

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 811

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 811-In the hospital, despite having casts on both her legs and an arm, Adelpha was still not staying still as she shouted, "Don't bother me! It was supposed to be my opportunity to study abroad, but it's now been stolen! I'd rather die!"

When Lyra saw that, she felt bad for her and kept coaxing her, "My poor daughter. Let's not think about that anymore, okay? You need to focus on your recovery first. Don't move around already. You've just applied some medicine. It'd be a shame if the wound on your pretty face gets infected and leaves a scar!"

"I don't care! I want to go overseas! I want to further my studies! I want Maestro Yorkson!" Adelpha glared at Elise and said, "It's all because of her. She made me like this! If she hadn't dodged in the first place, I wouldn't have fallen down the stairs! She wanted to ruin my face! Is stealing Maestro Yorkson not enough?! How can this be fair?!"

Hearing that, Elise rolled her eyes. "You're saying that I should've just stood still, let you push me down the stairs, and end up like how you are right now? Will you be happy then?"

"Did I say that? If you had stopped me, maybe both of us wouldn't have fallen down. You just wanted to make a fool out of me in front of Maestro Yorkson!" Adelpha was relentless.

"Enough!" Onyx was annoyed by the both of them and shouted sternly. "Have you not embarrassed yourselves enough yet?!"

Adelpha stopped talking at once. In fact, Elise didn't want to bother her in the first place, so she looked away.

Irritated, Onyx looked at Elise and clicked his tongue, but didn't say anything else.

Then, he turned to look at Adelpha and scolded her, "You! Who can you blame when you can't even walk properly yourself? After learning the piano for so many years, you aren't even better than your sister, who started later than you. How dare you make a fuss when you have lousy skills? If I were you, I'd just live quietly. Why do you need to ask for a scolding yourself..."

"Dad! Why are you saying that to me?!" Adelpha was angry and sulky at the same time since his attitude toward her these days was turning colder and colder.

"Did I say anything wrong?" He became more agitated and said, "Do you know how much I've spent on you throughout the years? How did you repay me? You're bad at the

piano, and your academics aren't stellar either. You just can't do anything right, so why can't I say anything about you?"

"I..." she had no comeback and could only pull her blanket as she sulked, feeling angry on her own.

Looking at her sulky look, Jacob nearly laughed out loud. However, he didn't want to stir up trouble, so he held back his laughter.

Just then, a notification from Twitter popped on his phone suddenly, which included 'the two elders of the Sinclairs' as the keywords.

He clicked into the trending list and was attracted by the hashtag that was trending first.

He stared at his phone screen for two seconds with an intriguing look on his face. Then, he deliberately raised his voice. "Oh, Alexander is getting married."

"What?!" Adelpha strained her ears at once and shouted agitatedly, "What? What are you talking about? Alexander is my boyfriend. It's impossible for him not to tell me if he's getting married!"

Under Onyx's pressure, she must have swallowed the word 'f*ck'.

Hearing that, Jacob shrugged his shoulders and said casually, "See for yourself if you don't believe me, then. It's trending."

As he said that, he clicked something on his phone and passed it to Elise, who was standing beside him.

When Elise took over the phone, what was showing on the screen was not the news about Alexander, but a news account that uploaded social news.

'The historic town area is on fire. The whereabouts of the two elders from the Northwest's Sinclair Family are still unknown...'

The mountain in Elise's heart collapsed at once, and her heart skipped a beat.

After a while, she snapped out of her daze and turned around to run out of the place.

Onyx tried to ask her to stay, but before he could say anything, Elise and Jacob disappeared from the room.

"Rude," he complained in a low voice.

Beside him, Adelpha finally finished reading the news about Alexander's marriage with help from Lyra.

Her expression worsened as she read the news. In the end, she even threw the phone away and started crying while hugging the blanket. "Why? Why is everyone abandoning me? Alexander is such a traitor!"

"There you go crying again. You only know how to cry. Can't you live without men around you? You've really embarrassed the White Family. When your legs recover, go back to the suburbs at once, and don't come back to town without my order!" After saying that, Onyx left as well. It was better for him not to see her since he didn't want to waste any more time with her.

Meanwhile, outside the hospital, Elise entered the car and instructed Jacob to drive. "Go to the historic town area!" she said.

Although there was not much expression on her face, it was obvious that she was extremely tense.

Hearing that, Jacob started the engine and seemingly remembered something. He then turned to look at her and said calmly, "Master, I think we should confirm the authenticity of this news first. What if this is a trap set by the Boyle Family, and they are just waiting for us to bite the bait? It'll be the end of us!"

Just then, a notification from Twitter popped on his phone suddenly, which included 'the two alders of the Sinclairs' as the keywords.

He clicked into the trending list and was attracted by the hashtag that was trending first.

He stared at his phone screen for two seconds with an intriguing look on his face. Then, he deliberately raised his voice. "Oh, Alexander is getting married."

"What?!" Adalphi strained her ears at once and shouted agitatedly, "What? What are you talking about? Alexander is my boyfriend. It's impossible for him not to tell me if he's getting married!"

Under Onyx's pressure, she must have swallowed the word 'f*ck'.

Hearing that, Jacob shrugged his shoulders and said casually, "Screw yourself if you don't believe me, then. It's trending."

As he said that, he clicked something on his phone and passed it to Elisa, who was standing beside him.

When Elisa took over the phone, what was showing on the screen was not the news about Alexander, but a news account that uploaded social news.

'The historic town area is on fire. The whereabouts of the two alders from the Northwest's Sinclair Family are still unknown...'

The mountain in Elisa's heart collapsed at once, and her heart skipped a beat.

After a while, she snapped out of her daze and turned around to run out of the place.

Onyx tried to ask her to stay, but before he could say anything, Elisa and Jacob disappeared from the room.

"Ruda," she complained in a low voice.

Basida him, Adalphi finally finished reading the news about Alexander's marriage with help from Lyra.

Her expression worsened as she read the news. In the end, she even threw the phone away and started crying while hugging the blanket. "Why? Why is everyone abandoning me? Alexander is such a traitor!"

"There you go crying again. You only know how to cry. Can't you live without man around you? You've really embarrassed the White Family. When your legs recover, go back to the suburbs at once, and don't come back to town without my order!" After saying that, Onyx left as well. It was better for him not to see her since he didn't want to waste any more time with her.

Meanwhile, outside the hospital, Elisa entered the car and instructed Jacob to drive. "Go to the historic town area!" she said.

Although there was not much expression on her face, it was obvious that she was extremely tense.

Hearing that, Jacob started the engine and seemingly rammed something. He then turned to look at her and said calmly, "Master, I think we should confirm the authenticity of this news first. What if this is a trap set by the Boyle Family, and they are just waiting for us to bite the bait? It'll be the end of us!"

"I don't care!" she shouted uncontrollably. "They are the ones who raised me. I can't bet on their lives!"

As soon as she said that, her phone started ringing. She took out her phone and saw that it was an unknown number.

At this moment, Elise and Jacob exchanged looks, and the same person came across their minds—Elijah.

After reorienting her breath, she picked up the call and put the phone at her ears before probing, "Hello? Who is this?"

"It's me." The moment Alexander's voice came from the other side of the phone, all her tense emotions dissolved at once.

She lowered her shoulders and heaved a sigh of relief.

"I'll keep it short not to leave anything against me. Grandpa and Grandma are well. Don't be fooled!" Alexander hung up the phone immediately after saying that.

When Elise called the number again, it couldn't be reached anymore.

"What's wrong, Master?" Jacob asked with concern.

"Nothing..." She put down her phone despondently, but it was obvious that she had calmed down.

"Are we still going to the historic town area?" he asked again.

While shaking her head, she looked to her front with something in her mind. "Go home. We should get ready for the trip overseas with Maestro Yorkson."

In one of the office buildings of Tissote, Elijah was standing in front of the French window. His cunning eyes were overseeing the whole city below his feet, showing his greed.

"Master, two days have passed, but there's still no news. Could it be that Elise didn't come back?" Marcus asked from the back.

Hearing that, Elijah narrowed his eyes and put one of his hands on the glass while flicking his finger. "Did she really die at sea?"

"That's possible. There is always news about sharks attacking boats around the area we passed by the other day. Her body might be in one of the sharks' stomachs already." Marcus analyzed the situation.

At this moment, Elijah kept quiet. Did I lose a good pawn just like that?

"What should we do about the two elders of the Sinclair Family?" Marcus asked respectfully.

"Release them." Elijah waved his hand. "What good can there be to keep those two old ones? I'll take this as doing one good thing in my life. Prepare for the trip overseas."

The mess that Elise left behind was still waiting to be cleaned up.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 812

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 812-In the waiting lobby of the airport, Jacob placed Elise down on the chair and went to the washroom.

As soon as he went in, someone held his neck and pushed him into one of the cubicles.

When he reacted, the door of the cubicle was already closed. Alexander's body was bigger than his, and Alexander's face, along with his sharp eyes, glared at him as though he was a beast hunting for its prey, extremely bloodcurdling.

Only after swallowing his saliva did he force himself to remain calm. "W-What are you doing, Mr. Griffith?"

"If any incident happens when she gives birth, I want you to save her as her husband. Can you remember that?" Alexander's voice was cold, giving off an intimidating aura.

Hearing that, Jacob nodded subconsciously. "I know what to do even if you don't say."

"But you don't know her." Alexander's attitude was still frigid.

"Who? Master?" Jacob understood immediately. Since women were emotional creatures, especially mothers, they could give up their lives for their children.

Alexander then released him and emphasized again, "She must be fine no matter what happens. If anything really happens, just let her hate me. Don't be afraid that you'll be embroiled."

"Don't worry. Master is the one who gave me this life. If she wants me to die, I will let her live first," Jacob said with determination.

After a few minutes, Jacob returned to the lobby, where the announcement was already reminding the passengers to board the plane.

He quickly went over to Elise and guided her to the check-in point.

As they stood at the check-in counter, Elise turned around reluctantly, and her gaze was searching around the lobby.

When her gaze landed in Alexander's direction, he took his sunglasses off and looked at her from afar.

The feeling of being unable to leave each other and the insecurity about the future were conveyed through their eyes. They looked at each other, and their gazes turned determined.

Death couldn't do them apart, so it was the same for time and distance. They would be back at each other's side one day.

After confirming that, Elise bid goodbye to him in her mind and then turned around, starting her journey abroad.

Alexander saw them leave and only left the airport alone after seeing the plane disappear into the clouds.

...

Seven years later, Alexander appeared on the front page of an entertainment magazine for the thousandth time.

The media wrote, 'Since Alexander Griffith inherited Smith Co. from Kenneth Bailey and his wife went missing seven years ago, he has completely freed himself. Throughout the seven years, he has married and divorced once every year. After continuously marrying six wives that look a lot like Elise Sinclair, he was seen going on a date with a mysterious woman. According to the reporter's investigation, the woman has a son and a daughter, but Alexander doesn't care. From what an insider disclosed, Alexander is going to marry her soon! Now, we can't help but say there's no end to our dream guy's hobby of collecting beautiful ladies that look like Elise.'

In Alzue, Elise was in silk nightwear and sitting in front of the computer desk. She then opened an anonymous email. 'Honey, it's time to come back.'

There were only six words and no sign-off, but she knew exactly who this was from.

At this moment, her maid came into her room in a hurry. "Madam, Young Master Irvin has run away from home!"

Meanwhile, a cab stopped at the entrance of the airport. When the car door opened, a little figure jumped out of the car. After he stood still, he stuck his body into the car again and took his skateboard out before stepping on it.

When the car drove away, there was only the boy's slender figure left by the road.

Although he was only seven, he towered over children his same age, looking as tall as an adult woman. With his clean-cut short hair, he looked youthful with his headband.

He had comely eyebrows and a pair of peach blossom eyes that looked as though they could talk. Combined with his fair skin, he was definitely someone who could be seen at a glance in the crowd.

With his skateboard, he skated into the lobby and collected his flight tickets familiarly. Just as he was about to check in with his skateboard in his arm, the watch on his wrist started ringing.

Raising his brows, he took out his Bluetooth headphones and put them on before answering the call. Instantly, Elise's resigned voice came from the other side.

"Irvin White! Come back! Didn't I tell you that we still can't leave the country now?!"

Hearing that, the little guy sighed resignedly. "Mommy, I already know everything. The Daddy at home is not our real Daddy, right?"

"Who told you that?" Elise didn't refute it.

"I guessed it myself. He always treats us as his master and guests. This is not how Daddy is supposed to treat us. I'm going back to Princeton to find our biological father!" His words were so plausible that he didn't give her any chance to stop him. "It'll be too late if I don't board the plane now, Mommy. Take good care of Lexi. Bye."

Tha madia wrota, 'Sinca Alaxandar Griffith inharitad Smith Co. from Kannath Bailay and his wifa want missing savan yaars ago, ha has complataly fraad himself. Throughout tha savan yaars, ha has mariiad and divorcad onca avary yaar. Aftar continuously marrying six wivas that look a lot lika Elisa Sinclair, ha was saan going on a data with a mysterious woman. According to tha raportar's invastigation, tha woman has a son and a daughter, but Alaxandar doasn't cara. From what an insidar disclosad, Alaxandar is going to marry har soon! Now, wa can't halp but say thara's no and to our draam guy's hobby of collecting baautiful ladias that look lika Elisa.'

In Alzua, Elisa was in silk nightwaar and sitting in front of tha computar dask. Sha than opanad an anonymous aamil. 'Honay, it's tima to coma back.'

Thara wara only six words and no sign-off, but sha knaw axactly who this was from.

At this momant, har maid cama into har room in a hurry. "Madam, Young Master Irvin has run away from homa!"

Maanwhila, a cab stoppad at tha antranca of tha airport. Whan tha car door opanad, a littla figura jumpad out of tha car. Aftar ha stood still, ha stuck his body into tha car again and took his skataboard out bafora stapping on it.

Whan tha car drova away, thara was only tha boy's slandar figura laft by tha road.

Although ha was only savan, ha towarad ovar childran his sama aga, looking as tall as an adult woman. With his claan-cut short hair, ha lookad youthful with his haadband.

Ha had comaly ayabrows and a pair of paach blossom ayas that lookad as though thay could talk. Combinad with his fair skin, ha was dafinitely somaona who could ba saan at a glanca in tha crowd.

With his skataboard, ha skatad into tha lobby and collactad his flight tickats familiarly. Just as ha was about to chack in with his skataboard in his arm, tha watch on his wrist startad ringing.

Raising his brows, ha took out his Bluatooth haadphonas and put tham on bafora answering tha call. Instantly, Elisa's rasignad voica cama from tha othar sida.

"Irvin Whita! Coma back! Didn't I tall you that wa still can't laava tha country now?!"

Haaring that, tha littla guy sighad rasignadly. "Mommy, I alraady know avarything. Tha Daddy at homa is not our raal Daddy, right?"

"Who told you that?" Elisa didn't rafuta it.

"I guassad it mysalf. Ha always traats us as his mastar and guasts. This is not how Daddy is supposad to traat us. I'm going back to Princaton to find our biological fathar!" His words wara so plausibla that ha didn't giva har any chanca to stop him. "It'll ba too lata if I don't board tha plana now, Mommy. Taka good cara of Laxi. Bya."

As soon as he said that, he hung up the phone at once and dashed over to join the line at the check-in counter.

After some observation, he walked toward a young woman who was alone and stared at her sincerely with his big eyes.

The woman looked around her and pointed at herself after some thought. "Are you looking at me, kid?"

"Miss." Irvin pretended to be affectionate and continued, "You're so pretty. Can I sit with you?"

Who could stand the coquettishness of a boy who looked like a little prince?

"Thank you." She tidied her hair shyly. "I'm okay with that, but I'll need your guardian's permission."

"He's fine with it." Irvin turned around and pointed at a man with a big beard at the end of the line. "That's my guardian. He's so boring. I prefer making small talk with a lady as pretty as you."

She looked around and nodded, indicating that she understood. "He does look boring. Okay, I can bring you along."

With that, Irvin boarded the plane to Cittadel under the woman's care.

On the other hand, when Jacob knew about Irvin running away from home, he went out immediately. "Don't worry, Master. I'll get Young Master Irvin back for sure!"

"It's okay." Elise stopped him. "We can return to Cittadel. Send some photos of Irvin to Jamie. Don't let him get into any trouble."

"I'll do that now." He nodded respectfully and went to the study at once.

Just as he left, a little girl in a princess dress appeared while walking in her leather shoes. Then, she jumped into Elise's embrace.

"Mommy? Mommy, is what Irvin said real? Are we going to meet Daddy?"

The little girl looked just like Elise as though they were carved from the same mold. Her pair of eyes were especially beautiful. Her chubby face made people want to prank her, but they couldn't watch her get sad.

Elise held her little hand and asked gently, "Do you not like your current Daddy?"

"I like him," Alexia said, but after that, she became gloomy again. "But not very much. Not like how I like Mommy. If people ask me if I like Mommy or Daddy, I will definitely say Mommy. My friends say that they like Mommy and Daddy the same, but I'm different..."

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 813

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 813-Elise held her precious daughter with an aching heart. "It's okay if it's different, as long as it's how you truly feel. You don't have to share the same experience as everyone else."

"Is it okay if I don't like Daddy as much, Mommy?" Alexia asked innocently.

"You'll like Daddy, Lexi." Elise sighed.

The situation in Cittadel had been ever changing in the past seven years, and Alexander had been fighting it alone this whole time.

Without him shielding them from harm's way, how could she and their children stay safely abroad this long?

A father like him naturally deserved their children's love and respect.

She believed all of Alexia's doubts would vanish as soon as the little one met him.

...

Meanwhile, on the other side of the world, Irvin successfully arrived at Tissote after nearly a day's journey.

After parting ways with the pretty lady he boarded the plane with, he took advantage of his height and hid behind the crowd, sneakily checking out the situation at the main arrival hall.

Just as he thought, a few suspicious men had hidden amongst those who came to pick the travelers up.

To be on the safe side, Irvin changed directions and headed to the north wing.

Very quickly, he arrived at the north exit. Because there wasn't much of a crowd, there wasn't a line to board the cabs either. It was like it had been specially prepared for him.

The child puffed up his chest with pride as he looked at the nearly empty hall and strode to the sidewalk.

Just as he reached his arm out to hail a cab, a frivolous-sounding voice came from behind him. "Do you need a lift, kid?"

Irvin turned around reflexively to find a man in a gray suit. He had a pair of alluring eyes, but they gave the child a bad feeling, so he held his guard up at once.

Jamie pulled his car key out with a grin, then pressed a button while pointing the key at the side of the road.

Beep, beep... The headlights of a red Jeep parked on the roadside flashed a couple of times before returning to normal.

Irvin's eyes lit up upon seeing the vehicle, thinking it looked pretty cool.

However, he came to his senses pretty quickly. There was no way this guy was looking for customers when he drove such a nice car, especially in an area with very little traffic.

"Why would you need to look for customers when you have such a nice car?" The boy put up a mean front.

Jamie smirked, drooped his eyelids, and snorted a chuckle under his breath. It sure isn't easy to trick Anastasia's son.

At that, he composed himself and walked up to Irvin, putting his hand on the child's shoulder chummy-like. "It's precisely because I'm driving a nice car that no one dares to sit in it, and that's why I have to beckon customers. It's a pretty nice car, kid. Don't you want to go for a ride?" the man lied through his teeth.

Irvin quirked a brow and turned his head to give the man a disdainful, sidelong glance.

I knew it! This dude's a bad guy. He's out here to deliberately trick kids out of their money! How dare you trick me. Do you really think I'm just like any other seven-year-old?! Just because I don't bare my teeth doesn't mean I don't bite!

At that, the child smiled innocently and agreed. "Will you give me a good discount, then?"

"Of course!" Jamie patted his chest and promised, "I'll give you a twelve percent discount. How about that?"

"Okay. You're really nice, mister." Irvin played dumb calmly.

Just you wait, you profiteer. I'm going to make you wish you never tricked me!

"Hahaha, you're a sweet one." Jamie felt good. "Come on, hop in!"

At that, Irvin opened the back seat door and popped right in.

After Jamie sat in the driver's seat, he started the engine right away and drove off.

Meanwhile, Irvin pulled out his tablet and opened the map, checking their live location warily.

Fortunately, they were heading into the city. He could find a chance to get out after they arrived downtown.

Jamie, on the other hand, would size the boy's facial features up from the rearview mirror every now and then, and the more he looked, the stranger he felt.

Anastasia gave birth to this kid, right? But why doesn't he look like her or her husband? Instead, he looks a little like Elise? And his eyes remind me of someone... Who, though?

Made uncomfortable by Jamie's stare, Irvin asked grimly, "Why did you just drive away when I haven't told you where I want to go?"

Jamie instantly came to himself and asked inattentively, "Where do you want to go, then?"

Anastasia had told him to keep an eye on her boy before she arrived at Tissote. Thus, no matter where Irvin requested, there was only one place they would end up at—Keller Residence.

“I want to go Disneyland!” Irvin gave a random location.

“There you go,” Jamie lied through his teeth. “This is the road to Disneyland!”

Irvin frowned in response, speechless.

Disneyland was located in the west, but they were now heading south. Hell, they were heading in the opposite direction.

“The heavens will punish you for deceiving a child...” Irvin intoned as he put his tablet back into his bag and carried it back on his shoulders.

Irvin quirked a brow and turned his head to give the man a disdainful, sidelong glance.

I know it! This dude's a bad guy. He's out here to deliberately trick kids out of their money! How dare you trick me. Do you really think I'm just like any other seven-year-old?! Just because I don't bare my teeth doesn't mean I don't bite!

At that, the child smiled innocently and asked. “Will you give me a good discount, then?”

“Of course!” Jamie patted his chest and promised, “I'll give you a twelve percent discount. How about that?”

“Okay. You're really nice, mister.” Irvin played dumb calmly.

Just you wait, you profiteer. I'm going to make you wish you never tricked me!

“Hahaha, you're a sweet one.” Jamie felt good. “Come on, hop in!”

At that, Irvin opened the back seat door and popped right in.

After Jamie sat in the driver's seat, he started the engine right away and drove off.

Meanwhile, Irvin pulled out his tablet and opened the map, checking their live location warily.

Fortunately, they were heading into the city. He could find a chance to get out after they arrived downtown.

Jamia, on the other hand, would size the boy's facial features up from the rearview mirror every now and then, and the more she looked, the stranger she felt.

Anastasia gava birth to this kid, right? But why doasn't ha look lika har or har husband? Instaad, ha looks a littla lika Elisa? And his ayas ramind ma of somaona... Who, though?

Mada uncomfortabla by Jamia's stara, Irvin askad grimly, "Why did you just driva away whan I havan't told you whara I want to go?"

Jamia instantly cama to himself and askad inattantivaly, "Whara do you want to go, than?"

Anastasia had told him to kaap an aya on har boy bafora sha arrivad at Tissota. Thus, no mattar whara Irvin raquastad, thara was only ona placa thay would and up at—Kallar Rasidanca.

"I want to go Disnayland!" Irvin gava a random location.

"Thara you go," Jamia liad through his taath. "This is tha road to Disnayland!"

Irvin frownad in rasponsa, spaachlass.

Disnayland was locatad in tha wast, but thay wara now haading south. Hall, thay wara haading in tha opposita diraction.

"Tha haavans will punish you for dacaiving a child..." Irvin intonad as ha put his tablat back into his bag and carriad it back on his shouldars.

At that, Jamie cleared his throat and resounded loudly inexplicably, "What are you talking about?! Do I not look like a good man?! There's no way I'd lie to you!"

"My mommy said the hotter the guy, the better their lies." Irvin shifted his posture and leaned slightly forward while holding onto the driver's seat, getting ready to strike.

"I..." Jamie didn't know what to say for a moment. Your kid's really precocious, Anastasia. There's no tricking him!

He mumbled for quite some time before finally saying, "This very much depends. A handsome guy like me is definitely a good guy!"

"Are you really handsome? I didn't take a good look. Can you turn around?" Irvin feigned innocence.

With that, Jamie fixed his hair and hurriedly turned his head around after making sure the road ahead was clear. "Here."

Lo and behold, he was met with a spray.

Caught unprepared, the mist covered his entire face, and the next second, the burning sensation made it hard for him to open his eyes.

To avoid an accident, he had no choice but to pull up short.

Screech... The screeching sound of tires skidding across the road rent the air.

“What was that?!” Jamie pressed on his eyelids, in dreadful pain.

“Pepper spray,” said Irvin as he got out of the car. At that, he blew a raspberry. “What did I tell you? You’ll be punished for deceiving a child. There you go! See you, himbo!”

At that, he hopped off the Jeep and went away without ever looking back.

“Hey!” Jamie unfastened his seatbelt and chased after the child at once. However, he couldn’t open his eyes at all. Resigned, he returned to the vehicle and called ‘Anastaisa’ via Bluetooth.

“I’m really sorry, Anastasia. Irvin’s too mischievous. He ran away just as we reached the city. Don’t you worry, though. I’ll have the guys look for him, stat.”

“It’s alright. I don’t blame you.” Instead of being upset, Elise asked concerningly, “You didn’t get hurt, did you?”

She had a very good idea of what her son was like—things would never end well for anybody who went against the kid.

Jamie was one for dignity, so how could he allow himself to look bad in front of his idol?! “Nah, I’m good. He’s just a kid, so how badly can he hurt me?! I was just caught a little off guard!”

“That’s good to hear.” Elise nodded. “I’m going to board the plane now. We’ll talk when I reach Tissote.”

“OK.”

“Sure.” Jamie immediately called an ambulance after ending the call.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 814

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 814-Irvin dashed amok on the streets. Worried that he would become an easy target, he went into a mall he came across.

But lo and behold, because his actions were too quick for him to react, he bumped straight into a woman who was walking in his direction, causing her to stumble and lose her grip on her coffee, spilling it on another woman.

The coffee instantly left a massive stain on the second woman's snow-white dress.

"Sorry!" Irvin hurriedly put his hands together and apologized. "I really didn't mean to do it. Are you scalded?"

However, she didn't answer him immediately but only fixed her dress with a frown.

On the other hand, though, the man beside her had a hint of sadness in his eyes when he realized who the child was.

Never did Alexander imagine finding the person he could only see through pictures and videos in the last seven years to suddenly stand in front of him. However, it still hadn't come time for them to reunite.

"Where are your parents?" he asked, looking impassive on the surface, seemingly unfazed by the minor accident.

"She's not here." Irvin owned up to it. "Even if she comes, we'll still have to apologize and compensate. Your time will be wasted like that, so why don't I just compensate you now?"

A sliver of grimness laced Alexander's eyes, but he said nothing. Looks like this little rascal came back on his own.

"You talk big for a little kid." The woman was in seventh heaven when she could finally hang out with Alexander again, but her good mood was now ruined thanks to this little episode. She didn't want to simply dismiss the issue, but then because Alexander was right next to her, she could only pretend to make a joke out of it with a chuckle. "This designer dress is from a foreign brand's latest collection. It's worth about ten thousand Alzue Vraleings. I'm afraid your bit of allowance isn't enough to pay for it."

"Alzue Vraleing? That's great. I haven't managed to exchange the currency yet." Irvin's eyes lit up, and he pulled a wad of cash out of his bag. "Here you go, ma'am."

The woman took the cash from him dazedly, and to her surprise, it was indeed Alzue Vraleing!

At that, she shifted her gaze back to Irvin, now having a different impression of this generous little kid.

"Since you've taken the money, you've agreed to settle this. I have to go now, ma'am. See you!"

"I have something to attend to. If you'll excuse me." Alexander made an excuse and walked away right after Irvin left, leaving the woman there alone.

...

After a few corners and turns, Irvin finally arrived at the publishing house Onyx worked in.

At that, he sat on the lion statue at the gates and waited patiently for the man to come out.

At last, Onyx finally came out, talking and laughing with his colleagues as everyone started getting off work.

Irvin spotted the man in the crowd at first glance and jogged to Onyx with his skateboard in his hands. "Grandpa!" he called out sweetly.

Mommy said Grandpa is super nice to us. He'll certainly be thrilled to see me!

Alas, reality gave his beautiful dream a big slap in the face.

Onyx froze for a split second, and upon realizing the child was calling out to him, he frowned in disdain and deliberately dissociated himself in a joking manner. "Hahaha, poor kid! He has confused me with his grandfather!"

Irvin's smile froze on his face, and the child furrowed his brows disappointingly. "But I didn't!" he insisted.

"Sure, sure, you didn't. I bet you're hungry. Here, I'll give you some money for food." Onyx feigned generosity and pulled Irvin aside while pulling a banknote out of his pocket. As he handed the cash to the little guy, he gripped his arm and mumbled a warning, "Go and wait in the cafe over there, rugrat, or you can forget about ever calling me your grandfather!"

At that, he shoved the money into Irvin's hand and laughed as soon as he turned around, leaving with his colleagues.

Irvin stood rooted to the spot, frowning as he held the banknote in his hand, baffled. Why would Mommy lie to me? Grandpa isn't as nice as she said he is at all!

Meanwhile, inside a car afar, Alexander's gaze shone with mixed emotions as he looked at the child's thin figure. Ellie, how long more do I have to wait before I can see you again?

Fifteen minutes later, Onyx rushed over to the cafe and sat across from Irvin with a grim face.

While the former had nothing but despise written all over his face, the latter was expressionless, looking like he had lost all expectations.

“What can I get you, sir?” A server approached their table.

“Nothing, thank you. I’ll be leaving shortly.” Onyx waved his hand and dismissed the server.

As soon as the server left, Onyx showed his true colors and interrogated Irvin. “Did your mother send you to me?”

“No—”

Irvin had barely said a word when the pompous man interrupted, “No need to tell me. I’ve got her number. What time would that woman have to practice her piano when she has to take care of you alone in Alzue?! Surely Maestro Yorkson kicked her out long ago. Your mother expects me to support you just because she’s now impoverished?! Huh, what wishful thinking!”

At that, he sat on the lion statue at the gates and waited patiently for the man to come out.

At last, Onyx finally came out, talking and laughing with his colleagues as everyone started getting off work.

Irvin spotted the man in the crowd at first glance and jogged to Onyx with his skateboard in his hands. “Grandpa!” he called out sweetly.

Mommy said Grandpa is super nice to us. He’ll certainly be thrilled to see me!

Alas, reality gave his beautiful dream a big slap in the face.

Onyx froze for a split second, and upon realizing the child was calling out to him, he frowned in disdain and deliberately dissociated himself in a joking manner. “Hahaha, poor kid! He has confused me with his grandfather!”

Irvin’s smile froze on his face, and the child furrowed his brows disappointingly. “But I didn’t!” he insisted.

“Sura, sura, you didn’t. I bet you’re hungry. Haha, I’ll give you some money for food.” Onyx feigned generosity and pulled Irvin aside while pulling a banknote out of his pocket. As he handed the cash to the little guy, he gripped his arm and mumbled a warning, “Go and wait in the cafe over there, rugrat, or you can forget about ever calling me your grandfather!”

At that, he shoved the money into Irvin's hand and laughed as soon as he turned around, leaving with his colleagues.

Irvin stood rooted to the spot, frowning as he held the banknote in his hand, baffled. Why would Mommy lie to me? Grandpa isn't as nice as she said he is at all!

Meanwhile, inside a car afar, Alexander's gaze shone with mixed emotions as he looked at the child's thin figure. Elia, how long more do I have to wait before I can see you again?

Fifteen minutes later, Onyx rushed over to the cafe and sat across from Irvin with a grim face.

While the former had nothing but despair written all over his face, the latter was expressionless, looking like he had lost all expectations.

"What can I get you, sir?" A server approached their table.

"Nothing, thank you. I'll be leaving shortly." Onyx waved his hand and dismissed the server.

As soon as the server left, Onyx showed his true colors and interrogated Irvin. "Did your mother send you to me?"

"No—"

Irvin had barely said a word when the pompous man interrupted, "No need to tell me. I've got her number. What time would that woman have to practice her piano when she has to take care of you alone in Alzua?! Surely Maestro Yorkson kicked her out long ago. Your mother expects me to support you just because she's now impoverished?! Huh, what wishful thinking!"

The child was utterly gobsmacked. Is this really Grandpa? Or have I gotten the wrong person? Why would I genuinely feel repulsed by this man in front of me?

"Don't look at me like that. I haven't been doing well myself in the last few years. I may have raised your mother, but she has done nothing for me in return. So, I have no obligation to wipe her ass."

At that, Onyx pulled out two one hundred banknotes and slapped them on the table impassively. "This is all I have left. Tell your mother this is as much as I can help her with. Any more than this, she'll have to figure it out herself. Also, don't think about selling White Residence. We're staying there even if it's the last thing we do."

At that, he walked out of the cafe without ever looking back.

Meanwhile, Irvin fell into deep thought as he stared at the two banknotes on the table.

He might not be able to understand the harsh adult world yet, but he could already grasp the feeling of being undesired.

To think the perfect grandfather from his imagination would give him nothing but impassiveness and estrangement.

Even an adult would fall apart when the harsh reality gave their dream a wake-up call, so what more a child?

He stared at the two banknotes stubbornly like he was cutting his nose to spite his face as he clenched his fists under the table.

Just then, a slender hand appeared from the side and pressed the index and middle fingers on the cash.

Irvin reflexively looked up and happened to meet Alexander's fathomless gaze.

The man's eyes drooped, looking down at the child as he spoke in a deep, magnetic voice. "No need to feel sad over someone who's only worth two hundred bucks," he said.

Irvin blinked, latching his bewildered gaze at the man like a devoted worshiper.

"There are many two hundred banknotes in the cash you've given us. There's no need to bother yourself with a man like that when he can't even treat you as well as you treat a stranger," Alexander counseled calmly.

"But that's my biological grandfather," Irvin remarked.

"There are many things in this world where you can't judge based on kinship. You have to use your heart to determine to see a person and how close your relationship with them should be," said the man gravely, his words thought-provoking.

As though enchanted, Irvin nodded inexplicably. "I got it. Thank you, mister."

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 815

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 815-"Mister," Irvin stood up. "Have you come looking for me because I didn't give enough money?"

“I was just passing through,” Alexander said expressionlessly. “Since the guy up there really wants us to see each other today, why don’t I give you a lift? Where are you staying?”

“Thank you for your offer, but I’ll spare you the trouble. I’m staying in a hotel nearby. I can go back on my own.” As much as Irvin took a liking to the man, he still stayed vigilant.

Alexander nodded in response. “Not bad. You act like a man.”

With that, he left the cafe.

“Bye-bye, mister!” The child jumped up and waved his hand before moving over to the cashier.

“Pretty lady.” He pouted aggrievedly and grabbed the countertop like a marmot poking its head out, choking with sobs. “I can’t find my mommy. Can you let me check the surveillance and see in which direction she has gone? Pretty please...”

What young woman could resist such a cute and handsome boy? Just like that, Irvin successfully got a screenshot of Alexander.

It was already getting late when Irvin came out of the cafe, so he decided to find a hotel to stay in first.

As he hadn’t had the time to exchange Cittadel Crown, he could only go to the hotel receptionist and supervisor with Alzue Vraleing, hoping they could give him a room first and also help him exchange the currency.

It was a simple request, if Irvin was a legal adult, that was. Worse, the child didn’t have a Cittadelian ID either, putting the supervisor at a crossroads, worried that trouble would befall.

“Why don’t you come home with me, kid? You can stay in the hotel after I take you to an exchange center tomorrow.” A male receptionist deliberately wooed the child upon seeing the Vraleing in his bag.

“Oh, please, there isn’t even a place to stand in your place. Don’t traumatize the child. I think this handsome little fellow should come with me,” suggested a female receptionist who adored sweet and good-looking children like Irvin.

“As if you young ones can take care of a child when you can barely even take care of yourselves. Why don’t you come with me, dear? I have tons of imported snacks. You can have them all; what do you say?” The sweet older female supervisor absolutely loved the child.

Just like that, the staff began arguing in the lobby.

“He should come with me!”

“Don’t even think about it!”

“I said it first!”

Poor Irvin stood in the center of it all, looking devoid of life as he was powerless against the hands that dragged him around.

“Mister,” Irvin stood up. “Have you come looking for me because I didn’t give enough money?”

Meanwhile, Jamie chatted with a beauty as they entered the hotel entrance.

“Haha! Now, I really want to meet this kid that even you can’t handle,” the woman teased.

Jamie waved his hand. “It’s a long story. Anyhow, your family is in the hotel business. If you find his name registered in one of your hotels, keep an eye on him for me and let me know.”

They passed by the reception area while speaking, and Jamie took a casual gander at the bickering group before arriving at the elevator hall with the woman.

However, the man dashed away the next second, seemingly realizing something.

He took a closer look at the reception area and found who else but Irvin standing in the middle of the circle of staff?!

At that, Jamie smirked smugly in response. To think the heavens brought the kid to him!

Meanwhile, Irvin was getting woozy from all the tugging, and he wailed feebly, “Please have mercy on me... I just want to take a good rest in the hotel...”

The crowd fell silent at once, but only for a second before succumbing to their infatuation again.

“So cute...”

“Aw, my heart’s melting. That’s it, you’re coming home with me today!”

“Come with me, dear!”

In deep agony, Irvin closed his eyes in despair. Mommy... The ladies in Cittadel are very scary when they become eager...

Just then, something shrouded him from the lights above, leading him to open his eyes, only to be met with Jamie's ravishing gaze.

"Ah!" The boy freed himself and made a run after gasping softly.

Alas, as soon as he lifted a leg, Jamie lifted him up by his backpack. "Now I've got you!"

"Let go of me! Help! A kidnapper!"

The poor boy was currently like a turtle being held by its shell, flailing his limbs uselessly, unable to change anything.

Given Jamie's social status, there was no way he would kidnap a child. Besides, even if he was kidnapping the child, the hotel staff wouldn't dare do anything to him either.

Jamie turned the kid around to face him, planning to have a heart-to-heart talk. "Kid—ouch!"

The man had barely said a word when Irvin introduced his fist to Jamie's left eye, causing the latter to howl in pain as he hurriedly placed his free hand over it. "You little rascal. Do you not know a good man when you see one?!"

"It's your fault for grabbing me!" Irvin snapped indignantly.

Livid, Jamie let out a murky breath. "Fine, kid. You've got balls. We're going to settle this here once and for all. Let's see how you can run away this time!"

With that, he clamped the child under his armpit and strode to the elevator hall.

Upon witnessing Jamie blow a fuse, the woman became somewhat ginger with her words. "So this is the devil incarnate you told me about?"

"Yeah. Don't bother yourself with this anymore. I'll take him to the room my family usually goes to."

At that, Jamie entered the elevator and went straight up.

It wasn't until he entered the room and locked the door from the inside that he let go of Irvin, who immediately dashed behind the couch and pulled out the pepper spray in defense mode.

As Jamie turned around, he thought his eyes were stinging again when he saw the oh-so-familiar spray. "This again? Can you put that thing down first?"

“No!” Irvin gripped the spray tighter. “Who are you, and why do you want to harm me?!”

“Harm you? When have I ever done that?!” Frustrated, Jamie bet the kid must’ve watched one too many crime dramas. Just what the heck is in that little brain of his?!

“You deliberately picked me up at the south gate and even followed me all the way here to the hotel. Now tell me you don’t want to harm me!” Irvin argued, leading Jamie to quirk a brow and rub his nose awkwardly. Now that Irvin put it that way, it did look like he was trying to do something bad to the child.

“Alright, let’s just say I’m in the wrong.” Jamie went up to the child and extended a hand. “I apologize to you. Let’s ceasefire.”

“Why should I listen to you?!” Irvin raised the pepper spray high. “You’re just tricking me into putting the spray down so that you can capture me for good, you kidnapper!”

“Okay, okay, I’ll be honest with you.” Frustrated, Jamie surrendered, raising his hands as a sign of goodwill. “I’m actually your mother’s friend. She asked me to look after you. Your mom’s Anastasia White, and you’re Irvin White. Also, you have a sister. Am I right so far?”

Though the boy had eased a little, he still kept the pepper spray pointed toward Jamie. “How do I know you’re not lying?”

Jamie chuckled helplessly in response, then pulled his phone out and clicked into a picture before showing it to Irvin.

“Take a good look. This is your mom, isn’t it? The hunk next to her is me.”

At that, Irvin stretched his neck to take a gander before finally putting the pepper spray down. But then, he couldn’t help needing to satisfy his curiosity. “Who’s the other lady holding my mom’s arm?”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 816

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 816-After Jamie took his phone back, he stared somewhat absent-mindedly at the picture for a moment before answering, “This one? She’s Narissa Cuber, a friend of your mom’s too. She’s mischievous like you. There’s not a thing in this world she fears.”

Irvin thought the man was baffling, for he hadn’t expected Jamie to ramble about a casual question.

“A hunk? You’re the ugliest in the picture.” Irvin sassed.

“You’ve got a terrible eye for beauty, kid.” Jamie was determined to prove himself despite being despised so badly by a child. “Take a good look at this face, these abs, and these long legs. Tell me what any part of this has to do with ugly. I don’t want to brag, but there’s barely anyone in Tissote more good-looking than me!”

“Yeah, right,” Irvin retorted. “I already found one after I jumped out of your car.”

“Who?” Jamie narrowed his eyes, and his vanity suddenly came into play.

“Here, this guy!” Irvin pulled out the screenshot he got from the cafe.

Jamie leaned over only to find it was none other than Alexander Griffith. He drew a gasp in response. As much as he wanted to retort, he knew he could only swallow his words back down.

“Okay, you win. You got lucky this time.” Jamie then deliberately changed the topic, finding an out. “Your mom will arrive tomorrow. You just stay here for the night. If you need anything, you can ask the staff to get it for you. Tell them to put it on my tab.”

With that, he pressed down the door handle to leave.

“Are you leaving?” Irvin looked up from his tablet in response, leading Jamie to turn around with a grin. “Why? Are you already missing me?”

“You wish.” The boy’s attention was now on his tablet. “I just want to tell you to come and take me to the airport with you.”

“Hey, you’re taking me for a chauffeur now, aren’t you?” Jamie’s face fell, aggrieved. “What if I say no?”

“Then, I’ll find a chance to run away again and make it hard for you to explain to my mom.” Irvin didn’t even move his eyes away once when he was speaking.

“For a kid with a warm mouth, your words sure are cold.” Jamie was rendered exasperated. This little rascal can really make a man angry.

“I can go on if you’d like,” Irvin said curtly.

“Forget it. I’d like to live a couple more decades.” The man left at once for fear that he would die of anger on the spot. “See you tomorrow.”

“See you, himbo!” Irvin bid Jamie farewell with a deadpan face.

Jamie could only play dumb and leave when there was nothing he could do about the kid.

After Jamie took his phone back, he stared somewhat absent-mindedly at the picture for a moment before answering, “This one? She’s Narissa Cuber, a friend of your mom’s too. She’s mischievous like you. There’s not a thing in this world she fears.”

The entire room fell silent as soon as he left.

Irvin opened a unique search engine and uploaded Alexander’s picture into it, only to receive tens of thousands of related searches.

The first link was his Wikipedia page. Alexander Griffith, former general manager of Griffith Group and current CEO of Smith Co., estimated net worth of trillions, divorced...

Irvin skimmed through it, then moved on.

He learned fashion design from his mother for a couple of years, so he could tell Alexander was wealthy from the moment they met, but what he saw next was outrageous.

‘Alexander Griffith late-night voyage with supermodel; out all night.’

‘Alexander Griffith divorced half a year into marriage; iniquitous or twisted humanity?’

‘Alexander Griffith wife No. 3 out after mere three months.’

‘Same, same, but different; Alexander Griffith divorces again after one-year marriage.’

There were a plethora of similar articles.

All in all, they said one thing—Alexander was a womanizer, and he would date and marry anyone who looked like his late wife, Elise.

Just like that, the little guy lost all liking toward the man, and his frown only deepened the further he read, to the point where he chucked his tablet aside in anger and sulked with crossed arms.

Hmph, Alexander Griffith, you skunkbag! Just when he still had a sliver of hope that his father wasn’t someone like that, but now, it seemed that he was absolutely and utterly wrong! This man is nothing but a playboy! He doesn’t deserve Mommy, and he doesn’t deserve to be our daddy! A man in dishonor is a man in disfavor; Alexander Griffith is the worst of the worst!

“Ugh, it pisses me off!”

Irvin couldn’t understand why he would be so mad either, but he was just so pissed off that he jumped around in the entire room and had a terrible sleep the whole night.

...

Meanwhile, Alexander sat in front of the computer in his mansion. On the computer was a picture of Elise and their babies, and his latching gaze at it was of nothing but affection.

Knock, Knock... A knock suddenly came from the door, interrupting his train of thought.

He moved the mouse and hid the picture away before looking out the door. "What is it?" he asked impassively.

The woman from earlier that day came in with a bowl of warm soup and very naturally placed it on the desk. "I've made you some soup. It'll help with your stomach."

"I'm not hungry," said Alexander expressionlessly, "and you don't need to do this either. You're not here to be my maid."

"I know." Abashed, the woman drooped her eyelids. "All relationships are mutual. I'll also treat you well when you treat my kids and me well."

"It's all in your head," Alexander said plainly. "I treat you guys well to benefit myself and not you."

Crushed, the woman frowned but still didn't want to give up. She picked up the bowl of soup and moved to his side. "Why don't you have some soup first?"

Lo and behold, the man left his seat and stood far away just as she came behind the desk like she was some deadly plague, though.

"So you hate me so much, Mr. Griffith?" Her eyes widened with incredulity, looking hurt.

Alexander frowned in response. "I don't hate you, but I don't feel anything for you either. Don't forget that all that we have between us is a contract. All of our intimacy is only a show for the public. There isn't anyone else here, so you can drop the act."

"Is all your affection for me really just an act? Do you really have no feelings for me at all?" she asked with unyielding conviction.

"None," Alexander answered forthrightly.

She had a marriage before this, after all, so she didn't snap despite feeling sad. With that, she took a deep breath to calm down, then came up with an excuse to ease the awkwardness. "Can you at least see this as my gratitude for you?"

"If you really want to thank me, then just do what you're supposed to do according to the contract. Don't get any more ideas about what's not in the contract," he warned expressionlessly, "or I'll consider terminating the contract earlier."

A hint of loss flashed across the woman's eyes at that, for at that moment, she thought she had never truly understood Alexander.

"Got it."

She picked up the now slightly cold bowl of soup and walked to the door silently, dragging her steps, hoping Alexander would change his mind. Alas, he didn't, and the man did nothing to hold her back. If anything, he couldn't even wait until she had walked far away before closing the door.

The woman brought the bowl of soup into her bedroom and sat in front of the vanity.

Sadness crept up to her as she looked at her face, which looked a lot like Elise's. I clearly look the most like Elise Sinclair than any of his past wives, but why does he feel nothing for me?! We both share the same last name, but can I only really ever live in her shadow?

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 817

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 817-The next day at Tissote International Airport, Margaret and Edmond waited at the exit with flowers in their hands, their watchful eyes scrutinizing every female passenger.

They were here to pick up the genius pianist from Alzue who had been all the fuss as of late. Her name was Cardashian.

Edmond ran a print media company which required a steady stream of publishing of various literary works to have an income flow. The industry had been rather sluggish in recent years as it was slowly dying. They needed news shocking enough to bring the public's attention back to print media.

Cardashian was their first target. They would definitely be able to make plenty of sales if they could commission this musician, who had been certified by the World Piano Association after only two years of debut, to publish a personal autobiography.

Edmond started feeling a little anxious when he saw that fewer and fewer people were coming out. "Did you get the wrong flight? I have held this sign for so long, but I haven't seen a Cardashian looking this way."

“Do you think I am someone like you who would even make such silly mistakes?” Margaret looked at him in disdain. “There must have been a delay or something. Let’s wait for a little longer. And raise your sign a little higher!”

Despite saying that, she felt discouraged as well. Can it be that I have indeed got the wrong information?

Thinking of this, she couldn’t help but take a few steps forward and crane her neck in an attempt to look inside. Margaret would be embarrassed if Cardashian didn’t make an appearance.

However, her reality was that she didn’t see Cardashian—she had gotten ‘Anastasia White’ instead.

Indeed, it was the ‘Anastasia White’ who had seemingly disappeared from the surface of Earth after leaving with Danilo.

It had been seven years since Margaret had last seen her and yet, the woman still looked like she was in her best condition. Not only was her skin as smooth as silk and her aura as elegant as a swan, she now even had a hint of sensuality only a mature woman would have.

Most importantly, there was a miniature version of ‘Anastasia White’ next to her, her every move innocent and lovely.

Before Margaret could react, ‘Anastasia White’ was already pushing her luggage and walking toward her with the child.

“Margaret!” Elise called out affectionately. “Did you come just to pick me up?”

As soon as Margaret came back to her senses, she immediately composed the look on her face to greet Elise. “I would have said no to all my work to come pick you up if I had known that you were coming back today. But what a coincidence this is for everything good to happen within the same day. I really am not here to pick you up. We are waiting for a client.”

The corners of Elise’s mouth curled into a knowing smile as she raised an eyebrow and looked at Edmond, who was behind Margaret. “Who is this client to be able to alarm both you and President Northton?” she murmured.

The next day at Tissote International Airport, Margaret and Edmond waited at the exit with flowers in their hands, their watchful eyes scrutinizing every female passenger.

Margaret could tell immediately that Elise was mocking her for getting too close to the scumbag of a man.

Margaret quickly switched the topic by reaching toward Alexia to tease the little girl. "This is your daughter, isn't she? She is an exact copy of you. What a pretty girl!"

For some reason, Alexia hated how Margaret acted like she was close to her. Hence, Alexia deliberately evaded Margaret's touch when the woman was about to reach her.

Margaret only took it as if she was playing with herself as she let out a small laugh and pulled 'Anastasia' to the side.

"You know that I am in the print media industry. Edmond has his connections in the industry. I had no other choice but to get close to him. But don't worry, my bestie! My heart will always be on your side!" Margaret whispered her declaration.

Elise only nodded lightly with an understanding look on her face. "I understand. It is never easy for adults."

"I am glad you understand." Margaret put her hand on her friend's shoulder and said earnestly, "After all, you will be more assured to have me as your gatekeeper if you want to publish something in the future, yeah?"

"Thank you." Elise forced a smile. "Alright, then. I will be out of your hair."

"Okay. I will organize a meal to celebrate your return some time. You should take the child back to the hotel to overcome the jet lag after such a long flight," Margaret suggested thoughtfully.

Hearing that, Elise smiled and left while holding the child's hand.

It was only then that Edmond huddled close to gossip. "Did she really have a child with that toy boy?"

"Is this what you should be paying attention to now?" Margaret peered at him from the corner of her eyes. "Whose attention are you trying to catch by hiding that sign? Don't you know who is going to suffer a loss if you lose Cardashian?"

Edmond was upset from being scolded the whole morning, and even though he had obediently raised the sign again, he kept complaining, "It's just because you are so not romantic that no man dares to pursue you. You should really fix this. You aren't womanly at all if you keep that straight face all day long."

Margaret's expression darkened when she heard his words. "Who do you think made it possible for you to enjoy those supposedly-romantic women? You should be praying to God for me to not kick you aside. Otherwise, all that is waiting for you is bankruptcy!"

Edmond was displeased about being under the control of a woman, but he could only shut his mouth and stop arguing with Margaret because her work ability was indeed impeccable.

The duo continued to wait until all the passengers on the last international flight left through the exit, but still they didn't see Cardashian. They finally went straight to Sierra Hotel, where they got ready to catch her at the hotel.

Margaret walked to the front desk, and she lightly tapped the table with her fingertips. "Excuse me, please help me call Miss Cardashian from 1203 and tell her that Margaret Ainsley from the publishing house wants to see her."

"Please wait a moment." After the receptionist at the front desk fiddled around on the computer, he smiled and gave a small bow. "I apologize, miss. The customer staying at 1203 does not go by the name 'Cardashian'. You must be mistaken."

"How is that possible? Please look up the name again. She just checked in today."

Having embarrassed herself at the airport, Margaret proceeded to carefully check Cardashian's itinerary on her way back from the airport that the artist herself had posted. It was an official announcement that Cardashian was in Room 1203 of Sierra Hotel. There would not be a mistake.

The receptionist checked it again, and he still gave the same polite smile. "Miss, it is as I said. There is no one by the name who checked-in today."

Margaret was instantly stunned as she tried to comprehend what was happening.

This won't do! she fumed. I will stay here until Cardashian appears no matter what!

...

At the same time, Irvin, who had woken up early, ran to the kitchen and asked the chef to clean up a small area for him to get busy in the kitchen.

He was sure that his mother was angry at him for quietly running away from home, so he was planning to coax her by personally making her her favorite ganache-filled chocolate. Ever since he had learned to cook, this was a tested method that was proven to work whenever he did something wrong.

Even though he was a little adult and would make noises from time to time, no one dared to intervene because of their boss' special order for them to take good care of Irvin.

The boy's ganache-filled hazelnut chocolate was finally completed after more than an hour.

He took off the chef's hat that didn't quite fit and went to find a suitable plate to decorate the chocolate.

After Irvin reached the tableware disinfection cabinet, he quickly selected a ceramic container at the bottommost layer of the cabinet. Just as he was about to open the cabinet door to get it, a small and dirty hand suddenly reached out and swung around to touch the sweet potatoes piled in the corner.

Irvin tilted his head curiously before he suddenly grabbed that plump hand. It was only after he took a glance at the owner of the hand under the table that he realized a four or five-year-old girl was hiding under it.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 818

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 818-The girl's hair was tousled, and her face was as dirty as her hands. She had a pair of amazingly bright eyes that made her look like a deer caught in headlights.

"Don't hit me! Ah!" Startled, she started bawling with the corners of her lips downturned.

Her crying immediately left Irvin dumbfounded, and he began pacing back and forth in a hurry. "Oh no, don't cry. I didn't do anything to you. I'll apologize to you, so please don't cry?"

The girl stopped crying upon hearing that, and she gaped at him with wide eyes. She then resumed with her wailing, only this time, she was louder.

Panicked, Irvin quickly sucked in a cold breath of air and scratched his head.

The one thing he couldn't stand the most was the tears of a girl. His mother had taught him that boys weren't supposed to bully girls. With that in mind, Irvin had always treated girls with good manners.

But this unhygienic little girl wasn't reacting like how he had thought she would. She was already crying so hard he wanted to pull his hair out despite not having done anything to her.

I know what to do!

As an idea came to him, he swiftly darted away, and soon came back holding the freshly made ganache-filled chocolate.

The girl was already howling and crying for her mother by now. As Irvin watched her putting her all into crying, he suddenly felt entertained by the sight, so he kept watching

for a while before he eventually scooped a spoonful of chocolate and shoved it into her opened mouth.

“Boo— Huh?”

The crying abruptly stopped then. The girl dazedly closed her mouth and as soon as she was hit by the mellow fragrance of the chocolate, she immediately marveled in this unique sweetness. She squeezed her small lips shut tightly, for fear that the chocolate would fall out. She also didn't forget to sniffle.

Her reaction made Irvin let out a long sigh. Girls are all the same, he concluded. Be it abroad or local, all girls like desserts.

“Hey, take this.” He handed over the rest of the chocolate. “You are in luck. I made this myself. My mom and sister are the only ones who have had it before. You are the third person to eat it.”

The girl seemed to have thrown all her fears aside as she wiggled out from under the table and took the cake from him. She proceeded to send spoon after spoon of chocolate into her mouth, and it didn't take long before a satisfied smile appeared on her face.

Irvin let out a smile of his own as well while he looked at her. One of the reasons he enjoyed cooking was because he liked how it felt to heal souls with good food.

Of course, the only people he wanted to heal were Elise and Alexia. The little girl was merely his 'accident' today.

The girl's hair was tousled, and her face was as dirty as her hands. She had a pair of amazingly bright eyes that made her look like a deer caught in headlights.

However, it was just a matter of time before the frown on Irvin's face turned into a frown; the girl had started sobbing again after she finished the whole box of chocolate.

“Y-You...” Irvin began to panic. “Surely chocolate can't taste so bad that it makes you cry?!”

The girl raised her chin and looked at him with her watery eyes. “It is so yummy...”

“What?” Irvin was stunned once again.

“What if I can't have this anymore after today?” She pouted grievously. As soon as she uttered those words, big droplets of tears came rolling out of her eyes and down her plump and bouncy cheeks, leaving tear stains behind.

The boy was instantly rendered speechless as his mind went blank.

He only came back to his senses after a long time. "What is your name? Where do you live?" he asked in all seriousness.

"I am Mimi," the girl muttered. "I don't have a home, and I am all alone. Papa and Mama are dead."

"Mimi?" That's cute.

He immediately shook his head to get rid of the thought as he put on his manly mask again.

"My name is Irvin White. You can call me Irvin. You can be my little brother if you want more chocolate. I will give you a place to stay and feed you well. Any objections?"

His words made her frown. "But I am a girl!"

"You can be my little sister, then," he casually told her before shaking his head in disagreement to what he said himself. "That won't do either, because Lexi could get jealous. You will be my minion! Aye, that will work just fine. I will be your boss from now on. You have to listen to me. Understood?"

"Mhm!" Mimi suddenly reached out to hug him. "I will listen to you, Irvin!"

He instantly flushed from his face to the base of his neck and pushed Mimi away before he took a few steps back. "No!" he shrieked.

"What is the matter, Irvin?"

Irvin's ears were red and warm as he looked at her innocent face, but he didn't know how he should go about explaining it to her. "Forget it," he brought up another issue. "You should go get changed into something clean. You have to remember to never hug boys, okay?"

Her confused expression was replaced by an eager one instead. "Not even you?"

"No!" he reminded her sternly. "I won't want you anymore if you don't listen to me."

"No, no. I will listen. Don't throw me away, Irvin!" Mimi immediately conceded, to which Irvin gave a satisfied nod.

"Now that is better. Let's go."

...

At about 11.00AM, Elise brought Alexia to Irvin's bedroom.

They pressed the doorbell as they stood outside his door.

As soon as the doorbell rang, the door was pulled open from the inside. Irvin then stuck his head out and eagerly made way for the ladies. "Mommy, my dear sister, please come inside!"

Amused by her brother's antics, Alexia chuckled. "Hehe! Are you cosplaying a waiter, Irvin? I want to cosplay as well!"

"I am not." He then informed her in a gentle voice, "There is chocolate I made for you on the sofa. Go ahead and eat it."

"Thank you Irvin! Long live Irvin!" Alexia ran into the living room as soon as she heard that.

Elise went ahead and pushed their luggage in, and she had just turned around when the boy came over with a new pair of slippers. "Work must have been tiring, Mommy. Why don't you change out of your shoes to let your feet breathe?"

Even though Elise could tell at a glance that her son was buttering up to her, she didn't expose him, and neither did she speak as she played along with him.

Irvin then pushed out a bucket for soaking her feet right after she sat down. "Please soak your feet here, Mommy. The hotel manager said that it is best to have a herbal foot soak after a long day."

"Alright," Elise murmured while she enjoyed the service and tried her best to hold back her laugh.

Still, she had to admit that this local foot soak remedy was indeed miraculous. It only took only a short minute for a huge chunk of her fatigue to melt away.

Irvin soon brought out a fruit platter, thereafter taking a piece of watermelon and bringing it to her mouth. "Mommy, fruits are good for the skin. Open your mouth. Say ah—"

"Ah—" For some reason, Elise started acting like a child as well by opening her mouth to chomp down on the watermelon. She finally couldn't stop herself from laughing. "Alright now. I will forgive you because of your pleasant attitude."

"Thank you Mommy! Muah!" Irvin hugged his mother's face and showered her with kisses. Right after he let go, he turned his head and darted to the kitchen. "I will cook something for you!"

"Hold your horses," Elise suddenly stopped him. "Why are you still so hardworking after I forgive you? Did you do something naughty that I don't know of yet?"

Mothers always knew their children best. She could tell from his behavior that something was up.

“Hehe,” Irvin turned back guiltily and grinned. “Don’t be mad if I tell you, Mommy. I picked up a little something outside and I brought it back with me. I want to raise it.”

His answer made her raise an eyebrow. “Hmm? Is it a kitten or a puppy? You know that your sister is allergic to cat fur. You can’t keep it if it is a cat.”

“That won’t happen! I promise!” As Irvin spoke, he eagerly ran into the bathroom and brought Mimi along with him. “Look, Mommy. Mimi is not a cat. She won’t trigger Lexi’s allergy!”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 819

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 819-“Alright. Let her stay for now. We will look for her family some other time,” Elise agreeably gave her permission.

“Thank you, Mommy!” Irvin brought a hand up to salute her like a boy scout.

While Elise and Alexia were laughing at his comical response, Mimi was cautiously watching them with wide eyes while she hid behind him.

Ding dong!

Thinking that it was Jamie, Elise got up and went to open the door when the doorbell rang.

She only realized that the person standing there was Johnny after she opened the door.

“Good day, Miss Cardashian. I am Johnny Smith, the deputy general manager at Smith Co.. I welcome you to Tissote. Our chief executive will have his engagement dinner tonight. This is an invitation letter from us. We hope you will grace us with your presence,” Johnny stated as he handed over the exquisite card in his hand.

“It is an honor.” Elise took the invitation with both hands.

The one thing that made Smith Co. grow to its size today, and also what made it different from any other companies, was that Smith Co. never missed the opportunity to make friends with elites from any industry.

Of course, they also depended on their well-developed information network that made it possible for them to get the most accurate information at the earliest time.

Untrustworthy sources like Margaret and Edmond couldn't even dream of getting the scraps by the time they got the correct information.

"I won't be disturbing your rest any further, Miss Cardashian. A car will pick you up in person later. Please pay attention to any calls you might get."

"Alright."

Johnny then turned around and left after he was done with his business.

After Elise closed the door, she walked back into the room with the invitation card and opened it to take a look. Jessamine's full name was printed on the column for the fiancée's name.

The sight only made Elise smile as a mocking gleam flashed across her eyes.

Alexander had been collecting women similar to her from all over the world in the past seven years. He and the women would then have a short-term marriage through contracts, giving outsiders the impression that he was heartbroken because of Elise's death, so he looked for someone to take her place to satisfy his desires.

But in fact, all the substitutes were used in order for Elise to successfully become Alexander's wife in the future while assuming Anastasia's identity.

He wanted the world to know that he accepted anyone and everyone regardless of their circumstances as long as they looked like Elise.

Alexander and Elise were the only ones who knew that Alexander was waiting for their love to come to fruition.

"Alright. Let her stay for now. We will look for her family some other time," Elise agreeably gave her permission.

"Mommy." Irvin jumped up and waved his hand in front of her. "Did you hear what I said?"

Elise only came back to her senses then. "What did you say?"

"I asked you if you are going to attend that casanova's engagement dinner!" the boy demanded aggressively with his hands on his waist.

She couldn't help but be amused by his question. "Do you know who Alexander Griffith is? Why do you say that about him?"

“Is he not a casanova when he changes wives so frequently? I don’t like that man. I don’t want you to go, Mommy.” Irvin looked like a little adult as he talked reason into her.

“He is a casanova just because he changes wives? Well then, did you know that he gets a new wife every now and then because he misses his first wife? Do you think it is right to judge someone you don’t know just like that?” Elise asked solemnly.

“But it is all over the news!” The boy kept frowning. “Shouldn’t you keep your distance from other people if you truly love someone? Even Lexi gets upset when I am nice to other girls. Married couples should be more mindful of this!”

“There are entertainment magazines that once said that I got pregnant before marriage, and that I am a bad woman who doesn’t have self-respect. Do you think they were right?”

Irvin immediately blurted out without thinking, “Of course not! My mommy is the best Mommy in the world! Those people were just making things up!”

“So now you know that magazines can’t be trusted completely.” Elise then patiently explained, “We shouldn’t get to know someone through other people’s mouths. We have to feel it from our daily interactions with others, understood?”

Hearing that, Irvin lowered his gaze and fell into deep thought.

She then patted him on the shoulder and added, “Take your time. You are still young. Now go help your sister clean up. I will take you both to the dinner later.”

It was about time Alexander met his children.

More important than that, Elise missed him.

“Okay,” Irvin nodded and asked again, “Is Mimi going too?”

Elise shrugged, gesturing for him to do as he pleased. “Only if you can take care of her—”

“Okey dokey! Leave it to me!” he reassured her while patting himself on the chest. Turning to look at Alexia, Irvin told her, “Alexia! Get Mimi one of your dresses!”

...

With Smith Co.’s unchallenged supremacy, Alexander now had a net worth of more than 100 billion, and he had been on the Forbes list a few times.

It was only expected for his engagement dinner to be crowded with attendees. Before the clock even hit 7.00PM, the garden where the dinner would be held was already full of people, where most of them were elites of the business world.

After 15 minutes, Alexander went on stage with Jessamine around his arm while they were surrounded by everyone.

“Mr. Griffith is a lucky man to have such beautiful wives. How enviable!”

“Exactly! That does not look like the body of a woman who has given birth twice. I would believe it if someone said she is only a college student!”

“You don’t say! Among the many Mr. Griffith’s engagement dinners I have attended, this one is the most similar to the original one thus far. Gosh! It actually makes sense to find a better one after the original one is gone!”

The men’s fervent discussion about Jessamine’s beautiful appearance was enough to prove her charms.

However, even a wonderful woman like her looked small and lovable standing beside Alexander.

After seven years of refinement and honing, his regality had naturally become imposing as he exuded the oppressing aura of a top dog. The woman looked like she was just his ornament.

Despite the difference in their charisma, it didn’t affect the beautiful image of a handsome man and beautiful woman standing together. The visually pleasing sight made the crowd shower them with endless cheers.

“Mr. Griffith and Miss Jessamine are a match made in heaven!”

“Why don’t the bride share with us your love story with Mr. Griffith so that we can absorb some of that good luck!”

“That is right. Tell us!”

Upon hearing that, Jessamine smiled sweetly and threw an affectionate glance at Alexander, who stood next to her, and then recited a story she had already familiarized herself with. “There was once when we took the same flight back to the country, and my car broke down on the way back from the airport. It was Alexander who personally gave me a ride and sent me back home. I fell in love at first sight back then. What happened after that happened naturally.”

“Wow!”

That immediately caused an uproar among the crowd. Fateful encounters like this were so romantic that their story left the crowd envious.

Jessamine smiled bashfully at their reaction. It might be a made-up story, but the way she said it herself made it as if she had really experienced this with Alexander. She would always feel her heart flutter every time she mentioned it.

Right then, her two children carried a framed watercolor painting to the stage and presented it to Alexander together.

“Mr. Alexander, this is our present for you.” The boy hurriedly tried to take credit. “We wish for you and Mommy to grow old together, and may your love last!”

Alexander reached out and lowered his gaze then, and he took in the painting of a family of four.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 820

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 820-“This is a nice painting,” Alexander let out a small smile. “Thank you.”

Upon hearing that, Jessamine hugged her two children in relief, and she had happiness written all over her face.

“Let’s take a photo together!” the videographer who was recording the event shouted to the people on the stage.

And so, the two children stood in the middle holding the painting, whereas Alexander and Jessamine each took a side, and they posed as a happy family for the photographers and reporters to take photos.

Alexander accepted all of this calmly, but his eyes were fixated at a spot in front of the stage.

There was already a crowd when Elise arrived. After taking her attendance, she walked to a nearly empty corner.

However, children were always extremely curious. Her kids kept pulling her, and it didn’t take her much effort to squeeze into the crowd.

It was at this moment that Alexander spotted Elise from the crowd at a glance.

She happened to be fluffing out her hair when she looked up and met his dark and deep eyes.

The woman who he had been thinking about for seven years was finally standing in front of him, alive and well. Alexander only managed to keep his expression impassive by clenching his fist in his pocket.

Elise's eyes suddenly turned red and the tip of her nose stung.

As she looked at his tall figure from a distance across the crowd, she began to imagine that it was their family of four standing on the stage. At this moment, every goodbye they had to bid each other in the past seemed to be worth it.

It won't be long before they would be able to publicly go back to being a family and live a simple, happy life together.

How Elise wished to rush on stage and carefully take in all his changes. Now that she saw how Alexander's features had gotten sharper as she looked at him from a distance, she couldn't help but feel her heart ache.

These few years must have been pure agony for him.

Worried that she would start crying, she quickly sniffled and swallowed her emotions.

Alexia raised her head when she heard the sound. "Mommy, why are you crying?" she asked.

"I'm alright," Elise said with a smile. "Mommy is happy! I haven't attended such a lively party in such a long time."

"I am happy as well." Alexia flashed a wide smile, with her eyes narrowed before she began to whine like the child that she was again, "But Mommy, can we go somewhere else? I can't see anything!"

Elise then asked Irvin and Mimi to grab the hem of her skirt so that they wouldn't run around, before she picked up Alexia.

"Wow!" The moment Alexia laid her eyes on Alexander, she seemed to have received the shock of her life as she pointed a finger to the stage. "Mommy, that man is super good-looking! Can we let him be our Daddy?!"

As Alexia loudly uttered those words, most of the guests immediately whipped their heads at her.

"This is a nice painting," Alexander let out a small smile. "Thank you."

Even Jessamine glanced at the girl from the stage, but it was only thanks to the photographer that she focused ahead and she retracted her gaze.

Spotting a helpless look on her face, Elise quickly covered the girl's mouth with a hand.

There were people watching the fun and didn't think it was a big deal, and they deliberately teased, "It seems that there will be a lot of children all over the country who will be scrambling to be Mr. Griffith's sons and daughters after the Mrs. Griffith spot was filled in today!"

Elise merely shrugged at that. My kids are Alexander's kids, she thought. There is no need for them to scramble for anything.

Still, she quickly brought the kids away with her in order to prevent more problems.

After a while, Elise led the children to the dining table when she saw Alexander get off the stage and walk toward the lounge.

"Irvin, watch the girls while you guys get something to eat. I have to go to the bathroom for a bit, but I will be back soon. Don't run around, okay?"

"Don't worry, Mommy. You can leave it to me," Irvin said yes agreeably.

Elise continued to remind him a few more things before she finally left in the direction Alexander went off to.

Just as soon as she walked away, Mimi swiftly turned around and grabbed some desserts from the table and stuffed it in her mouth.

Irvin only looked at her, feeling resigned. "Do you like desserts so much? Aren't you worried you will get chubby?"

Mimi innocently shook her head and passed the cake that she had taken a bite out of. "Have some, Irvin."

"I'm fine." He wasn't interested in eating desserts at all. He only liked making them for the people he loved the most.

As he spoke, he hopped off the table and took a dessert which Alexia liked the most. "Open wide, Lexi. Ah—" He then fed Alexia it.

Mimi seemed to be in a daze as she looked at Irvin with wide eyes. For some reason, the cake in her mouth suddenly didn't taste all that sweet anymore.

More than a dozen lounges were prepared for this dinner. Alexander especially made a detour to the most remote lounge before he pushed the door open.

After closing the door, he turned around again, and he saw that Elise, with Anastasia's face, had already walked in front of him.

There was nothing that could stop them anymore this time. However, they didn't react like they thought they would, which was by shouting each other's names and crushing each other in hugs.

Now that their adolescent impulses had faded with time and they had both matured, they only quietly gazed at each other as tears filled their eyes.

Their years of lovesickness had turned into silent longing that conveyed through their eyes.

It felt like one gaze was all it took for them to be each other's forever.

Neither one of them knew how much time had passed before Elise broke the silence first, and she glided toward him before lightly wrapping her arms around his waist.

She wanted to take the initiative this time.

Alexander reacted by tightly wrapping her in his arms. It was as if he had found a treasure, and he was afraid she would disappear as soon as he let her go.

His tears started rolling out then as he gasped in a pained voice, "I love you. I love you so, so much."

"I know." Infected by his emotions, Elise cried too, and she kept bobbing her head like a child. "I am back, and I will never leave again. We will never be apart for the rest of our lives."

Their yearning for each other was finally being responded to.

They continued to stay in each other's arms while they voiced their years of longing, never once loosening their holds.

"—Alexander Griffith finally doesn't have to worry about Elise Sinclair leaving him anymore." The man seemed to be back in his youth as he joked.

As Elise picked up the grievance in Alexander's words, she perked up from his hug and held his face with both hands before she went on her toes and pressed a kiss on his lips.

Alexander was still lost in the joy of their reunion, and he only came back to his senses when she stood up straight. His eyes then shone in surprise.

"Is this enough?" she murmured with a smile on her face.

"Definitely not." He shamelessly egged her on.

Hearing that, she kissed him again. "How about now?"

"It is still not enough."

"It should be fine this time!" Elise then quickly and repeatedly pecked at his lips like she was a chick.

Alexander's gaze darkened, and he moved his hand to cup her head as he dived in for a deep kiss.

Elise responded with equal intensity as she let him do whatever he pleased.

He didn't seem satisfied even when she was starting to get out of breath.

Suddenly, the sound of fireworks and drums could be heard coming from outside at this exact moment.

Whoosh, bang!

Bang, boom, crash!

It was only then that Alexander reluctantly peeled himself off of her body and turned toward the sound.

"You even prepared a traditional celebration?" Elise deadpanned.

Alexander's eyes lowered as he mused over it, and he finally let out a resigned sigh. "It is probably your bestie's doing."

"My bestie?" she repeated, confused.

"We will know after we go check it out."

Even though she was at a loss, Elise obediently went back when she thought about how they did indeed spend a good amount of time together.

Their journey back to the banquet hall was accompanied by the relentless sounds of French horns, trumpets, and various traditional Cittadelian folk musical instruments.

Recommended Novels