates that you are unable to appreciate excellent works of art. You are not welcome at the headquarters. Please relocate to the nearest branch of the association after today," Lorenzo said unequivocally.

Cody's mouth widened and he wished for mercy when he heard that. However, when he saw Lorenzo's expression, which appeared to be about to devour him, Cody quickly said, "Thank you very much, sir. I will definitely follow your instructions. I'll go back and pack my belongings now."

Lorenzo grunted indifferently and did not even spare Cody a glance.

After Cody left, Abby plucked up her courage to approach Elise and thank her. "Thank you for not turning me down earlier, Miss Sinclair."

Abby, as Elise had predicted, had her own reasons for making the request.

"Don't do that again. I don't like being made use of." Elise made her stand clearly.

"There won't be a second time. I believe I will be able to stay in the house after this," Abby responded confidently.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 705

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 705-At this moment, Alexander walked toward them. He naturally wrapped his arm around Elise's waist and stood beside her when he arrived.

"Mr. Forbes and Mr. Nixon, the contest has ended for quite some time. Why are you both refusing to let my wife go?" Alexander inquired, jokingly.

"Your wife?"

When Lorenzo heard that, he immediately released his grip on Elise's arm and pushed his spectacles forward, examining Alexander from head to toe as if he were a threat.

He looks decent, with a satisfactory height as well. His figure seems alright too, and he doesn't appear stupid.

Well, I guess he can be considered worthy of Elise.

Alexander detected disdain in Lorenzo's gaze and pitifully asked, "Sir, do I look that bad?"

"That depends on who you're comparing yourself to," Lorenzo said, beating around the bush to express his displeasure.

Alexander took a deep breath and lightly pinched Elise's shoulder. Looking at her, he then murmured, "Mr. Forbes is implying that you have poor taste in men. I'm different because I chose you as my wife, which has made me the luckiest man on the planet."

The initially awkward situation was improved by Alexander's seemingly joking words.

Lorenzo was stunned for a moment, but he quickly recovered and nodded. This guy has excellent emotional intelligence, he reasoned.

"If the both of you don't mind, I need to take my wife back now. She is expecting and can't be too tired," Alexander smilingly continued.

"Huh?" Elise was taken aback upon hearing that.

Lorenzo and Andy, on the other hand, were stunned and stood frozen in place.

"What?!" Lorenzo was the first to regain his senses and he right away looked at Elise's stomach before scolding Alexander, "How dare you?! She has not even graduated from college yet!"

Just as Elise wanted to explain that she wasn't expecting, Alexander grabbed her and made the first move, "Sir, I couldn't help myself. My wife is simply too stunning. I'm afraid she'll dislike me for bothering her too much, so I can only have a child to distract my attention."

"Men are indeed selfish!" Lorenzo scoffed and continued, "Don't think I don't know that you're just trying to use the child to keep Elise by your side!"

As if he suddenly thought of something, he immediately went on in an agitated tone, "Elise, you have to promise me one thing—regardless of whether it's a son or a daughter, you must let your child learn calligraphy from me!"

Lorenzo simply had to be the master of a genius at least once in his lifetime!

“Sir, you’re acting too quickly—” Andy said grudgingly.

“It’s none of your business. Get out of my way.” Lorenzo now only had the child of a genius in his eyes.

“I promise you that on behalf of Ellie,” Alexander replied cheerfully. “Under your tutelage, my child will undoubtedly make a name for himself.”

“But of course!” Lorenzo smiled happily until his wrinkles appeared.

“We’ll leave now, then?”

“Go ahead.”

Lorenzo straightforwardly let them go, his expression now friendly.

Elise and Alexander then turned around and made their way back. Just after a few steps, Elise asked softly, “Am I expecting? Why didn’t I know about it?”

He shushed her with a gesture and said, “They wouldn’t have let you go if I hadn’t said so!”

It turned out that both Lorenzo and Andy had been tricked by Alexander.

Learning that, Elise couldn’t control herself and laughed, but she immediately tried to keep her voice down.

She then guiltily turned around, only to see Lorenzo and Andy smiling widely.

That made her laugh again, and the couple both left the contest venue.

...

Meanwhile, Mica and Sebastian were shopping around the Food Street near the universities after they reconciled.

They entered a branded men’s clothing store, where Sebastian went into the fitting room to try on some clothes while Mica waited outside.

Coincidentally, the television in the store was playing the videos depicting the two scenes in which Tiana and Sebastian met.

Mica was taken aback, so she rose to her feet and stared intently at the screen. She saw in her eyes all of Sebastian's excitement and shyness when he was talking to Tiana.

He had this expression on him when he first asked for Mica's number.

But after that, she had never seen such an expression from him anymore.

Mica now knew he could still have such an expression, just not for her.

Even the badge served as a tool for him to fawn over Tiana.

At this instant, Sebastian walked out of the fitting room. With the expensive branded clothes on, he exuded a different sense of elegance.

"Mica, what do you think about this suit I chose?" he asked. He even began to imitate those elegant and wealthy students with his actions.

But after a long while, he did not get Mica's response.

As a result, he followed her gaze to find out what she was looking at. After a few seconds, he was completely stunned.

Terrified, he grabbed Mica's elbow and began to explain, "It's not what it is, Mica. Tiana duped me as well. As you know, not many men can stand up to her beauty—"

Mica's sensitive heart was agitated by the word "beauty".

"You take me for granted because I'm not as beautiful as she is? So I'm just a tool for you to please Tiana?" Her tears began to fall, but she couldn't be bothered.

"You have to believe me! Didn't we just talk it out earlier? What happened between Tiana and me is history, Mica. The person I truly love is you. Tiana only looks good on the surface. She's entirely different from you!"

"We're indeed different." Mica pushed his hand away, feeling disappointed. "If Tiana were to come back to you, you would ditch me without hesitation, am I right?"

Mica knew it was because she was unattractive.

Sebastian, however, was taken aback. Indeed, he had chosen Tiana over Mica previously.

But it was different now. He adored Mica, and having Mica in his life improved his overall quality of life. He couldn't bear to leave her now!

His brief moment of hesitation was a great blow to Mica.

She turned around, ready to flee, before all her tears came falling down.

Seeing that, Sebastian was totally at a loss of what to do. He immediately grabbed her, turned her around, and kissed her.

His kiss was gentle and warm.

It was only until their breaths became heavier that he let go of her.

“Do you believe I am sincere now?” he asked in between pants.

Mica’s mind at this moment was blank. Dazed, she nodded. “Yes.”

“Promise me not to mention Tiana or the badge ever again. We’ll just talk about our own relationship, can we?” Sebastian asked as he gently held her face in his palms, as if pleading with her.

“Okay,” Mica agreed.

Sebastian was her first love and the person who gave her her first kiss. She could forgive him for anything.

He then contentedly pulled her into his embrace and hugged her tightly before exhaling a long, deep breath.

It wasn’t easy to return to frugality after experiencing the extravagant lifestyle. Since Mica was the one allowed him to experience the life of the wealthy, he decided to be responsible to her this time.

After all, who will want to be with you apart from me? he thought.

...

Elise returned to the hostel a few days later.

When Mica saw her, she straightaway apologized, “I am sorry, Elise. I saw the live broadcast and knew that Tiana got the badge because of me. I apologize for almost jeopardizing your reputation.”

“That’s not a big deal. The most important thing is to see what kind of person he is through this incident,” Elise responded nicely.

But Mica started responding evasively and did not answer.

That gave Elise a bad feeling, and she furrowed her brows. "Why are you remaining silent? Haven't you broken up with him?"

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 706

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 706-"Sebastian has apologized to me. Tiana was the one who duped him into doing so!" Mica spoke with her back to Elise, as if she was talking to herself.

"You're far too trusting, Mica. Since he can do it once, he'll continue doing it in the future. Such a man is unworthy of you." Elise was a little displeased and continued her analysis, "From what I see, Sebastian appears to have other motives. Did he recently request anything else from you?"

"Certainly not!" Mica was becoming irritated as well. "We're both students; what else can we do for dating besides eat and shop together? What can he get from me since I'm just a commoner?"

"You must be cautious of him. Things aren't that simple between Tiana and him. I'll show you the entire video later and you'll understand what I mean after that." Elise sighed.

However, Mica was resistant to that. "That's not necessary. All that happened in the past. We've already agreed not to bring up the subject again."

"Doesn't it bother you if he was truly attracted to another woman?" Elise had no idea what Mica was thinking.

"I trust him," Mica answered decisively.

And so, Elise couldn't say anything else other than to warn Mica one last time. "You can make your own decision, but keep in mind that everyone's love is valuable. Don't give Sebastian your all until you're certain that he truly loves you."

"You still want me to break up with him, right?" Mica bit her lower lip and asked aggrievedly. She stood firm and continued, "But, Elise, are you aware that not everyone is like you, with many people admiring and courting you? I worked hard to obtain this relationship, and I am pleased with it. Why are you treating it so negatively?"

"What makes you think this way? I simply don't want you to be cheated," Elise stated, her brows furrowed.

“Do you think I’m that stupid?” Mica felt her nose itch and her eyes became red. “Yes, I am a moron. I am the most naïve person on the planet to believe that we are good friends who respect each other! Please don’t be bothered by my problems from now on. Even if he’s lying to me, I’m willing to put up with it!”

Mica dashed out of the room as soon as she finished her words, leaving Elise all alone.

Looking at her bed which was neat and tidy even though she hadn’t been here for a long time, Elise felt sadness tingling in her heart.

Perhaps she was too harsh in her words, not taking into account Mica’s personality or whether the latter could handle it.

Now, Elise could only wait until a later date to apologize to Mica, if there was still a chance to do so.

...

Meanwhile, Elliot was mindlessly strolling through the bay behind the universities, sighing the entire time.

This was the umpteenth time he had been rejected by Stephanie, and he still didn’t know what was wrong.

He continued walking but after taking a turn, he heard a lady sobbing from somewhere in front of him.

He took two steps forward and noticed a woman sitting on the stairs below.

“She’s sobbing pitifully, as if her heart has been broken as well. We share the same misfortune!”

Elliot felt as if he could feel her. Thus, he took out the only packet of tissue from his sling bag and approached the lady, ready to hand it to her.

“Don’t cry. Swollen eyes aren’t pretty at all.”

The lady raised her head when she heard his voice.

And when their gazes met, they were both taken aback.

“Mica?” He raised his brows and continued, “Didn’t you just publicly display your relationship on social media this morning? How come you fell out of love now?”

To that, Mica simply snorted and said, "Who said that? You're the one falling out of love, not me!"

"How did you find out?" Elliot had no idea Mica's words were just a random remark.

After all, he had indeed fallen out of love. Even his father was getting emotional by the constant rejections he faced.

However, Mica simply wiped her tears and turned her face away from him.

"Well, since we're both sad, I'll let you off the hook." Elliot then squatted down beside her and asked, "Why are you crying here?"

"I don't want to talk about it." Mica turned her face even further away from him.

"Forget it, then." He kept the tissue back to his bag and grabbed Mica's arm, thereafter pulling her up. "Let's go. It's so boring to sit here alone with all those mosquitoes. I'll take you somewhere fun to play."

"I don't want to! I don't want to meet anyone!" Feeling upset, Mica just wanted to be left alone.

"Why are you so obstinate? I recall being very upset when I first received zero marks on my papers. However, as I gained more experience, I began to frequently play video games when I was upset, and I realized that it wasn't such a big deal after all. Everything will be fine once you've vented your frustrations. Come on." He was adamant.

He had wanted to ask Sheldon along, but Sheldon was now putting in the effort to study, and Elliot did not want to force him. That was why he came to the bay area.

Finally, he met someone who could accompany him; of course he wouldn't let her go.

"I don't want to go!" Mica's arms were pulled by Elliot but her legs remained motionless. "I'm stupid and I have no idea how to play video games! Everyone else will make fun of me!"

"Who would dare to mock you with me around? Don't be concerned. I'll show you how to play." Elliot then used more force to pull her up the stairs.

"I really can't!"

"Come on. We're just having fun, not competing! It is the process that is important. If you can't play later, just stand by my side and cheer for me! Let's go!"

Clearly, the extroverted Elliot triumphed over the introverted Mica.

With that, she was then dragged to the video games center by him.

...

After the quarrel with Mica, Elise did not want to stay in the hostel as well. Hence, she called Alexander to pick her up.

Just after she raised her head up after fastening the seat belt, she saw him staring astutely at her.

“Why are you looking at me like this?” she asked, while smiling awkwardly.

“You seem to be unhappy, Mrs. Griffith,” he teased.

“I am indeed a little upset.” She exhaled a sigh and went on, “I had a little squabble with my roommate.”

After she finished her words, she turned around and asked solemnly, “Alexander, tell me honestly—am I a busybody?”

“Who dares to call my wife a busybody?” He pretended to be angry at that.

“Be serious.” Elise gave him a grim look and said, “It’s a taboo to destroy people’s relationships but just now, I was asking Mica to break up with Sebastian. It doesn’t seem right for me to do that.”

“Hmm.” After a brief moment of thought, Alexander raised his hand and stroked her head. “What you said is correct, but everything must be grounded in reality. I believe you will not ask her to end the relationship without a valid reason, so there’s nothing wrong with it. You did your part as a friend and it’s up to her whether she takes your advice. You don’t have to be upset or feel guilty about her choice.”

“I truly regard her as a friend.” Elise’s gaze softened and a look of disappointment flashed across her face.

Alexander continued to comfortingly stroke her hair and he diverted the subject of the conversation. “Smith Co. acquired a few emerald mines in Salt Stone City recently. Do you want to join me to have a look?”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 707

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 707-“Alright, alright.” Elise turned her head in his direction and mischievously asked, “So, am I going with Kenneth Bailey? Should I go with Alexander Griffith? Or, should I go with Kenneth as Mrs. Griffith?”

After hearing that, Alexander let a laugh slip. “I will use whichever identity you want me to. It is up to you.”

“I don’t want to,” she replied while turning away. “Should you go to Smith Co. as Alexander, I will feel bad for getting your years of cover busted if people were to find out that Kenneth and Alexander are the same person. On the other hand, I am sure your mother will cause a commotion and chew me out for cheating on you if someone were to photograph you as Kenneth. It would be better if you went by yourself. It’s your fault for faking your identity.”

Alexander then faked disappointment as he sighed. “I have no choice but to take a closer look at the Peculiar Jadeite myself, then.”

Her ears immediately perked up at that. Peculiar Jadeite? Is he talking about the place the radiation originated from?

“I want to go!” Elise exclaimed, only to realize then that she had fallen into Alexander’s trap again. She grabbed his necktie and pulled him close to her. “Trying to trick your own wife, Mr. Griffith? That is not so nice, is it?”

As if surrendering, Alexander raised his hands beside his face, but he still had a fearless smile on. “How can you call a husband-and-wife thing a ‘trick’? It is but the secret to keeping the relationship fresh, no?”

“Keeping it fresh, huh?” Her desire to win against him had been aroused then. “Fine. Let’s see who can find more Peculiar Jadeite when we get to Salt Stone City.”

“Are you sure you want to compete with your own master?” he asked with a pitiful look on his face.

“Don’t you know that students often surpass their teachers?” Elise then released his necktie and pushed him back to the seat. Dusting off her palms, she challenged, “Just wait till we get to Salt Stone City. I will make sure I become your master instead.”

...

Mr. Howard invited Elise over to further discuss the company before her trip to Salt Stone City.

Along with Winona, the women headed straight to a cafe right after they got out of the car.

Just as they were in the middle of crossing the road, they could see a commotion starting at the square in front of the cafe.

A bald man was blocking a beautiful woman at the entrance of the cafe. Seeing the glass bottle in his hand, no one around dared to step forward.

The man suddenly roared, "Women like you are all sluts! We will see how you can still seduce another man if I were to destroy your face!"

As soon as he said that, he opened the cap of the bottle, and positioned the bottle as if he was going to throw its content at her with both hands.

"Watch out!" Elise subconsciously ran over and shoved at the man from behind.

Caught unguarded, the man stumbled forward, and the glass bottle broke when it fell on the ground. The cemented area of the ground instantly turned black when the transparent liquid touched it.

Some of the liquid had unexpectedly gotten on the man's arm, making him pull back before he hugged it against his chest. He then started moaning in pain while he rolled around.

It only took a second before what used to be a perfectly fine arm turned into a bloody mess.

Seemed like it was sulphuric acid that was in the bottle.

Elise didn't even dare to imagine what would have happened if the man had successfully done what he intended to do. Disfigurement would have been the least of the beautiful lady's concern. An acid attack could have led to death.

Isn't this too vicious?

"Miss." Elise looked at the woman, only to freeze when she realized how abnormally calm the woman was as she stood there. "Please call the police," she said again.

"Alright," the woman replied with a nod as she took her phone out.

As soon as the man on the ground heard this, he struggled to get himself off the floor before he scampered away.

Elise was just about to chase after him when the other woman immediately followed after him and with a kick, sent the man lying flat on the ground. She brutally stepped on him again when he tried to get up.

Her movements were so fluid that Elise could tell at a glance that she was trained in martial arts. However, Elise couldn't help but be amazed by how mismatched the woman's actions were with her elegant appearance.

When the police finally arrived, Elise acted as a witness and went with the woman to the police station to give the police statement.

By the time Elise had signed the necessary documents, she left the building, where she saw the woman waiting for her ride by the entrance.

Elise swiftly made her way over to her and started a conversation, "You know kung fu?"

"I took up boxing for a bit when I was an artist," she answered without beating around the bush.

Hearing that, Elise mused, "How dedicated to your job. I am sure it was a masterpiece. Can you tell me the name of the production you were in? I could learn a thing or two from it when I have the time."

"It is an outdated movie from 10 years ago. It doesn't matter if you don't watch it."

Even though the woman had a smile on her face the whole time she spoke, Elise could feel the sadness from her demeanor.

"What about we exchange phone numbers?" Elise passed her phone to her.

"No need for that." The woman's tone was gradually getting colder. "I am not an actress anymore. You get nothing out of knowing me."

However, Elise kept insisting, "But I want you to be my friend."

The woman turned to glance at her and as they looked into each other's eyes, she whipped out her phone and sent a friend request over.

Her ride happened to arrive right after that.

"I will be taking my leave. See you, if we ever get the chance." The woman indifferently threw out her goodbye before she got into the car and left.

Elise then took out her phone and as she looked at the account name of the friend request sent, she let out an amused smile. "Hennessy Zea... Interesting," she mumbled.

Winona directly brought the car in front of Elise. After she came to a stop, she said to Elise, "Come on, Elise."

With a nod, Elise entered the backseat of the car.

They soon came to a stop again when they arrived at a red light at a crossroad.

Winona suddenly started gossiping. “Elise, did you know that the woman from earlier was Hennessy Zea? She was an international movie star back in the day!”

“Is that so?” Elise wasn’t too surprised to hear this. She could tell from Hennessy’s vibe alone that the woman wasn’t a regular person.

“Mhm!” Winona gave a solemn nod. “I used to love her movies. It’s a pity that it was revealed she committed adultery and tax evasion when she was at the top of her career. She never made an appearance on screen anymore after that. Her ex-husband is still a famous actor now, but his acting is pretty mediocre. I wonder why he is still famous after all this time...”

Elise lightly nodded after hearing her words. “The entertainment industry is a rabbit hole. It is not easy to know what is right or wrong just from appearances alone.”

“You’re right. I still think Hennessy is her old, charismatic self when I saw her earlier. It doesn’t make sense to me, though. She doesn’t seem like the type to—”

Winona suddenly went quiet as she spoke, her eyes blankly staring to her left.

It took half a minute for Elise to realize that something was wrong. She lifted her gaze and saw that the traffic light had turned green, but Winona still didn’t start driving.

Sitting in the backseat, Elise was about to alert Winona when she saw something clearly from the corner of her eyes—a young man and a voluptuous woman were passionately kissing each other in the eye-catching red convertible on the west-to-east road on their left.

Elise and Winona were not close to the red car, but due to the streetlights and the angle the man and woman were in, they could make out the man’s face when the couple detached from each other to banter flirtatiously.

There was no one other than Craig who would do something like this.

Other than the fact that this was more extreme than last time, it was a sight all too familiar to Winona.

It was obvious that he had never paid attention to things regarding Winona. Because if he did, he would have noticed that the MPV that was parked at the junction was the one she had been driving everyday for the past few months.

A few minutes went by before the light turned red again and just like that, the red convertible was gone in a flash.

That satisfied and frivolous look of Craig's face was somehow deeply imprinted on Winona's mind.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 708

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 708-The silence that ensued felt very long.

Time seemed to pass in a blur before Winona finally came back to her senses. Still, she put on an unperturbed expression as though nothing had happened while she calmly sent Elise back home.

The two women who knew each other well didn't say a word throughout the journey.

However, Elise couldn't hold herself back any longer after she got out of the car. Walking to the car window, she said softly to Winona, "Be careful on your way back. You can call me anytime if there is something."

It was probably because of what Mica had to go through that Elise didn't dare intervene directly.

"I'm alright," Winona said with a bitter smile. She swiftly changed the topic by adding, "I might have to take a leave for tomorrow, though."

"It's fine. I'll be heading to Salt Stone City anyway. You can take a rest for as long as you need to, and you will still be paid your salary," Elise stated with a chuckle.

"Thank you, Elise."

Winona knew that this was Elise's way of consoling her after what she had also seen.

Still, she felt too weak to continue forcing a smile.

After an unnatural smile appeared on her pursed lips, she made a U-turn and drove off.

Elise only stood there by the roadside, an uneasy feeling in her chest as she watched the headlights of the car slowly being engulfed by the dark of the night.

...

Winona had only been driving for a while before she decided to give Craig a call.

“Hello, Winona? What is the matter?” His voice only came from the other end of the call when it was about to reach the voicemail.

She could tell from his unstable breathing that he must have just done some vigorous activity.

“I want to see you,” she stated coldly. “Tonight, in fact. I will be waiting for you at home.”

“Huh? Is this an emergency? I promised my bros I would stay up with them the whole night. I can’t just leav—” he started to give her an excuse, only for her to cut him off mid-sentence.

“I will be waiting for you at home no matter how late it gets.”

She immediately hung up after she said that.

That was when she finally couldn’t hold her emotions in anymore, and tears started falling down her cheeks.

Her tears had already dried up by the time she reached home.

After Winona went inside, she didn’t even turn on the lights before she blankly sat on the sofa without moving a muscle.

It was until the wee hours of the next morning when the sound of the house door being unlocked came from outside.

Craig pushed the door open and came in while yawning, and as he turned on the lights of the living room, he jumped in surprise when he saw Winona sitting there.

“Winona?” His startled expression swiftly recovered into a concerned one. “What are you doing here? Why aren’t you sleeping in the bedroom? It is all my fault. I couldn’t leave because they kept holding onto me.”

He sat beside her as he spoke and just as he was about to reach out to hug her, she quickly evaded him. “Don’t touch me,” she hissed.

Despite that, Craig shamelessly continued to try to inch closer to her. “Okay, okay. I am sorry, Winona. It is my fault. Don’t get angry, alright?”

“Did you not hear me when I said not to touch me?!” She suddenly roared as she jumped up from the sofa, shocking him in the process.

“What is wrong, Winona? Are you okay?”

“Don’t look at me with those eyes.” On top of not sleeping the whole night, Winona was hit by a sudden dizziness when she abruptly stood up. With her hand holding her head, she turned the other way and growled, “You are dirty.”

Hearing that, Craig tugged on the jacket he had on and sniffed. He smelled like he had soaked himself in alcohol and smoke. “Oh, my bad! I will go take a shower, and then I will go to bed with you for a good night’s rest.”

“There’s no need!” Winona stopped him. “There are things that won’t be clean no matter how many times you wash them. Tell me—how long have you been doing this?”

“What do you mean by ‘how long’?” Craig continued to play the part of a loving boyfriend. “Don’t do this, Winona. It hurts me to see you like this.”

She was starting to feel nauseous with every word he spouted. “Just stop. Let’s break up. I have packed up all your stuff and left them at the front door. You can leave my home after you take them with you. Let’s end this peacefully for old time’s sake.”

“What? You want to break up with me? But I don’t want that!” Disappointed, Craig started putting on a pitiful act as his face fell. “I know that I shouldn’t go out and have fun with my friends because I have no income now. I might look like I am not serious about my work, but I only wanted to get my excess energy out of my system so I don’t burden you with my emotions. Regardless, I love you. I will not allow us to break up. You will know that I am not a hopeless case by the time I get back on track again.”

Same meaning, different words. Winona had heard these no less than 10 times now.

She would always end up with hot tears in her eyes whenever Craig spewed his nonsense in the past. Their quarrels would come to a resolution with her wiping away her tears as she envisioned the beautiful future awaiting them. Today, however, his words felt extra piercing on her eardrums.

With her face drained of its color, she scoffed as she turned back and looked at him with eyes full of disdain. “You make it sound like I am the one who is putting pressure on you. Does this mean that I was the one who forced you to go to that rich woman? That I was the one who grabbed you by the head and pressed your lips against hers? Or that I pointed a gun at you and made you get into her bed with her?!”

Craig immediately felt like he had been struck by thunder. “H-How did you know?”

Without waiting for her answer, he blurted out, “It was Jack Griffith, wasn’t it? Was he the one who told you these? How could you believe his words, Winona? It is not like you don’t know how he got me blacklisted in the industry. That man must have had ulterior motives for telling you these lies. You can’t—”

“Enough!” She didn’t give him the chance to finish his words. “It was not Mr. Jack. It was me. I saw you with my own eyes just now! I saw you driving that woman’s luxury car, and you even kissed her without a care on the street. You disgust me, Craig Baker!” Craig fell silent when he couldn’t find another word to say.

However, the rich woman was only someone he wanted to be with for the moment. Winona, on the other hand, was his gateway to endless opportunities in the future. He couldn’t possibly let go of this coattail he had been riding on.

A loud thud could be heard when he dropped on his knees to the floor. “I admit it was my fault. I won’t do this anymore. I don’t even know why I did it. They were the ones who came to me first. I had no choice... I... Right... I am sure it was Jack Griffith who got those people to frame me. He is trying to ruin me. You have to help me, Winona!” Looking at how unashamed Craig was behaving, Winona suddenly started wondering if she had been blind in the past. That was the only plausible reason she could have fallen for such a man.

She coldly stared into the air, and not a trace of sympathy could be found on her face or her voice when she spoke again. “It doesn’t matter if anyone is helping or compromising with you. You have to be responsible for your own choices. I will pretend I didn’t see you today. There is nothing more between us from now onward. Leave the house key. You can go after that.”

The expression on Craig’s face froze and his jaw dropped, seemingly in disbelief.

“Winona Jennings, are you really going to be so ruthless to me?”

She didn’t give him a reply.

Silence was the best answer.

Craig was still a man no matter what. He couldn’t possibly cry and whine like a woman would. He finally put down the key and with his luggage in tow, he left Winona’s place. Winona passed out as soon as he had stepped out the door.

...

Elise gave Winona a call before she got on the plane, only for it to go unanswered. Alexander, who was beside Elise, reminded her, “Let’s go. It is time for us to board.” “Coming!”

Still worried about her manager, Elise quickly sent Jack a message via WhatsApp. ‘Winona found out about Craig. I can’t get through her phone. I am worried that something happened to her. Please head to her house and make sure that she is alright.’

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 709

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 709-It took 30 minutes before Jack finally arrived at Winona’s house.

When she didn’t come to the door after he pressed the doorbell twice, he reached out and attempted to turn the doorknob.

Click! Click!

“Are you home, Winona?”

Click! Click!

“Winona!”

Despite all the noise he was making, there was still no response from behind the door.

He took out his phone and called her again, and he could hear the ringtone coming from inside after the call got connected.

That was the confirmation he needed to know that Winona was at home after all. He then immediately kept his phone before putting all his force into slamming his body against the door.

The door frame seemed to loosen by the second time he did that.

Seeing this, Jack took a few steps backward, and used his momentum from a quick run toward the door to try to knock the door down.

He managed to get it open this time.

His inertia kept him going for a bit until he stood there with his feet firmly planted on the floor. It was then that he saw Winona lying on the floor.

“Winona? Winona!” He ran over and supported her, only for her to remain motionless with her eyes tightly shut.

He then quickly carried her in his arms as he rushed out the door.

However, the elevator stayed on the 22nd floor no matter how long he seemed to wait.

Thirty seconds had passed by the time he was too concerned to continue waiting, so he headed straight to the emergency exit while still carrying her.

Jack didn't stop once to take a breather as he ran all the way to the first floor from the 18th floor they were at.

Just as they had reached downstairs, a weak voice softly called out from his chest area.

“Mr. Jack?”

The man was huffing and puffing for air, but as soon as he heard his name being called, he gradually slowed down his strides and lowered his head at the same time Winona weakly looked up at him with a meek gaze.

It was just a simple look she was giving him, and yet he immediately came to a stop on the spot when he looked at her.

“I am famished.” The woman blinked innocently. “Did you bring cake for me?”

He almost laughed out loud when he heard that, but he stayed calm as he reprimanded her, “You fainted, but you are still thinking about eating?”

“It’s nothing serious. I have low blood sugar. I occasionally get lightheaded when I don’t eat. I will be fine after I take something,” she assured while giving him an exhausted smile.

He sighed after she said that. “So do you want to eat or go home for now?”

“I want to eat something,” she said. “I want to eat lamb soup from the breakfast restaurant by the entrance of the residential area.”

“What a glutton,” Jack casually remarked as he subconsciously headed toward the restaurant with her still in his arms.

“Uh...” Winona lightly tugged on his jacket. “I... I can walk on my own.”

Upon realizing the situation, he quickly placed her feet first on the ground.

He swiftly tidied himself up a little bit, and that was all it took for him to look like the exquisite man that he was.

Winona, however, was still wearing her work clothes from yesterday. Not only was her hair frizzy and dry, her skin also looked terrible.

“Let’s go.” She only brushed out the wrinkles on her clothes before she started marching forward in long steps.

She hadn’t even taken her first step when Jack grabbed her by the collar, stopping her from going anywhere.

“Woah!” She almost fell as she stumbled. “Aren’t we going to get food?”

“Even ghosts would hide from you if they were to see you in your current state. How is my sister-in-law supposed to not feel ashamed if someone took a photo of you now and posted it online?” Jack even made a disdainful face at her.

Winona combed her fingers through her hair, and when she imagined how she looked like now, all of her thoughts of going outside instantly vanished.

Still, she craved the lamb soup from that specific shop. They always stop selling after the afternoon, which meant she would have to wait until tomorrow for it.

But going out with her current appearance would definitely make news that would be harmful to Elise's reputation.

She suddenly couldn't decide what she should do now.

The man almost laughed as he looked at her having an inner debate with herself. "Are you actually hesitating between Elise's reputation and a bowl of lamb soup?"

Winona scratched the back of her head as she lowered her chin.

It wasn't like she wanted to have this kind of conflict. She was just so hungry! Not only that, they were talking about the lamb soup!

The man could only let out another sigh as he conceded, "Go home. Remove your makeup and wash your face, then wait for me."

As Jack abruptly tossed out that one sentence, he turned around, showing her his handsome back as he headed in the direction she mentioned.

"Thank you, Mr. Jack!"

It was in that instant Winona decided that she, too, wanted to be Jack's diehard fan from today onward!

After half an hour, she held in her hands a disposable lunch box as she gulped down the last mouthful of lamb soup before she let out a satisfied sigh.

"Yummy! If only I could have another bowl..."

Jack's eyebrows lifted out of amusement at that, but he still complained, "You still aren't full even though I added extra meat for you? Aren't you afraid you will ruin your stomach? I also went and got the restaurant owner's phone number just now; should I tell him to deliver us another bowl?"

"No, it is fine," Winona said with her lips pursed while shaking her head. "You know how good things won't feel so good anymore once you overdo it? One bowl is enough for me. I will look forward to it next time if I keep it at one bowl."

"Alright." Jack didn't insist, and proceeded to get into a more comfortable sitting position and pretended to joke, "I heard that someone is brokenhearted."

He already had an odd feeling when Elise sent him the message this morning. He could guess that that was the case after seeing Winona in such a terrible state.

Presently, Winona only pressed her lips together and lowered her head.

Silence seemed like it was the best answer an adult could give.

Being the ever-observant man that he was, Jack didn't press for an answer. "Now that's better," he nonchalantly commented with a brisk smile. "What good is a love affair anyway? If you put your heart and soul into working for Elise, I promise you a lifetime of eating different good food!"

"Alright!" Winona cheered.

As the conversation came to an end, they both gradually realized that something felt a little out of place. They then fell silent as they turned to look in different directions.

The air was getting intimate by the second, but neither one of them said or did anything to break the atmosphere.

After all, this situation was a special case.

It was always easy for a heartbroken woman and a single man to get into an entanglement.

However, they knew for sure that they would realize that they had only acted impulsively once their minds were clear.

At least, this was what was going through Winona's head.

...

There was a place in Salt Stone City where water could be seen for miles right after opening the window.

For Elise who grew up in Northwest, she had always found a sense of longing for canal towns.

After the tourists around the area had returned to their lodging at night, she took the chance to go on a stroll at the alley near the body of water with Alexander.

Every river and bridge here was something that was worthy of admiration to her.

They kept walking in the direction where the moon hung high, until they were in a deeper part of town.

Just as they were passing through a narrow alley, a cowering figure suddenly popped out from the side and fell in front of them.

Elise quickly bent down to look at the person's face illuminated by moonlight—it was the champion from the Calligraphy Contest not long ago, Abby Mellor.

She then turned to Alexander and urged, "I know her."

It took him a mere second to understand what she was saying, and he picked Abby up and slung her arm across his shoulders to support her. Elise hurried forward and helped him with it as well. The two then proceeded to work hand in hand to bring Abby to the nearest hospital.

After an emergency treatment was administered, Abby finally regained consciousness and she slowly opened her eyes.

"What happened?" Elise calmly asked, only for Abby's tears to roll along the corners of her eyes before she even uttered a reply. Certain spots on the pillow underneath her head had turned wet as she babbled, "My stepmother... She didn't believe me when I said I would rebuild the Mellor Family. She took a ten million dowry in exchange for my hand in marriage with a 60-year-old man. I'm only 17 years old. I didn't agree to it, so I put up a fight. She beat me up because of that..."

Learning about the unjust, Elise immediately exploded in anger and roared, "You can totally make a police report! What right does she have to control your life when you are legally the heiress of the Mellor Family?!"

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 710

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 710-Abby shook her head in despair as she cried, "It is useless. It is written in my father's will that all the inheritance is to be handled by my stepmother before I come to age. She already came up with an excuse this time I came home that she lost all the money, and that she won't give me a penny!"

"This must have been hard on you." Elise knew exactly how helpless it felt to not have someone to rely on.

Abby finally broke out in tears, either because she was moved, or because she felt helpless.

Feeling upset as she watched Abby, Elise turned to throw a glance at Alexander before she turned to look at Abby again. She then gently placed her hand over the back of Abby's palm. "I won't turn a blind eye against this. You are my student, after all. That means I am your teacher for life. Go ahead and take a rest. I will bring you home to take back what is rightfully yours when you are feeling better."

"Miss Sinclair..." Abby didn't know what to say despite how grateful she was, so she started to get up to give her teacher a respectful bow when Elise stopped her.

"Alright, alright. There's no need to do this for appearance's sake." Elise firmly pressed down on her. "You better make sure you stay alive. I won't have a legitimate reason to help if you die. All of the hardships you have to endure now would go to waste then."

"I understand," Abby replied as she sniffled. "I will make sure I recover. You are my role model, Miss Sinclair. I am sure I will be able to stand on my own one day!"

"And I believe you will." Elise lightly patted Abby on her arm as she added gently, "It is late now. Go ahead and sleep. Rest up!"

Elise seemed a little absent-minded after coming out of the hospital.

Noticing this, Alexander joked, "Weren't you just giving out advice like a proper adult earlier? Why are you the one being down in the dumps now?"

"I am not unhappy." She looked up at the moon and let out a long sigh. "I am just thinking that there are too many sufferings in this world. I'm a mess as well, but I can't seem to get used to watching people suffer."

He raised his hand and caressed her on her head. "This is probably why God gave you so many talents. You have never been arrogant and you empathize with others. You have no idea the warmth you bring to this world with your presence alone."

Elise felt like a cat when he gently did that. Her mood, too, somehow got a lot better after that.

This was probably because of the hormones released—like how cats felt when they were petted.

"Aren't you a sweet talker today, Mr. Griffith?" she teased.

"You're right. Do you know why?" He swiftly scooped her into his embrace.

Seeing him playing along with her, she smilingly looked up at him and asked, "Why?"

"Because..." Alexander lowered his head and, out of nowhere, pecked her on her cupid's bow. His gaze was utterly gentle when he murmured, "Cos you are sweet."

...

Under the 10-square-meter iron shed in Salt Stone City's mine were piles of freshly mined jadeite rough stones.

Alexander, who had Kenneth's mask on, and Elise stood beside the stones. The pillar in the middle was their dividing line that separated the stones into two piles.

"I am picking the one on the left, and you take the right one. The victor is whoever picks out a Peculiar Jadeite first, or the most Peculiar Jadeite within 10 minutes," Elise confidently announced the rules of the competition.

Alexander folded his hands on his chest and raised his left eyebrow at that. "Mrs. Griffith, do you think it is fair when there are obviously more stones on your side than mine?"

The corners of Elise's lips curled, and she puffed her chest out as she turned to look at him. "Are you sure you want to talk about fairness with your wife, Mr. Griffith?"

"Alright, alright." He could only let out a resigned sigh. "I am not going to win anyway..."

However, the competition ended with a tie between the two who found two Peculiar Jadeite each.

"We have managed to find four Peculiar Jadeite in just this pile of rough stones. I wonder how many more are there in the unexplored mines. It seems that the effect of radiation is getting more and more widespread. It is probably time to properly inspect Salt Stone City."

Looking at the mine in the distance, Elise and Alexander fell into contemplation while holding the Peculiar Jadeite in their hands.

...

Alexander headed to another mining area for some business dealings when night fell.

Having nothing better to do, Elise went on a stroll around town, where she randomly entered a bistro for a relaxing night out.

Her glass of alcoholic beverage was served at the same time a bar singer went on stage.

She picked up her glass but as soon as her eyes fell on the stage, she immediately placed it back down on the table.

She couldn't believe how she was meeting one acquaintance after another in this small city.

The stage only held one woman, who was holding an electric guitar and singing soulfully. Her every movement and expression perfectly interpreted all the emotions the song was conveying.

The woman sang a total of two songs and by the end of her performance, she bowed to thank the audience before she began to pack her things.

However, a male guest swayed his way to the stage with a wine glass in his hand right at this moment, as if to invite her to drink.

"My job is to sing. I don't do escorting. I apologize, as I can't accept your drink," the woman insisted stubbornly despite the man being intimidating.

Upon rejection, the man swiftly threw the alcohol at her and started making a commotion, as though he was ready to get physical with her.

Luckily, the owner of the establishment realized it just in time, and he got his men to step forward and stop the drunkard. It took them a good amount of appeasing him to finally calm him down.

The woman, however, was done packing up, and had left without apologizing nor asking for an apology. It was as though nothing out of the norm had happened.

Elise quickly went after the woman and when she caught up to her, Elise saw that the woman was tying her guitar to a motorcycle.

Elise walked over and passed her a piece of tissue paper she coincidentally had on her.

The woman only glanced at her indifferently before she lowered her gaze and continued to fix her guitar on her motorcycle.

Seeing this, Elise took the tissue back and, as if talking to herself, she commented, "Hennessy Zea, an international movie star and an all-rounder artist who had a bright future ahead. You got married to Sheamus Gawin, the movie king then when you were at the top of your game. That marriage, however, ended in rumors that destroyed your career, and you have never been able to get back on your feet. The victim somehow became the instigator instead." Elise then added a brief question, "Did I get it right?"

Hennessy's hands stopped moving after she heard all that. She leaned against her motorcycle, and rather nonchalantly asked in return, "You had me investigated?"

“You could say that.” Elise turned in Hennessy’s direction to look at her face-to-face. “But I can’t help but wonder—why did you so easily believe a man like Sheamus Gawin?”

“This is my private matter. It has nothing to do with you.” Hennessy seemed reluctant to talk about the man.

“Bien, it is your freedom to not tell me.” Elise walked over and handed Hennessy a business card. “This is the reason I came to you. You can call and mention my name anytime you feel like you can contribute in some way. I promise you a spectacular remuneration in return.”

Right as Elise finished her words, Alexander had arrived to pick her up by the roadside across.

Elise waved her hand at him when he sounded the car horn, and she seemed to say something else to Hennessy before Elise crossed the road and got into the passenger’s seat of Alexander’s car.

“What has gotten you so happy?” He massaged her on the crown of her head like it was a furry ball.

“How can I not be happy when I found my trump card?” she cheered.

“But she didn’t seem like she was eager to bother with you.” The man was more realistic than she was.

It was a fact that Hennessy had a naturally cold face. It happened to be the type that was all the rage as of now.

“Just you wait and see.” Elise looked ahead with an unwavering gaze. “She will definitely come to me.”

There was no way someone who was still so passionate about music would allow themselves to die and rot away in an obscure corner.

Recommended Novels