

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 731

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 731-“Okay, okay.” Narissa stood between Jamie and Lucas. Then, she lightly said to Lucas, “I don’t want to postpone it either, as it’s too troublesome. However, we can increase the stake. The loser runs around the track naked; how about it?”

Lucas showed a wretched smile. “Okay, little beauty. Since you said that, I can’t wait to start the game.” Then, he said to his driver, “Did you hear that? If you want to see whether she has a good figure, you must do your best.”

“Don’t worry, I will let everyone have a good look at it.” The driver was confident.

Jamie quickly pulled Narissa aside. “Why didn’t you discuss this with me before agreeing? You know what? Forget it. Since we’ve done it, I can only bite the bullet. I’m fine with being naked. However, you will be in danger if you ever fall into the hands of the pervert, Lucas. You must find a chance to sneak away when the game starts.”

Narissa calmly listened to Jamie’s nagging before she smiled. “You’re actually kind, you know?”

“Actually, you say? I’ve always been kind,” Jamie instinctively retorted.

Behind them, Lucas urged impatiently, “Why are you dilly-dallying? Are you ready or not?”

As Jamie turned his head, Narissa passed by him and greeted Lucas. “Yes. I will join the game too.”

“You?” Lucas showed a meaningful smile. “It seems that you can’t wait to let everyone look at your naked body.”

“Of course. It would be a waste to keep my good figure without someone to praise it.” Narissa was immune to the provocation. “Let’s get on the track now.”

Lucas’s expression turned dark as he didn’t get the reaction he wanted. He turned his head and gave the driver a wink, and the latter drove the car to the track.

Narissa then walked to her heavy motorcycle, drove it over, and parked alongside the opponent’s racing car.

“What are you doing?” Lucas scolded with irritation, “We are racing with a modified racing car, but you’re racing with two wheels?!”

“What’s the matter? You can change the driver, but we can’t change the type of automobile?” Although Jamie didn’t know what Narissa was doing, his experience told him he should just trust her. “Narissa can still crush you even if she drives a tractor!”

Narissa was not amused.

What tractor?!

She straddled the motorcycle and clenched the brakes as she growled, “It’s rude to say this, but I only need two wheels to win against you.”

“F*cker!” Lucas was utterly angered, but he quickly laughed. “Fine, I’ll fulfill your wish if you want to lose. Don’t accuse me of bullying you with a four-wheeled car when you lose!”

“Save the talk for when you win.” Narissa put on her helmet, and her aura burst into full force instantly.

Even Jamie could only silently scoot to one side.

Soon, the track was cleared, and the race officially entered the countdown.

“Ten, nine, eight, seven... one!”

The flag was waved, and Narissa’s motorcycle flew like an arrow. With a vroom, it disappeared from everyone’s sight.

Lucas’ driver followed closely behind.

Both chased each other on the straight road and did not give way to one another. However, when entering the mountainous road, the shortcomings of the four-wheel drive began to be revealed.

Although the motorcycle had only two wheels, it was light and compact. So, it could retain the usual speed when cornering. On the other hand, the four-wheel drive needed to slow down in advance. The car slowed down frequently as there were more than a dozen curves on the mountain. Narissa, who initially fell behind, was already far ahead.

In the end, Narissa was the first to cross the finish line.

It was after a minute only then did the car arrive.

Narissa took off her helmet and let out a sigh of relief. Just as she calmed down, Jamie suddenly rushed over. Hugging her, he shook her vigorously. “Bro, you’re so strong! Besides Boss, you have the best racing skills ever!”

Lucas was bearing a grudge since the start of the game. Now, he couldn't take it anymore as he saw how happy they were.

She must be a super racer! She pretended to be ignorant and tricked me into doubling down.

Narissa was a wolf in sheep's clothing. It was the same trick back in the hotel. Lucas remembered when his friends were teasing him with the magazine, and he gritted his teeth. "You b*stard! You are playing with me!"

Hearing this, Jamie turned around and put his hands in his pockets, his expression turning serious. "What are you talking about? Are you trying to take your words back? Everyone, look at him—this is Young Master Lucas from the Potter Family. He is a sore loser!"

The audience immediately booed at Lucas.

"Young Master Lucas, you must admit defeat! I'm waiting to see your naked performance!"

"Yeah, let us see your good figure too!"

Lucas became angrier and slowly clenched his fists. "Yeah, I am a sore loser! Attack them!"

Upon hearing that, men from Lucas' gang jumped over the guardrail and rushed toward Jamie.

Jamie was ready to take on the challenge, and he pushed Narissa behind him. "When the fight starts, you must run away. Don't worry about me. I'm a Keller, so they won't dare to do anything to me."

The moment he said that, someone grabbed him by the collar and pushed him away.

Jamie staggered back and watched Narissa rush forward. She then kicked Lucas and sent him flying, before she spun around to hop onto the motorcycle and start the engine.

"Get on!" Narissa shouted in a commanding tone.

Jamie didn't think much and jumped in the back seat.

Almost immediately, Narissa released the clutch and quickly drove down the mountain.

Although Lucas and his gang chased after Jamie and Narissa for a long distance, they were eventually left far behind.

Jamie proudly grinned and turned his head, only to find that his hand was on Narissa's waist.

He was stunned as he looked at the slender waist. Realizing Narissa was a female, he hurriedly pulled his hand away.

However, there was a turn. Narissa slowed down the motorcycle, so Jamie fell forward under inertia and instinctively grabbed her waist with both hands.

The man was instantly stunned and he hurriedly sat up straight, thereafter putting his hands on the armrest of the back seat to grab the only iron piece. He did not dare to relax even for a moment.

God, I'm not trying to take advantage of Narissa!

It was an accident! Just an accident!

Oh, Jamie Keller, you and Narissa are good buddies. How can you be such a beast?!

No looking and no touching. Goodness!

Jamie shook his head vigorously and finally calmed down.

As the Griffiths were going to have a rare dinner together, the film crew suddenly announced that the first guest had arrived.

Everyone hurriedly put down the tableware to greet the guest.

Soon, a tall and smiling girl walked in with a suitcase.

The moment Brendan saw the girl, his calm expression froze.

"Hello, I'm Yuri Fox. I'll be in your care in the next few days."

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 732

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 732-"Welcome!"

Everyone other than Brendan was enthusiastic.

Yuri's gaze swept across the crowd and when her eyes landed on him, it lingered for a long second as she nodded to greet him.

However, he didn't have much change to his expression other than the slight frown on his face. He seemed as though he was in deep thought.

Madeline used to have a favorable impression of Yuri after learning about her in advance. From the information that Madeline had received, it seemed like Yuri, who grew up abroad, was a renowned fashion designer with parents who were both lecturers.

Now that Madeline saw Yuri and Brendan throwing looks at each other, she immediately nodded and let out a relieved smile.

Good. Another one of my sons has finally enlightened as well! Hold on! Madeline stopped herself. What do I mean 'as well'?

Although Alexander's enlightenment wasn't satisfactory in the least, it was a reality that she had no way of changing. Madeline could only try her best to match Brendan and Yuri together.

There should be at least one son whose marriage she could be satisfied with, right?

With this in mind, she intimately linked her arm with Yuri as they headed to the restaurant. "I am sure you haven't eaten, Miss Fox. We were just about to start. Would you care to join us, if it isn't too much to ask?"

"Of course not! I love a lively atmosphere," Yuri replied with a warm and friendly smile on her face.

Finding Yuri easy to get along with, the Griffiths did their best to accommodate her as they enjoyed the meal together. Their hospitality was not unnoticed by Yuri either as they sat together to have dessert after dinner.

Jack was the one who brought it over and had it kept in the refrigerator. After Madeline saw it when she went and took the fruits, she took it upon herself to take it with her as well.

There initially were eight slices of cake with two slices left because Elise and Yuri didn't want their share in order to watch their figure. Jack had also rejected it when the cake was offered to him.

"This cake is delicious." Madeline was in a good mood tonight. After she finished her own slice, her eyes shifted to the last one on the table. "Are you sure you don't want the cake, Jack? I will have it, then."

He didn't have much of a reaction on the surface, but he soon discreetly lowered his gaze and observed, "Experts say that the human body absorbs sugar at a much higher

rate in the mornings compared to at night. Eating too much sweet food will speed up the aging of the skin.”

Hearing this, Madeline came to a halt and only her eyes moved as they shifted between the cake and her son. She finally decided to put down the slice of cake, after which she turned around to chat with Yuri.

After a while, he voluntarily stood up to clear the table. “Carry on with your conversation. I will clear the dishes.”

Jack, who rarely participated in variety shows, always showed his glamorous side only whenever he made an appearance onscreen. The film crew couldn't help but do more takes of him being a homely man.

And so, the videographer followed him even when he headed into the kitchen.

It was enough to annoy Jack, but he managed to keep his temper at bay until the filming was complete. Then, he quickly called Winona to the kitchen when no one was around.

“Mr. Jack? Do you need me for something?” she asked innocently.

He leaned against the side of the counter top as his gaze drifted to the middle of the counter. “There's only one piece of cake left. Go ahead and have it.”

A confused Winona turned to look at him before a pure smile appeared on her face. “That's not very nice of you, Mr. Jack. Are you trying to make me gain weight instead of your mother?”

Jack frowned upon hearing that. “Will you have it or not?”

“I will!” She cheered. “Of course I am going to eat it. I am not worried about gaining weight!”

She picked up the cake as she said that. The instant she sent a bite into her mouth with a fork, she smiled contentedly and praised, “This is too good!”

Her shoulders seemed to quiver when she looked at him and her eyes were full of admiration. “How do you manage to find such yummy desserts everytime, Mr. Jack?”

“I have my ways,” he boasted with a proud face. “Wouldn't everyone be able to be me if just anyone could find these desserts?”

“True.” Winona nodded in agreement. “No one can ever take your place.”

“To you as well?” Jack asked suddenly.

"Huh?" Winona's face froze and she swiftly tried to brush off the air of awkwardness. "Of course. I am your fan now, Mr. Jack!"

"I should thank you for admiring me, then." His words were spoken in a way that she couldn't tell what he was feeling.

Now that she was starting to feel uncomfortable, she didn't reply to him, and only quietly finished her cake before she said goodbye and left.

As Jack stood alone in the kitchen, he looked over to the empty plate on the counter top, and the light in his eyes dimmed slightly.

...

Brendan found it hard to fall asleep even when it was late at night, hours after the dinner. With a bathrobe covering his body, he went to the balcony for fresh air. It was less than two minutes later that Yuri also came out to stand on the balcony beside him.

After she gave him a faint smile, she walked over to the railing and placed her hands there, thereafter taking a deep breath. Her exquisite yet delicate face seemed to look even smoother and fairer under the moonlight.

The silence dragged on for a long while. He broke the silence first by asking her a question.

"Why did you come back?"

Hearing that, Yuri lifted her chin and kept her focus on the moon hanging in the night sky. She then replied nonchalantly, "Because I wanted to."

"You are still coming and going as you please. You are still as self-centered as you always were, aren't you?" Brendan sounded as though he was sulking when he said this.

She lowered her head and turned to look at him. "You are still angry at me," she noted.

It was more of a statement than a question, to which he didn't deny.

Yuri sighed when she didn't get an answer from him. "All those things happened in the past. We are adults now. We should be looking ahead."

"Yes. You are right. I know d*mn well how good you are at letting go of the past. I don't need you to remind me!" At that point, Brendan was slowly losing control of his emotions.

At that, Yuri commented, “Anyhow, I am only here under the show’s arrangement. Just think of me as any other guest, okay?”

“Guest? Fine. Remember your words.” He only threw out that sentence before he turned around and went back into his bedroom.

She looked at the moon that was out of reach again as she stood under the night sky, her gaze gradually staring into the distance.

Alas, she could never go back in time.

...

When the next morning came, an absent-minded Danny sat on the table as he let out a yawn. Out of nowhere, Brendan brought out a massive bowl made of stainless steel and placed it on the table.

Strictly speaking, it was more of a basin than a bowl. Its diameter alone was about that of four bowls.

Danny was in the middle of yawning when he was caught by surprise. “What are you doing?” he asked.

“Mind your own business,” Brendan chided as he crossed his arms over his chest.

After hearing that, Danny intentionally picked a fight with him. “I am just curious as to when the talented designer from our family has turned into a pig.”

Brendan only narrowed his eyes and turned away without saying another word.

After a while, Elise brought some freshly cooked dumplings to the table.

As soon as he saw that, he immediately brought his basin in front of her and said, “My darling sister-in-law, I will have a bowl, please. Just one bowl is enough for me.”

Saliva almost came sputtering out of Danny’s mouth. “Are you crazy? Are you really eating so much?! What are we supposed to eat if you finish the whole thing?”

Brendan didn’t seem to have any intention of answering his brother as he proceeded to roll his eyes at him.

Elise could only sigh before she gave Brendan a little bit more than his usual portion.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 733

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 733-“Thank you, Elise.”

After Brendan gave his thanks, he hugged the basin and started peacefully eating.

Danny reacted by disdainfully rolling his eyes at Brendan before he took his own bowl, and with a ladle, scooped a dumpling into his mouth.

His eyes immediately widened, and he kept rolling his eyes at Brendan as he aggressively cursed at Brendan while still holding onto his bowl.

D*mn b*stard! How could you hide such delicious home-cooked breakfast from me?!

Just you wait and see, Brendan Griffith. I won't let you have even one bite of the breakfast tomorrow!

From afar, Madeline had noticed Brendan and Danny gulping down their food. As soon as she sat down, she started finding fault with Elise on purpose. “Just look at you! You should have prepared a simpler breakfast. Look at how they are practically inhaling the food. This is a bad habit to have!”

It was Elise's turn to look helpless. “But this is the simplest breakfast I could think of,” she objected.

And it really was. With the meat filling prepared the night before, all she had to do was wrap it up in dumpling skins, toss them into a pot, and scoop them out when they were cooked. There was no recipe simpler than this.

A look of impatience appeared across Madeline's face when she heard Elise's reply, and the older woman reprimanded, “Just listen to what your mother-in-law says. Don't you know what it means to respect your elders?”

Before Elise could speak, Danny quickly interrupted, “Jeez, Mom! Can you please not nag so early in the morning? Isn't it nice to have a quiet meal?”

After all, where was he supposed to beg for a meal if Elise didn't want to prepare breakfast anymore because of Madeline's words?

Madeline unhappily smacked her lips together and when she suddenly thought of something, she started chewing him out instead. “I haven't even asked you why you didn't come home that night, young man.”

Danny's face immediately froze at that, and he swiftly lowered his head while putting on a dumb act. “Which night are you talking about? I don't remember.”

“It was just two days ago.” Madeline relentlessly questioned him, her wary eyes staring at him. “Spit it out. Are you messing around outside without me knowing?”

“Gosh, what are you talking about? Of course not!” Danny denied rather guiltily.

“That is good, then.” She nodded slightly. “Your brother’s ‘accident’ was enough. I don’t think I can stand it if another one of you were to do the same thing.”

Alexander opened his mouth and tried to argue, but Elise stopped him just in time.

She had already accepted the fact that this was how Madeline had spoken all her life. It wasn’t something that anyone could change. As a younger person, the least Elise could do was to let it go. That way, they could avoid having conflicts with one another.

“Your mother is right,” Adam said as he bit into his dumpling. “Just bring your girlfriend home if you have one. We can discuss on a date to have a meeting between the parents then. Don’t be like your eldest brother. He made our family look like one who doesn’t have manners.”

Madeline had only intended to ridicule Elise for having a marriage unapproved by the parents but with Adam’s unnecessary input, he somehow managed to put the blame on the whole of the Griffith household.

With that, Madeline angrily threw him a look, only for the man to not notice the change in his wife’s mood. In that instant, it was as though she was trying to break a plate, only to realize that it was made of soft plastic.

“Don’t worry, Dad!” Danny gloatingly laughed. “I will immediately bring my girlfriend back as soon as I get one.”

Nodding, Adam grunted and as if remembering something, he turned his head and said lightly, “Just one thing—be more careful when it comes to ‘that’.”

“What is ‘that’?” Danny only realized what his father meant after he blurted out his question. With his cheeks suddenly flushed red, he immediately stood up. “I’m full. There is something I need to do at the company. See you all later!”

He bolted out of the room after saying that.

Yuri only came downstairs for breakfast then.

Seeing her, Madeline warmly invited her over as she pulled the chair beside her. “Come, Yuri. Have a seat here.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Griffith.” She sat down with a smile.

“What are you waiting for, Elise? Hurry up and bring Yuri a bowl of dumplings,” Madeline instructed.

“Alright.” Elise took a bowl and headed toward the pot, only to see that it was already empty.

Brendan put down his “basin” at this time, and calmly let out a burp before he turned to look at Yuri and stated, “Oh—excuse me. This is how it is in our house. You won’t get your share if you are here late. Be mindful of this next time, okay?”

“Brendan Griffith!” Madeline glared at him with sharp eyes. “What nonsense are you spouting?!”

This punk! Why would he do something like this when Yuri is obviously interested in him? Is he trying to keep her away?!

Instead of getting angry, Yuri let out a smile as she mused, “You don’t look like someone with a big appetite, Mr. Brendan. You sure can eat, though.”

“Yeah, nothing is as simple as it looks,” he taunted. “There are too many things about me that you don’t know the truth about.”

“What a jokester you are, Mr. Brandon,” Yuri replied with a small smile on her face as she grabbed a piece of toast and slowly chewed.

Watching the silent war going on between the two in front of her, Madeline couldn’t help but feel so upset she lost her appetite.

Dear God, just what are you punishing me for?! she cried silently. Why do all my sons seem like they are soft in the head? Why would you let a woman like Elise be pampered while you push aside a girl who possesses both beauty and brains, and comes from a good background?

At this rate, it seemed like Madeline’s dream of making Yuri her daughter-in-law would forever only stay as a dream.

At 1PM, Abby came to an elegant-looking house according to the address given to her by Elise.

The decoration here was simple. The overall structure and furniture of the house were made of dried bamboo. She also noticed the ink paintings on the wall and a pot of daffodils on the coffee table, which gave the place a touch of life.

When she heard footsteps, Abby turned around and she saw a beautiful figure slowly walking out from behind a bamboo screen.

Abby immediately held her hands in front of her and bent her upper body to give a respectful bow. "Greetings, Master. I am here to learn embroidery under the recommendation of Miss Elise Sinclair."

"I am aware of the situation. I will be teaching you for two hours every noon from now on. I hope it will benefit you in some way." The master who hid behind the screen had the charming voice of a mature woman.

"Thank you, Master!" Abby sincerely gave her gratitude.

"We shall begin, then."

However, Abby remained unmoving in that position.

"Yes? Is there something else?" the older woman asked indifferently. "Do speak. I do not like people who beat around the bush."

"Yes." Abby's bowed head dropped further. "Master, I would like to make a request. If I can't get better than you in embroidery, could you possibly take my place and fight for Cittadel's glory?"

"You are thinking of relying on others before you have even tried?" The master's tone turned sharp and she stood up angrily. "I sure do not have such a spineless person as my student."

"No, Master. I am just... I am afraid I can't live up to everyone's expectations. I might lose my will to live if I were to lose and dishonor Cittadel." Abby's tone was sincere as her eyes turned red.

Hearing this, the master asked her, "Do you fear death?"

"I do not," Abby firmly replied.

"What else could you be afraid of then, if you do not fear even death itself?" The master boomed, "I will not agree with your request. I want you to know that you have no way out of this. Your failure to learn will lead to the ruins of both the Mellor Family and Cittadel."

At that point, Abby dropped to her knees. "I will do my best. I will not let you down, Master!"

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 734

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 734-A few days later, Alexander was sitting in front of his desk at the headquarters of Smith Co. as he gazed at Elise, who was sitting on the sofa. "You have stubbornly and persistently gone out in the afternoon these days. Where did you get the time to come pay me a visit today?" he teased.

Elise then answered with a smile, "Of course I am here because I need to trouble you with something. I have an ulterior motive."

"You are making me hope you would have more troubles you need my help to solve." Alexander sounded like he was joking.

"Are our current troubles not enough for you?"

Hearing her complain, he let out a low chuckle. "I am not scared of troubles. The only thing that scares me is not being able to see my wife."

At that point, a series of knocks came from outside the office door.

"Come in." Alexander fixed his playful expression, and it soon returned to its usually stern one.

Melody's female assistant was the one who walked in as soon as the door opened.

"Mr. Bailey," the assistant placed a set of documents on Alexander's table. "Miss Melody says that your signature is needed on this document."

Alexander picked up the papers and glanced at them, then flipped through to give it a general overview.

Seeing this, the assistant reminded again, "You can just sign the last two pages."

Alexander raised his head after hearing her words. Within that short second, he locked his sharp gaze on the assistant's eyes, and a powerful aura naturally came from him.

The assistant's gaze flickered as she quickly looked away while lowering her head.

This tiny gesture instantly raised his alertness, but he didn't show any immediate reaction. Instead, he naturally turned to the last page. Pointing to the place where he was supposed to sign, he asked, "Here?"

"Yes, Mr. Bailey. And the few pages at the back as well," the assistant informed in a small voice.

He swiftly picked up the pen and placed one signature after another before he put the documents together and handed it back to the assistant.

As soon as she took the file from him, she respectfully nodded and turned around to leave.

“Is she new?” Elise asked after the assistant left. The woman’s awkwardness didn’t go unnoticed by her.

“Most probably.” Alexander calmly leaned into his chair, a faint smile appearing on the corners of his mouth as he murmured, “We will find out soon.”

Elise squinted her eyes and slowly looked at him, wondering what he was up to this time.

Alexander, however, only smiled as he leisurely leaned back into his chair, his concentration not breaking one bit.

After a brief moment of silence, they heard rushed footsteps approaching the room.

The office door was pushed open from the outside the next moment, and in strutted ‘Johan’ and his underlings.

“How brave of you to show your face around here.”

One of the reasons Elise came to Alexander this time was to use Smith Co’s influence to investigate Johan’s background. They definitely did not expect him to come over himself.

“I am a law-abiding citizen, after all. Why can’t I come here?” Johan’s face was full of arrogance as he boasted and after he said that, he walked in front of Alexander and sat down. He was looking around when he commented, “The decoration is not bad, but it is not my style. Seems like I will have to get rid of everything and renovate the place again.”

“What are you trying to say?” Alexander was still coolly sitting in his seat.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Johan spread his hands. “Remember what this office looks like. This is the last day you will be sitting here.”

“Looks like I was wrong. You are indeed Johan Olson. Your mouth is still full of nothing but nonsense!” Elise sneered.

Johan’s face turned cold then. He reached out behind him and within the next second, his bodyguard had placed a file in his hand.

Johan proceeded to wave the file around as he looked at Alexander confidently.

“Looking familiar? That’s right. This is the document you signed just now. However, the last document is an equity transfer agreement. Smith Co. is now mine.”

As he spoke, he stood up with the file in hand and paced around the room. “Tsk! No wonder you were so generous that time to say no to the Griffith’s property. It turns out you have such a beautiful nest outside, Alexander Griffith. Oh, wait a minute... I should be calling you ‘Mr. Bailey instead. You have been keeping your secret really well, Mr. Bailey.”

There wasn’t a trace of emotion on Alexander’s face. He only nonchalantly spoke again a moment after Johan was done. “You are still hung up on it, Matthew.”

Hearing that, Johan whipped his head around and barked, “Who told you that?”

“I don’t need anyone to tell me anything.” Alexander slowly added, “Who other than Matthew would be interested in my property?”

A cold glint flashed across Matthew’s eyes then. Gritting his teeth, he turned around again and pretended to be calm. “So what if you recognize me? You still have lost to me.”

“Don’t get happy too fast.” Alexander’s faint gaze swept over the man. “I suggest you take a closer look at the document.”

Matthew frowned slightly as doubt started appearing on his confident face. He only opened the document and turned to the last page after a long time.

All he saw then were the big, black words clearly written on the white surface of the paper—Matthew Griffith.

“What is going on?” Matthew muttered to himself as he recalled the details of his plan. No mistake should have happened!

“You know that I have been using my identity as Kenneth Bailey to do my business for so many years. Do you really think you can deceive me with your little tricks?” Alexander continued calmly, “You are as impatient as you always were. Do you think I would let an assistant who has only started working here less than six months handle a document that requires four of my signatures?”

Hearing this, Matthew gritted his teeth as he twisted the file with both hands. “You are just like your mother!” he spat. “Ever so cunning, aren’t you? But now that I am back, don’t think you can have a peaceful life ahead of you!”

After throwing that out, Matthew angrily stomped his way to the door.

“Matthew!” Elise called out to him. “Is Jacob doing well?”

There was no other person in this world except Jacob that could make a mask that could conceal one’s identity.

Matthew coldly glared at her from the corner of his eye. Just like a wounded wolf, he refused to let go of his pride no matter how hurt he was feeling on the inside. "You care so much about a stranger and yet, you don't even ask me how I have been even though I have always treated you kindly. Luck will not always be on your side. I will make sure that each and everyone of you feel the pain that you deserve!"

He proceeded to walk away without sparing them another glance.

The office immediately turned quiet after they left. Elise could only shake her head as her thoughts consumed her.

She knew that Matthew would never let her go.

"Let him be." Alexander stood up and put his hands in his pockets. "I will actually give him everything he wants if only he is willing to make a change for the better. Too bad he will never know this. His heart is filled with hatred and thoughts of revenge that there is no room for anything else."

"He won't appreciate your sympathy." Elise looked to Alexander and said thoughtfully, "His grudges are the reason he has the will to stay alive."

Unwilling to continue the conversation, Alexander promptly changed the topic. "You said you needed my help with something, no? What is it?"

"Act a part with me," Elise solemnly told him. "My new student needs a little push."

"Student? Are you talking about Abby Mellor? Didn't you say that she has talent?"

"She does, but she lacks the courage to go all out. The competition this time is unlike the ones before. I don't want her to lose, and neither do I want to stir up trouble. I want to bend and mould her to the point where she can gain complete independence."

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 735

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 735-In the evening a few days after the incident, Jamie brought Narissa to his own vehicle modification club that he and a few friends had funded and built.

The place was usually taken care of by his friends. He, on the other hand, would only drop by when he needed to use a car.

"Let me introduce you. This is Narissa Cuber, a good friend of mine that went through hell with me," Jamie said to his friends before turning to Narissa. "And these are my friends."

The men were very enthusiastic and they nodded as a greeting.

However, the woman named Charissa Wynd looked sullen as she scrutinized Narissa from head to toe.

“We own this place. You can just tell them anything you need.” Jamie put his hand on Narissa’s shoulder casually. “Don’t hold back. We are buddies.”

“Relax. I won’t!” Narissa faked a laugh.

Feeling a vibration coming from inside of his pocket, Jamie took out his phone and glanced at it before he pressed the ‘answer’ button and put his phone to his ear.

After a few seconds had passed, he said into the phone, “Keep an eye on it for now. I will be right back.”

After Jamie hung up, he put his phone away while explaining, “There is a sticky situation at the company. I have to go back for a bit. Take care of Narissa for me. I will buy dinner tonight.”

“Don’t worry about things here and go get busy. You can be at ease leaving her in our safe hands,” one of his guy friends assured him.

Jamie then said a few more words to Narissa before he finally turned around and left.

Seeing a car being modified beside her, Narissa walked over and put her hand on its body to touch it.

The man who was talking to Jamie earlier quickly followed after her and said warmly, “Anyone who is Jamie’s friend is our friend. Just tell us anything you want. Don’t be shy.”

“Thank you,” she smilingly answered. “Can I take a look at the modification process?”

“Sure.” The man nodded and gestured with his hand, inviting her over. “Go ahead.”

Curious to see what was so special about the woman Jamie had brought over, the few of them went after Narissa.

However, Charissa had a stoic face the whole time. She even disgruntledly muttered to herself, “What an age we are living in. Looks to me like just about anyone could get into vehicle modification if they wanted to.”

Hit by a feeling of impending doom, the few men who heard her immediately observed Narissa’s reaction, only to feel relieved when they noticed she hadn’t heard a word from the distance that she was at.

The man next to Narissa didn't hear it as well, and he even naïvely tried to get the women closer to each other. "Speaking of which, your names are really similar, Charissa and Narissa. This must be fate."

"Don't say that. I can never compare with her." Charissa quickly denied and explained, "My looks are far behind Miss Cuber's. I would have acted coy and flirted with the men by my side too to get the things I want if only I was as pretty as she is."

Anyone who heard Charissa's words could catch the peculiar tone she was speaking in. It was obvious that she was covertly doubting Narissa's capabilities.

The air was suddenly thick with awkwardness, and the men started looking at each other.

Narissa only continued to slowly encircle the car that was being modified without batting an eyelid at the provocation. "You seem to know a lot about vehicle modification, Miss Wynd."

"Just a thing or two." Charissa didn't miss a beat as she walked with Narissa. "But Jamie does need to ask for my opinion before he plans to get any advanced modification done."

Narissa hummed and nodded, seemingly in deep thought. "I didn't know that Jamie respects your view so much. Does this mean that you were the one who modified his 'girlfriend' that he was going to drive to the race at Ender Mountain?"

"Of course!" Charissa bragged.

"Oh?" Narissa stopped in place when she heard the words and pretended to be surprised. "Why didn't you notice there was a problem with the brakes, then? Could it be that you took Lucas' money and intentionally kept it secret? Were you trying to kill Jamie?"

Jamie's car was directly sent to be scrapped after the accident. The few of them, who thought that Jamie's habit to replace old things with new ones had gotten worse, had no idea about the truth of the incident.

Upon hearing Narissa's words, the crowd who had gathered around the women turned to look at Charissa with surprised expressions on their faces.

Even though they didn't say anything, their gazes were already full of doubt.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Charissa anxiously blurted out, "Don't you all know what kind of person I am? How could I ever fall for a b*stard like Lucas?"

She stopped herself when she said this, and proceeded to bang the car frame as she pointed at Narissa. "Who the hell do you think you are, trying to drive a wedge between us?!" she roared.

This was her territory, and yet this woman who just came did not show her any respect.

"No, stop." Two men, Key and Leo, hurried over to break up the fight. "We are all friends. Come on, don't do this. Let's talk it out."

"Who is friends with her?!" Charissa flung Leo's hand aside as her eyes went wide with anger. "Didn't you hear what she said? She accused me of wanting to hurt Jamie! Isn't it obvious she is trying to come between us? You men always fall for these kinds of women's tricks. I could tell at a glance what trick she has up her sleeves!"

The men fell silent at that.

It was hard for them to interfere in a fight between women. One of the ladies was someone Jamie had brought over, and the other one was an old friend of theirs. Instead of helping either one, the only thing they could do was quietly watch on.

Narissa smiled curiously as she murmured, "Actually, I would like to know what 'tricks' I have that you have seen through."

"Charissa is only joking. Please don't mind her," the man beside her abruptly chimed in.

"I am not joking."

Charissa didn't initially want to blow this issue up, but there was no way she would take a step back when Narissa was trying to ruin her relationship with her friends. "You think I am scared to say it? I know that you are onto Jamie to satisfy your own needs because he is rich and kind. You are no different than those women who sell alcohol at nightclubs! Not to mention you are even trying to get into vehicle modification! Ruining a car is like destroying a shirt for people like us. Just look at you and your cheap clothes. Do you really think that you have climbed up the social ladder just because you caught a rich man? You are delusional!"

Narissa couldn't help shaking her head and sighing. We are both women. Why is her malice toward other women so strong?

"What is wrong with selling alcohol? There is nothing shameful about earning your own keep. And clothes, too. Who cares as long as it is comfortable? You don't have the right to talk about the price." Narissa crossed her arms across her chest. "You, on the other hand... You sound so high up, but how much of the money you spend is actually earned by yourself? It is not shameful to live off your parents, but this is the first time I am hearing someone so proudly boast about it."

The more Charissa listened, the angrier she became. That shame instantly turned into anger then. “D-Do you really think your driving skills are all that great? It just so happened that the racing track that day was right for your vehicle. Jamie would have been utterly humiliated if you drove a car with four wheels instead! You definitely would’ve lost!”

“That is enough. Stop it,” the man beside blocked Charissa as he apologized to Narissa. “I am sorry, Miss Cuber. Charissa might not be feeling well right now. Please don’t let her words get to you.”

“Don’t touch me!” Charissa was scolding everyone in sight at this point. “An amateur like her has no right to join our club!”

“If that is the case, we will let the results do the talking!” Narissa challenged.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 736

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 736-Jamie hurried back to the club after he was done with his business at the company. However, as soon as he entered the place, he saw Narissa and Charissa standing face to face, and the atmosphere was so overwhelming it was terrifying.

“What’s going on here?” He walked to the men and stood between them. “Didn’t I tell you to take care of Narissa? Is this how you take care of people?”

“I swear to God, I am not accountable for this!” The man who tried to dissuade the situation just now was still a little confused. “I don’t know what is wrong with Charissa today. She must have eaten gunpowder or something because she keeps firing off at Narissa. And Narissa is as stubborn as a mule! I am scared of getting on their bad side. I have no choice but to let them be.”

Jamie was aware of how good Narissa was to be able to complete the operation of the world’s top assembler within three days. He knew that Charissa did not even hold a candle to her. Charissa would only be left embarrassed if she insisted on going through with the challenge.

After watching for a while, he automatically walked to Narissa’s side and tried to appease her with a silly smile. “Please don’t make me look bad, Young Miss Narissa. At least for my sake. Let me apologize on behalf of Charissa. She is just a little hot-tempered, but she isn’t a bad person.”

“Stay out of this, Jamie!” Charissa called out to him from afar.

“Can you just listen to me?” he responded irritably.

Why was she, someone who was usually clever, unable to tell that he was protecting her?

“There is no room for discussion.” Charissa wasn’t going to back down at all. “You have to prove yourself if you want to join our club.”

Time seemed to stop right after she said that. It even felt like a fight was going to break out any time now.

The corners of Narissa’s lips curled up in a sly smile and she gloated, “What are you anxious about? It is not like I am competing with you. It is a good thing that she sincerely wants to see my technique. Stop trying to patch things up here.”

She then turned to Charissa and reconfirmed, “You sure you want to do this?”

“I am sure,” the other woman replied firmly.

Jamie threw a glance at Narissa again, only to see that she was equally stubborn in that imposing manner.

“Alright.” Left with no other choice, he retreated and became another one of their audience.

Those who were overconfident would only know to back off once they had fallen from the high place they were at.

Following that, both sides agreed on the rules of the competition: the club would provide two vehicles that had been dismantled to the same extent, and the women would start to assemble them at the same time. The one who finished first would be the winner.

Based on a normal person’s speed, it would take an hour at the least, even with the assistance of the machine. And Charissa’s highest record happened to be 50 minutes.

After all, she was their friend, so they picked the vehicle that Charissa usually used to practice with for her.

However, Narissa wasn’t aware of this as she rarely came to the club.

That was how Charissa had the upper hand right when the competition started.

Finding it somewhat odd, Narissa stole a glance at Hozier and the rest of them, only for them to, possibly out of guilt, quickly run away when they noticed her.

Them wanting to conceal the truth was the exact reason they gave themselves away, and Narissa immediately understood what was going on.

It seemed like they were ganging up to bully her because she was an outsider.

Too bad, she thought. They are messing with the wrong person.

Sure enough, Narissa started to speed up within 10 minutes. As she gradually caught up to Charissa, she even showed signs of overtaking the latter.

By the time 30 minutes had passed since the start, Narissa was already many steps ahead of Charissa.

Narissa was the first one to drop her wrench at 42 minutes. Dusting off her palms, she walked out of the assembly workshop and announced, "I am done."

Biting the bullet, Charissa snapped out of her surprise and hurriedly completed assembling the car at 49 minutes.

But in the end, she still lost to Narissa by a long shot. It wasn't a result that she could raise her head at.

The women then stood side by side, where one was a disappointed mess, while the other was as relaxed as ever.

"What do you have to say now?" Narissa wanted a conclusion to this competition.

Charissa only wordlessly reacted by tightly balling her hands into fists as shame consumed her.

What could she say?

She was the one who claimed that she was better, but she had so easily lost to Narissa. She didn't even know how she could face Hozier and the gang, let alone give Narissa an explanation.

Charissa was getting more enraged the more she thought about it. She took off her gloves and furiously threw them on the floor. "Fine, I am not as good as you are. I will leave. I will let you take my spot here!"

That was all she blurted out before she unhesitantly walked out.

"Hey, Charissa. Hold on—"

"Let's go after her!"

The men quickly went after her then.

With only Narissa and Jamie left in the initially lively workshop, the place suddenly seemed too wide and lonely for just the two of them.

“I might have offended your friends,” Narissa remarked with a shrug.

“It’s their fault. I don’t blame you.”

Jamie stared in the direction of the entrance, his gaze seemed to get more absorbed by the second.

He had a vague feeling tugging at his heart, but he couldn’t confirm his suspicions.

He could only wish that Charissa wasn’t acting this way today because of the reason he thought of. Or else, they might not be able to continue being friends anymore.

At a business district in Tisotte, the roar of a car’s exhaust caught the attention of many passers-by as a red sports car crossed an intersection. When everyone looked over, they saw the eye-catching red vehicle parked in front of a high-end café.

After the car door opened, Matthew got out and took off his sunglasses before he looked around, a satisfied and smug smile appearing on his face.

After he had assumed Jordan’s identity, he would habitually do this every time he stood under the sunlight.

It made him feel like he was no longer the rat that used to hide in the gutter.

With that, he felt like he was the final victor.

After a while, he put on his sunglasses again and went up to the second floor of the café according to the text message sent by the mysterious person.

Unlike the fully occupied first floor, there were only a few customers on the second floor. The place had obviously been booked by someone.

As Matthew looked around from the top of the stairs, he quickly found a female customer dressed in black with a lace fascinator on her head sitting by the window.

He started to walk over and subconsciously reached out. “Hello,” he greeted.

However, he retracted his hand in disappointment when the woman lifted her chin. “Celina? You are still alive, huh?”

His words were full of barbs.

As the person who paid the most attention to Alexander and Elise, Matthew had witnessed first hand how Celina had foolishly gone against Elise, only to finally sacrifice her own father, David.

Matthew didn't think such a stupid person even had the chance to collaborate with him.

He wouldn't have come to this meeting if he had known that Celina was the person who asked to meet him.

And that was exactly what he did. After he spat that out, he started to leave when the woman suddenly called out to him.

"Hold on." Celina stopped him as she slowly stirred the coffee in her hand. "Haven't you heard the saying that the enemy of your enemy is a friend? What harm could it do to you if you had one more person you can call 'friend'?"

Matthew proceeded to put his hand on the table and knocked twice. "Friends and useless teammates are two completely different things. I could very well sacrifice my life if I were to work with you. Why would I take such a huge risk?"

Hearing this, Celina put down the coffee, and her expression suddenly turned cold and reserved. She then said to herself without any emotion on her face, "I understand why you would think this way. You are not the only one. Even I find myself stupid when I think about my past self."

Celina came to a pause and turned to look at Matthew with the same look. "You don't have to give me an answer so soon. You should think about it. Or at least, go take a look at Alexis that Elise had built from the ground. After all, you might not be able to see it anymore in a few days."

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 737

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 737-A faint smile appeared on Matthew's face after he heard Celina's words. "It seems like you have indeed changed a lot."

"You would too, if you see your father who loves you so much being burned to death with your own eyes," Celina solemnly said without a hint of a smile on her face.

The old Celina had died in the fire along with her father. The only belief she had now was to avenge her father.

Celina wanted Alexander and Elise to experience all the pain she had to suffer.

A strong interest arose in Matthew's eyes, and he stretched out his hand again. "It is a pleasure to collaborate with you."

He saw the same hatred and anger in her eyes. It was hatred that would never diminish and be diverted. It was deep and strong enough to bring about destruction.

At that, Matthew thought to himself, Alexander and the Griffith Family, you'd best watch out. I am back, and I am bringing your nightmare with me this time.

Back in the private house, it was so quiet in the space that even the rustling as the breeze blew through the green leaves and branches outside the window could be heard.

Abby was in the middle of embroidering a picture of a serene night scenery when the movements of her hands suddenly stopped as her mind unconsciously drifted.

The woman behind the screen noticed this, and she stood up slowly. Her tone was neither light nor heavy when she asked, "It is only for two hours, and yet you can't calm your heart?"

Her voice pulled Abby back to reality, and the girl hurriedly stood up to bow and apologize, "I am sorry, Master."

"Come, tell me what you are thinking about." The woman's voice didn't have much emotion.

"There has been a shortage of silk threads for students lately. I can't even get them online or in physical stores. I am worried that I won't even have threads to use on the day of the competition," Abby said worriedly.

"I see. I will take care of that. All you need to do is focus on practicing, understand?" the woman said.

"I understand, Master. I will concentrate on this," Abby genuinely assured her.

As soon as she finished speaking, her teacher who had been behind the screen all this time suddenly walked out slowly.

When Abby saw her, she was so shocked that she didn't know what to say.

Her teacher turned out to be the nation's film royalty, Riverlyn Zabel!

Even though Riverlyn had not been on screen these years for some reasons, Abby had seen her films before, and she was impressed by Riverlyn's acting skills and morale.

“What’s wrong? Do I not meet your expectations?” Riverlyn showed no emotion on her face.

Abby shook her head as quickly as she could then. “No! I just didn’t expect it to be you.”

“There are too many unpredictable things in this world,” the actress said.

“Yes.” Abby nodded in agreement. “I was the one making a fuss.”

“It is okay. Let’s stop here today since you can’t concentrate. Pack your things and come with me,” Riverlyn instructed.

“Okay.” Abby immediately started packing up her threads and equipment.

The two left the private house and grabbed a ride that brought them to a residential apartment in the city.

Riverlyn went upstairs and when she came down again, she was holding an old, worn-out book in her hands.

She then handed the book to Abby. “This is what my teacher passed on to me, and now I am passing it to you. Time is running out. You won’t be able to learn a lot just relying on my teaching. How much you can learn depends on your understanding of the knowledge you have in hand.”

“Thank you, Master, I will definitely study hard.” Abby was very grateful.

Hearing this, Riverlyn nodded and said, “Let’s go eat something with me.”

After Abby tucked the book away, the duo walked to the side of the road and they started to cross the road.

However, as soon as they reached the middle of the road, a car suddenly rushed out of the alley next to them and drove toward them quickly.

Riverlyn’s immediate reaction was to protect Abby, which resulted in her own fall to the ground.

She had just got back on her feet when four or five people came out of the car and surrounded them.

“You are Riverlyn, aren’t you? Where is ‘The Embroidery of Cittadel’? You better hand it over!”

Abby’s eyes widened in horror, and she unconsciously touched the backpack behind her.

She remembered clearly that the book Riverlyn had just given her had the words 'The Embroidery of Cittadel' printed on the cover.

It seemed like these people were here for the secrets the book held.

"Who are you?" Riverlyn was extremely calm as her tone remained neutral.

"We are people who want your life." A flash of killing intent appeared in the eyes of the leader of the pack. "Where is the book?!"

"I don't know." Riverlyn held her head up high without backing down.

"Fine. A feisty one, aren't you? I will fulfill your wish and make you disappear from this world, then. Even if there is the book, Cittadelians will never be able to beat Rosepeak in embroidery as long as you are gone."

"Get her!"

After the man finished speaking, the rest of the group rushed forward and dragged Riverlyn into the car.

"Master! Master! Let go of her! Let go of my master!"

Despite how Abby tried her best to stop them, she could never be these men's opponent with her strength alone.

She could only watch Riverlyn being stuffed into the car. She wanted to follow them, but she was pushed down to the ground.

"Don't come over here, Abby. Protect yourself, and protect yourself well!" Riverlyn then shouted loudly, "Remember, your talent is far more than what you think you are capable of. You can't lose the competition. You can't lose!"

Bang!

The door was unhesitantly closed, and all that was left in Abby's head was Riverlyn's resolute expression.

The girl got up and chased after the car for a while before she finally thought of calling someone for help.

"Miss Sinclair, M-Master Zabel has been abducted..."

"What?! How did this happen? Are you alright?" Elise's voice came from the other end of the call.

"I am okay, but those people said they are going to kill Master Zabel. What should we do?!"

"Don't worry about these for now. I want you to get a ride back home right this instant and stay home. I will come to you."

"Alright."

As soon as Abby hung up the phone, she ran to another street and stopped a taxi.

After she told the driver her address, she took her backpack and pressed it against her chest tightly.

This was both her and Riverlyn's hope, and this was also the whole of Cittadel's honor.

Even a woman of such skills wasn't afraid of death. How could Abby, the only descendant of the Mellor Family, be so timid in the face of reclaiming justice for her country?

The more she thought about it, the more she saw things through. Even her eyes had sparks in them now.

I won't disappoint you, Master Zabel!

On the other side, the car turned into a corner before it started to decelerate. It even changed directions several times in a row before it finally drove into the courtyard house in the historic town area.

Seeing Riverlyn get out of the car, Elise took the initiative to reach out and hold her hand.

"As expected of a film star. Your acting is one of a kind."

"Acting is what I do to earn my keep. How am I supposed to stay in the industry if I can't even do it well?" Riverlyn smiled bitterly before she joked, "But your driver's driving skills are pretty bad. He almost hit your beloved student."

"Children won't grow up if you don't show them tough love," Alexander interjected as he stood beside them.

Hearing this, Riverlyn nodded in agreement.

"If that is the case, would you like to sign your contract now?" Elise asked.

"You are the boss. You call the shots." Riverlyn replied with a smile.

Truth was, Riverlyn had already prepared herself to re-enter the industry the moment she agreed to play the part in this little show they put on. She could sign the contract anytime.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 738

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 738-At the same time, Narissa was modifying a racecar with Jamie at the vehicle modification club when her phone vibrated for a short second.

She whipped out her phone, only to see that she had received a message from an unsaved number that she didn't recognize. '7PM tonight. Silver Bell Spot. Room 202. Jamie.'

As though entertained, Narissa suddenly revealed a smile.

Jamie noticed the odd smile, and he huddled closer to take a peek at her phone. "Whose message did you receive for you to get all jittery like that?"

"It is none of your business!" She quickly kept her phone.

"Tsk!" The man turned to the other side. "It is not like I want to know anyway."

Narissa pondered for a moment before she suddenly put a hand on his shoulder. She had a wide smile on when she asked, "Poor Jamie, would you like to come along? I have a drinking session with my friend tonight at 7.30PM."

"What do you mean 'poor Jamie'?! He stubbornly added, "Yours truly is a busy man. I have a few rounds to go tonight. I can't make time, okay?"

"Oh—is that so?" She nodded understandingly. "I won't force you anymore then. I need to get home to prepare myself. Bye!"

"Hey! We are not done with this car here. Are you just leaving like that?!" Jamie called out to her, only for Narissa to wave him off without sparing him another glance.

"D*mn woman who doesn't listen when I nag a little! I would've gone with you if you tried to persuade me," Jamie quietly grumbled to himself.

Narissa came to the appointed location when night fell.

As soon as she pushed the door to the private room open, she wasn't at all surprised to not see Jamie in there.

The ones sitting in there were the other people from the club, and Charissa was the leader of the pack.

“There you are, Narissa. Welcome!”

“Come sit. Don’t hold back.”

The men pretended to welcome her and had her sit beside Charissa.

Narissa calmly took a drink from the table, and even intentionally asked, “Why isn’t Jamie here?”

The people in the room each gave a different reaction then, but they all attempted to hide the truth from her.

“Something came up. Jamie is late, but he will be here soon.”

“Indeed, indeed. He even asked us to take good care of you.”

“Yeap. We can start drinking while we wait for him.”

The corners of Narissa’s lips lifted as she put on a naïve expression. “Sure!”

As soon as she said that, a bottle full of whiskey was loudly placed on the table in front of her.

Charissa had her grip tight around the bottle as she squeezed out a fake smile. “Miss Cuber, this is your welcome party we are having to welcome you to join our club. But, we have a rule. All newbies will have to finish a whole bottle of whiskey if they want to be recognized as an official member.”

Narissa kept nodding at Charissa’s words. “What you mean is that I not only have to prove my skills, I also have to prove my alcohol tolerance? Is that it?”

Everyone else’s expressions immediately dropped after they heard her words. As their goal was to cause trouble for her, they naturally wouldn’t have a reason to justify their actions.

But now that Narissa was putting her words in their mouths, they couldn’t help but feel slightly offended by it.

They were expecting her to quietly take their low blows in order to join them, and at least pretend that everyone was harmonious with one another.

However, the way Narissa was saying it sounded as if she was trying to blow this issue up. Jamie would definitely get angry if he were to find out that his friends were bullying his other friend.

Right in that instant, everyone exchanged glances with each other, and none of them dared to recklessly do anything.

Narissa voluntarily tried to ease the awkwardness then. "I don't mind drinking, but isn't it meaningless to have a drink by myself? I would prefer having someone to be my drinking buddy."

The air immediately felt more comfortable as everyone let out a breath of relief then.

"Sure thing! Go on and choose someone. It is fine even if you get everyone here to drink with you!"

"That is a bit too much." Narissa's eyes were like crescent moons as she smiled. "Why don't you drink with me, Charissa? It would be fun for the ladies to drink together."

"Um..."

The men somehow started to hesitate.

A bottle of whiskey was no child's play. Even if Charissa wasn't the worst drinker among them, she wasn't great to the point where she could finish a whole bottle of whiskey.

"I will drink two glasses if she drinks one," Narissa threw out her bait.

"Fine." Just like that, Charissa had taken a bait, and she proceeded to fill two glasses to the brim. "You are fun!" She placed one of the glasses in front of Narissa. "I will have to oblige your request, then. Come, chug it down!"

Narissa took the glass and clinked it to Charissa's glass. "Cheers." She smiled.

They both looked very normal when the first glass went down.

Charissa had to calm herself down when she was on her third glass.

By the fifth one, she couldn't even take another sip.

Narissa, on the other hand, slowly finished the contents of her glass before she gently put pressure on Charissa. "There's no need to rush, Miss Wynd. I can wait."

For people who lived a life weaving through society, dignity was what kept them afloat.

Upon hearing her words, Charissa was overcome by the need to win. She then tilted her head and gulped down half of what was in her glass.

However, instead of drinking it in, most of the liquid was flowing out from the corners of her mouth.

She still couldn't finish the whiskey even when she did that. What was more, she even started throwing up as she held herself on the table.

Narissa shook her head and put down her glass when she saw this. After she picked up her bag and stood up, she looked down upon them from above and said, "I am up for any challenge you throw my way, but it don't do something as cowardly as using Jamie's name."

She abruptly left without sparing them another glance after that.

In the corridor, Narissa happened to come across Jamie, who had just arrived.

"Wasn't it supposed to be 7.30PM? Why are you leaving when I just came?"

Jamie looked at his watch, only to see that he was 15 minutes earlier than the time she told him.

"What can I do? My opponent is too weak," Narissa solemnly said. She looked as though she had no intention to stay there any longer.

"You do reek of alcohol." He intentionally flapped his hand around in disdain. "How much did you drink?"

"Not much. Only a bottle of whiskey," she simply said.

"How is that 'not much'?" Jamie turned around and threw a glance at her. "What kind of friends are these? How can they let a woman drink so much at night? Try not to hangout with them too much."

"It is nothing. My family has a winery. I have been drinking alcohol like it is water since I was young. A bottle of whiskey is just right for me to warm-up," Narissa continued to explain nonchalantly.

"D*mn, you are good!" Impressed, the man gave her a thumbs-up.

Narissa was already walking away in big strides, but the gang she was drinking with still managed to catch up to her by the time she and Jamie reached the entrance of the establishment.

"Jamie!" one of the men called out to him.

Jamie still had a face full of smiles with Narissa at first, but as soon as he saw Charissa and the men, his eyes darted back at Narissa and he immediately understood what had happened before his arrival.

“Jamie, look at how drunk Charissa is. Why don’t you give her a ride home?” one of the men from the gang asked.

Jamie’s expression was indifferent as he coldly growled, “You lot should be able to manage.”

Hearing this, the man started to question him, “We have been friends for so many years, Jamie. Are you really tossing Charissa aside for that woman?”

“You mean, I need permission from you to send people home?” Jamie narrowed his eyes.

“I don’t mean it that way.” The man looked as though he had been wronged. “But... Don’t blame me for saying this, but Narissa is a heavyweight when it comes to alcohol. She pretended to be all innocent and naïve when Charissa asked her to drink, which is why Charissa is so drunk now. That woman has no class.”

Instead of answering him, Jamie asked in return, “And you think it is classy for you to let a woman finish up a bottle of whiskey?”

“Isn’t it normal for her to drink more since she has a high tolerance?” the man rebuked.

“You should probably shut up now.” Jamie was thoroughly irked at that point.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 739

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 739-“Her high alcohol tolerance should not be a reason the few of you join hands to harass her. It doesn’t mean I don’t know just because I keep quiet about it. Why would you bully a friend of mine? Do you guys even think of me as your friend?” Jamie spoke clearly and logically. “I will say it now—I will not turn a blind eye, and I will not be taken advantage of. We can stay as friends if you are willing to work it out. And if you are not, we will call it quits right this instant.”

Narissa couldn’t help but do a double take at Jamie, as this was the first time she had ever seen him being so serious.

Charissa and the men couldn’t say anything in return, and then soon unwillingly left due to the shame.

Alexander and Elise were attending an art exhibition together.

They hadn't been there for long before they saw Ariel walking toward them with her arm linked around Danny's.

As soon as Danny saw them, he immediately let go of Ariel's hand and went to welcome them.

"Alex and Elise? What are you both doing here?"

"Why can't we be here?" Elise smirked as she fervidly gave him a knowing look.

Alexander also let out a smile then. "You have finally grown up, huh?" he teased.

"What?! That is my business partner!" Danny explained himself in panic. "There are other business partners around too, it is just that you haven't seen them!"

Alexander, however, continued to make fun of him. "You are only explaining because you want to hide the truth. Say no more. Your sister-in-law and I understand."

"Elise, please, you have to control my brother!" Danny cried.

Ariel stepped forward then. "Please don't tease your younger brother too much, Mr. Griffith. One is bound to be looked down upon if they were to attend such a function without a date."

Her eyes met Elise's as she spoke, and she gave her a small nod to greet her.

Elise returned the gesture before she turned to look at Danny. "Are you listening to this, Danny Griffith? Just look at how open-minded your partner is. Your agitation will only make nothing look like it is something."

"I am not agitated! Ugh—fine. Anything you say..." He finally resigned himself to his fate.

Danny was already on the verge of collapsing from Ariel's relentless dominance in almost everything at work, and now even his beloved sister-in-law was on Ariel's side? At this point, all he could see ahead of him was complete darkness!

"Fate must have brought us to each other. How about we walk together?" Ariel invited the couple, to which Elise gladly accepted.

After a while, a small crowd gathered in front of an oil painting titled 'Wedding Contract'.

The painting was a work by an emerging artist named Xue. As popular as it was to gather a group of critics, the feedback wasn't positive like one would expect it to be.

“The mystical colors used are indeed one-of-a-kind, but it seems that the artist’s vision could be wider.”

“I feel the same. The construction of the painting is too crude, and the bride’s face doesn’t at all show the festivity of the wedding celebration. The painting seems to have deviated from the theme.”

“Indeed. It supposedly is a wedding, but no one is smiling. Not the groom, not the bride, and not even the servants. Even if the artist wanted to emphasize the difference between the bride and the groom, they shouldn’t have made it so biased.”

Ariel kept her eyes on the painting, and she only smiled when she heard their discussion. It was as though she was in the audience watching a show being played.

However, the clear voice of a female that sounded nothing like the bunch of chatterboxes’ suddenly rang out from beside her.

“I dare say it is you who have a narrow view for your comments,” Elise said to the critics without mincing her words. “The beauty of this painting is that it is made completely from the point of view of a female. It focuses on the uncertainty toward her future, and the concern for her family the bride may have on the day of her wedding. Even the servants are a focal point. There is not a hint of joy on their faces because they know that the young miss they served would no longer live a carefree life once she has become someone else’s wife. Every stroke used to make this painting is there for a reason. Instead of this being about a wedding contract, it more so brings attention to the wedding being a life-and-death situation.”

As Ariel listened to Elise’s explanation, she couldn’t hold back the surprise in her eyes as her impression of Elise changed.

“Don’t go around spewing nonsense when you don’t know art.” The critics’ faces had fallen when they heard that, and they didn’t look pleased at all. “If it really is as you said that weddings are hard, why would couples still get married? You are one cynical young lady, aren’t you?”

“I agree,” another critic added. “I am sure no man would marry an arrogant woman like you. You are probably talking trash about weddings to validate yourself because you have no one to get married to.”

Alexander stepped forward at this moment and wrapped his arm around Elise. “I am sure whether or not my wife can get married is the least of your concern. I do want to ask, though. What gives you the right to criticize my wife?”

Looking at the stunning couple, the critics suddenly lost their tongues.

Some time had passed before they said weakly, "You probably are a bad egg as well to be protecting a woman like this. It is because of women like her that Cittadel is filled with women who lack virtue. They are the reason the world is a mess!"

As someone who didn't know a thing about art, Danny initially wanted to stay out of the fight. However, as soon as he heard this, he exploded, "I have seen people who do body modification, but this is the first time I am seeing someone who has gotten a brain reduction. You folks really have opened my eyes to a whole new world. You know what? I don't think you are worried about women who have no virtue. It is probably because women are way above your level that you feel like trash compared to them."

"Ha! We are trash? Go ask around and see if there is anyone in this industry who hasn't heard our name before."

"Indeed. You no-names babies not only outwardly disrespect your elders, you even yap about this and that to pretend like you truly understand the artist's work. You bunch are obviously here to cause trouble. You should be removed from this vicinity!"

The men started causing a commotion about wanting to get a security guard to bring Elise's group out.

"There is no need for that." Ariel stepped forward to stop them. "This lady here is right. That is exactly what the artist wants to convey."

"Here comes another uppity one. Get her out of here along with the rest of them!" a critic roared.

"I am afraid you don't have the right to." Ariel then calmly revealed, "I am the artist who made this piece."

"Oh—I see. So the artist herself has brought someone to create a buzz, huh?" The critic started exaggerating after he thought he had found her Achilles heel. "You are afraid of criticism because your painting is terrible. Look at how easy it is to get on the youngsters' nerves nowadays!"

"My temper depends on who I am dealing with, but since some of you are not satisfied with my work, may I ask how many pieces of your own work are being displayed?"

Ariel getting straight to the point immediately crumbled the resolute expression on the men's faces.

"Also, just so you know, I am only standing here today because the organizers have been begging me to. I am sure they wouldn't want to offend me if I went to tell them that I don't want to see your faces," she threatened as she arrogantly raised her eyebrows.

The visitors might not be taken out of here if the critics were to kick up a fuss about them, but the critics were sure that they would have no choice but to leave if Ariel was the one to complain about them.

Realizing that they had stepped on a landmine, the critics looked at each other and randomly threw out a weak threat before they all scurried away.

“Stay here if you dare!” Danny boomed at their diminishing figures. “Bunch of sour grapes.”

Ariel then turned to look at Elise. “It is rare to find someone who can understand me. May I have the honor of asking you to dinner tonight, Mrs. Griffith?”

Elise briefly looked at Alexander before she nodded. “Sure.”

“A new work by SQ has arrived!” someone exclaimed, instantly catching the attention of a majority of the visitors.

Everyone then started to swarm in the direction the voice came from.

Seeing this, Elise and Ariel also followed the crowd.

However, as soon as their eyes fell on the ink painting, they announced at the same time, “It is a fake.”

Elise looked at Ariel in surprise when she heard that. She didn’t think that Ariel had such a good eye to spot the painting’s authenticity. Recollecting herself, she swiftly made way to an employee and asked, “Where is the person who brought this over?”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 740

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 740-“Someone outside.” The worker only brushed Elise off as he was busy with moving the painting.

Hearing this, Elise and Alexander immediately ran outside to go after the person.

However, the place was already empty by the time they reached the entrance. There was not even a shadow of a person in sight.

Elise couldn’t help but feel disappointed after letting the culprit slip away again. After all, they were here because of the counterfeit paintings that had been flooding the market.

Ariel only caught up to them now, and she reassured Elise, “I am sure you will find a way somehow. You don’t have to feel disappointed.”

“Thank you,” Elise gave her thanks as her lips pressed together into a smile.

“I had the chance to eat at a private restaurant a while ago. Would you like to try their food?” Ariel asked.

“Sure!” Elise happily agreed to it. “I happen to be a little hungry.”

Ariel then passed her car keys to Elise. “I am not familiar with the roads in Tissote. I will let you do the driving.”

“No problem.”

The women were already in the car when Danny came out of the building.

“Where are we meeting up at?” Excited, he sprawled on the window of the passenger seat.

“Did I say you are invited?” Ariel wiggled her eyebrows before she turned to Elise. “We can go now.”

“Bye!” Elise waved at Danny. After she turned on the car engine, she drove off, leaving Danny screaming and chasing after them.

He chased after them for a brief second before he accepted the fact that he had been abandoned by the women.

As he turned his head, he saw Alexander leaving the exhibition hall. He quickly went to Alexander and said, “I didn’t bring my car. You will have to give me a ride.”

“Where are you heading to?” Alexander asked indifferently.

“Where else? Of course I’m going to eat with Elise and Ariel.”

“That is not on my way,” Alexander coldly rejected him. “I have to make a trip to the company.”

Danny somehow was surprised to hear this. “Are you not joining them?”

Thinking that this was a dumb question to answer, Alexander peeled his brother’s hand off him and walked away without saying anything.

Just like that, Danny was left to stand there alone. His head was a mess as he looked in the direction Elise had driven off to.

Ariel was a proud woman who usually looked down on him and the other business partners. Why was someone like her going out of her way today to invite Elise to have a meal together?

Come to think of it, the business partners were all young and handsome men. Yet, she didn't seem to care to look at any of them even a second longer. She had also refused all the men that had ever shown interest in her.

And the most important thing of all was how she didn't react the least bit when she saw him in his birthday suit the other day.

!!!

Danny finally came to a conclusion. Does Ariel like women?! Wouldn't Elise be in danger, then?!

He was scaring himself the more he let his thoughts roam free. He turned around to stop Alexander, but the older of the siblings had already started his car and driven away without a care in the world.

Danny started to huff and puff in anger. After giving it some thought, he quickly took out his phone and made a call. "Hello? Jamie? I need you to help me check a car!"

Even if his eldest brother didn't care, there was no way Danny could sit back and watch a tragedy unfold.

He would never let Ariel steal away his wonderful, darling sister-in-law!

The women were seated at a table in the private restaurant when Ariel personally poured Elise some wine. "You seem knowledgeable about oil paintings, Miss Sinclair. May I know who your teacher was?"

"I am only self-taught because I had time to spare. I am not a professional like you with a bright future within the industry by any means, Miss Whitney," Elise said courteously.

Ariel let out a laugh at that. "There is no one else around, Miss Sinclair, and there is no need for flattery. I am serious when I said that you are knowledgeable about oil paintings. It makes me happy to find someone I can connect to on a spiritual level." Her eyes were full of admiration as she looked at Elise.

"It is probably because I am a woman as well. Only a woman can understand how another woman feels. Men can be as educated and cultured as they can be, but they will never truly see things from a woman's perspective."

Ariel nodded in agreement as she added, "I have always thought that women, even from ancient times until now, get the shorter end of the stick when they get married. My belief was the reason my oil painting was born."

"Not necessarily. A marriage will definitely come to fruition if you find the right partner," Elise reasoned. "At least I now am at a stage where I feel like I have achieved freedom, both physically and spiritually."

"You are such a brilliant woman, Miss Sinclair. It is only natural that a woman like you is living a contented life. But it is a gamble where it is highly unlikely to achieve happiness. I do think that I won't find my 'right partner', so it is fine to me whether or not I get married."

"It is a personal choice. There is no absolute way of living life." Elise gave a neutral reply to respect Ariel's opinion.

Elise was just about to raise her glass after speaking when a familiar, yet odd waiter caught her eye.

Looking at how the waiter squirmed around at the table next to theirs, she could tell immediately that it was Danny.

He had on the restaurant waiters' uniform and with a tray in his hand, he was serving red wine to other customers with his other hand.

But still, he was so determined to eavesdrop on Ariel and Elise's conversation that he started unnaturally wiggling about.

Half of the bottle's content had spilled everywhere, and even the customers were dumbstruck as they looked on, but Danny kept stretching his neck backward in his attempt to listen in on the women's conversation.

What are they talking about? he panicked. What is this about women being on the shorter end of the stick in a marriage? Is Ariel purposely throwing hints at Elise that she ran out of luck when she got married?!

Noticing Elise's gaze, Ariel turned around and followed her eyes and she too, immediately recognized Danny from the back of his torso.

She swiftly turned her head back, and smilingly threw Elise a knowing look. "Elise," she intimately called out. "Love strikes anytime at anyone it wants to. I can't control who I fall in love with."

As soon as Danny heard this, he instantly poured the whole bottle of wine on the other customer's table.

“I am sorry! So sorry!” He profusely apologized before he whispered to the customer, “This meal is on me. Order anything you like, but keep quiet!”

Elise would have burst out laughing if she hadn't understood what Ariel was doing. Without missing a beat, she started playing her part. “Absolutely. You know when they say first come first served? I sometimes find myself disagreeing with that. Life might get a little more fun if you make a different choice, or just go for something that is usually not to your taste.”

Danny completely froze when he heard that.

Make a different choice? And go for a different taste?!

So this was the end of the days when he had a sister-in-law.

As the thought hit him, he dropped everything he was holding and ran outside.

Ariel and Elise let out a satisfied smile as they watched him, and they brought their glasses together for a toast.

“Pleased to work with you, partner!”

“Likewise!”

When Danny reached the door, he paced back and forth with his phone in his hand. He couldn't even stand still in one spot.

When Alexander finally picked up his call, Danny didn't wait to yell into the phone, “I sent you the location on WhatsApp. Get here as soon as you can. This is an emergency! An emergency, I repeat! You are going to lose your wife if you come here even one second late!”

Ariel was terrifyingly good at what she did. She might just sweep Elise off her feet!

“Do you have too much free time in your hands?” Alexander wasn't taking this seriously at all.

“I am not sh*tting you, my brother. Your wife said that she wanted to go for a different taste! How are you still in the mood to work? Oh—I am so worried I am about to pass out!”

After 30 minutes had passed, Ariel and Elise walked out of the restaurant side-by-side.

They had just reached the exit when Danny appeared out of nowhere, grabbed Ariel by her hand, and forcibly dragged her away.

Elise hadn't even realized what was happening when Alexander suddenly caught her and pressed her up against the wall.

"Mrs. Griffith," he purred. "I've heard through the grapevine that you seem to be interested in trying out a new 'taste'. Tell me—what do you have in mind?"

Recommended Novels