

## Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 831

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 831-Jessamine's facial expression stiffened in an instant, and she looked at Alexander in astonishment. Then, she couldn't help thinking, He's so blatantly defending Anastasia now? As expected, a woman's sixth sense is always accurate. Because of Anastasia's appearance, Alexander suggested an early termination of our contract.

"Mr. Griffith. Miss Jessamine. It's time to enter the hall."

The server's reminder interrupted Jessamine's thoughts, and she quickly suppressed her surging jealousy. Then, she held her head high as she caught up with Alexander's pace and entered the concert hall. Regardless of what happens in the future, at least at this moment, I'm still the future Mrs. Griffith, and I'll be able to retain my honor as long as I keep this status.

The concert started not long after they were seated.

Unlike usual, Jessamine's attention was all on the concert hall's audience today. Her gaze swept across every corner of the front row seats calmly. She only retracted her gaze in satisfaction and focused on looking straight ahead with a confident and determined eye once she confirmed that Anastasia and her children were nowhere to be seen. I was right. As expected, Anastasia and her children are not at the same level as us all.

Jessamine smiled dazedly as she listened to the music. It was as if the music had a magical power to put a smile on her face. So she kept smiling for more than an hour, and the muscles on her face got a little stiff by the time the concert ended.

At this moment, the staff suddenly bent down and rushed toward the spot about half a meter in front of the stage. The team then hurriedly retreated after leaving three small benches.

After a while, with his hands holding Alexia and Mimi, Irvin ran out from behind the curtain on the side of the stage. Then, they sat side by side on the three small benches.

Jessamine's pupils shrank in shock, and she abruptly sat up straight. What?! They're really sitting in the front?! What's more, they sit on the seats that are specially added?! I don't understand! What's going on here?!

Before Jessamine could comprehend the situation, the host took the microphone and returned to stand in the spotlight. Then, the headlights on the stage went out, and the staff removed the musical arrangement of the previous repertoire behind him, leaving only a piano in the end.

“Everyone must have wished to continue listening to the music, am I right? Fret not. Today, our orchestra has invited a mysterious guest to make an appearance at the finale. I believe everyone will be able to return home to their heart’s content after listening to the performance by our mysterious guest. Now, let us welcome Maestro Yorkson’s protégé, Miss Cardashian, to bring us a wonderful recital of “Swan Lake!”

At once, thunderous applause sounded throughout the entire concert hall.

In the blurry darkness on the stage, a slender figure slowly walked toward the piano and finally sat down gracefully.

Jessamine’s heart was in her mouth when she saw this. In that instant, she could feel panic ensnaring her heart like a vine, and she chanted in her mind, It better not be Anastasia! Please let it be someone else!

Jessamine’s facial expression stiffened in an instant, and she looked at Alexander in astonishment. Then, she couldn’t help thinking, He’s so blatantly defending Anastasia now? As expected, a woman’s sixth sense is always accurate. Because of Anastasia’s appearance, Alexander suggested an early termination of our contract.

Thunk—

The lights in the hall went out. Seconds later, the spotlight made a big circle as it followed the music that kept the audience at the edge of their seats as they tried to guess just who this mysterious performer was. Then, finally, the spotlights focused and shone on the stage.

Just as Jessamine feared, Elise appeared on stage. She wore a champagne-colored dress, and her hair was done in an elegant updo. Then, she lifted her hands as naturally as a river following its course, placed all her fingers on the piano keys after taking a short breath, and started playing the repertoire that touched the audience’s heartstrings.

Her opening performance alone had earned her another round of applause from the audience.

Even Alexander, sitting on the side of the concert hall, listened to her performance with relish.

Meanwhile, Jessamine was rigid with shock on her seat like she had been struck by lightning. Anastasia is actually Cardashian?! The woman whose talent had shocked the world is actually a single mother of two?! And there I was still recklessly inviting Anastasia to compare notes together just now! Wasn’t that just like me displaying my meager skills before an expert and humiliating myself? Most importantly, I even made a remark about Anastasia’s children being uneducated in front of Alexander! Yet, in reality, the two little fellows might have known the piano maestros since childhood and

have no class distinction. Great. I'm being deemed as a petty woman for no reason, and all my efforts to humble myself have gone to waste!

As soon as the recital of the repertoire ended, the audience immediately stood up and gave her thunderous applause to pay their highest respect to such a wonderful recital. Finally, under the appreciative gazes of the masses, Anastasia rose to her feet and thanked the audience gracefully.

Meanwhile, Jessamine missed the timing and stood up slightly later than the rest of the audience. Yet, just when she stood up, she saw a staff member run out quickly from behind the curtain and hand a bouquet of roses to Alexander.

Alexander took the bouquet of roses, checked his outfit, and tidied himself. Once he did that, he moved his feet, preparing to make his way to the stage to present Anastasia with the bouquet of roses.

Jessamine hurriedly grabbed his sleeve and begged him lowly. "I'm still here. Can't you give me a little respect in front of these people?"

Nonetheless, Alexander was unimpressed by her words. "I remember that this was also written in the contract, no? You should cooperate and act like a graceful, gentle ex at moments like this."

"But why must it be an occasion like this?" Jessamine asked in frustration, "This is too high-profile. What will others think of me if you present her this bouquet?"

"You should've considered this before you signed the contract," Alexander said as he withdrew his hand indifferently. Then, he added again, "How can my feelings for her be visible if I don't make it flashy?"

Once he said those words, he walked up to the stage without hesitation. He gave Elise the bouquet of roses in his hand with a flourish as he praised lowly, "As expected of my wife, your piano skills are still as excellent as ever."

As he spoke, he directly spread his arms and continued to say, "Care to give your loyal audience a hug, Miss Cardashian?"

Elise didn't know what to do with the man before her. But, she wasn't going to deny that this surprised her. Hence, she briefly gave him a light hug and immediately released him. Alexander's daringness truly caught me off guard.

As expected, such a public display of affection naturally raised a storm of conjecture.

"Did you see that? The wealthiest man in town has a new target!"

"But the two of them seem like a perfect match. They look similar to one another."

“It’s good to be wealthy, isn’t it? So no one dares to make harsh criticism against you even if you’re being greedy and insatiable.”

“Where did Alexander find these women? They’re all women’s role models. I would’ve gone on stage and stirred up trouble if it were me. Yet, Jessamine can actually still watch as this sight unravels in front of her so calmly!”

In the meantime, Jessamine stood still expressionlessly. Her hands that hung by her side clenched her skirt tightly in barely concealed rage and envy, and her face was livid with anger. No doubt, it was an exciting sight for the audience.

Elise and Alexander stood side by side on the stage, allowing reporters to take close-ups to their heart’s content.

Elise only left Alexander again and walked toward the host after the flashing light of the camera continued for several minutes. Once she thought enough was enough, she politely requested the host for his microphone and announced proudly, “Everyone, thank you for coming to the musical concert tonight. In addition to tonight’s repertoire, I plan to publish a personal autobiography in Cittadel. I welcome all of you who have great taste and are brave enough to introduce me to the publishers so that they can come and negotiate a collaboration with me.”

At the same time, Margaret, watching the live broadcast in front of the TV, smashed the remote control in her hand toward the TV screen.

“Anastasia, you b\*tch! You’re neither enticed by the carrot nor brow-beaten by the stick, yet you actually wish to surpass me and publish your own autobiography?! Dream on! In that case, may the best woman win!”

As Margaret spoke, she whisked out her phone and issued a notice to the entire publishing industry. ‘Bankruptcy awaits whichever publisher dares to accept and negotiate a collaboration deal with Anastasia White!’

...

After the musical concert, Alexander and Jessamine were more estranged than before despite still looking calm on the surface.

Alexander still held onto his mannerism as a gentleman and drove Jessamine’s two children to school as usual.

Since he knew that this day was the international school’s parent-child event, Alexander stayed behind with Jessamine to accompany her children.

After they had engaged in various activities all morning, a child’s soft voice suddenly sounded not far away just when Alexander was about to take a quick break.

“Mr. Handsome!”

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"Mr. Handsome!"

## **Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 832**

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 832-Alexander turned, saw Alexia's infatuated smile, and he could not help but smile sweetly.

On the other hand, Irvin pulled a face as if someone owed him millions. Alexander could not even let out another smile when he saw his son. He knew he indeed owed his son something.

Elise led the children over to greet Jessamine. "Hello, Mr. Griffith, Miss Jessamine."

"What a coincidence, Anastasia. We meet again." Jessamine immediately stood beside Alexander, trying to show off her identity as Mrs. Griffith, when she saw Anastasia walking over. The way she spoke was as if she was facing an enemy. "Alexander accompanies me to bring my children to school every day. I don't recall seeing you around."

"Miss White has just returned from abroad, and her children are raised abroad. How could you have possibly met her?" Alexander took the initiative to reply to Jessamine.

Jessamine's complexion changed subtly when Alexander answered the question on Anastasia's behalf. Still, she quickly calmed down and agreed, "Indeed, this international primary school is good for the kids' learning development. You should send your kids here if you're financially capable."

“Well, it seems that I have made the right choice by choosing this school.” Elise smiled lightly.

At that moment, Alexander’s cell phone rang. He answered the call and walked aside. “Excuse me for a bit.”

After he walked away, Jessamine took the opportunity to invite Elise to talk, “Miss White, let’s talk somewhere quiet?”

Elise thought about Jessamine’s proposal for a while and agreed to it. “Irvin, bring your two younger sisters somewhere else to play.”

After the two sent their children away, they found a stone bench nearby and sat side by side.

It was only after a while that Jessamine started narrating her own story.

“A year ago, I was still a single mother. In addition to taking care of my two children, I also had to worry about preventing my ex-husband, who was abusive, from harassing me. I only met Alexander later. He is a gentleman and solved my ex-husband-issue for me. Since then, I can finally sleep peacefully at night.”

Alexander is the only good thing in my life, and I can’t live without him. Miss White, you just returned from overseas and have your own career. I can already predict that many people will pursue you in the future. How about letting Alexander go so my children and I can continue being with him?”

They were both intelligent people, so Elise need not pretend to be confused about what Jessamine said. Hence, she spoke forthrightly, “Miss Jessamine, you think too highly of me. I cannot possibly determine the happiness of you and your children. Given how Mr. Griffith likes to be fickle in his affection, I believe there would be other women if it were not for me. Besides, you can count on Mr. Griffith’s character that he would not allow anyone to bully you there, even if you two break up. So, Miss Jessamine, don’t scare yourself.”

Alexander turned, saw Alexia’s infatuated smile, and he could not help but smile sweetly.

Jessamine knew that asking Elise to give up on Alexander was futile, so she questioned Elise expressionlessly, “Must you really fight me on this matter?”

Elise was not intimidated by Jessamine’s ghastly gaze. Instead, she smiled profoundly. “Have you forgotten how you became Alexander’s fiancée? I believe it was also through fighting the previous woman. So if you and Mr. Griffith are really a match made in heaven, no one else would be able to take over your place. What do you think?”



Elise finally understood why Alexander was reluctant to marry Jessamine when she saw how Jessamine's resentful expression.

People always said, 'touch pitch and be defiled', and it was especially true in this case. Elise knew that Jessamine was more difficult to deal with than the other women Alexander used as a confusion tactic to cover up the truth. Obviously, Jessamine had forgotten that no love was involved between her and Alexander—the only thing that governed the so-called relationship was merely a contract.

The two faced each other in silence but were at loggerheads.

At this time, the person in charge of the school's admissions office approached them.

"Miss Jessamine, Miss White, I'm really sorry. I have some bad news for you both. There are only two places left in the elite class you applied for, and since you both have two children, the remaining places are obviously not enough to accommodate all four of them. So I'm afraid one of your children might need to join the regular class."

"First come, first serve," Jessamine replied forcefully. Her children were already studying at the kindergarten that was part of this international primary school's ecosystem. So, it was only reasonable that her children could learn here. While it was her b\*stard ex-husband's fault that her children's education was delayed, now that the issue was solved, her children should be able to continue studying here.

The person in charge frowned and looked like he was placed in a difficult position. Although Jessamine was Alexander's fiancée, Anastasia's children's quotas were given by Smith Co. Besides, Alexander and Anastasia were seen flirting at the concert a few days ago. Although Smith Co. told him not to let anyone know, it was challenging for him to tell whether Jessamine or Anastasia was more important to Alexander.

"What's the matter?" Alexander walked over and asked the person in charge, who then repeated the matter. He lowered his eyes and thought for a moment before asking the person in charge, "How about if I donate 10 million to the school under my own name? Can the school add two more places to the elite class?"

"I must say, your offer is very tempting. But I'm sorry, Mr. Griffith, the elite class is the signature of this school. In order to ensure the quality of teaching, we must strictly control the number of students. I'm really sorry, but I must reject your offer as we cannot set this precedent." The person in charge was absolutely embarrassed when he talked, but he gave another compromise solution. "The children can take the entrance test, and we'll assign them to classes according to their strengths. This is fair and just. What do you think?"

"Of course!" Jessamine agreed confidently. She may not be as good as Anastasia at playing the piano, but she knew how to educate her children, and she was definitely not inferior to any mother. Most importantly, her children's grades had always been



outstanding, so there was nothing to worry about. Her children would win back the face that she had lost before.

Elise hesitated for a while, worried whether Irvin's test results might be too ostentatious.

"There will be three tests: language, Math, and English. They shouldn't be too difficult," the person in charge said.

Only then did Elise dispel her concerns. "Alright then, let's do it."

He invited all of them to a classroom. The four children sat side by side in the middle of the classroom, whereas the person in charge was invigilating in front. Alexander and the others waited at the back of the classroom.

The test paper was divided into three subjects—French, Math, and English, and the test time for each subject was 45 minutes.

After about two hours, all four children handed in their answers. Thirty minutes later, the person in charge completed the marking.

After summing up the score, he stood up and bowed slightly at Elise. "I'm sorry, Miss White, but according to the test results, your two children are not up to the standard in French and Math except for English. So, they can only join the regular class."

He then turned and smiled at Jessamine. "Miss Jessamine, congratulations. Your two children have a good foundation and can join the elite class."

Jessamine raised her eyebrows proudly while condescendingly saying to Elise, "Thanks for the opportunity, Miss White."

"It's nothing. Your children deserved it." But, frankly, Elise did not take this matter so seriously.

"Miss Jessamine, shall we take the kids for registration?" The person in charge tried flattering Jessamine because her children were more brilliant and would definitely please Alexander more in the future. So, he naturally wanted to curry favor with her.

"Please lead the way," said Jessamine while holding Alexander's hand. "Let's go."

"I must say, your offer is very tempting. But I'm sorry, Mr. Griffith, the elite class is the signature of this school. In order to ensure the quality of teaching, we must strictly control the number of students. I'm really sorry, but I must reject your offer as we cannot accept this proposal." The person in charge was absolutely embarrassed when he talked, but he gave another compromise solution. "The children can take the entrance test, and we'll assign them to classes according to their strengths. This is fair and just. What do you think?"

“Of course!” Jassamina agreed confidently. She may not be as good as Anastasia at playing the piano, but she knew how to educate her children, and she was definitely not inferior to any mother. Most importantly, her children’s grades had always been outstanding, so there was nothing to worry about. Her children would win back the face that she had lost before.

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“Please lead the way,” said Jassamina while holding Alaxandar’s hand. “Let’s go.”

## Recommended Novels

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Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 833-Alexander discreetly gave Elise a look before leaving with Jessamine.

After they left, only Elise and the three kids remained in the classroom.

Alexia was a little sad as she recalled how she had made a fool out of herself before Alexander earlier, so she held Elise's hand and whined, "Mommy, English is so difficult, and Math is different from what I learned before..."

"It's alright. You're still young, and it will be fine after you get used to the program here," Elise comforted and turned to Irvin next to her. "Is that what happened to you too?"

"No." Irvin wore a particularly innocent face as he said, "I figured that Alexia wouldn't have a very high score. So, I deliberately left a few answers blank so we could be in the same class. Otherwise, Alexia won't be able to care for herself well if we're separated."

"That's not true!" Alexia seemed peeved. "I just didn't understand the questions. I'm not an idiot!"

"Okay, I'm the idiot, alright?" Irvin chuckled as he looked at her dotingly.

Alexia simply pulled a silly face in response. "Bleh!"

A helpless Elise said, "Let's go. It should be our turn once they're done."

When they finished the paperwork, it was already 3.00PM, and Elise led the kids into the car before telling the driver to drop them home.

Their car happened to run into a few school buses at the school entrance. There seemed to be some event going on, and the people from the buses had blocked the entire entry. So, they had no choice but to stop and wait at the side for a moment.

Bored from waiting, the children started playing by themselves while Elise browsed on social media.

She browsed through the trending news, which was basically some small gossip in the entertainment industry, but a topic attracted her attention.

There was an ingenious variety show; the guests on the show were neither highly popular nor capable celebrities, but the managers behind these people grouped them together, and through several talent show-like phases, they would debut as a group of five.

And as an ace manager, Winona's name was high on the official list.

So Elise couldn't help but click into Winona's personal social media account. When she saw Winona's professional pictures, Winona looked absolutely dazzling and confident, like a bright, rising star and utterly different from her previous girl next door look.

While she was in awe at Winona for making so much progress in such a short period of time, she suddenly heard Mimi crying beside her.

"What happened, Mimi? Don't cry..."

"Hush, Mimi. Don't cry..."

Everything happened so abruptly that Irvin and Alexia were flustered.

Alexander discreetly gave Elise a look before leaving with Jessamine.

Elise hastily set her phone aside and embraced Mimi as she coaxed her gently, "Hush, sweetie. I'm here, so don't be afraid, and don't cry."

Unfortunately, that only made Mimi cry harder as she wailed and sobbed, "Papa, Mama, the bad guy... boo-hoo..."

While she was absorbed in her despair, she slowly raised her hand and pointed outside the window, and her cries turned piercing when she looked in that direction.

Elise's gaze immediately focused on who Mimi was pointing at; it was a man standing in front of the school bus at the school entrance. The lanky man dressed in a suit was taking a group picture flanked by people around him.

As Elise had done a thorough investigation before she arrived, she could recognize just from one glance that this was the acting chairman of Frazier Incorporated, Oliver Frazier, whose niece was missing but wouldn't provide a picture.

Initially, it was only a hunch, but judging from Mimi's reaction, Elise was very confident that her guess, whereby Mimi was of the Frazier Family, was indeed correct.

But if that's true, that makes Oliver Frazier Mimi's second uncle, Elise thought. Why is she so terrified at the sight of him?

Just then, that group of people was finished with their group photo and headed toward the school.

"Close the windows!" Elise instructed the driver nervously as she covered Mimi's mouth.

"Yes, ma'am."

The driver quickly rolled up the window and managed to close it before Oliver passed by, thus narrowly shutting Mimi's cries from traveling out of the car and exposing her presence.

Even so, Mimi's cries were far from soft. Everyone in the car understood what Elise was trying to achieve. Hence, they were highly vigilant, not daring to make a move.

Fortunately, due to the ongoing activities, the atmosphere was rather boisterous, muffling the car's sounds. So, Oliver didn't notice anything out of the norm when he passed by.

When that group of people entered the school, Elise immediately ordered the driver to step on it, "Let's go!"

The driver slammed on the gas pedal and drove off. Only then did Elise breathe a sigh of relief and remove her hand from Mimi's lips.

Even though Mimi had already calmed down at this point, Elise didn't try to press her for answers. Instead, after they reached home, under the guise of a police officer, she sent a picture of Mimi to her possible brother, who had survived the accident and was currently living abroad.

That night, she received a reply from the other party. 'Who are you? Why do you have a picture of my sister?'

Elise simply replied, 'The Frazier Family is not as it seems. Make haste.'

Right after she had sent the text, she received a call from Narissa.

"Oh, my god, Elise! What am I going to do? I-I... I think I'm going to meet the parents now!"

"Meet the parents?" Elise was intrigued as she leaned into the back of the chair while inquiring further, "With who? Jamie?"

"No, I'm with a reporter named Jayden. What do you think I should pay attention to? I'm so nervous now!"

"Calm down and just be yourself. Anyone who likes you will accept you no matter how you are." Elise shot down her worries. "You're an amazing person. His family will definitely like you if you maintain your usual demeanor. Good luck!"

"Okay! Thanks, Elise!"

After Narissa hung up, Jayden returned to the car, and when he saw how nervous she seemed, he placed his large hand over the back of her palm and reassured her, "Don't be afraid. My mother is a very nice person."

She shrugged and replied stubbornly, "I'm not afraid at all."

Jayden merely chuckled and said no more. Twenty minutes later, the car rolled into a relatively wealthy neighborhood and came to a stop in front of a double-story villa.

Jayden held her hand as he led her into the house and proclaimed happily, "Mom, I brought Narissa home!"

"Oh, she's here? Where is she? Hurry, let me have a look!"

Before Narissa could meet her, she first heard her voice, and after that, she saw a plump woman trotting out of the kitchen.

The woman's round eyes lit up at the sight of her, and she grinned ear to ear as she kept wiping her hands on the apron. From one look, Narissa could tell she was a kind and hardworking woman.

"How are you, Mrs. Quinn?" Narissa greeted, blushing slightly in embarrassment.

"I'm good. Hello." Jayden's mother, Gladys, instantly snapped back to her senses and invited her in warmly, "Here, come on in. Food will be ready soon. You must be tired after such a long journey, aren't you?"

"I'm fine." Narissa had started a few steps toward the couch when she recalled the information she found on the Internet, and she hurriedly offered her help. "Mrs. Quinn, is there anything I can do to help?"

"Oh, no." Gladys was delighted that her son finally brought someone home, so how could she allow Narissa to help out? "You can just sit there and watch some TV for a while, or maybe Jayden can give you a quick tour around the house. Just wait for the food to be ready. I don't have any other hobbies besides cooking, so don't fight me over this!" Finally, she turned to Jayden and ordered sternly, "Son, take good care of Narissa. Do you hear me?"

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“Okay! Thanks, Elisa!”

Aftar Narissa hung up, Jaydan raturndad to tha car, and whan ha saw how narvous sha saamad, ha placad his larga hand ovar tha back of har palm and raassurad har, “Don’t ba afraid. My mothar is a vary nica parson.”

Sha shruggad and rapliad stubbornly, “I’m not afraid at all.”

Jaydan maraly chucklad and said no mora. Twanty minutas later, tha car rollad into a ralatively waalthy naighborhood and cama to a stop in front of a doubla-story villa.

Jaydan hald har hand as ha lad har into tha housa and proclaimad happily, “Mom, I brought Narissa homa!”

“Oh, sha’s hara? Whara is sha? Hurry, lat ma hava a look!”

Bafora Narissa could maat har, sha first haard har voica, and aftar that, sha saw a plump woman trotting out of tha kitchan.

Tha woman’s round ayas lit up at tha sight of har, and sha grinnad aar to aar as sha kapt wiping har hands on tha apron. From ona look, Narissa could tall sha was a kind and hardworking woman.

“How ara you, Mrs. Quinn?” Narissa graatad, blushing slightly in ambarrassmant.

“I’m good. Hallo.” Jaydan’s mothar, Gladys, instantly snappad back to har sansas and invitad har in warmly, “Hara, coma on in. Food will ba raady soon. You must ba tirad aftar such a long journey, aran’t you?”

“I’m fina.” Narissa had startad a faw steps toward tha couch whan sha racallad tha information sha found on tha Internat, and sha hurriadly offerad har halp. “Mrs. Quinn, is thara anything I can do to halp?”

“Oh, no.” Gladys was dalightad that har son finally brought somaona homa, so how could sha allow Narissa to halp out? “You can just sit thara and watch soma TV for a whila, or mayba Jaydan can giva you a quick tour around tha housa. Just wait for tha food to ba raady. I don’t hava any othar hobbies basidas cooking, so don’t fight ma ovar this!” Finally, sha turnad to Jaydan and ordarad starnly, “Son, taka good cara of Narissa. Do you haar ma?”



## **Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 834**

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 834-After Gladys was satisfied with the food arrangement, she came over with a kind smile to have a quick chat with Narissa. "Just wait a little longer, Narissa. There is some traffic on the road, but Jayden's father will be home soon. I'm sorry for the slight delay."

"It's fine, Mrs. Quinn. I'm not hungry yet," Narissa answered cautiously.

"That's good. Here, have some fruits!" Gladys enthusiastically placed the fruit platter before her.

Narissa was flattered, and despite being shy, she still took a slice of watermelon.

Right then, sounds of footsteps echoed from the door, and Jayden's father, Harold, who hadn't shown himself until now, finally appeared. He was holding a briefcase in one hand, and his suit jacket was hanging over his other arm. In a suit, leather shoes, and a pair of gold-rimmed glasses over the bridge of his nose, he looked completely like a veteran cadre that Jayden had described him to be.

"You're finally home. We're all waiting for you!"

While Gladys rushed over to help him with his things, Jayden and Narissa also rose to their feet and greeted him politely.

"Dad."

"Hello, Mr. Quinn."

Harold had a rather stern face, but he didn't say much. Instead, he merely calmly swept his eyes over them and nodded at the two youngsters in acknowledgment. "Let's eat."

After that, they sat around the dinner table, where Gladys kept piling up food on Narissa's plate. "Oh, have more food. Just look how skinny you are! You must have been hard at work! I spent many hours on this stew, and the flavor is amazing. Give it a try!" As soon as she was free, she stared at Narissa. "What a fine lady you are. My son will be so blessed in the future!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Quinn," Narissa answered docilely, her ears reddened by Gladys' sincere compliment. Her bashfulness was plain to see, but that didn't stop Gladys from smiling widely.

"When do you plan to get married?" Then, all of a sudden, Harold, who had been quiet the whole time, spoke, and the atmosphere turned serious.

Gladys chuckled lightly as she hurriedly tried to smooth things over. "That's just how Harold is. He has no tact. Don't take it to heart, Narissa. But honestly speaking, this is one of the things that has been bothering us for quite a while. Once you have decided, just give us a heads up, so we have sufficient time to get ready."

"Mom, we haven't talked about this topic yet," Jayden couldn't stand it any longer as he interjected.

"Aren't we discussing it with you now?" Harold said strictly as he placed down his fork and lightly tapped the table with his finger. "You're already in your thirties. When will you get married and have a child if not now?" Then, he paused momentarily as he glanced at Narissa and said profoundly, "A woman is considered to be in her advanced maternal age past the age of thirty. Not only is that bad for the baby, but it's also dangerous for the mother. Aren't you going to consider this at all?"

After Gladys was satisfied with the food arrangement, she came over with a kind smile to have a quick chat with Narissa. "Just wait a little longer, Narissa. There is some traffic on the road, but Jayden's father will be home soon. I'm sorry for the slight delay."

"I know it's for our own good, but times are different now, and we have our own considerations. So, just stay out of it," Jayden said helplessly.

"I don't care what the young people are going on about now. Carrying on the family line isn't out of time at all. You should do what is appropriate for your age. I'm announcing this right here and right now. You must have a baby within two years!" Harold pulled a long face, getting more riled up as the discussion dragged on.

As Narissa understood the elders' concerns, she had kept her temper in check the whole time, but when she heard this, she couldn't hold it anymore and pushed herself to her feet after setting her cutlery aside. "I'm sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Quinn. Thank you for your generosity today, but I'm sorry to say that I'm probably not the ideal future daughter-in-law you have in mind. I don't plan to have a child, so... enjoy your meal. I shall take my leave now," she said and walked toward the door.

"Narissa." Jayden gripped her wrist as he tried to convince her to at least finish the meal.

"Let her go!" Harold couldn't care less about this. "Is she still a woman if she doesn't want to have a child? My son is a catch, and there are plenty of women who can fulfill that role!"

"Good lord, old man! Shut it, will you?" Gladys fidgeted nervously, turned to Narissa, and soothed, "Don't listen to his father. It's fine if you don't want to have a child. Nevertheless, your relationship with Jayden shouldn't be dictated by us. Both of you will live with each other for the rest of your lives, and nothing is more important than your happiness in the future!"

“Who said that?” Harold remained relentless. “I brought him up to this age, so he has the duty to carry on the family’s lineage. Nobody can change my mind about this!”

Narissa had gently declined Jayden and Gladys’ offer. “I’m sorry, Mrs. Quinn, but I really have to go.”

Then, she left without looking back.

Gladys anxiously gave Jayden a hard shove to give chase. “Quickly, go after her. She’s not familiar with the area here. Don’t let anything happen to her!”

“Don’t worry. I’ll keep a watch over her.” After he spared an angry glower at Harold, Jayden picked up his car keys and chased after her.

When they were gone, the lively atmosphere returned to its usual silent and oppressive state.

Gladys threw a disgruntled look at Harold. “You’re such an annoying old man. Why did you bring up all that when the dinner was going well?”

Still, Harold didn’t think he was at fault for voicing his opinion. “Did I say anything wrong? How can a woman not have children? Since she doesn’t want to have children, there’s no need to continue knowing her.”

Gladys shook her head at the bullheaded man. Then, she took a seat next to him and explained, “Of course, she will have a baby, but not now. Once they’re married, she can’t stop us from urging her anymore. Don’t you think so?”

“That may be true, but she clearly doesn’t want to have a child now. So why is she willing to marry into our family?” Harold was reluctant to change his views about Narissa.

Gladys pointed a finger at him in annoyance. “Look at you. You only have a one-track mind! After so many years, have you ever seen your son bring any girl home? After this, who knows how many years it will take for the next one to arrive? We should convince her and let them get married. Once a girl is married, she’ll follow her husband, and it is up to us when she’ll have a baby, right?”

At Gladys’ words, it was like a bolt of epiphany had struck Harold, but he was too obstinate to admit it. So, he headed for the bedroom. “It’s not like I’m a mind reader. I can’t read your mind now, could I? So, how can you blame me for this? I’ll keep my mouth shut next time.”

Gladys kept shaking her head and sighed. “Let’s hope there’s a next time!”

...

In the car on the way back, there were almost no words exchanged between Jayden and Narissa.

He saw that it was still relatively early, and in order to relieve the tension in the air, he decided to park the car in a mall. That way, he could accompany her shopping to lighten her mood.

Unfortunately, despite having made a huge round, not even a hint of a smile appeared on Narissa's face. Out of wits, Jayden used the excuse to use the washroom to bring back two popsicles.

"Here, eat this. Have something sweet and forget all the unpleasant things."

She forced out a smile as she took a popsicle. "Actually, you don't have to make me happy. I'm not mad at you or frustrated with your family. I just think that we're not suitable."

"How do you know we're unsuitable when you didn't even ask me?" Jayden stopped in his tracks and glanced at her sadly.

Narissa turned to look at him as she asked him seriously, "So, what should I ask you?"

"You should ask if I want a child and which will I choose between you and a child," he said firmly.

Nevertheless, after that disastrous dinner, she had pretty much made up her mind. So, instead of following his suggestion, she tried to end the relationship. "Actually, if you change a girlfriend, you don't have to make such a cho—"

"I choose you."

Still, Harold didn't think he was at fault for voicing his opinion. "Did I say anything wrong? How can a woman not have children? Since she doesn't want to have children, there's no need to continue knowing her."

Gladys shook her head at the bullheaded man. Then, she took a seat next to him and explained, "Of course, she will have a baby, but not now. Once they're married, she can't stop us from urging her anymore. Don't you think so?"

"That may be true, but she clearly doesn't want to have a child now. So why is she willing to marry into our family?" Harold was reluctant to change his views about Narissa.

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har and lat tham gat marriad. Onca a girl is marriad, sha'll follow har husband, and it is up to us whan sha'll hava a baby, right?"

At Gladys' words, it was lika a bolt of apiphany had struck Harold, but ha was too obstinata to admit it. So, ha haadad for tha badroom. "It's not lika I'm a mind raadar. I can't raad your mind now, could I? So, how can you blama ma for this? I'll kaap my mouth shut naxt tima."

Gladys kapt shaking har haad and sighad. "Lat's hopa thara's a naxt tima!"

...

In tha car on tha way back, thara wara almost no words axchangad batwaan Jaydan and Narissa.

Ha saw that it was still ralativaly aarly, and in ordar to raliava tha tansion in tha air, ha dadidad to park tha car in a mall. That way, ha could accompany har shopping to lightan har mood.

Unfortunataly, daspita having mada a huga round, not avan a hint of a smila appaard on Narissa's faca. Out of wits, Jaydan usad tha axcusa to usa tha washroom to bring back two popsiclas.

"Hara, aat this. Hava somathing swaat and forgat all tha unplaasant things."

Sha forcad out a smila as sha took a popsicla. "Actually, you don't hava to maka ma happy. I'm not mad at you or frustratad with your family. I just think that wa'ra not suitabla."

"How do you know wa'ra unsuitabla whan you didn't avan ask ma?" Jaydan stoppad in his tracks and glancad at har sadly.

Narissa turnad to look at him as sha askad him sariously, "So, what should I ask you?"

"You should ask if I want a child and which will I choosa batwaan you and a child," ha said firmly.

Navarthalass, aftar that disastrous dinnar, sha had pratty much mada up har mind. So, instaad of following his suggastion, sha triad to and tha ralationship. "Actually, if you changa a girlfriend, you don't hava to maka such a cho—"

"I choosa you."

## Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 835

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 835-Jayden didn't even give Narissa a chance to finish when he firmly declared his answer.

Before she could react, he suddenly took out an exquisite box from his pocket and knelt on one knee.

Once he opened the lid of the box, she saw a delicate diamond ring sitting inside the cushion.

"Today marks the seventh year that we've known each other, and it is also the seventh year that I like you. You said that I wouldn't have to go through this predicament if my girlfriend were someone else. But, I want you to know that there are no ifs and no one else. You are all I see among the seven billion people in the world. You're the only one I want. I want to spend the rest of my life with you. I'd much rather spend an eternity with you unbothered by children. In the next seven years, 17 years, and 27 years, I just want to go on adventures with you and explore what life has to offer. Narissa, will you marry me?"

Such a romantic and upfront proposal instantly attracted the attention of several passersby in the mall, causing them to stop and cheer.

"Marry him!"

"Say yes!"

"Wooo!"

Narissa's mind went blank in the face of Jayden's passionate yet sincere proposal.

At this very moment, he was like a knight in shining armor, proposing a romantic love that would last a lifetime. This was the type of love that she was looking for.

However, why did she not feel the butterflies in her stomach? If someone were to ask her, she would have answered that she felt like running away.

At the same time, at the side entrance of the mall, Jamie was walking around with a woman. As soon as he entered the door, he saw a noisy group of people gathered around. He had no idea what was happening.

He also had no interest in joining the crowd as he walked around them with a woman and went straight up the escalator.

As the escalator went up, what was happening on the ground floor could be seen clearly.

Maybe it was the fact that the spotlight was on Narissa; Jamie recognized her at a glance, and his face instantly darkened.

Downstairs, as Narissa's eyes wandered around, she looked up and met his gaze.

Narissa and Jamie locked eyes for a brief moment before they reflexively looked at the person next to each other.

Then, her eyes flickered back to him, stubborn and bright, as if she was expecting something.

This was the first that Jamie had felt bitter for someone else's happiness.

He knew that she was looking at him, and after a short moment of struggle, he turned his head and feigned ignorance.

That was exactly what he wanted, for her to think he was indeed a petty man. He wouldn't give her his blessings.

The moment he turned away, the light in her eyes disappeared.

Then, she stretched out her hand in a fit of anger and raised her voice as she accepted Jayden's proposal. "Yes, I will! I'll be your wife!"

Once he put on the ring, he lifted her up and twirled her in the air as everyone around cheered for them. Although Narissa heard several blessings and was about to get married, she felt far from happy. All she felt was utter desolation, and her eyes kept darting toward the escalator.

Each clap was like a knife stabbing Jamie's heart.

Regardless, he continued to act like nothing had happened as he went up the escalator expressionlessly. Finally, he walked into a cafe on the fifth floor, pulling the woman in with him.

As soon as they entered the door, the woman let go of his hand and ran toward the man standing by a corner table.

The two hugged tightly and kissed each other like they were the only ones there.

"Tsk, ts, ts. Control yourselves!" Jamie teased the pair.

"Thanks, Jamie!" The woman expressed her gratitude with a grin on her face. Despite that, her full attention and body were glued to the man when she spoke. The couple was like puzzle pieces, finally meeting their perfect match.



“Enough. I say, the two of you, can you get someone else to cover for you when you want to go on dates in the future? You’re ruining my chances with girls!” Jamie sat on the sofa carelessly with a resigned look on his face.

“I have no choice! Out of all my friends, you’re the only one that’s single. So who else should I look for? And I did you a favor the last time with the kid in the hotel. So this is what you owe me,” the woman said with a smile.

“Okay, okay!” He waved his hand around in laughter. “I did this to myself. Are you happy now?”

The woman and the other man looked at each other with a smile, but she still didn’t let Jamie go. “Speaking of which, when are you going to get a girlfriend? Or do you bend the other way?”

“Yeah! If you keep on talking, I’ll steal your man!” Jamie narrowed his eyes and pretended to be menacing. Then, two seconds later, he stood up again and pushed the couple out. “Hurry up and go on with your date before I change my mind, you stinking lot!”

“I’ll get going then. Bye-bye.”

Once he sent them away, the smile on his face instantly disappeared.

He sat back on the sofa and unconsciously stared out the window in a trance. His mind was filled with images of Narissa and Jayden earlier.

She agreed to be his wife.

Not bad. After seven years together, it is only reasonable for them to take their relationship to the next level.

But with Narissa’s temper, I wonder how she’ll be as a wife and mother.

When Jamie thought of this, he broke into a bitter smile that he wasn’t even aware of.

The phone that kept ringing on the table went unheard.

“Sir, someone seems to be calling you,” a waiter finally broke the silence and brought the buzzing phone to his attention.

This brought him back to his senses, and he managed to answer the phone just in time before it cut off.

“Mr. Pearson, we’ve received news that the suspects from the case seven years ago have been released from prison. They even threatened to get back at the people who reported them, including Miss Cuber!”

Jamie did not have time to think and left after leaving two banknotes on the table.

As he walked, he dialed Narissa’s number.

Narissa was wholly disheartened this time. So, when she saw that Jamie was calling, she turned off her phone.

“Who was that? Why didn’t you answer?” Jayden asked.

“It’s nobody. Just a scammer.” She placed her phone into her pocket and took a deep breath. Then, when she stared up at the full moon in the sky, she abruptly said, “I suddenly have the urge to go on a drive. Shall we go back to the club and take the car?”

“I’ll call a taxi.”

“It’s fine.” She raised her chin and pointed to an intersection in front of them, on the left side. “There’s a shortcut. We’ll be there in five minutes. There’s no need for us to take a taxi.”

“All right.”

Then, the two walked to the club, hand-in-hand, as they casually chatted away.

They soon arrived at the door of the club. Just as Narissa took out the key to open the door, she suddenly had a bad feeling in her gut.

When she turned around, she noticed a group of thugs suddenly showing up behind them.

They all had their eyes on both Jayden and her. Unfortunately, it was also evident that they had come with ill intentions.

Jayden also sensed something was amiss, and when he turned around, he was startled to see so many thugs.

“Who are you? What do you want?” He said, pushing Narissa behind him.

“Jayden Quinn, just the man I am looking for.” The man in the lead raised his baseball bat. “Seven years ago, you’re the one who took a picture of my transaction and gave it to the police. You left me to rot in jail for seven years. Seven years! Do you know how I spent these seven years?!”

Narissa took advantage of being covered by Jayden to send a distress message with her watch while the other party was occupied with revealing his identity.

Jamie, who initially didn't know where to begin his search, saw her distress signal and immediately turned his car to rush toward that location.

### **Recommended Novels**

## **Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 836**

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 836-Jayden and Narissa were chased into an alley, and the thugs flanked them from the other side.

Narissa was well-trained; these people wouldn't get to touch her. However, Jayden was just an ordinary man. Although he knew how to throw punches, the opponent had an advantage in numbers. So, it was natural that he wouldn't be able to handle himself as well as her as the fight dragged on.

The other party noticed his weakness and deliberately sent a few people to surround him while the rest slid past him through the narrow passage and attacked Narissa.

Although she managed to react in time, her fists were no match for the two pairs of hands. Thus, she could only turn defensive as she blocked each punch, avoiding them one after another.

When Jayden saw one of the thugs rushing over to Narissa with a stick, he quickly hugged one of them and rushed out desperately.

Once Jayden managed to knock the man down, he successfully broke through the circle of men. Just as he stopped to take a breather, two iron bars suddenly hovered over Narissa. He hurried over and went behind her, wrapping her body with his.

As the iron rods fell, they struck him on the back of the head.

He immediately let out a groan before passing out and falling to the ground.

"Jayden!"

Narissa bent over to try and help. But without Jayden, the group of thugs attacked her from all sides. Eventually, she could only release him in order to dodge those attacks.

At this point, she had entirely run out of patience. She grabbed one of the men and slammed her knee into his chest. Then, she grabbed the baseball bat from his hand and kicked him away.

Now, with a weapon in her hand, she felt like a fish in water. The group of thugs couldn't get close to her for the time being. But even so, they rushed up to fight her one by one, waiting to exhaust her stamina.

The leader of the pack watched this joke unfold. "Sweetheart, if you kneel to me now, I'd get them to stop. What about it?"

Narissa knocked down the man nearest to her with a punch and mercilessly slammed the bat onto the person speaking.

"You can't even block the hit from a bat. So how can an idiot like you want me to kneel before you? Bullsh\*t!" She mocked the man and continued to fight.

The leader of the thugs held his swollen forehead as he inhaled deeply before grabbing a steel pipe from the person next to him. Then, he rolled up his sleeves and rushed toward her.

"Get out of my way!"

His men immediately opened up a pathway for him.

The man rushed to Narissa, lifted the steel pipe above his head, and slammed it down.

Just as the pipe fell, a figure suddenly rushed over from the alley behind him, jumping in the air and landing a powerful kick on the thug's waist. The thug instantly fell flat on his face.

When Narissa looked up, she saw Jamie raising his fist confrontationally as he angrily challenged the thugs. "With a man like me, how dare you get her to bow down to you, you shameless b\*stard!"

Although she was still in the middle of a battle, she froze at his sudden appearance. Then, when his words echoed in her ears, she was so stunned and surprised that she couldn't move.

Man?

Does he see me as someone to protect? Or is there another meaning to this?

The leader of the pack turned over and sat on the ground. Then, he flew into a rage due to the humiliation and ordered his men to kill them, "Motherf\*cker! Kill them!"

In an instant, the alley turned into a battlefield. But this time, Jamie and Narissa had a tacit understanding. After a while, they managed to break through the crowd.

"You go first!" So Jamie went around to the other side and fought them alone.

She nodded and immediately went to help Jayden. But, alas, she had exerted too much physical strength that she swayed as soon as she stood up. She could only lean against the wall as she slowly stumbled away with a heavy burden.

On the other side, Jamie took advantage of his strength and knocked down a few people, holding them back, before he sprinted away.

When he saw Jayden's deadweight dragging down Narissa, Jamie gritted his teeth before rushing over and carrying Jayden on his back.

Just as she was about to exclaim that she'll cover their backs, Jamie yelled loudly, "You have shorter legs. Run in front of me. I still have enough stamina to catch up with you! Run!"

She saw that the thugs were slowly but surely getting back on their feet, so she had no choice but to obey him as she turned to run out the alley.

Jamie positioned the man behind his back properly before following behind her.

When the leader saw that they were getting away, he grabbed a machete and threw it in the air.

The big knife flew through the air. The blade's tip managed to hit Jamie's calf when it landed, cutting a wound that was more than ten centimeters long before it hit the ground.

"Ugh!"

Instantly, Jamie knelt on one foot with a resounding thud, and cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

"What happened?!" When she heard the commotion, she turned around and saw him with his eyes closed.

"Nothing!" He gritted his teeth and stood up, trembling as he said, "I underestimate this guy's weight!"

Then, he quickly caught up with her. "Don't stop. They're here to kill you, and they will stop for nothing. Get to the crowds!"

"Okay!"

Narissa nodded seriously and hurriedly led him to the street after figuring out where she was.

She acted as a guide ahead while Jayden followed behind. They soon got rid of the group.

They finally managed to get to the main road a few minutes later.

At this time, they heard Danny's voice from across the street.

"Narissa Cuber?" Danny and Ariel were standing by the car, looking at them from a distance. "What are you doing out so late at night?"

Narissa and Jamie immediately rushed over.

"Someone is chasing us!" She exclaimed as she opened the car door to let Jamie and Jayden in.

Danny glanced at the alley where they came out from, and sure enough, he saw a dozen heads rushing forward in the dark.

"Get in!"

Danny didn't hesitate as he brought the three people in and slammed the accelerator. Unfortunately, once the group of people rushed out of the alley, they only managed to see the rear end of a car disappearing at the intersection in the distance.

After the car drove for some distance, Jamie immediately arranged for a hospital to be on emergency standby.

Ten minutes later, Danny parked the car in front of the hospital with doctors and nurses that had been waiting there for a while with the stretcher.

Narissa immediately jumped out of the car, went around the other side, and cooperated with the nurse to lift Jayden out of the vehicle. Then, she followed him all the way to the emergency room as the other three trailed behind her.

When the operating light flickered on, Jamie breathed a sigh of relief and leaned against the wall. At this time, the wound on his leg began to hurt. But because his pants were dark and wide, the blood stains couldn't be seen.

He stood upright and put on an indifferent front, saying, "He was just beaten by a stick. I don't think he needs a crowd to be waiting for him. I'm tired. I'll head home first."

With that, he turned around to leave.

Narissa looked at him complicatedly as a trace of loss flashed across her eyes. She initially wanted to thank him.

In fact, there were a lot more things she wanted to say to him than just a simple thank you. Yet, he seemed to be reluctant to give her a chance.

Whatever the case was, there was no difference if she said it or not. She was now Jayden's fiancée.

When she thought of this, she could only pretend not to care and looked back.

Danny wasn't the same person as he was before. Although Jamie hid it well, Danny could see through his little tricks. Therefore, it didn't take him long to realize that Jamie was walking rather oddly.

"Oh, I just thought of something I need to talk to Jamie about. Ariel, can you stay here and accompany Narissa for a moment?"

### **Recommended Novels**

## **Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 837**

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 837-Jamie was standing by the table in the operating room with his injured right leg on a chair. The nurse had to cut open his pants to facilitate the treatment. Once the wound was completely exposed, she couldn't help but gasp in horror. The state of the injury was a mess of gore and blood.

In the end, it took 14 stitches for the wound to be fully sealed up.

When Danny walked in, Jamie was sitting on the bed, wiping away his sweat.

Jamie glanced at Danny, unabashed, and casually asked, "How is it over there?"

"He's not out yet. But it shouldn't be a big deal." Then, Danny took out a pack of cigarettes from his pockets, pulled two out, and handed one to Jamie.

Jamie stretched out two fingers to take it before Danny lit it for the two of them. Then, the two sat side by side and smoked.

Danny looked at the incandescent lamp on the ceiling and exhaled a puff of smoke. "Don't you think we're in the same boat?"

Jamie smiled bitterly and puffed out a mouthful of smoke without refuting Danny's words.

Danny raised his hand, put the cigarette to his mouth, and took a deep drag. Then, he mumbled to himself with a confused look on his face. "I have no idea how my brother managed to woo my sister-in-law back then. Why is it so difficult to love someone?"



“Hey, you two. Yeah, you!” A nurse poked her head through the door and said, “Don’t you know that smoking isn’t allowed in the hospital? Put it out!”

This made the two men smile at each other before obediently throwing the cigarettes away into the trash can.

Once Jamie was dressed, he stood up and placed his hand on Danny’s shoulder. “I have a favor to ask.”

“As the acting CEO of Dragonweiss, what favor can I do for you?” Danny was in disbelief. After he thought it over for a moment, he asked thoughtfully, “Is it about Narissa again? Do you still not want to reveal yourself?”

Jamie nodded. “You know me so well!”

“Stop it right there.” Danny took a step back. “I’m not like you. I’ve confessed and been rejected. In my opinion, you should just tell her that you’re interested in her. When will you make a move if you keep sneaking around like this?”

“She has already agreed to Jayden’s proposal. Anything I say now would just make things worse. So I might as well just shut up. Saving them from this group of thugs will be my wedding gift to him,” Jamie said.

This surprised Danny as he wrapped his arm around Jamie, patting his shoulders reassuringly. “It’s fine. People like us aren’t meant for the big stage. So as long as they’re happy, we’d have no regrets.”

...

When Jayden woke up the next day, he was somewhat dazed. It was also a pity that the first person he saw when he opened his eyes was Danny, standing at the end of the bed.

“Why are you here?” Jayden asked with a wary look in his eyes.

“I brought you to the hospital.” Then, Danny jumped straight into the topic. “Also, the feud between you and those people has been settled by SK Group and Smith Co. They won’t trouble you anymore if you don’t step on each other’s tails.

“Why did they help me?” Jayden was still vigilant.

“There’s no reason behind it. If you really need one, then it’s because I appreciate an honest reporter. Just like me, we both hope the world will be a better place,” Danny said formally.

Nonetheless, Jayden didn't want to play around as he remarked acidly, "I'm afraid we're very different, Mr. Griffith. I'm afraid I will not be able to live in the law's loopholes."

Danny expected this would be how Jayden would react and shrugged indifferently. "Then, I have nothing left to say."

After Danny had said his piece, he turned around and walked toward the door.

"Hold up." Jayden stopped Danny. "I won't look into Smith Co. and SK Group anymore. I'm no longer in debt with you anymore."

Danny sneered at Jayden. This was the first time he met someone so arrogant when they were the ones in debt.

Still, he couldn't be bothered to argue with such a self-righteous man. After he stayed back for a moment, he walked out of the room without looking back.

When Narissa returned, she happened to see Danny walking into the elevator.

So, when she entered Jayden's ward, she casually asked, "What did Danny say to you just now?"

"Nothing." Jayden didn't seem to be in the mood. "I just didn't expect someone like him would save me."

"Someone like him? What do you mean someone like him?" She immediately placed down the things in her hands and turned to look at him solemnly. "No one is all good or all bad in this world."

"I agree, but this doesn't include the Griffith brothers." Regardless, Jayden still refused that they would be part of the exceptions. "The Griffiths had only gone bankrupt for seven years, and now they've reached a scale beyond the reach of mere mortals. Who knows what disgraceful methods they used in between to achieve this?"

"Is it a sin to make money?" She was bewildered. "Although I don't like Alexander, I know that there aren't any businessmen that aren't cunning. If they are, they're probably bankrupt businessmen. But this does not mean they're evil. At least, according to what we have investigated so far, the Griffiths make good money and pay their taxes legally, right?"

"What's the matter with you, Narissa? How can you speak for the Griffiths?" Jayden frowned suspiciously.

"I don't know."

Narissa was very confused. She had been somewhat frustrated since Jamie left yesterday.

Nevertheless, she knew she shouldn't be lashing out when she was in the wrong. So, she took a deep breath and finally confessed, "Okay, I'll just be honest with you. The Griffiths and I have known each other for a long time. There were several times when I'd disclosed things in advance. That's why you can't find anything. The mole that you're talking about is me. So now that you know the truth, the villain you're looking for is also me."

"Stop joking around, Narissa. You're not like them at all." Danny refused to believe her.

"I'm not joking," she said solemnly. "The only reason you don't believe it is because you've never known the real me. Although you don't like Smith Co. or SK Group, they saved our lives last night."

At this moment, he fell silent for a while before finally finding his voice again. "What are you trying to say here?"

"I'm saying that maybe we don't know each other enough. We're not ready for marriage. So let's just take a step back."

...

At the Blitz Entertainment Building, Elise had just gotten out of the car as she led the three children inside.

This time, she was here as a guest. She was invited to participate in a reality show called 'Cultures Without Borders'.

She initially did not want to be in the limelight until she saw a familiar name on the program list, Ekaterina Miiyagi.

Not only that, her name was followed by a brief introduction that called her the successor of Takyo's Embroidery.

Only after Elise went to check she discovered that Abby Melor, The Embroidery of Cittadel's only hope, lost to Ekaterina before she disappeared. This allowed Ekaterina to bring this craft back into Tayko and claim it as their own.

However, what angered them the most was that Blitz Entertainment, as one of the top broadcasting stations in Cittadel, didn't correct the public's assumption but instead promoted that embroidery had been a culture of Takyo for thousands of years.

Back in the day, when the people of Takyo invaded Cittadel, they tried to take the country. Now, their people are trying to steal Cittadel's culture. So, how could the people of Cittadel sit idly by?

Elise wanted to see how much Ekaterina had grown in the past seven years!

### Recommended Novels

## Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 838

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 838-In recent years, Blitz Entertainment was not as successful as Rushmore Entertainment, but the hall was still decorated magnificently. Exceptionally excited to be in a new place, Alexia bounced all the way inside.

"Lexi, be careful not to bump into anyone!"

Elise had just finished speaking when Alexia ran headfirst into a pair of long legs. The owner of the legs jolted, causing the coffee in their hands to spill out that instantly stained their fashionable clothes with a large gray stain, covering their hands and feet in coffee as well.

As soon as she saw that the person Alexia bumped into was Winona, Elise froze for a moment. This was the thing about returning to Cittadel—she could run into acquaintances everywhere she went.

"I'm sorry, Miss!" Knowing that she had caused trouble, Alexia hurriedly pulled out a packet of tissues from her small bag and handed it over, looking up at the pretty lady with large and pitiful eyes. From her past experience, beautiful women were always kind-hearted, and as long as she obediently admitted her mistake, they would definitely forgive her.

"It's all right."

Winona had no intention of holding her accountable in the first place, and she accepted the pack of tissues and pulled one out. Then, as if coming back to her senses, she looked down again with a stunned expression. As she looked at Alexia's eyes and eyebrows, as well as her small, delicate nose, a sense of *deja vu* engulfed her, and her mind flickered with Elise's captivating face.

This young girl was just as beautiful, and her eyes, in particular, were exactly the same as Elise's. Was she Elise's daughter?

Winona frowned and subconsciously looked around, but as far as her eyes could see, there was no sign of Elise. However, when she met Anastasia's eyes, she fell into a dilemma once again. Though these eyes were more familiar to her than the little girl, it was her first time seeing her face.

Elise followed her gaze and went up to pull Alexia back to her. "I'm really sorry. It's my fault for not watching my child. You're not hurt, are you? Let me take you to the nearby mall to get a new set of clothes. I'll pay the bill."

Returning to her senses, Winona waved her hand. "It's fine. I have to change my clothes for the recording anyway, so it's not a problem. It was my fault for not watching where I was going too."

"What a coincidence, then. We are also here to film a show." As Elise was so focused on being outraged about the embroidery incident that she forgot to look at the list of guests, she probed, "Are you here for the recording of Cultures Without Borders as well?"

"Yes." Winona smiled good-naturedly and nodded. "I'm familiar with this place. Let's go together. I'll lead the way."

Then, she stretched her hand toward Alexia and said with a smile, "Little princess, let me hold your hand. There are a lot of people inside, so if you bump into someone, you might get into trouble!"

"Thank you, Miss." Alexia's sweet tongue left Winona in a good mood, and she kept teasing her as they walked in.

As soon as the group arrived backstage, they heard a huge commotion inside, where Ekaterina was cursing in Rosepeakian.

"Cittadelians are all useless. They're even dumber than pigs! And they dare to call themselves embroiderers? They can't even understand what I'm saying. They're better off picking up garbage! How can they even think of stealing from me? Keep dreaming!"

Most of the participants did not understand Rosepeakian and did not respond to her words, only knowing that a Rosepicker woman was reprimanding her foolish assistant. Besides, this group of people were specially invited by the TV station, so it was better not to meddle.

Before Elise could react, Winona barged in with the child in anger, and retorted in fluent Rosepeakian, "Let me get this straight. This is Cittadel's territory, not Rosepeak. If you look down on our country, then go back!"

As Winona was very popular after winning the variety show, when the staff saw that she was about to get into a conflict with Ekaterina, they hurriedly rushed over to smooth things over. "You're here, Miss Jennings! Your seat is this way."

As soon as she finished, Elise walked in with Irvin and Mimi.

When she saw the Cittadelian woman groveling next to Ekaterina, she sighed and shook her head repeatedly. Although they were separated by a certain distance, and she looked like a weather-beaten middle-aged woman, Elise recognized Abby at once. In just seven years, she had changed from a young and passionate girl to a pushover, which was truly saddening.

However, what Elise found even more difficult to accept was that the embroidery master who once claimed to be upholding Cittadelian culture was now willingly helping a Rosepicker person to distort the truth. She didn't want to think that she had misjudged her, but the truth was right in front of her eyes.

Elise walked up to Abby and said calmly, "If I remember correctly, this should be Miss Abby, the only heir of the embroidery family. Can you tell me why you are here?"

"She is my assistant!" Ekaterina stood forward, her eyes full of defiance and disdain. "Also, she is now a Rosepicker. Embroidery is a traditional culture from Rosepeak. How would there be any embroidery families in Cittadel? You got the wrong person, Miss."

Elise shot her a cold glance and turned back to Abby, stubbornly waiting for her answer. "Is that so, Miss Mellor? My friend once told me that Abby is a person with great potential and a strong sense of patriotism, but now this person is saying that you're a Rosepicker. This isn't true, right?"

"It is." Abby's eyes were devoid of life when she answered without thinking, "The Mellor Family has existed for embroidery for generations. As embroidery belongs to Rosepeak, I'm naturally a Rosepicker as well."

Elise's face was full of disappointment. It seemed that in the competition seven years ago, what Abby lost was not only the competition, but also her dignity and sense of identity as a Cittadelian.

However, Ekaterina was satisfied. "Have you heard her clearly? I was scolding a Rosepicker person, so what does it have to do with you?"

"Nothing to do with us? You just said that Cittadelians are as stupid as pigs. Do you really think that no one can hear you?" Winona rebuked, feeling disgusted with this woman.

"Do you have proof?" Ekaterina was unfazed as she said, "If you don't, go away and stop meddling! Abby, let's go back to our waiting room. We have to perform on stage later, so let's stop wasting our time here!"

Saying that, Ekaterina turned around and left while Abby trailed behind with several large boxes in her hands. Though she was unable to straighten her back from the weight, she still obeyed her words. When Elise saw that, she felt sorry for her from the bottom of her heart.

"That's how things are." Winona said in a comforting voice, "No one has been able to take the lead in Cittadelian embroidery so far, so it's no wonder that Rosepickers are so arrogant."

"Their arrogance is only temporary. There is no reason for them to curse at us like this. It's only a matter of time before they bow down to us!" Elise said furiously, her blood

boiling with anger.

Winona looked at her resolute gaze and once again fell into confusion. The woman in front of her and Elise were so similar that they were nearly identical.

Feeling uncomfortable by her stare, Elise turned her face away in confusion. "What's wrong?"

A trace of disappointment flashed in Winona's eyes and she smiled awkwardly. "I just thought of an acquaintance. She's just like you. Her eyes are always so determined."

## Recommended Novels

### Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 839

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 839-"Thank you for your compliment, Miss Jennings." Knowing that Winona was thinking of her, Elise was glad.

"Miss Jennings, Miss White, it's getting late. It's time for your makeup." An assistant came forward to urge them.

Winona and Elise exchanged glances before they went on their own ways.

Meanwhile, everything was ready for the director's team, and they were already in the testing stage, ready to start broadcasting at any moment. As Blitzzy Entertainment's biggest live broadcast that year, the top person in charge, Anthony, personally came to the site.

Seeing that the guests were about to enter, Margaret barged in aggressively from the side door.

"Mr. Lowry, I was looking for you everywhere!" Margaret said while closing in on Anthony. When the staff saw her with a murderous aura, they went forward to stop her.

"Let her come over." Anthony waved his hand and stood up, leisurely straightening his jacket. "Miss Ainsley, what do you want from me?"

"Mr. Lowry, we've been working together for a long time. I don't believe you don't know that we've issued a blacklisting order against Anastasia in the entire industry, right?" Margaret asked sarcastically, her words suggesting that he was being unethical.

"I didn't know." Anthony played dumb and said, "I've heard about it a little, but you can assume that I know about it. So what?"

"So what? I should be asking you that. Mr. Lowry, are you implying that you want to go against me?"

"Don't exaggerate things. I'm a businessman, so I'll promote anyone who has commercial value. Besides, you know that the rumors about Anastasia and Alexander



are all over the country, so there's no reason for me not to seize such a good resource." Anthony smiled slyly.

"How could you believe in a rumor like that? Anastasia has two children and has been married for a long time!" The more Margaret spoke, the more agitated she became. "She is deliberately clinging to Alexander so that you'd hire her. If you believe it, you'll really be caught in her trap. She's a difficult person to control, and if she ruins your show, it'll be too late for you to regret it. So listen to me—swap her out for someone else while you still can!"

Anthony sneered meaningfully. "I'm afraid that won't work. Anastasia is the one the investors want to see. If I replace her, won't I offend them? Miss Ainsley, even if you have a problem with Anastasia, don't stop me from getting rich."

"Investors? Who are they?" Margaret was not convinced. "Between me, Edmond, and you, Mr. Lowry, the whole industry is in our hands, so what else is there to be afraid of?"

"We really can't help but be afraid of this person." Anthony had just finished speaking when he noticed that Alexander was standing behind Margaret. Immediately, his demeanor changed, and he began to curry favor with him. "Mr. Griffith! You're here? Why didn't you say so? I would've gone to pick you up myself!"

Margaret shivered with fear and turned around in shock, only to be instantly confronted with Alexander's dark eyes.

"A-Alexander?" Her voice trembled as she asked, "You really want to promote Anastasia? Did you know that she—"

However, Alexander did not give her the opportunity to finish. "I don't need to learn about the woman I like from someone else. I advise you not to speak out of line."

Margaret silently swallowed, her chin slightly lifted up, and her eyes were full of fear.

There was no one in Tissote who didn't know about Alexander's reputation, but this was the first time she came into close contact with such a big shot, and even just one sentence from him was enough for her to feel his crushing presence. Clearly, she and Anthony were just clowns in front of magnates like Alexander.

What terrified her even more was that Alexander's words undoubtedly confirmed the many speculations of the outside world—he was indeed going to pursue Anastasia. Hence, going against Anastasia now was tantamount to going against Alexander and the whole of Smith Co., which was equivalent to throwing straws against the wind.

Thinking of this, she desperately tried to keep herself calm and apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Griffith. I didn't know about your relationship with Anastasia before. I hope you'll be



merciful and spare me for offending you this time.” Margaret squeezed her fist tight, ready to kneel down and beg for forgiveness.

Alexander, however, did not make the effort to bother with her, and gritted out, “Scram!”

“Yes! I’m leaving now!” Margaret turned around and was about to run when Alexander called out to her.

“Stop right there.” He said eerily, “Don’t you understand what I just said? I told you to scam, not to run.”

Margaret closed her eyes and held her breath. Sure enough, Alexander was not that easy to deal with. However, if she was not afraid of kneeling down, what else was there to be afraid of?

Margaret immediately squatted down and lay down on the ground, holding her handbag in front of her chest before she twisted her body and rolled toward the door crookedly.

Even Anthony couldn’t help but raise his eyebrows at Alexander’s humiliating methods. As expected, Alexander was worthy of being the top boss in Cittadel as everything he did was so distinctive.

Just then, a staff member came to them from backstage. “Mr. Lowry, Miss White and Miss Jennings have something they want to say to you in person.”

“I got it. You can go back to work. I’ll be right there.” Saying that, Anthony respectfully bowed to Alexander and said, “Mr. Griffith, I’ll be taking my leave to speak to Miss White.”

“Okay.” Alexander answered expressionlessly before he turned his gaze and began searching the scene for his daughter, thinking that it would be great if he could hug his daughter and watch his wife record the program today.

Meanwhile, Anthony jogged all the way to the waiting room, where Winona and Anastasia had been waiting for a long time.

“Ah, Miss White, Miss Jennings, sorry to keep you waiting. Did you need me for something?” Anthony smiled ingratiatingly like a lapdog.

“Mr. Lowry, I suggest that you cross out Ekaterina from the list of foreign guests. It seems like she has a habit of degrading others, so I don’t think it’s appropriate for her to appear on the big screen.” Elise went straight to the point.

“Huh? When did this happen? I have no knowledge of it.” Anthony made an innocent expression, then assured her solemnly, “Don’t worry, Miss White. I’ll send someone to

look into it right away. After confirming it, I'll do it according to what you said. You should change your attire and get ready. I'll go deal with it now!"

After assuring her repeatedly, he slipped away.

Looking at his slippery figure, Winona and Anastasia tacitly looked at each other and said in unison, "He won't deal with it!"

The two of them exchanged glances and smiled.

Winona explained the reason. "In the past few years, Blitz Entertainment has been suppressed by Rushmore Entertainment, and it's rare for them to make a good variety show. As the boss, how can he not keep an eye on the whole process? He obviously wants to make this dirty money with a guilty conscience."

"I agree. However, whether or not he can spend the dirty money he earned depends on whether or not he has the fortune! If he wants to play with fire, he must be prepared to bear the consequences!"

Elise's beautiful eyes flashed. They had already given them the opportunity, and if Blitz Entertainment did not want to seize it, they couldn't blame her for giving Elliot and his family a big gift after her return.

Outside the door, Anthony had just turned the corner when he smiled smugly. So what if she insulted them? As long as she was popular enough to make money, it was fine. First, he had to haul these two women away to start the live broadcast so that they would not be able to ask them to stop midway or they would be breaching the contract. By then, even if the program could not go on, he had a large amount of penalties that would cover his losses. He couldn't care less about how much the so-called embroidery culture was worth. Either way, he had to bring Blitz Entertainment back from the dead this time!

### **Recommended Novels**

## **Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 840**

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 840-'Cultures Without Borders' went live at nine in the morning sharp.

Everything proceeded in an orderly manner. In the first two hours, the program invited folk artists from Fornd and Diajan to demonstrate their respective cultures and techniques. After that, special guests were invited to interact with them on behalf of the audience and achieved the purpose of promoting the minorities' culture from other countries.

Although it might not be as entertaining compared to a variety show, interest continued to pour in as it was uncommon content.

Two hours later, as a Rosepeak-nationality Cittadelian, Abby represented Ekaterina to go on stage and completed a picture of cherry blossoms in a little just below ten minutes with the Rosepeak's national anthem. Although the performance drew much applause from the audience, some questioned if 'embroidery was truly a Rosepeak heritage' in hushed tones.

Sitting opposite the stage, Elise calmly looked at Anthony with questioning eyes.

They said that they would cross Ekaterina off the list, but now they were letting them be grandiose in such a manner on stage. It was as though he had gone back on his word.

Knowing full well he was in the wrong, Anthony discreetly averted his eyes and pretended not to have seen anything. However, his fidgeting had betrayed the guilt he was trying to hide.

Since he didn't cherish the opportunity she had given him, Elise no longer had any qualms about taking action. She took the microphone and interrupted the conversation. "I'm sorry, but I'll have to interrupt here."

Graceful, the host smiled to show that it was fine. "Miss White, do share with us your brilliant insights."

"It's no brilliant insight, but I have a question for Miss Mellor onstage." Elise adjusted her sitting posture and continued in a neutral tone, "You've mentioned that embroidery originated from Rosepeak in 600 BC in your introductions just now, which meant its history is more than two thousand years now. However, as far as I know, embroidery in Cittadel can be traced back to more than three thousand years ago. By that logic, the culture of embroidery would be Cittadel's. After all, we only say that children take after their parents, but never the other way round. Am I wrong in saying so?"

"So what if it's three thousand years? That proves nothing since history is being recorded differently by each country. In terms of skill, Rosepeak has been peerless all this while. Perhaps the history you perceive is wrong, Miss White," Abby replied mechanically while staring vacantly at the ground, as though she was a walking corpse.

Elise was disappointed with her. "Do you know what you're saying? Did your heart rot as well upon changing your nationality? Our cultural history has been accumulated for thousands of years. It's not something that can be erased just because of one or two results of a competition!"

Still motionless, Abby replied coldly, "Then, how about showing us proof to convince everyone here, Miss White? Just as your logic of only children taking after their parents,

if this technique did originate from Cittadel, then I'm sure a Cittadelian would be much better than the ones who were merely imitating them."

The words she spoke were for her own ears as well. For seven years, she had followed Ekaterina Miiyagi into various competitions, yet no Cittadelian had won against her before, let alone Ekaterina. As cultural heritage required confidence and, more importantly, capability, she wouldn't have gone so far as to degrade herself had she seen just a glimmer of hope.

"You want proof? Alright, I'll have a match with you." Elise stood up candidly.

Abby finally raised her head. "You dare to challenge me when you've only taken embroidery lessons?"

"Well, it's two years of simple lessons." Elise spoke truthfully. However, since Abby did not question her about who she learned it from, she saw no need to reveal it.

"Two years?" Abby repeated with a bitter smile. "Since you've only learned some basic techniques, winning against you is just a natural outcome. What is even the point of comparing?"

"So, you're afraid that you can't even beat an amateur like me?" Elise provoked.

Agitated by her taunts, Abby replied, "Since you want to lose that much, I'll grant your wish."

In no time, another embroidery stand was placed opposite Abby with the help of the staff. Elise then confidently walked over and sat down in front of the stand.

After that, the host announced the rules of the match. "The first to complete their work within thirty minutes will score two additional points. Then, four guests will judge and give a score of up to ten points each. After two rounds of scoring, we will declare the winner of the match. You two, are you ready? Ok, ready, begin!"

Just as the timer began, both Abby and Elise fully focused on their embroidery.

Since her opponent had only learned embroidery for two years, Abby chose the simplest embroidery technique and finished within fifteen minutes. Standing up and bowing to the audience, she flipped her embroidery stand to show off her work—the magnolia flower.

One of the guests who knew a fair bit about embroidery took the lead in the judging. "This work was done using the colored hair embroidery that uses various natural colored hair of different people and employing more than ten different kinds of stitches to achieve an artistic realm of flat, solid, detail, density, uniformity, thin, harmony, and fluency. Truly an exquisite show of craftsmanship with these marvelous materials."

Then, he paused briefly before he continued in a tone tinged with implication, "Colored hair embroidery is the most basic embroidery technique. With Abby Mellor's talent, using this technique is like using a sledgehammer to crack a nut. Looks like she intends to give Elise a chance."

In the end, she was still a Cittadelian, so she was unwilling to allow her compatriot to lose face publically. This made a good impression on the audience as they had seen the earlier embroidery she had done.

Just then, Elise had also put down her needle and silently stood beside the embroidery stand as she awaited the judges to give their scores.

Winona was the first to notice and immediately led the conversation over to Elise. "Looks like Miss White is done as well."

"Yes." Elise nodded.

"Alright, then let's welcome Miss White to display her work!" The host excitedly directed the camera to cut to Elise.

Calmly adjusting the stand, she then revealed her work of an ink-style embroidery of a dragonfly on a lotus flower on the big screen.

It was then, the guest who evaluated Abby's work just now started to lament. "Not bad, not bad at all. This chaotic style of embroidery combines the technique of oil painting and sketching. By changing the length of the lines, the colors are layered upon layers but still retain the unique texture of a silk thread that results in a color richer than that of a painting. From a distance, it looks exactly like a painting. With such a talent, her future is very bright indeed if she continues on this path of embroidery for a few more years."

As both of the works were highly praised, the host couldn't figure out just which was the better of the two for a while. "So, which work is the supposed winner?"

"In terms of the works, they are evenly tied," the guest said.

"So... it's a draw?" The host was afraid of offending either one of them.

"It's my loss," Abby said quietly, albeit clearly.

As the crowd shifted their attention to her, Abby walked over to Elise and bowed. "Although I was the one who had underestimated you, you have shown that you only needed two years to reach the level that I needed twenty years to. In terms of talent, it's obvious that you are the better one, Miss White."

"So now, do you still think that embroidery is a Rosepeakian culture?"

## Recommended Novels