

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 781

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 781-Soon, Brendan made his way to the bar and got himself a glass of champagne, which he guzzled down in one shot. In fact, he immediately caught on to the situation the moment Danny mentioned Alexander's name. Despite their brotherhood, he felt sorry for Elise because it seemed to him that Alexander cheated on her with another lady after she left for three months.

After all, she had many admirers and could have settled with anyone among them, yet she picked Alexander instead. At the thought of that, Brendan felt his anger gnawing at his mind as his abnormal obsession with flawlessness began to take over him.

Deep down, he could never tolerate any unfaithful behavior in a relationship. Although that started as a perfectionism complex at first, that obsession grew even stronger ever since Yuri came back. Therefore, he tended to lose control over himself and let his emotions get the better of him whenever he ran into something like that.

"Mr. Griffith." A lady's voice was heard coming from not far away.

Brendan quickly pulled himself together, but when he saw 'Anastasia', the smile on his face instantly faded away. Elise then walked up to the man and raised her glass to toast him. "Thanks for the help both of you gave me last time. Where is the other Mr. Griffith?"

Brendan looked back in frustration, glaring at the lady emotionlessly. "Are you trying to thank me or my brother? I'm here for work, so why should I bring him along?" Upon hearing that, Elise awkwardly raised her eyebrows because she hadn't heard Brendan's impulsive tone for a while. "Anyway, my brother is already married, and his wife is Elise Sinclair. That's also the same way everyone else in our family feels. So, if I were you, I wouldn't waste my time and energy on any more silly plans, Miss White." Brendan made his point understood intimidatingly.

Elise was amused yet helpless after hearing Brendan's words. Although she was happy deep down that Brendan stood up for her, she hoped that the Griffith Family could forget about her, considering the gravity of the situation. If the Griffith Family can't remember about me at all, I suppose I don't have to be concerned about the Boyle Family and those unseen forces backing them in the shadows. As much as Elise was aware of her responsibilities, she knew there was no way she could rush the process. "You're getting the wrong idea, Mr. Griffith." Elise patiently tried to continue smiling. "I was just about to recommend someone to work for you out of my admiration for your talent. Nothing else more."

Brendan put down the empty glass in his hand and took another one full of wine, but when he was about to take a sip, he suddenly paused. "In my line of work, only those with real talents can survive. So, if you're hoping to pull some strings for someone else right here, I'm afraid you're going to be disappointed."

Soon, Brandan made his way to the bar and got himself a glass of champagne, which he guzzled down in one shot. In fact, he immediately caught on to the situation the moment Danny mentioned Alexander's name. Despite their brotherhood, he felt sorry for Elisa because it seemed to him that Alexander cheated on her with another lady after she left for three months.

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"I know your style, Mr. Griffith. Talent is all that matters to you when it comes to recruiting. So, think of me as the bridge between the two of you. It's your call whether

you're interested in accepting this person." Elise didn't want to irk the man by pushing her luck too far.

As Brendan was not someone unreasonable, he decided to consider Elise's recommendation and eased up on her. "Give me your contact then."

After the two of them exchanged name cards, they were interrupted by some noise from the entrance. "Mr. Joslin is back, so aren't you going to attend to him?" Brendan implied that he didn't want to be disturbed anymore.

"In that case, I'm going to excuse myself." Knowing Brendan was someone who liked some peace and solitude, Elise decided to walk away and leave him alone.

On the other hand, Benjamin was sitting on the stage while Benedict, his eldest son, was giving his father his blessings. After that, he had his assistant deliver a sophisticated-looking box to him before he handed it to Benjamin. "Father, I wish you a long life full of happiness and joy."

"Good." Benjamin nodded and put down the present. In the meantime, Elise, who was somewhere nearby, saw Benedict and held her skirt hem high, whereupon she scurried toward him.

"Hi, Uncle Benedict." Elise politely greeted Benedict with a smile, but the man continued to stand there without giving her any response, as if he didn't hear her at all. A few moments later, he walked away from Elise and Benjamin, leaving them behind but not before saying, "I'm going to get some rest. Please excuse me."

Noticing Benedict's reaction, Elise helplessly shifted her gaze to Benjamin for help. "Don't look at me." Benjamin tried to steer clear of trouble. "You're going to have to clean your own mess."

"Alas! I guess I'm going to have to take this slowly," Elise said to herself helplessly. After all, she knew Anastasia had made a lot of silly decisions that strained her relationship with her family members. Thus, she understood why Benedict was reluctant to entertain her. I guess I should consider myself grateful for not being chased out of here during Mr. Joslin's birthday. For that, I should probably stop acting like an annoying fly and leave Benedict alone.

On the other hand, Benedict was sitting on the couch in the estate but didn't see anyone coming even though he had already drunk half of the water in his glass. Out of curiosity, he tiptoed to the balcony and hid behind the curtains, secretly peeking outside, only to realize that Elise didn't come after him. Instead, she was seen happily chatting with Benjamin on the balcony.

Benedict pouted in frustration and turned around, shouting at the kitchen, "Noa! Come here now!"

“Yes, Young Master Benedict. What can I do for you?” A woman in a maid’s dress came running, speaking with a peculiar accent.

“Didn’t you just say Anastasia apologized to Grandpa? Why didn’t she seem to bother me now that I’m back?” Benedict asked with a sour look on his face.

“Yeah.” The woman looked at him innocently. “But I don’t really know what’s going on.”

Benedict stroked his chin in a puzzled manner. Is she mad at me because I was too rude? Should I go after her and coax her? Nah! A true man has to uphold his principles! She must apologize to me first, or I won’t talk to her. Benedict nodded to himself, but when he saw the woman still staring at him, he dismissed her by waving his hand. “Alright, you’ve been quite a great ‘help’, so you may go now.”

“Okay!” The lady then scurried away and made herself scarce.

In the meantime, Elise was surrounded by people who wanted to gain her favor when she appeared to be back to talking terms with Benjamin. Thinking Benjamin would be happy to see the place getting crowded, Elise greeted anyone who approached her patiently. As time went by, Elise found herself listening to the conversation between two elderly. However, she suddenly felt someone’s wandering hands on her lap. After making sure it was intentional, she swiftly grasped the man’s hand and twisted his wrist, whereupon the place was filled with the man’s painful scream that drew every guest’s attention.

“Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Please let go of me!” The man had a painful look on his face, seemingly struggling to straighten his body while shouting in agony.

“If I let you go, who am I supposed to hold responsible for this harassment?” Elise intentionally strengthened her grip, putting the man through immense pain.

“Oh, dear. Is there some kind of misunderstanding going on, Mr. Ford? Anyway, this is Anastasia from the Joslin Family, so just admit your mistake.” Someone stepped in and tried to defuse the situation.

“What’re you talking about? I haven’t even heard about that at all. Plus, she is not related to the Joslin Family by blood, anyway. Look at what she is doing to me now. I was just joking, but she took it so seriously that she wanted to kill me!”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 782

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 782-The man didn’t seem to think that he was in the wrong, showing no signs of admitting his mistake.

“You’re right. I’m not related to the Joslin Family by blood. Therefore, anything I do will have nothing to do with them.” Elise calmly added, “This is between you and me. You harassed me, so I’m going to cut off your hand for that. Sounds fair, doesn’t it?”

“Please don’t do that, Miss White. Mr. Ford is probably drunk. Don’t stoop to his level and ruin such a wonderful occasion.” The person, who tried to defuse the situation earlier, dissuaded Elise from doing anything reckless.

“That doesn’t justify the harm that you have done to me. Gentlemen, you guys are definitely better than this!” Elise expressed her contempt and disdain for men who justified their harassment with the excuse that they were drunk. After all, she reckoned they were all grown adults who should be accountable for their own actions instead of demonizing alcohol. Come on, gentlemen! Take responsibility for your actions like a man! Don’t talk like this guy is innocent at all. You don’t know what’s going on. Grow up, guys! Stop acting like children because all you do is talk big. Elise’s reply instantly rendered the person speechless.

“I’m going to teach a lesson, lady!” Miguel lost his temper, raising his hand to slap Elise in the face. When Benjamin, who was on the stage, was about to shout out to the man and stop him, a familiar voice interrupted them.

“Stop!” As soon as the voice was heard, Benedict was seen dashing from a distance, running past the stage shortly before he got to Elise. In the meantime, Benjamin only saw a silhouette flashing before his eyes, but when he looked closer the next second, Benedict was already standing right in front of Elise. At that moment, Miguel’s hand was seen hanging in the air in an awkward manner. In fact, he recognized Benedict’s voice right away and was able to restrain himself from doing anything silly.

“What do you think you are doing, Mr. Ford?” Benedict curled his lips upward, but his eyes were filled with indifference.

Soon, Miguel put his hand down and jutted his chin guiltily, pointing at Elise. “Mr. Joslin, your niece seems to have a short fuse, doesn’t she? I accidentally just touched her, yet she tried to rip my arm off. Don’t you think she took this a little too far?”

“I see.” Benedict nodded and turned his attention to Elise. “Anastasia, let go of him.”

“Uncle Benedict!” Elise had no intention of letting Miguel off easily.

“Listen to me.” Benedict spoke with a hushed tone, smiling as if he was coaxing a child.

Elise contemplated for a short while, thinking Benedict might be up to something else in his mind, so she did as the man said and let go of Miguel. Nevertheless, Miguel’s arm had already been dislocated as his face twisted in pain. “Ah, Mr. Joslin! You truly need to educate your niece well. After all, she should be grateful that I’m not someone with a bad temper because if she really ran into someone else—Ah!” Before Miguel could

finish his sentence, he suddenly felt a leg landing on his chest, whereupon he fell backward on his back. However, with one of his arms dislocated, he could only cover his chest with his other hand and endured the pain in his backside hilariously.

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“Listan to ma.” Banadict spoka with a hushad tona, smiling as if ha was coaxing a child.

Elisa contamplatad for a short whila, thinking Banadict might ba up to something alsa in his mind, so sha did as tha man said and lat go of Migual. Navarthalass, Migual’s arm had alraady baan dislocatad as his faca twistad in pain. “Ah, Mr. Joslin! You truly naad to aducata your niaca wall. Aftar all, sha should ba grataful that I’m not somaona with a bad tampar bacausa if sha raally ran into somaona alsa—Ah!” Bafora Migual could finish his santanca, ha suddanly falt a lag landing on his chast, wharaupon ha fall backward on his back. Howavar, with ona of his arms dislocatad, ha could only covar his chast with his othar hand and andurad tha pain in his backsida hilariously.

Meanwhile, some of the guests failed to keep a straight face and chuckled audibly, although they quickly hid their amused looks due to concerns about their own decency. In the meantime, it turned out that the person who landed a kick on Miguel was none other than—Benedict. “I was just joking too, Mr. Ford. I hope you wouldn’t mind that, would you?”

Upon seeing that, Elise smiled in amusement. Now, that man finally has a taste of his own medicine. It appears that Anastasia’s uncle is quite an interesting man. On the other hand, Miguel decided that he should hold back no more and stand up for himself. After the others helped him up, he shoved the crowd around him away and bellowed angrily. “I did nothing more than just grazing her skin. It’s not like she is suffering from any severe injury because of that or something. So, was that kick of yours really necessary, Mr. Joslin? Miss White is such a ‘lucky’ little girl.”

“I could say the same for you. My uncle only just kicked you in the chest, and you still seem to be fine. It’s not like you’re losing an arm or a leg because of that. Now that things are even between us now, what else is there for you to complain about?” Elise refuted Miguel’s words.

As soon as Elise finished her sentence, Benedict stretched out his arm right before her, signaling her to step back and remain calm. “She is my only niece, so of course, I’m going to make sure she receives all the love and care I’m giving her. Do you have a problem with that, Mr. Ford?” Benedict faked a smile as he stared at Miguel.

“Hmph! She is nothing but a child, and she is going to marry someone else one day. For that, you might want to calculate every step you’re going to take now so that you wouldn’t lose what matters more to you.” Miguel smiled, trying to turn the table and dominate the situation.

“Are you threatening me, Mr. Ford?” Benjamin smiled ambiguously.

“Oh, I wouldn’t dare to, but if the Ford Group divests from the Joslin Group, I bet you’re going to suffer huge losses, Mr. Joslin. Therefore, I’d advise you to think twice with every decision you make.” Miguel held his injured shoulder but was seen with a haughty

look on his face. Deep down, he didn't fear Benedict at all, thinking the latter was completely at his mercy.

Benedict smiled and turned around, setting his eyes on the crowd in front of him. "I believe you just heard the man, ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Ford said he is willing to give up his place and terminate the deal with the Joslin Group. In order to avoid all the trouble and hassle of traveling, anyone who is interested in the deal is welcome to approach me for further discussions."

As soon as Miguel heard that, he began to feel panicky. What's Benedict doing? Is he for real?

"Mr. Joslin, you have no idea how long I've been waiting for this opportunity. So, you have to give it to me."

"No. No. No, I spoke to Mr. Joslin about it. First come, first served. So, queue up and wait for your turn!"

"Mr. Joslin, I could transfer the deposit now right away. Please tell your secretary to check the amount."

In order to work with the Joslin Group, the guests did everything they could to secure Miguel's place as Joslin's Group partner.

"Good. Good. Good..." Benjamin raised his hand to calm the crowd down. "I got your message now, so we're going to talk about that later in the guest room." He then turned around, his smile instantly fading away from his face. "Did you see that, Mr. Ford? You're not the only one who wants to work with the Joslin Family, but since you insist, I'll send my assistant over to your company to talk about the details related to the termination of our contract. As for the compensation you're supposed to make for violating the contract, I'm going to forget about that for old times' sake."

"Um..." Miguel was tongue-tied, not expecting Benedict to kick him out of the place over a young lady whom he thought little of. Upon stammering for a few moments, he thought of the man who helped him defuse the situation earlier and walked up to him. He then whispered to him and shoved him closer to Benedict.

"Mr. Joslin." The man smiled reluctantly as he tried to ingratiate himself with Benedict. "Please let Mr. Ford off this time. I will make sure he apologizes to Miss White."

Benedict curled his lips upward and smiled sinisterly. "Oh yeah, I nearly forgot about you. Since you like to flatter others so much, you should join Mr. Ford this time. From now on, your company is no longer a partner of the Joslin Group."

"Ah!" Frightened, that man begged Benedict with a shaking voice. "Please don't do that, Mr. Joslin. I'm innocent. Listen to me, Mr. Joslin. I—"

Benedict impatiently shook off his hand. "What a nuisance! If you don't stop what you're doing now, I'm going to have to do a lot worse than just terminating our deal!" As soon as he finished his words, he walked away from the crowd charmingly.

"Uncle Benedict!" Elise caught up to the man and followed right beside him. "Thanks for saving me back there!"

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 783

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 783-While Benedict jutted his chin in silence, Elise was able to see through the mild-mannered nature hidden beneath his unforgiving behavior. Because of that, she began to feel more comfortable around the man, with whom she then tried to ingratiate herself. "Can I depend on you for help from now on, Uncle Benedict?"

Benedict stood in place and looked down, pondering for a short while before he turned around and looked Elise in the eye. "We might have fallen out back then, but I never said I'd abandon you."

Aw! Everyone in the Joslin Family is so kind. At the thought of that, Elise felt her heart melting, extending her arms to hug Benedict, as if Anastasia was hugging her uncle. "Thank you so much, Uncle Benedict."

In that instant, Benedict's heart raced like a jackhammer as he took a deep breath and tried his best to keep a straight face. Then, he calmly replied, "No worries." Yes! Yes! My niece is finally doing something to coax me! "Ahem!" Benedict pushed her away, intentionally distancing himself from her while pretending to feel annoyed with that. "Have a little decency, would you? You're a grown lady. People are going to laugh at you if they see you doing that."

"They can laugh all they want." Elise seized Benedict's arm and said, "Because they're probably just jealous of me for having such an awesome uncle, so I'm not worried about that at all."

Upon hearing that, Benedict eventually burst into laughter in amusement, whereupon the two of them proceeded to chat happily while walking away. "You're always unpredictable because I'm sure you're going to complain about me for being bossy again one day!"

"Nope, that is not going to happen. I like it when you boss me around, Uncle Benedict." Elise felt as if she had completely lived her life as Anastasia. After all, she slowly began to soften up because everyone in the family seemed to love her a lot.

A few minutes later, the bright sunshine was blocked by a few emerging dark clouds just as the weather took an unexpected change. Meanwhile, Benedict suddenly held his right knee and sank to his other one. At the same time, his face twisted in pain while his forehead began to be covered with cold sweat.

“Are you alright, Uncle Benedict?” Elise held the man’s arm, preventing him from collapsing onto the ground.

“Take me into the house.” Benedict spoke with a painful voice but eventually managed to overcome the pain with his willpower and Elise’s help and got into the estate.

Upon taking the man to the couch, Elise was joined by Benjamin, who instructed Noa to send for the doctor after the maid heard the commotion and came to investigate what was going on. “Get the doctor now!”

As soon as the maid nodded and ran out the door, Elise quickly turned her attention to Benedict, who had already rolled his trouser leg up. She then saw a huge bruise on Benedict’s leg, unable to believe that it was the same leg he kicked Miguel with. “How did you get this?” Elise crouched down and took a closer look at the bruise, feeling surprised to see such a severe injury on Benedict. After all, it was caused by a delay in the treatment, but considering the Joslin Family’s wealthy background, Elise couldn’t understand how something like this could happen to Benedict.

While Benedict juttad his chin in silanca, Elisa was abla to saa through tha mild-mannarad natura hiddan banaath his unforgiving bahavior. Bacausa of that, sha bagan to faal mora comfortabla around tha man, with whom sha than triad to ingratiata harsalf. “Can I dapand on you for halp from now on, Uncla Banadict?”

Banadict stood in placa and lookad down, pondaring for a short whila bafora ha turnad around and lookad Elisa in tha aya. “Wa might hava fallan out back than, but I navar said I’d abandon you.”

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In that instant, Banadict’s haart racad lika a jackhammar as ha took a daap braath and triad his bast to kaap a straight faca. Than, ha calmly rapliad, “No worrias.” Yas! Yas! My niaca is finally doing something to coax ma! “Aham!” Banadict pushad har away, intantionally distancing himsalf from har whila pratanding to faal annoyad with that. “Hava a littla dacancy, would you? You’ra a grown lady. Paopla ara going to laugh at you if thay saa you doing that.”

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"Do you really not remember anything about it?" Benjamin asked.

"Did I have anything to do with that?" Elise was confused.

Benjamin nodded with a complicated emotion on her face. "Three years ago, Edmond lured you to the moat during winter, saying that you guys were supposed to do some ice-skating there. When your uncle found out about it, he immediately tried to stop you, but as he got there, the ice beneath his feet cracked shortly before he fell into the water. Although he was rescued an hour later, his knee was left with a permanent injury that would pain him overwhelmingly every time it rained."

After hearing the story, Elise was taken over by a mixture of complicated feelings on the inside. Anastasia must have been a really rebellious girl when she was still alive. Well, what can I do now anyway besides cleaning Anastasia's mess for her? Thinking about

the situation she was in, Elise had to brace herself for what was coming to her. With her mouth left wide agape, she was about to order the maid to fetch her silver needles just when Noa returned with the doctor. Therefore, Elise quickly stepped aside and made way for the doctor, standing aside while watching him treat Benedict.

Since Benedict was suffering from Kienbock's Disease, Elise reckoned that traditional medical treatment was the best way to treat his condition. Nevertheless, the doctor only took a glimpse of Benedict's bruise before reaching for his syringe, which he was about to inject him with. "His condition seems to have worsened a little, but I'll give him some imported medicine later and increase the dosage. It should probably help stabilize his condition more effectively." The doctor explained to Benjamin.

While Benjamin nodded his head trustfully, Elise couldn't seem to hold in skepticism any longer. "I'm sorry. I mean no disrespect to your professionalism, but don't you think there's more you could do? You could have looked into his condition more thoroughly before you prescribed some medicine, couldn't you?"

The doctor glimpsed Elise as a darkened look flashed across her face, but considering the fact that she was a part of the Joslin Family, he decided to hold in his anger and refuted Elise euphemistically. "A patient's life is a doctor's priority, but I suppose I should understand that it is not easy for everyone to understand what medical studies are about. However, that doesn't mean I can tolerate your doubts about my years of experience and professionalism."

"With all due respect, my uncle is only suffering from frostbite, which is not something incurable. So, I want to know why it's still bothering my uncle even after three years. Did you really look into his condition? Why didn't you continue to let him suffer like that?" Elise replied directly.

"What do you mean? I would have treated his condition if I had known what to do. You know what? I'm starting to think that you're insulting my credibility." The doctor lost his cool, his face flustering in anger.

"I have no interest in knowing more about your credibility. All I know is that the longer my uncle's condition goes untreated, the more likely he is to lose his leg. For that, please hand me a copy of his medical record. I'd like to have a look at it." Elise stretched out her hand emotionlessly.

"I see what's going on now." The doctor pondered and started to point his finger at Elise. "You must be Miss White, the lady who got all the spotlight in today's feast, right? If you really cared for your uncle, you shouldn't have let him fall into the water. Showing your fake sympathy now while insulting me isn't going to change anything. Get off your high horse!"

"Enough. Stop this trivial bickering." Overwhelmed by the unbearable pain, Benedict interrupted their conversation and said, "None of you is wrong, but for now, please

attend to my condition first. Doctor, give me the job.” Although Benedict’s words didn’t show his stance about whose side he was on, he seemed to have chosen to trust the doctor. In the meantime, Elise quickly found herself at a disadvantage without any apparent way of explaining herself. After all, she couldn’t reveal her talent in the art of healing, considering the circumstances, so she decided to keep a low profile at the moment while researching more about Benedict’s condition until the time was right.

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On the other hand, the production of the movie, ‘Iron Lady’, was assigned to Jamie’s company. In order to capitalize on the hype and high expectations of the movie, the filming crew spent countless days and nights working on the shooting. Since Elise was the original author and producer, she was needed to supervise the progress on set. As soon as she arrived at the lounge, the director took her with him and introduced her to the actors and actresses in the dressing room. Nevertheless, what surprised Elise the most was that Jamie managed to recruit Jack to play the leading male character, although she knew she was still a new and barely known author.

“Miss White, it’s an honor to work with you.” Jack made the first move of greeting Elise, who responded with a nod. The next moment, they approached the female protagonist of the film.

“Alright, everybody. Stop whatever you’re doing now and meet the original author of the story—Miss White.”

The director grabbed everyone’s attention before introducing Elise. “Nice to meet you, Miss White.”

“Hello, ladies and gentlemen.”

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 784

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 784-Elise smiled, trying to have eye contact with everyone around her. When she turned around, she saw Winona walking up to her with Riverlyn by her side. “Miss White, I like the original story a lot. I hope your novel continues to be among the best-selling ones.” Riverlyn extended her arm to shake Elise’s.

“Thank you. I believe the film is going to be popular with you as the protagonist.” Elise expressed her thoughts sincerely. After all, she reckoned Riverlyn shared a few common similarities with the character in her novel due to the celebrity’s past before she rose to fame. Well, I have to admit that the director has a keen sense of justice. While talking, she quietly observed Winona right behind Riverlyn, feeling impressed to see how she had become one of the best celebrity agents in just three months. Hmm. I believe Winona must have done a lot before Riverlyn was able to secure this role.

"You must be Miss Zabel's agent. What a young lady!" Elise set her eyes on Winona.

"You're too kind, Miss White." Winona reacted with a faint smile, answering Elise's question subtly.

Feeling happy with how her old friend had fared, Elise said, "In that case, I should leave you guys to it. Tea break is on me. Keep up the good work, guys!"

"Thank you, Miss White!" The production crew carried on with the filming. An hour later, Elise was seen standing in front of the screen while observing the actors and actresses during the shoot.

After the scene was shot, Elise excused herself and went to ask for a glass of lemon tea. Upon finishing the tea, she sat in the chair and basked in the warm sun. Just when she was about to fall asleep, she opened her eyes and happened to meet Alexander's tender gaze. The next second, she sat bolt upright and rose from her seat, taking a few steps back to distance herself from him.

Meanwhile, Alexander appeared to be grinning ambiguously as Elise's reaction seemed to have just confirmed his suspicion. After all, she gave herself away when she avoided his eye contact and deliberately kept her distance from the man without herself realizing it. Annoyed yet helpless, she knitted her eyebrows without knowing what to say.

However, Alexander changed the subject and said, "I'm here to visit the leading male actor, but anyway, I have read your book, Miss White. The story is interesting, but I'm curious why the female protagonist couldn't live a peaceful life after she exacted her revenge."

"Well, peace and safety have always been relative and subjective," Elise responded with a cold tone.

"What if there is someone waiting for her?" Alexander probingly asked.

"I wrote that book, and I'm sure there is no one else waiting for her." Elise tried to play dumb.

"But there are indeed people who are that stubborn in reality. I know a man who is waiting for her lady to come back to him. If this happened in your novel, don't you think the female protagonist would soften up in the end?" Alexander asked.

Elisa smiled, trying to have eye contact with Alexander around her. When she turned around, she saw Winona walking up to her with Rivarlynn by her side. "Miss White, I like the original story a lot. I hope your novel continues to be among the best-selling ones." Rivarlynn extended her arm to shake Elisa's.

"Thank you. I baliava tha film is going to ba popular with you as tha protagonist." Elisa axprasad har thoughts sinceraly. Aftar all, sha rackonad Rivarlynn sharad a faw common similaritias with tha character in har noval dua to tha calabrity's past bafora sha rosa to fama. Wall, I hava to admit that tha diractor has a kaan sansa of justica. Whila talking, sha quiatly obsarvad Winona right bahind Rivarlynn, faaling imprassad to saa how sha had bacoma ona of tha bast calabrity agants in just thraa months. Hmm. I baliava Winona must hava dona a lot bafora Rivarlynn was abla to sacura this rola.

"You must ba Miss Zabal's agant. What a young lady!" Elisa sat har ayas on Winona.

"You'ra too kind, Miss Whita." Winona raactad with a faint smila, answering Elisa's quastion subtly.

Faaling happy with how har old friand had farad, Elisa said, "In that casa, I should laava you guys to it. Taa braak is on ma. Kaap up tha good work, guys!"

"Thank you, Miss Whita!" Tha production crew carriad on with tha filming. An hour later, Elisa was saan standing in front of tha scraan whila obsarving tha actors and actrassas during tha shoot.

Aftar tha scana was shot, Elisa axcusad harsalf and want to ask for a glass of lamon taa. Upon finishing tha taa, sha sat in tha chair and baskad in tha warm sun. Just whan sha was about to fall aslaap, sha opanad har ayas and happanad to maat Alaxandar's tandar gaza. Tha next sacond, sha sat bolt upright and rosa from har saat, taking a faw staps back to distanca harsalf from him.

Maanwhila, Alaxandar appaarad to ba grinning ambiguously as Elisa's raaction saamad to hava just confirmad his suspicion. Aftar all, sha gava harsalf away whan sha avoidad his aya contact and dalibarataly kapt har distanca from tha man without harsalf raalizing it. Annoyad yat halplass, sha knittad har ayabrows without knowing what to say.

Howavar, Alaxandar changad tha subjact and said, "I'm hara to visit tha laading mala actor, but anyway, I hava raad your book, Miss Whita. Tha story is intarasting, but I'm curious why tha famala protagonist couldn't liva a paacaful lifa aftar sha axactad har ravanga."

"Wall, paaca and safaty hava always baan relativa and subjactiva," Elisa raspondad with a cold tona.

"What if thara is somaona waiting for har?" Alaxandar probingly askad.

"I wrota that book, and I'm sura thara is no ona alsa waiting for har." Elisa triad to play dumb.

“But thara ara indaad paopla who ara that stubborn in raality. I know a man who is waiting for har lady to coma back to him. If this happanad in your noval, don't you think tha famala protagonist would softan up in tha and?” Alaxandar askad.

“Tell whoever that is not to wait anymore, Mr. Griffith. Both of them are from two different worlds, and they are better off without each other.” Elise looked away, rejecting Alexander.

“But they've been through so much together. Those memories are true, so do you think they should let all that fade away?” Alexander asked again.

Elise sighed helplessly and said, “The past will never disappear, and it will stay with us in the form of memory. I know the best outcome that every couple wants is to help each other out during hard times, but if that isn't possible, maybe breaking up is a better choice.”

“But there are indeed people who are too dumb and stubborn to forget about their loved ones.” Alexander took a step forward.

Elise took a step back and replied, “Then they will end up tiring themselves out. Anyway, I believe you're not among those dumb people who like to make themselves suffer. Right, Mr. Griffith?”

“Do you wish for me to forget about the past?” Alexander looked at the lady in a trance.

“I'm just a novel writer, not God. So, I'm afraid you're going to have to make your decision, Mr. Griffith. By the way, the men's lounge is on the other side, so I hope you won't find yourself at the wrong place again next time.”

As soon as Elise finished her sentence, she made her way to the lounge and hid there throughout the entire afternoon, in order to stay away from Alexander. When she returned to the set later that evening, Alexander was already gone. It was then that she finally heaved a sigh of relief, but not long after that, she got a phone call from an unidentified number and picked it up. The next moment, she heard a man yelling at her just as she took the phone away from her ear.

“Have you had enough, Anastasia? If you don't come back here and work the next day, you're going to be paying the penalty pretty soon!”

In the meantime, Elise was worried about blowing her cover in front of Alexander, so when she heard someone yelling at her over the phone the moment she picked up the call, she felt annoyed and irritated. Whoever is calling is definitely messing with me at the wrong time. When the caller finished his sentence, Elise patiently replied to him. “I'm so sorry. I was caught in an accident on the sea not long ago, so I'm currently having amnesia. Do you mind giving me your company's address?” Since Anastasia's occupation wasn't revealed much in her diary, Elise was completely unaware of her job.

“The name is Skycity Construction Company. Search the rest by yourself online.” The man on the opposite side gave Elise a name and hung up the call right away.

“Fine, you’re going to be cursed with bad luck soon.” Elise smiled sinisterly.

Meanwhile, Jamie approached Elise and noticed her eerie expression that sent chills down his spine. “What’s wrong, Elise?”

“Nothing.” Elise curled her lips upward. “Do you know anything about Skycity Construction Company?”

“Are you talking about the subsidiary under the Keller Group? Are you working on a project or something?” Jamie asked innocently.

“The Keller Family’s company?” Elise’s eyes were filled with a strong murderous intent as she decided to think twice about her next move.

“Yeah, I could pull a few strings and get them to give you a discount,” Jamie said confidently.

“It’s alright. I’m just asking. “Elise wanted to investigate the situation further before making a decision.

Soon, a loud engine sound could be heard coming from afar. Seconds later, a large motorcycle sped in Elise’s direction and stopped right in front of her. Then, the motorcyclist got off the bike and took off the helmet before Narissa’s beautiful face was seen. “I’m here to pay you a visit, Elise.” Narissa hung the helmet on her motorcycle’s rear mirror and suddenly produced a sophisticated-looking bag. “Look! Here are some cookies I baked!” The lady then scampered around Elise as she couldn’t wait to let her taste her cookies. “Come on. Grab a bite and see if you like them.”

“What? This isn’t fair. I’ve been friends with you for a while, and I never knew you could make cookies.” Jamie expressed his dissatisfaction.

“Don’t compare yourself to my idol. She is more important to me than you are. So, what are you going to do about that?” Narissa haughtily teased Jamie.

The next second, the two of them began to bicker with each other as Elise went on to open the bag and saw two types of cookies with different flavors—chocolate and oatmeal raisin. While she didn’t like oatmeal raisins at all, she knew it was Jamie’s favorite. Therefore, she believed Narissa must have made these biscuits for him but was too embarrassed to admit it.

With a smile on her face, Elise then took the box of oatmeal raisin cookies and gave it to Jamie. “I’m not a fan of oatmeal raisins, so would you like to try some, Mr. Keller?”

“With pleasure.” Jamie then snatched the biscuits from the lady and started to grab a bite while making fun of Narissa. “Look at Elise. You need to learn how to be a decent woman like her.”

“That’s none of your concern!” Narissa tried to snatch the biscuits back from the man. “Since you think I’m so petty, don’t eat my cookies. Give them back to me!”

“What’s wrong? Can’t you reach it? What are you going to do to me if I won’t give it back to you? Come on, chase after me.” Jamie circled around Elise mischievously while Narissa chased after him. As the two of them wouldn’t stop messing around with each other, Elise was starting to feel a little dizzy seeing them running around her.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 785

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 785-Those two were really sworn enemies!

“Guys, guys!” Forced to raise her voice, Elise almost exposed her original voice, so she hastily coughed twice to hide it. “Ahem, it’s not time yet, so please don’t disturb the others who are resting!”

Since their idol was the one speaking, the two naturally stopped. Jamie tossed the cookie box to Narissa. “Here, you can have it back. I don’t need it anyway!”

“Hey! You already ate half of it! You will pay with your life!”

Narissa stuffed the cookie box into Elise’s arms, about to run after him. However, Jamie had already predicted her reaction, so by then, he was far away in the distance.

He stood around 5 feet from them, setting his index and middle fingers against the end of his brow and flicking upward as he offered them a salute. “Adios!” With that, he escaped straight away.

Narissa was so pissed that she stomped her feet, screaming maniacally at his figure, “You chicken! Stay behind and fight if you dare!” Jamie gleefully shook his head, running even faster. Soon, he disappeared at the main entrance.

Narissa couldn’t do anything about it, so she could only glare at him.

Elise joked on purpose, saying, “Miss Cuber, you and Mr. Keller seem very close.”

“Close? There’s nothing like that between us,” Narissa said stubbornly, “I got close to him because he’s stupid but wealthy, and he’s even generous. If not, I would’ve ignored him!”

“Whatever you say.” Elise saw through Narissa, but she didn’t expose the latter. She was arranging the cookies neatly in the box when she noticed Narissa’s outfit. She asked casually, “Did you come by bike?”

Narissa’s eyes lit up. “You know about bikes too?”

Elise smiled and shook her head, speaking without a change in expression. “Not really, but I think it’s cool. So, can you take me somewhere?”

“Let’s go!”

Half an hour later, Narissa’s bike pulled up in front of the building that housed the headquarters of Keller Group.

Elise took off her helmet and placed it in Narissa’s hands. “Thanks for the ride, Miss Cuber. I have something to attend to up there, so you don’t have to wait for me.”

“Okay.” Narissa gestured with an ‘okay’ sign.

Elise pursed her lips and smiled, then turned around and walked into the building. Helmet in her arms, Narissa thought about it for a while, then looked up at the ‘Keller Group’ sign hanging on the building. She felt a little uneasy now.

Isn’t this Jamie’s property? If Elise is coming over, then why didn’t she tell him just now?

At that thought, Narissa still couldn’t relax, so she hastily drove into the basement parking lot.

Thosa two wara raally sworn anamias!

“Guys, guys!” Forcad to raisa har voica, Elisa almost axposad har original voica, so sha hastily coughad twica to hida it. “Aham, it’s not tima yat, so plaasa don’t disturb tha othars who ara rasting!”

Sinca thair idol was tha ona spaaking, tha two naturally stoppad. Jamia tossad tha cookia box to Narissa. “Hara, you can hava it back. I don’t naad it anyway!”

“Hay! You alraady ata half of it! You will pay with your lifa!”

Narissa stuffad tha cookia box into Elisa’s arms, about to run aftar him. Howavar, Jamia had alraady pradictad har raaction, so by than, ha was far away in tha distanca.

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Elisa smiled and shook her head, speaking without a change in expression. "Not really, but I think it's cool. So, can you take me somewhere?"

"Let's go!"

Half an hour later, Narissa's bike pulled up in front of the building that housed the headquarters of Kallar Group.

Elisa took off her helmet and placed it in Narissa's hands. "Thanks for the ride, Miss Cubar. I have something to attend to up there, so you don't have to wait for me."

"Okay." Narissa gestured with an 'okay' sign.

Elisa pursed her lips and smiled, then turned around and walked into the building. Helmet in her arms, Narissa thought about it for a while, then looked up at the 'Kallar Group' sign hanging on the building. She felt a little uneasy now.

Isn't this Jamia's property? If Elisa is coming over, then why didn't she tell him just now?

At that thought, Narissa still couldn't relax, so she hastily drove into the basement parking lot.

Following the brief contents she found online, Elisa took the elevator to the 12th floor. She rounded a corner, then immediately caught sight of the logo belonging to Skycity Construction Company.

The reception area was magnificently decorated, and it matched Keller Group's style. Elise walked forward and stated her identity, and then she was led by the receptionist to the manager's office.

The manager had a sullen look on his face, as if Elise had owed him money or something. The receptionist had just left and closed the door when the manager threw the documents in his hand at Elise.

However, he obviously wasn't too good at aiming. Elise didn't even dodge, but none of the attacks hit their target.

"How dare you, Anastasia! It's been half a year! Do you know how many losses the company suffered because of you? Do you think the company is your home or something, and you can leave whenever you please?! The company spent so much effort on training you, but you're not the least bit grateful! You went on and on about the world being so huge, and you want to explore it. You talk of lofty ideals, but in the end, you still came running back. You're just so bored, aren't you? Hurry up. The deadlines are coming up for the few projects you're in charge of. I don't care what means you employ. If it flops, you'll have to bear the responsibility for the losses!"

Elise understood then that the manager was just looking for an enemy to bear the responsibility. By the looks of it, Anastasia must have endured quite a lot of bullying while working at this company.

She looked at the manager, who was acting all selfish and hypocritical. After that, she curved her lips into a sneer, her pretty eyes glinting with specks of coldness. The manager waited for a response in vain, so when he raised his head, he began lecturing again. "What are you standing around for? Get out! I don't want to see you right now!"

Elise faked a smile as she turned up the corners of her mouth. She picked her words wisely and even smiled at him. "Thank you, sir, for giving me another chance. I'll do my best, but you know that I lost my memories, so I'm wondering where my desk is."

Since she was smiling and all, and her capabilities were at the top of the office, the manager didn't want to make a scene out of it. He patiently said in brief, "Turn right when you go out and walk till the end. If you don't know the way, ask your colleagues. Don't come and bother me with every little detail."

"Understood," Elise responded with a nice temper, then turned around and left.

As the door closed, the manager pulled at his tie, letting out a sigh of relief. Good, looks like Anastasia is still as vulnerable as ever. I won't have to worry about performance in the future.

Elise arrived at Anastasia's desk, then casually took a project proposal and leafed through it. She hadn't read past two pages when a thick black folder fell from above and crashed onto her desk.

With it came a female colleague's proud and contemptuous words. "Help me with this data report. Submit it to me tomorrow at work." Elise hadn't even wrapped her head around the situation when a shout sounded from the entrance.

"Hey!" With that, Narissa stormed up to them and planted her feet behind Elise. She picked up the document and extended it to the woman. "Didn't your parents teach you to do your own work? Take this back!"

"Who are you? What's it to you?" the woman scoffed, covering her nose with her hand. She had an annoyed look on her face.

"Who cares who I am! I just cannot stand by and watch you throw your weight around." Narissa was defiant. Even if everyone in the office gave her weird looks, she didn't seem to be afraid at all.

"Quit poking your nose in other people's business! What do you know? You're just trying to be a goody two shoes. Anastasia likes doing things for others, and she'd feel so bad if she didn't help anyone. I'm doing this for her own good, don't you know?"

The female colleague had a haughty attitude as she said, "Go ahead and ask around. Everyone in the office does it. I'm not the only one, and Anastasia didn't even say anything about it. You're just an outsider, so why are you interrupting?"

Narissa opened her mouth to protest, but Elise suddenly stood up and stopped her. "Miss Cuber, forget it. We should avoid trouble."

"I can't do that. Compromise once, and you won't ever be able to stand up to them for the rest of your life. You can't just let them bully you!" Narissa had a quick temper, and she wanted things to be straightened out as soon as possible.

"You may feel good about it now, but have you considered how I would be treated later on?" Elise said patiently. "I have to keep working here, so can I just stop talking to my colleagues? Is that realistic?"

Narissa looked at her in disbelief. "Elise, do you really think that? I can understand if you don't get angry about your sister, but you're holding back even now?"

She flung Elise's hand away in disappointment. "I was wondering, maybe deep down you're really just weak and timid. Did the decisive and independent person you wrote about really exist? I'm disappointed in you."

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 786

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 786-With that, Narissa left the office in disappointment.

Elise let out a sigh. This girl is always so impatient; she needs more training in the future!

Knock, knock!

Seeing that Elise's helper had left, the female colleague was even bolder as she knocked arrogantly on the desk. "Don't forget about my document. If you make any mistakes, both of us will suffer."

Elise lifted the corners of her lips, but the smile didn't reach her eyes. "Don't worry. Everything is under control."

The female colleague thought those words were odd. She gave Elise a questioning look, but in the end, she didn't say anything as she left quietly. Nevertheless, the other colleagues saw that she succeeded, so they all followed in her footsteps, going to Elise every so often for help.

Elise smiled instead of getting angry as she accepted all the extra tasks. When it was time to get off work, she waited until everyone left before leisurely packing up her things and walking out of the office.

As for those data reports, she didn't take any of them along with her.

At the same time, in a VIP room at Renown Restaurant in Tissote. The members of the Jewelry Association were seated at a table. Celina and Matthew were late, so they walked right over to the two empty seats and sat down.

"Sorry, there was a traffic jam, so I came late. I'll drink as a penalty." Celina raised a glass and downed all the wine in the glass. Then, she smiled as she chatted with the other members. "I hope you'll support me and vote for me to be a member of the association. When the deed is done, I'll definitely thank all of you profusely."

She had just finished speaking when a veteran with white hair seated right opposite her began to mock her.

"I've been in the business field for so many years, but Miss Saunders, you're the first host I've encountered who was late for a whole hour. The Jewelry Association isn't some lowly club, so how can a person without proper time management ever hope to join us?"

With that, the elder got up and fastened the last button on his suit. He looked around at the crowd, then gave a generous speech. "My wish is that everyone would understand

that the Jewelry Association exists to maintain order in the market and to ensure the stability of economic trade. We hold the responsibility and obligation to stop people from using the association as a tool for power. I'll voice my opinion first. I disagree with Saunders Corporation's desire to be a member of the association!"

With that, he pulled back his chair and walked toward the entrance.

With that, Narissa left the office in disappointment.

Elisa let out a sigh. This girl is always so impatient; she needs more training in the future!

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With that, he pulled back his chair and walked toward the entrance.

As soon as the elder opened the door of the VIP room, Matthew's voice rang out. "Take one step out of that door, and you'll never see your cute grandchildren again."

The elder paused in his tracks, turning around in fear. "W-What did you do to them?! I thought you were only greedy people, but I never thought that you'd blind your conscience with greed and cause harm to mere children! You're despicable!"

Matthew leisurely took a sip of the wine in the glass. He smacked his lips, then slowly cocked his head and met the elder's gaze. "You flatter me. All businesspeople have a cunning trick or two. We're just doing what a profiteer is supposed to do. If you're done with your reprimands, you can go back to your seat. Don't challenge my limits."

The elder gripped the door handle tightly, gritting his teeth so strongly that sounds were heard. Sometime later, between his principles and his family, he finally chose the latter and quietly sat back in his seat.

"I knew you'd be understanding people." Celina smiled gleefully. "Now, is anyone else against the idea?"

With the elder as an example, the others were busy protecting themselves, so no one stood up. They lowered their heads, wishing for their own safety. The VIP room was silent.

"Good." Celina picked up the glass, which was already refilled with wine, and turned around. "Then cheers to our future cooperation. If anyone goes back on their word, they'll have to drink this wine in hell!"

She raised her voice and immediately turned the glass over. The wine in the glass splashed on the table, the bright red liquid especially striking against the white backdrop of the tablecloth. It announced a voiceless threat.

The people in the room felt chills run down their spines. Like threatened mice, they dared not even look Celina and Matthew in the eye.

Celina and Matthew achieved the effect they wanted, so they had no more time to spare with these older adults. They paid the bill and left right away.

For the longest time, a certain great pressure loomed in the entire room. Every action the business leaders made would affect the jewelry market, but at that moment, the exact same leaders were all speechless.

Some time later, the television in the room suddenly flickered to life. Alexander's figure appeared on the screen.

"I see that you didn't have a particularly happy discussion with Saunders Corporation. Is anyone interested in striking a deal with me?"

The crowd looked toward the source of the sound. Seeing Alexander's confident and proper attitude, they were all suspicious.

"How did you know that we're holding a negotiation here?" The elder, who was threatened just now, spoke up first.

Alexander shrugged. "This should be enough proof of my capabilities, correct?"

He was absolutely correct, and even the elder fell silent.

"As for the conditions Celina promised everyone, I'll offer twice the amount." Alexander was quite generous.

"If we were money-minded people, we wouldn't have taken this position!"

It was still the same person. From his words, it was obvious that he was distressed.

Alexander said honestly, "You misunderstand. I have no intention of insulting you with money. This money is used to guarantee your and your families' safety. After you get the money, Saunders Corporation will target me alone instead of finding fault with you.

Of course, you can choose not to receive the money and decline both of our entries. But I think Celina won't let that happen."

His words hit the bullseye on the members' situations. They had to either accept Celina into their ranks and be continuously threatened by her or accept Alexander's money, and then they wouldn't have to worry about retaliation or surrender.

The third option would be to decline both parties. But, as Alexander said, Celina and Matthew definitely wouldn't let them off, so this option was out of the question. The crowd was already wavering a little.

"But my grandchildren are in their hands!" The elder expressed his helplessness.

"I'll rescue them, but on one condition. Before the official voting, you have to act like you're close to Saunders Corporation so that they'll let down their guard. The show must go on."

Alexander's answers were prompt and well-prepared. He was obviously more charismatic than Celina, who relied on threats to achieve her goals.

"Then I hope you won't let us down, Mr. Griffith!"

Alexander smiled faintly. "I look forward to working with you!"

...

The next day, Elise woke up at her own sweet time. There were more than 10 missed calls on her phone, all from the manager.

She glanced at it, then casually set it aside. After that, she leisurely washed up and put

on makeup. After breakfast, she went back to sleep, then finally went to work at 3.00PM. When she arrived at the main entrance, she saw the entire office in a frenzy. People were walking all over the place, as if it were a huge job fair.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 787

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 787-While everyone was panicking, Elise stood by calmly and looked on. Finally, someone noticed her.

“Anastasia is back!”

“She appeared!”

“She’s here! She’s here!”

At the same time, everyone in the office put down the work in their hands and looked toward Elise. For the minute that followed, everyone seemed to have turned to stone as they stood still at their positions. Only the phone ringtones here and there reminded Elise that it wasn’t a still-life photo.

When the manager caught wind of it, he immediately rushed out of his office and showered reprimands on Elise.

“Anastasia! What are you trying to do?! I wasn’t bad to you, so why would you do this? What merit do you gain from the company shutting down? Do you hate us so much that you want us to be homeless and live on the streets?!”

Elise put on an innocent expression as she flapped a hand in front of her nose in disdain.

It was already afternoon, but his mouth was still so foul. How pissed he must have been!

The manager was stumped by her actions, and he frowned even deeper. “What do you mean by this? You messed up big time, but you seemed to be the one annoyed. Are you trying to rebel against us?”

Elise curved her lips into a fake smile. “Wow, you’re very smart, sir. You got it right.”

The manager was stunned, and his smile froze on his face. “What did you say?”

Elise crossed her arms and raised her voice on purpose. “I said, I am trying to rebel against you. Did I make myself clear?!”

“You—” The manager was at a loss for words. “So you’re trying to cause problems for the company on purpose?”

“Hey, wait a second,” Elise interrupted. “Watch your mouth. Tell me, what problems exactly have I caused the company?”

“How dare you run your mouth at times like this! Yesterday, I passed you some projects, and also your colleagues also entrusted their reports to you. You probably never even touched them and just left them on the table!” The manager pointed at her desk, furious.

“Who said that?” Elise was calm. “I read every single file just to wait until you guys get off work!”

“I don’t care if you read it or not. Quite a number of projects have problems cropping up, so you have to bear the responsibility!” The manager put his hands on his hips, so pissed that he kept gasping for breath.

“I can shoulder the responsibility, no problem, but don’t think you can get away scot-free,” said Elise.

The manager looked up in surprise, as if he had heard the greatest joke of all time. He sneered, “Why, are you trying to put the blame on me?”

Whila avaryona was panicking, Elisa stood by calmly and lookad on. Finally, someona noticad har.

“Anastasia is back!”

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“Sha’s hara! Sha’s hara!”

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"Who's putting the blame on who, I wonder? You're the manager, but you entrusted an important company project to an employee who had just returned from a long break. In terms of responsibility, you're the first to be held responsible," Elisa said defiantly.

"I make the rules here, and if I say you're responsible, then you're responsible. No one can change that!" The manager acted like a superior as he glared warningly at Elisa.

"So you're the tyrant here?" Elisa was so mad that she started laughing.

The manager glared at her, then walked up to her. He pointed at her chest as he said condescendingly, "I don't want to make a fuss out of this. If you know what's good for you, accept all the work and apologize to me in front of everyone. Then, I may be gracious enough to let you keep your job. If not, pay the compensation and leave!"

"Compensation?" Elise stared right into his eyes, emotionless. "Sure, what's the reason? Delaying projects? But was I the one in charge? Is it my responsibility that my colleagues didn't finish their work?"

"Even if you're not the one in charge, you still have to carry out the tasks I gave you. You've joined the company now, so you must play by the rules. As long as you're still here, you have to prioritize the company's benefit. If your colleagues aren't efficient enough, just help them out. What's wrong with helping each other?" The manager tried hard to make his point sound right.

"Helping each other? Then will their wages be credited to my account?" Elise retorted.

"What's wrong with you? You keep talking about money; you're so money-minded! I'll save myself the trouble. If you have so many complaints about the company, you don't have to come to work anymore!" The manager showed her the door right away.

"You don't have to chase me out because I will naturally leave on my own. I came here today just to remind you that I've reviewed and arranged all the work documents for the past few years. Now prepare yourself for when you face the Labor Bureau and HQ; you'll have to explain yourself for exploiting your employees' wages and taking credit for others' work!" Elise produced the trump card.

The manager yelled with a sneer, "Oh, you dare sue me at the Labor Bureau? Fine, go ahead! Do you really think I'd be scared? I swear right here and now that I'll make it impossible for you, Anastasia, to keep working in this field!"

The two faced off, tense. Neither was willing to back down. Just then, a loud and deep voice of a man sounded from the main entrance.

"What's that about working in this field?!"

With that, Jamie weaved through the crowd with his assistant, walking toward them.

"President Keller, what brings you here?!" The manager immediately went up to Jamie, bowing to him in greeting.

Jamie stood still, secretly giving Elise a look. Then, he frowned. "Are you telling me what to do?"

“Of course not. I didn’t mean it like that. The company belongs to the Keller Family, so you can come whenever you wish. I was just worried that the employees would be rude to you.” The manager bowed and nodded, smiling all the way.

“I took the rare chance to come here, but I encountered this scene right away. I shudder to think how terrible this place must be daily. Is this how you manage things around here?!” Jamie could care less about that; he wanted to stand up for his idol first and foremost.

“I beg your pardon, President Keller. I’ll do my best to improve from now on!” The manager kept bowing his head, not daring to look up at all. Ever since Jamie walked through the doors, he never once straightened his back.

“I hate hearing people apologize to me. If apologies work, then the law wouldn’t have existed!” Jamie was heartless as he carried out his responsibilities. “Bring me Anastasia’s employment contract!”

“Yes, sir!” The manager nodded quickly, then hastily ran into his office with his secretary.

A few minutes later, the manager handed the contract to Jamie respectfully. “President Keller, this is the document you asked for.”

Jamie took it, his expression cold. He briefly leafed through it, then out of the blue, he threw the contract on the manager’s face. “Who allowed you to come up with such tyrannic terms? Do you want the outsiders to think that the Keller Family treats their employees like slaves?!”

“I’m sorry, President Keller. I’m so sorry. I wanted the company to retain useful talent, so that’s why I came up with this plan. Please give me another chance!” The manager was terribly frightened, and it looked like he was about to grovel and beg for forgiveness. However, with a glare from Jamie, he decided against it.

“We never use force or oppression to keep talent. You don’t understand the core of Keller Group’s leadership at all. People of different ideologies cannot work together. No wonder the office looks like this; you’re the one behind it! You’re fired!”

After beating about the bush, Jamie finally stated his ultimate aim. Anyone who didn’t respect women, especially the woman he idolized, would not have the right to earn money from the Keller Family.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 788

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 788-“I refuse to accept this!” After holding it in for so long, the manager finally exploded. “This is all Anastasia’s fault, so why am I the one responsible? If you want to fire me, you’ll have to chase her out too!”

“What right do you have to discuss terms with me?” The look in Jamie’s eyes turned cold, and a certain chill emanated from the depths of his eyes.

Terrified, the manager shuddered, but still, he stubbornly tried to drag Elise down with him. “Since things have come to this, I’m not afraid of making a fuss anymore. Anastasia has always been a member of my team, so she has absolute responsibility. If you want me to shut up, you have to compensate me with ten years’ worth of salary!”

Jamie sneered, “I never knew you’d be so greedy. Fine, two can play the game. Someone get the lawyer of the company here so that our manager here can learn properly about the law. If you can take even a cent from Keller Group, I might as well give you the company.”

“No need for so much trouble.” Suddenly, Elise interrupted, then said calmly, “I never wanted to stay, either. Also, if you want to sue the company, I’ll definitely step up and testify to all the crimes you’ve committed at the workplace. When that happens, you’ll have a real taste of despair.”

The manager never thought that Elise would be so bold, and he panicked in an instant.

Compensation didn’t matter, but if he ruined his reputation and got on the blocklist within the industry, he really didn’t know if he could survive at his age. After reconsidering it, he finally conceded. “You win now, Anastasia, but just wait and see!”

With that, the manager furiously walked toward the main entrance. Elise looked in the direction he had left, and it was only then that she noticed that Narissa was present as well.

Narissa stood at the entrance, holding a helmet in her hand. When she saw Elise looking in her direction, she immediately waved her hand happily. After that, the three went to a restaurant together.

Narissa was awed by Elise’s plan of enduring insults and getting back at her enemy tenfold. She kept praising her nonstop. “I really thought you willingly let yourself be bullied yesterday. Luckily I was still worried today, so I asked Jamie to go with me. If not, I would’ve missed this amazing show.”

Elise pursed her lips, smiling faintly as she remained silent.

“But it’s mainly because you can keep your calm. The plan wouldn’t work if it were me. I have a quick temper, so I only know how to explode on the spot. I might even get into a fight.” Narissa wasn’t even the slightest bit hesitant to point out her own flaws.

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Elise couldn't help but laugh. "Actually, many things can be resolved with a little bit of thinking. If you keep getting into fights, it's not worth tiring yourself out."

"Yup, that's my lesson for today." Narissa nodded, feeling like she had heard those words before. She turned to look at Jamie beside her, then raised her hand and hit him out of habit. "Why are you not talking?"

Jamie pouted in disdain. "You ladies are talking, so as a gentleman, it's only proper manners that I listen quietly instead of interrupting."

"You weren't even listening, were you?" Narissa tossed her phone to him. "Since you're bored anyway, help me defeat this boss."

"Fine, I only have my own fate to curse. The password is still Boss' birthday, right?" Jamie unlocked the phone while he was at it.

"Yup." Narissa nodded affirmatively.

Elise was dazed for an instant when she heard that, feeling a sudden surge of warmth in her heart. These two actually remembered details about her.

"Then I won't bother you two anymore. I'll go outside, then come back when I'm done. Do continue your conversation."

As Jamie spoke, he stood up and walked out of the restaurant. He went to the balcony and found an empty table to start with the gameplay.

Noticing how compliant he was with Narissa's requests, Elise probed, "Mr. Keller seems to take you very seriously, Miss Cuber. He remembers every detail, big and small, about you."

Narissa shook her head to deny it. "You're overthinking it. He's just more concerned about his boss, who is also my bestie."

"Do you wanna make a bet?" Elise suddenly suggested.

"On what?" Narissa loved challenges and games, so of course, she didn't decline.

"I'll bet that Jamie is concerned about you instead of his boss," Elise said right out.

Hearing that, Narissa began to feel troubled. She didn't have any confidence to bet on whether a man had eyes on her or not. Moreover, she would be compared against Elise.

"I think I'll pass." Narissa lowered her head and stirred the drink in front of her with a spoon. "We're just normal friends. There's no need to consider so much."

"That's not like you." Elise stared at her curiously. Is this the same brave girl who escaped her family and lived independently for the sake of freedom in marriage?

Narissa slowly turned around and looked back at her thoughtfully. Confused, she said, "Why do I feel as if you seem to know me well?"

Elise immediately realized that she was exposing herself, so she put on a silly smile to cover up her real emotions. "I mean, I do feel like I've known you forever, even on our first meeting. The first time I saw you, I felt as if you're a person who does whatever she wants to do. Now, I see that no matter who it is, anyone who encounters matters concerning relationships will all get worried and fearful."

"No one is perfect, after all." Narissa was easily led off track, replying in a self-deprecating tone, "I used to think that relationships are simple. If you like them, you get together with them. If you don't, you just leave. But now I realize that if you like someone but that someone doesn't like you, you can't just harden your heart and let them go, but you're not willing to get too far from them either. It really is the most terrible experience in the world!"

"Haha, so our Miss Narissa is suffering every day?" Elise jokingly asked.

"Umm..." Narissa thought for a while, then commented truthfully, "Not really. I do feel quite happy most of the time."

Elise patted her hand. "It's more than enough to live life in happiness."

Just then, Jamie came back.

He tossed the phone to Narissa and sat back in his seat. "It's such a simple game; your skills seem to be lacking."

"You're the one who's lacking. These bosses are too low-leveled. I don't even want to bother with them. My time is precious, so how can I waste them on minor bosses like them?" Narissa spoke convincingly.

"Hey, so that means my time can be wasted?" Jamie felt as if he was tricked again.

"No matter what, you've already wasted them anyway, so just admit it." Narissa cocked her head evilly, provoking him on purpose.

Jamie glared at her. "How dare you!"

"Sorry for the interruption. This is the soup you've ordered." The waiter served the last dish.

After the three bowls of soup were served, Jamie peered into each one of them. He took the bowl in the middle and scooped out some seasonings from it before placing it in front of Narissa.

“I removed the spices for you. Drink up.” Jamie calmly wiped his hands, then passed another bowl to Elise.

Narissa stared at the bowl of soup in front of her, dazed. She glanced at Jamie, then at Elise. Finally, she averted her gaze and sank into deep thought.

Jamie’s actions just now were entirely habitual, so could it mean that he was already used to taking care of her?

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 789

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 789-In the president’s office at Smith Co., Johnny knocked on the door and walked in, placing a document onto the table in front of Alexander. “Sir, there’s a new mineral discovered in South Africa. Would you like to go and have a look?”

Alexander leaned backward and looked up at the ceiling, shrugging. “It’s meaningless.”

Johnny was confused. “I don’t understand what you mean.”

Alexander sat upright and explained earnestly, “There’s no end to earning money. I feel like we shouldn’t be in such haste to earn a profit all the time. Perhaps we should slow down and look around us to see what legacies we’ve left for the world.”

“Sir, Smith Co. has branches in over 140 cities in the country. We’re involved in all sorts of industries, and the economic benefits we’ve produced put us at the top of the country. We’re leaving behind legacies of progress, the horn of development. It’s—”

“Stop.” Alexander raised a hand to cut him off. “I’m not asking you to give me a report of our work. What I mean is, we can invest in some cultural industries.”

Sensing something out of the ordinary, Johnny narrowed his eyes. “For example?”

“I think online literature is interesting,” Alexander stated.

“Is online literature even considered a cultural industry?” Johnny was doubtful. How much can we earn from child’s play like that?

“Look at you. Your thinking is so shallow. No culture is better than the other, and we can’t discriminate here. So why don’t we work on different aspects together? You’ll deal with the mineral, and I’ll test the waters on our side.”

With that, Alexander flopped back to his computer, staring intently at the screen. On the screen was a page for ‘Rebirth: Identity Exposed’.

Johnny was speechless. After all, it wasn’t the first time Alexander acted on impulse. “Then I’ll stop bothering you.” He nodded, then turned around and walked out.

“Wait.” Alexander stopped him. “From now on, whenever I attend all sorts of social gatherings, arrange a female companion for me.”

“Understood.” Johnny wasn’t fazed at all as he walked out straight away.

As soon as the door was closed, Alexander immediately had a dreamy smile. He navigated to the comments section of the novel and spammed enthusiastically.

‘Your story is amazing!’

Seeing the comment board taken up by his comments, he nodded in satisfaction. A moment later, he suddenly stopped smiling. Ellie can’t go by her true identity for now, so of course she won’t be able to use the property under her name. If she needs money at some point, she’ll be troubled, right?

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Small inconveniences might affect the big picture and he didn't want Ellie to suffer. At that thought, Alexander immediately navigated to the donation screen.

Meanwhile, a message popped up on Elise's phone. 'You have received revenue of 4 million, which has been transferred to your bank. Please confirm the transaction.'

She immediately called up the editor. "What's up with that 4 million?"

Up until now, Elise had only published a web novel under Anastasia's pen name. It was worth less than 5 million, and there were various commissions to be paid to the publisher, the website, and all sorts of middlemen. She couldn't have earned that much.

"Haven't you heard? You just made history! Miss White, I knew you'd be popular one day! We finally made it!" The editor was going crazy with excitement.

“Can you please calm down?” Elise couldn’t smile, however. “I want to know what exactly happened.”

“A reader donated 5 million to you, and according to the share system on the platform, you’ll get 4 million in total. Did you know? This 5 million broke the record of the highest amount in donations in web novel history. From today onward, we can do whatever we please on all those major websites!” Speaking at an octave higher, the editor could hardly hide the excitement.

“Who are they?” Elise asked.

“That, I don’t know. It was a guest account, so the platform didn’t have the right to check their personal information,” said the editor.

“Okay, got it.”

After hanging up, Elise couldn’t bring herself to smile. She hoped that this money wasn’t a warning to her. She worked so hard and came so far so that she could rest with Anastasia’s identity; she couldn’t let her efforts be in vain.

However, for the foreseeable future, Elise’s life wouldn’t be so troubled, so she could stop worrying for a bit.

One month later, at the White Residence. Elise was about to head down the stairs, and she had just arrived at the staircase when she heard Lyra and her daughter talking about Alexander.

“Mom, look at this. Alexander brings a female companion in public, and it’s suspected that he may intend to marry someone else!”

“I’ve seen that already. Alexander wasn’t too interested in women before, but now he switches girlfriends even more frequently than he switches cars. I heard that he’s been like that ever since he took over Smith Co. from Kenneth. Money really does corrupt all men!” Lyra didn’t mince her words.

Women do like bad boys, after all. Alexander is so handsome, so it’s the women’s loss if he doesn’t date more of us.” Adelpha had a dreamy look in her eyes. “Also, I’m on par with those models and singers, so maybe I have the chance to be Mrs. Griffith as well.”

Elise smiled. As she walked past, she commented, “You have quite the bad memory, Adelpha. Alexander had recently exposed your collusion with a fake piano association, but now you’re dreaming of becoming his girlfriend? Do you think everyone is as forgetful as you are?”

Adelpha was instantly upset. “Can’t I just dream at home? Your tummy is so big now. You should be kinder for your child’s sake!”

Elise walked down the last step of the stairs. She stood on the spot and reached up to caress her bulging belly. She said thoughtfully, "Yes, it's time I start planning for this child."

At that, she suddenly stopped and looked up at Adelpha, a hint of a smile in her eyes. "So, as part of the child's family, you should be more careful of everything you do. The Griffiths isn't as simple as you think, so you'd better not cause any trouble."

Adelpha was defiant. "Why not? You got yourself a husband who had no money or status and who only leeches off our parents, but I don't want to follow in your footsteps. If I have the chance to pursue happiness, why should I give up?"

Elise lifted the corners of her mouth, faking a smile. "You can try. If you dare trouble the Griffith Family, I'll chase you out of this house."

Onyx had just come back when he saw them arguing, so he immediately frowned. "What are you arguing about first thing in the morning?"

"Dad!" Adelpha stomped her feet in exasperation. "Anastasia is being unreasonable! She said she'd chase me out of this house for no reason. You should teach her a lesson!"

Onyx glanced at Elise, and when he saw her cold eyes, he immediately averted his gaze.

He could no longer provoke this daughter of his, for he had to choose his enemies wisely.

"What about you? Your sister is pregnant, but you keep making her angry. Go back to your room and keep practicing!" Onyx reprimanded Adelpha instead.

"I, you! Hmph!"

Adelpha felt so wronged that she couldn't say anything in return. She stomped her feet once more, then ran upstairs reluctantly.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 790

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 790-"Adelpha, listen to me..." Lyra hastily went after Adelpha to comfort her.

As soon as they left, only Elise and Onyx remained in the living room. Elise ignored Onyx as she went into the kitchen. She grabbed a serving of brownies, then sat at the dining table, leisurely enjoying the dessert.

Onyx hesitated for a bit, then walked over to sit next to her. For some time, noticing no reaction from Elise, he finally couldn't help it and turned around. He placed a hand on the table and another on the back of Elise's chair, then began talking.

"Anastasia, there's only the two of us now, so I'll get straight to the point. My friends and I have set our sights on an investment project, but we're lacking start-up capital. Can I loan some money with your deed? I won't trouble you, but you just have to sign your name for me. Is that okay?"

Elise lowered the spoon in her hand, then turned to look at him emotionlessly. "You won't trouble me? My dear father, you speak of it so lightly, but if you use my property as a guarantee to help you in your investment, if anything happens, we won't be able to get the money back. This house, the only thing Mom left behind, might also be confiscated by the bank and sold off. Do you think my intelligence would drop once I get pregnant?"

"Of course not! A friend introduced this project, and the profit is guaranteed. We don't have any reason to let go of a chance to earn money, do we?" Onyx was all smiles and not the least bit angry.

"Scammers love scamming people they know. I think there's no need to put your entire property on the line for your first venture." Elise didn't like arguing with him.

"People get scammed because they're not friends enough. I've known this friend for decades, so where could he possibly go? He won't scam me. This project looks really promising, and I don't want to miss this opportunity. Anastasia, you'll help me, won't you?" Onyx carefully observed her reaction.

Elise had a mocking expression on her face. "You always hated businessmen, complaining that they're money-minded and let greed cloud their judgment. Why are you so intent on going into the business field now?"

Onyx's expression changed. He looked a little sullen as he sat back quietly. "Times change, after all. You're pregnant now, and it's about time to prepare wedding gifts for Adalpa. As your father, I should put in some effort for you two."

"All right, I'll agree to it." Elise suddenly turned lenient.

"Really?!" Onyx's eyes lit up. "You're not kidding me, are you?"

"Adalpa, listan to ma..." Lyra hastily went after Adalpa to comfort her.

As soon as they left, only Elise and Onyx remained in the living room. Elise ignored Onyx as she went into the kitchen. She grabbed a serving of brownies, then sat at the dining table, leisurely enjoying the dessert.

Onyx hesitated for a bit, then walked over to sit next to her. For some time, noticing no reaction from Elisa, he finally couldn't help it and turned around. He placed a hand on the table and another on the back of Elisa's chair, then began talking.

"Anastasia, there's only the two of us now, so I'll get straight to the point. My friends and I have set our sights on an investment project, but we're lacking start-up capital. Can I loan some money with your dad? I won't trouble you, but you just have to sign your name for me. Is that okay?"

Elisa lowered the spoon in her hand, then turned to look at him emotionlessly. "You won't trouble me? My dear father, you speak of it so lightly, but if you use my property as a guarantee to help you in your investment, if anything happens, we won't be able to get the money back. This house, the only thing Mom left behind, might also be confiscated by the bank and sold off. Do you think my intelligence would drop once I get pregnant?"

"Of course not! A friend introduced this project, and the profit is guaranteed. We don't have any reason to let go of a chance to earn money, do we?" Onyx was all smiles and not the least bit angry.

"Scammers love scamming people they know. I think there's no need to put your entire property on the line for your first venture." Elisa didn't like arguing with him.

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"All right, I'll agree to it." Elisa suddenly turned silent.

"Really?!" Onyx's eyes lit up. "You're not kidding me, are you?"

"Why would I?" Elisa looked at him smilingly, but her eyes were still icy cold. "You're working so hard, so as your daughter, I won't let you down."

"Okay, then I'll get it done right away!"

Onyx clapped his hands, then got up and walked out. They were right; women were especially soft-hearted. When he had gotten his hands on the house, his daughter wouldn't dare to disrespect him anymore!

...

Brendan's clothing brand, which was the center of fashion in Tissote, was holding a launch event for their new products.

Decked out in clothes of Brendan's design, the models showcased the outfits on stage. After the show, many great figures in the industry extended their olive branches.

Brendan attended to each guest with great ease. He was calm as he faced the interview questions from media reporters. The entire launch event was live streamed, and it caused huge waves in the industry. Brendan's name and related searches were top three on the trending page.

After the party commenced, Brendan finally had time to relax.

Champagne in hand, he stood in a corner, his wise eyes quietly studying all the guests who had entered the venue. Even when he was hiding next to the beautifully decorated fir on purpose, his noble aura was hardly hidden.

"Brendan."

The voice he was looking for suddenly rang out behind him. Brendan turned around to see that it was indeed Yuri.

"You're here," Brendan greeted lightly.

"No designer would've passed up this chance to attend the launch organized by the designer brand with the most potential in the country." Yuri raised the wineglass in her hand and toasted. "Congratulations."

"Thank you." Brendan lowered his long eyelashes, covering the emotions in his eyes. He parted his mouth to ask about her wellbeing when he noticed a hand with a Cartier watch placing itself on her waist.

Brendan's gaze darkened, and when he looked up once again, he saw Christopher hugging Yuri. Even in a well-lit place like this, the scene was still too bright for him.

He subconsciously clenched his fist, which he had stuck in his pocket. For some reason, he had the urge to tear this scene apart.

“Why did you come here on your own?” Christopher lightly chastised Yuri, then turned to congratulate Brendan, as if nothing had happened. “Congratulations, Mr. Brendan. I’ve had many visitors asking about you.”

Brendan ignored his words and changed the subject. “You two—”

“Oh.” Christopher realized what Brendan was referring to, then removed his hand from Yuri’s waist only to place it naturally on her porcelain shoulders. “As you can see, my hard work paid off. Yuri gave me one more chance, so now I’m her intern boyfriend!”

Yuri awkwardly pulled at the corners of her mouth, her smile a little unnatural.

Brendan instantly dropped the smile on his face and tried his best to remain courteous. “Then I hope you’ll be official soon. A few of my friends just arrived over there, so I’ll go greet them now. Pardon me.”

With that, he strode away with a cold expression.

Brendan had just taken two steps away from them when Yuri pushed Christopher away, stepping to the side to put more distance between them.

Christopher felt a little awkward, but the first thing he did was ask about her emotions. “What’s wrong? Are you feeling uncomfortable?”

Yuri lowered her head, her thoughts drifting. “No. You know that I don’t like intimate contact.”

“But you’re my companion today.” Christopher didn’t know if he should laugh or cry. “I did everything based on etiquette.”

“I know, it’s my own problem. Maybe I’m not fully prepared yet. Why don’t we just—”

“No, no, no.” Christopher didn’t give Yuri a chance to finish her sentence. “Please, don’t continue. Fine, it was my fault. I was too anxious. I’ll change, but please don’t condemn me right away, okay?”

Yuri fell silent.

At the entrance of the venue, Adelpha showed the invitation she worked hard to get. After signing her name, she lifted the hem of her dress as she carefully entered the banquet hall.

She was amazed at the people around her. Everyone present had an absolute fashion sense and good looks to pair with it. Naturally, good-looking people were everywhere, and there definitely wasn’t a lack of people who exuded nobility.

“Oh, my.” Adelpha couldn’t help gasping, “Gatherings in the fashion industry are a treat to the eye...”

Even though she was having her fill of beautiful people, Adelpha clearly remembered her reason for coming.

Brendan was Alexander’s biological brother, so he definitely wouldn’t be absent from such an important event.

She had to think of a way to show Alexander an astonishing side to her.

Speaking of the devil, she had just averted her gaze and glanced toward the entrance when she saw Alexander walking in with Riverlyn, an award-winning actress who was quite popular nowadays.

Recommended Novels