

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 861

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 861-Jamie complained while walking toward the working area.

The moment he turned around, his spirit and drive dissipated, leaving only eternal darkness in his eyes.

Half an hour later, everything was ready in preparation, and all of Elise's family and friends had gathered backstage to cheer for her.

At that moment, the Griffiths' driver suddenly barged in.

"Mr. Griffith." The driver bowed respectfully. "Miss Jessamine was involved in a car accident. Do you want to head over and take a look at the situation?"

When everyone heard the news, they looked at each other while having their own thoughts.

All the drivers of the Griffith Family were the best of the best. Why would they choose today out of all days to get into an accident? It was obvious that they were helping Jessamine steal Alexander from 'Anastasia'.

Up until now, Jessamine was still Alexander's fiancé, so it would not look good if he did not visit her in the hospital.

However, today was Anastasia's first book-launching event after returning from abroad. It would not look good either if Alexander did not show up.

Right when everyone was feeling nervous for Alexander, he looked at the driver expressionlessly and asked, "Is it serious?"

Dumbfounded, the driver replied, "Miss Jessamine only suffered minor injuries, but the doctors suspect she's at risk of having a concussion."

"That means she won't die." Alexander maintained his blank expression and showed no signs of moving. "You may leave now. I'll head over once I'm done here."

Even Jamie was shocked by that. After Elise's disappearance, Alexander had countless women, but he had never neglected the old for the new. It seemed like he had indeed fallen for Anastasia.

However, Alexander disregarded everyone's reaction and gentlemanly reached out his hand to invite Elise. "It's about time we head on stage. I'll escort you over there."

Raising her eyebrow, Elise placed her hand in his and let him lead her out of the lounge while everyone else was watching.

After making sure no one had followed them out, she complained quietly, "You're making me look like a troublemaking vixen."

She was being unreasonable.

Then, Alexander boldly placed his left hand around her slim waist and took the opportunity to take advantage of her. "Aren't you my little vixen?"

Immediately shying away, Elise warned, "Be careful! What if someone sees us? Don't forget that you still have a fiancé!"

After receiving a scolding, his face instantly fell. "Jessamine did it to herself. Smith Co. has thousands of employees and there would be hundreds—if not tens of them—getting into accidents every day. Have you ever seen the boss of a company accompanying his employee while she's in the hospital? No matter what, the only relationship we have is between an employer and employee, but she wants to cross the line."

Turning her head to look at his serious expression, Elise thought that he was even more reasonable than seven years ago, rendering him more attractive.

Perhaps to the outsiders, his method was too ruthless, but to Elise, she agreed with his decision. He should not give others false hope for something that would never happen.

She hoped that Jessamine would come to her senses after today's incident and have a clearer understanding of her position.

No matter what, she was willing to continue this act with Alexander to keep their family safe. She would not personally deal with Jessamine unless she had to.

...

At the Griffith Residence.

After sending Elise home, Alexander went back straight to his home. He did not even call to ask about Jessamine's condition.

The moment he entered the door, he was stopped by Jessamine's children, who had been waiting for him.

"Mr. Griffith, Mommy is not doing so well. Can you please head upstairs to see her?"

"Mr. Griffith, please. Mommy doesn't feel good. She'll feel better after you comfort her!"

He was a father, after all, and he would not take his rage out on Jessamine's children because of her actions. In the end, he still came to her bedroom.

"Mr. Griffith, you're back." Jessamine was sitting up while leaning against the headboard. She looked pale and spoke weakly, "I'm sorry for today. I didn't intend to let the driver bother you, but he went against my wishes and went to find you. Did he affect your schedule?"

"Where I go is not for a driver like him to decide, so how could he have affected my schedule?" His words were void of any warmth. "Since you said he made that decision on his own, he won't need to come to work tomorrow.

Though Jessamine wanted to put in a good word for the driver, she stopped after seeing his stern expression.

Seems like I'd have to compensate the driver with my own savings.

"I've decided to hold a birthday party for the kids the day after tomorrow," Alexander suddenly mentioned out of nowhere.

"Why?" Jessamine could not accept that.

"I'm sure you know why. The longer we wait, the more reluctant you'd become. It's better to just get the pain over with, rather than prolong the agony," he stated.

"But the day after tomorrow is not their birthday. You'll hurt their feelings if you do that." She tried to reason with him.

"If you're against this, I can call off the arrangements, but I will still send you all away and cancel my engagement with you. You pick." A cold light flashed across his eyes as a strong aura enveloped his body, which gave Jessamine an oppressive feeling.

In the end, she had no choice but to compromise. "I'll listen to you. We'll have a birthday party."

"Very good."

After saying that, he opened the door and walked out.

The moment the door closed, Jessamine clutched the bed sheets tightly.

Why can't he let me stay safely by his side for another two months?

Why does he have to make me into the laughingstock of the entire city?

Anastasia White, you've gone too far!

...

The following day, Elise received Jessamine's invitation to meet at an outdoor cafe.

When she arrived, Jessamine had already ordered everything.

"Miss White, please have a seat." She politely got up and welcomed Elise.

"Thank you." Elise then sat down in a poised manner opposite her.

Jessamine acted like a hostess and asked, "I've ordered a cup of Americano for you. You can change the order if you don't like it."

Maintaining her smile, Elise went straight to the point. "Miss Jessamine, I believe the reason you called me here today is not to discuss coffee, right? We're all intelligent people, so you can stop beating around the bush."

"Since you put it that way, I'll jump straight to the point." Jessamine composed herself and acted calm. "Miss White, we are both mothers, so I hope that for the sake of the children, you can wait another two months before accepting Alexander. That way, my children can have a happy birthday."

"I seem to recall that I've never asked Alexander to immediately announce our relationship to the public. Miss Jessamine, may I know why you're saying this?" Elise was clueless about Alexander's plans.

"Yes, I know you're being very kind, but you should be kind to us all the way. Because of you, Alexander is planning to kick us away, which means that my children will have to face the disappointment of not celebrating with Alexander on their birthday, which they have been looking forward to for a long time. So, I hope you, Miss White, can ignore Alexander for a few months and let my children experience a happy childhood.

Being a mother as well, Jessamine was sure that using children as an excuse would soften Anastasia's heart.

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Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 862

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 862-However, Jessamine had underestimated the tacit understanding Elise and Alexander shared.

"I'm sorry, but I can't agree to that," Elise flat-out rejected. "Although I'm not sure why Alexander would do such a thing, I'm sure that even if I agree to your suggestion and not meet him for two months, he still wouldn't change his decision. Since that's the case, why should we have a meaningless agreement?"

“After everything we’ve talked about, you still won’t agree to help the three of us, right?”
The smile on Jessamine’s face froze.

“You’re not listening. This is not about whether or not I decide to help you. I’m also a mother, so if I can help your children in any way, I would, but the problem is that I can’t. Without me, Alexander would still have a new woman he likes. Once a man changes his mind, he will not look back.”

Although her words had a trace of slander in them, Elise could not tell the truth either. Thus, her only choice was to twist her words and try to lead Jessamine to realize the situation.

“It’s fine if you don’t agree. I don’t need your fake advice. I’ve heard many things about you. You can even kick your father out of his home just to get the property. You’re not a good one either.”

While Jessamine looked at Elise with a disdainful gaze, she continued, “I’ve already expected that you wouldn’t help me. I invited you here to see for myself what advantage you have to be able to seduce Alexander, but it seems like there’s nothing special about you. You’re just good at pretending to be a damsel in distress, waiting to be rescued by a man. I, Jessamine Sullivan, look down on people like you the most!”

Elise was rendered speechless by her words. She did not expect that the gentle and quiet-looking Jessamine would have such a sharp tongue. Still, she wanted to express that even if they could not close their deal, there was no need to go against each other.

At first, Elise felt a little guilty toward Jessamine for what she said, but after receiving a scolding from her, Elise did not feel that way anymore.

Squeezing a smile on her lips, Elise took out a stack of cash and threw it on the table. “It seems like we can’t get along well. Today’s coffee is on me. Bye.”

After putting her purse back, she pushed her chair away from the table and turned to leave the cafe.

Just as she had taken a step forward, she heard a thump from something heavy falling to the ground behind her.

She turned around and saw Jessamine kneeling on the ground, acting pitifully.

“What are you doing?”

“Slap— Slap— Slap—”

Before Elise realized what was happening, Jessamine had gone mad and given herself three hard slaps.

Just as Elise was about to stop her, people from the surrounding tables all gathered around and circled the two women. Then, they suddenly took out their cameras and began to record the scene from every angle.

It was then that Elise finally understood they were all paparazzis who had been hiding around the area.

“Miss Jessamine, Miss White, did you guys start a fight just now?”

“Miss Jessamine, why are you kneeling on the ground?”

“I just saw Miss Jessamine slapping herself. Why did she do that? Can you please elaborate?”

The paparazzi were asking all kinds of questions and had their microphones aimed at Jessamine’s face.

If Alexander was the most talked-about man in the city, then the two women who were recently involved with him, Jessamine and Anastasia, would be the most talked-about women in the city. If they could secure such big news, they would stand a chance of being promoted and getting a raise.

This was not a big deal for Elise, though. Not only was she not flustered, she even crossed her arms and put on an inquisitive expression as if she was watching a show. In fact, she was silently waiting to see how the situation would unfold.

“Slap!”

Seeing that the time was right, Jessamine ruthlessly slapped herself again. This round, she even slapped harder than she did before.

“Miss White, I know that you’re a very excellent person and I’ve never wanted to compete with you, but please spare me and my children!”

Once she said that, the paparazzi all cast strange glances at Elise and made her the target of their attacks.

“Miss White, did you humiliate Miss Jessamine just now because of your relationship problems?” one of the braver paparazzi piped up.

Then, the others all followed his lead.

“Miss White, you also have two children, but you’re now competing for his attention with Miss Jessamine. Don’t you feel bad for doing that?”

“I heard that Mr. Griffith was previously in a relationship with your sister. Can you tell us how it feels to be pursued by the person who used to be your future brother-in-law?”

Finding their questions hilarious, Elise retorted, “I think that’s my private matters. Do I have to explain them to you?”

Her attitude was so arrogant and it was clear that she was not taking them seriously.

After exchanging glances, the paparazzi all decided to deal with Elise together.

“As a single mother, you should know the difficulties of raising children on your own, but here you are, trying to destroy the happy life of another single mother. Do you even have a conscience?”

“Miss White, aren’t you afraid that your children will see how you’re bullying Miss Jessamine, who is a mother to two children?”

“Miss Jessamine and Mr. Griffith are currently still engaged. Aren’t you afraid of public criticism for openly interfering with someone else’s relationships?”

After all, these were all paparazzis and their ability to humiliate others was far more amateur than those keyboard warriors on the internet. Therefore, their words did not even bother Elise.

“Please don’t blame Miss White. I’m the one who’s useless because I can’t keep the man I love. I was the one who’s standing between their relationship. At first, I should have left, but the two children were looking forward to finally having a father, so I didn’t want to disappoint them...” Jessamine spoke as she cried, painting a pitiful sight.

The group of immoral paparazzis felt a sudden rage arising inside them and they were even more hostile toward Elise.

After they had a discussion, they found the perfect angle to set up their cameras for a live stream.

Once the cameraman was in position, he leaned over the monitor and looked into it. However, what he saw was just a black screen.

Assuming that he had forgotten to remove the protective cover from his lens, he raised his head, only to see that Alexander had appeared in the cafe at some point and was standing right in front of him.

There was no expression on his face and he was covering the camera lens with his hand while exuding a strong aura that deterred others; even his gaze alone looked terrifying.

The cameraman instinctively took a step backward. At the same time, Alexander grabbed the camera and smashed it onto the floor, breaking it into pieces.

“Ah!”

One of the female reporters shouted while the others were at a loss for what to do. They were all frozen in their spots while holding their precious equipment.

Then, Alexander calmly clapped his hand as his dark and gloomy eyes landed on Jessamine.

Knowing that she had done something wrong, Jessamine avoided his gaze, quietly got up, and stood to the side.

At that moment, dozens of bodyguards swarmed into the cafe and surrounded the open-air balcony. It was so packed that even a fly was not allowed to leave.

Terrified, the paparazzis gathered in a corner. “Mr. Griffith, what are you doing? We have the freedom to report the news...”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 863

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 863-Alexander stopped his actions as his gaze turned dark and gloomy. His usual noble and cold temperament was now replaced with viciousness.

Wherever he looked, the paparazzis would bow their heads, afraid to meet his eyes.

The whole place was silent, and the atmosphere was tense and suffocating; only the bold lake breeze was bold enough to mess with Elise’s long hair mischievously.

After a long silence, Alexander’s low but magnetic voice finally sounded.

“I’m flattered that all of you here are so concerned with my private matters.”

His tone was flat and there was no apparent emotion on his face, so no one could tell what his current emotion was. Hence, no one dared to reply to him.

“Since you’re all so passionate about your jobs, I shouldn’t make things hard for you. Tell you what, I see that most of your equipment is quite worn, so later, please leave your things here and follow my assistant, who will bring you to get your new equipment. Take it as a gift from me to all of you. Everyone here is entitled to receive the gift, so don’t worry and just receive it.”

After saying so, he turned to look at his assistant, who then led the bodyguards to remove all the equipment from the paparazzis.

Furthermore, to prevent them from spreading unwanted rumors, he warned them again, "What happened today is not something worth sharing. If word gets out, it will cause me to lose my reputation. So, please do a thorough check and make sure that you leave nothing behind. If I find that any of you are purposely hiding something in order to leak what has happened today to the public, you will leave me no choice but to personally visit all of you one by one to find out the truth."

He intended to put them all in the same boat and emphasize that if any of them caused a problem, all of them would be implicated. That way, no one would dare to try anything behind his back.

As expected, the moment he said that, he saw two among the crowd obediently taking out the phones they kept hidden in their sleeves and adding them to the confiscated equipment pile.

Wearing a fake smile, Alexander commented, "Very good. Now, you may all head over to Smith Co.'s mall to do some shopping."

The leader of the paparazzis gulped and looked at his companions. After hesitating for quite a while, he took a step toward the exit to test the waters. Then, he noticed that none of Alexander's subordinates came forward to stop him.

Once everyone else saw the scene, they immediately followed in the leader's steps and dashed out from the scene.

After they had exited the cafe, they all stood by the roadside and heaved heavily to calm their nerves.

"I used to think that others were merely exaggerating when they said Alexander was the devil on earth. Now it seems that those rumors are true."

"You don't say. Who was the one who dragged me here? I almost lost my life!"

"Did you guys notice that ever since the devil arrived, he kept protecting Anastasia White. Besides his original partner, Anastasia is the only one with such treatment."

"Are you saying that Anastasia White might become the next Alexander Griffith's lover?"

"Might? I say she will. Do you want to bet on it?"

"..."

Back at the open-air dining space, Alexander tightly held Elise's tiny hands while standing shoulder-to-shoulder with her, which was an act of declaring his feelings openly.

After they exchanged a few affectionate glances, he turned to look at Jessamine with cold and distant eyes. "Jessamine, can you tell me what happened?"

"Are you questioning me?" Jessamine was so sad that she turned her head to the side. "I don't know anything!"

When he arrived earlier, she was already kneeling on the ground with bright red cheeks. Yet, instead of showing concern for her, he helped Anastasia get out of the jar of pickles she was in. More importantly, he did all that in front of the press. Did he ever consider what kind of position I'd be forced into?

"This is your third and last strike. You better not challenge my bottom line."

Once he voiced his warning, he left the cafe while holding Elise's hand.

After the car had sped away from the cafe, Alexander was playing with Elise's hand while absentmindedly saying, "You didn't have to agree to meet her."

"What's the matter? Are you blaming me for causing trouble?" She deliberately made fun of him.

"I don't mind you causing me any trouble, but I'm worried you'd be disgusted by these losers and hate me because of it," he explained weakly.

"I like everything that involves you and wouldn't blame you for what you didn't do." Elise laughed and consecutively took out a black pen from her bag. "Actually, I didn't come unprepared. Even if you hadn't come to my rescue, I wouldn't have suffered any losses."

"A pen recorder?" Alexander was shocked at first but then smiled knowingly.

Of course. My Ellie would never let anyone take advantage of her that easily.

"She'd aroused my suspicions when she deliberately got injured during my book-launching event, so of course, I had to take precautions when she suddenly invited me to meet her here. I'm not called 'Elise the Troublemaker' for nothing!" Her lively attitude reminded Alexander of the time when they first met each other.

While looking at her affectionately, he suddenly had an epiphany. He leaned in, pecked the spot beside her lips, and quickly returned to his previous position.

"Ellie, thank you."

With her by his side, his life felt so beautifully complete that he finally felt like he was alive and not a walking robot.

The satisfaction and happiness he felt at this moment were like the feeling a child had when receiving their favorite cotton candy; they could not wait to eat the candy but were also afraid of dropping it.

Elise was Alexander's cotton candy. He adored her so much that he would do anything for her.

"Why are you suddenly so polite?" Elise was not used to his modesty.

"Am I?" he asked with interest.

"A little." She nodded.

Then, he cupped her face in his hands and kissed her again.

While frowning slightly, she found it both hilarious and annoying. "What's the matter with you?"

"Am I no longer polite because I stopped thanking you?" A mischievous glint appeared in his eyes.

She felt her breathing hitch and quickly shoved him away. "The driver is still here!"

Alexander carressed the spot she pushed and angrily glared at the driver's seat.

Meanwhile, the driver felt a chilling gaze from behind him. He looked into the rearview mirror and met Alexander's gaze, and he immediately withdrew his gaze. Then, he gulped while silently raising the partition between the driver's seat and the back seat.

When has being a driver become a high-risk job?

Hearing the hissing sound of the partition rising into place, Elise used her hands to cover her face.

Alexander made fun of her by saying, "You didn't cover your face when you should, but you're covering it now. Isn't your guilty conscience showing?"

With a glare, Elise reprimanded, "Stop talking!"

It was rare for the two to be alone and every move of hers was like a feather tickling at his heart. Even when she wore a fierce expression like how she was now, she still looked cheerful and beautiful to him.

As he was smiling, he suddenly fell into a daze while looking at her.

The intense gaze made Elise a little uncomfortable as she instinctively touched her face. "Do I have something on my face?"

"No." He narrowed his eyes and cupped her face in his hands again. After he finished speaking, he kissed her deeply.

She quickly accustomed herself to his momentum and gently reacted to the kiss.

Time passed without them realizing it and Alexander reluctantly let go of Elise.

He leaned his forehead against hers. The burning passion in his eyes was still fiery as he looked at her affectionately. "I love you, honey."

Smiling, Elise leaned into his embrace and spoke softly like a kitten, "I love you too."

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Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 864

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 864-The evening of the following day, Alexander held a birthday party for Jessamine's children and invited every prominent person in the entire city; the scene was very lively.

Jamie had arrived fairly early and was standing in a corner with a glass of wine in his hand while observing the guests passing by with a bored expression.

Then, a familiar figure out of the corner of his eye quickly attracted his attention.

He quickly placed his wine glass on a bar top nearby and immediately chased after the figure. In the end, he finally caught her standing by an exquisitely decorated willow tree.

"I finally found you!" He quickly placed his hand on the woman's shoulder. "I knew you wouldn't miss an event like today."

The woman heard his words and turned around, showing a confused and innocent expression. "Do I know you?"

When Jamie saw the unfamiliar face, his smile froze on his face as he quickly withdrew his hand. Then, he awkwardly apologized, "Sorry. I mistook you as someone else."

"No worries. If there's nothing else, I'll be leaving."

"Go ahead."

The woman smiled and nodded slightly before walking into the crowd.

Looking at the back view of the woman, he could not help but frown.

Strange. Why do they look so similar?

“Jamie, who are you looking for?”

Danny was full of smiles as he approached him while linking arms with Ariel. Ever since they started dating, the two were always inseparably together as if they were stuck together by glue.

Feeling bothered for no reason, Jamie retorted, “Why do you care? You stinky couple, leave me alone!”

“Hey, watch your mouth. I didn’t even provoke you, so don’t implicate the innocent,” Ariel said with a smile.

“Yes, yes, yes. You guys are untouchable. I can’t win against you guys.” He then clasped his hands together and pretended to beg for mercy. “Ariel, please, I beg you. Take this man of yours away and bug some other singleton, okay?”

“Wait. I came here to bring you something good. You’ll regret it if you send me away now.” Danny smiled meaningfully.

“I’ll be grateful enough if you just don’t trick me. What good things can you bring for me?” Jamie rolled his eyes.

“Ugh. I won’t trick you. I have a girlfriend now, so I won’t be as unreliable as before. Anyway, just wait and see!” Danny patted his chest to assure Jamie and turned to the side to look at Ariel, who understood his hint immediately.

She let go of his arm, went away, and soon led a mixed-blooded beauty back with her.

“Let me introduce you guys.” Ariel introduced the two. “This is my classmate from when I was studying my doctorate in Diajan, Shirley Duncan. She’s also in the international business industry and is currently working in a transnational company from Diajan. This is Jamie Keller, the current CEO of Keller Group.”

“Hello.”

“Nice to meet you.”

The two shook hands briefly as a token of their newly established friendship.

Sensing that it was the right time to leave, Danny suggested, "Jamie, I'll leave Shirley in your hands. You must take good care of her for us."

It was very obvious that he was trying to set them up.

Once Ariel and Danny left, the air between them became awkward. For once, the usually chatty Jamie, who fitted into any crowd, did not take the initiative to strike up a conversation.

In the end, it was Shirley who broke the silence.

"Mr. Keller, I heard that you're good at racing. Is it true?"

Surprised, Jamie looked up at her and asked, "Do you know much about racing?"

"I know bits and pieces." Shirley smiled.

Now that they were talking about racing, Jamie chattered nonstop, "Actually, racing cars and fast speeds aren't the most exciting thing for me. I think the most interesting thing about racing is the process of modifying the cars, taking a pile of auto parts that don't go together, and turning them into a unique race car. Every part needs to be carefully arranged, and we have to paint the car in the end as well. It's like a form of art..."

While saying that, he looked at Shirley and hoped to get affirmation and excitement from her, but what he saw was only politeness and calmness.

The never changing smile and patience she wore on her face showed that she was not that interested in racing, and it was her upbringing that made her willing to listen to his rants.

At that moment, Jamie realized that besides Narissa, there would not be another woman that shared the same passion as him.

That thought suddenly made him lose all interest. He withdrew the words he was about to say and replaced them with a smile.

"Why did you stop?" asked Shirley.

"I'm not that professional in this aspect, so talking about it any further would make me lose my act." He found a casual excuse to end the topic.

"I think you're quite professional. I hope I can see you do it someday," she replied formally.

"Of course," he half-heartedly agreed.

As they continued to exchange pleasantries, the atmosphere between them became subtle and there was no further progress in their relationship.

On the other end, Alexander pushed open the door to the lounge and entered expressionlessly.

Inside the room, Jessamine was sitting before the mirror while wearing a dazzling evening dress. There was no trace of joy on her face; instead, she wore a determined expression as if she was preparing for a final battle.

She saw Alexander come in through the mirror and realized that he had never taken the initiative to greet her ever since they met.

“Once you’re ready, we’ll head outside and finish our last performance.” His tone was cold as usual.

“I understand.” She calmly replied, “I’ll be right there.”

Not intending to wait for her, he went out as soon as he got the answer he wanted.

A while later, her children came inside and prepared to head over to the main venue with her.

Turning around to hug her children, she comforted them, “Kids, from today onwards, we won’t be living with Uncle Alex anymore, but there’s nothing to worry about because you are my children. So, even if we’re chased away, we must still keep our heads held high. We must let everyone know that it’s his loss to chase us away, understand?”

“Understood,” the children said in unison.

Jessamine let them go and turned to her son. “Do you remember what I told you?”

“Yes.” He nodded.

“Good.” With full determination, she stood up, held each of her children’s hands, and said, “Let’s get back our dignity!”

...

When Elise brought the children into the party, Alexander and Jessamine were already on stage.

He was holding a microphone, announcing his parting with the children and that he would establish a fund worth twenty-five million Cittadel Crowns as their birthday present, which Jessamine would manage before they reached adulthood. After that, they would take over the funds.

Under the stage, the crowd was in a stir and gossip was exchanged everywhere.

“As expected from the richest man in the city, he’s so generous to them. That’s twenty-five million! An ordinary family wouldn’t be able to make that much their whole lives, but these two children acknowledged him as their father and got that sum of money as a birthday present. How lucky of them!”

“Alexander doesn’t have any children. Do you think he would choose one of them as his successor?”

“They said Alexander has fallen in love with someone else. I think that wherever there’s money involved, their feelings aren’t far behind. Judging by this situation, I think Alexander still has feelings for Jessamine!”

“Ugh, didn’t you hear? They said Alexander flipped out because of Anastasia...”

As Irwin and Alexia were blocked by the crowd and could not see the situation on stage, they could only stare at each other and get an estimate of what was happening through the conversations they heard from the crowd.

“Irwin, how much is twenty-five million?”

“Do you remember the laptop Godmother bought for me? That amount can buy at least four laptops,” Irwin stated.

“Oh.” Alexia immediately felt uninterested. “Mr. Handsome is so stingy.”

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Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 865

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 865-Meanwhile, Elise felt speechless when she heard their conversation.

The twenty-five million Cittadel Crowns was actually to compensate Jessamine, but in order to not reveal the contract, he used the children as a disguise. He would never have expected there would be so much speculation about it.

Up on stage, the emcee excitedly led the two children onto the middle of the stage and urged, “Here. Let our young host and hostess say a few words!”

When Jessamine’s son took over the microphone, he looked at Jessamine before tightly clutching the microphone and staring at the crowd below the stage with a determined expression.

The young boy bowed before the crowd and attracted applause from everyone.

Then, his gaze directly landed on Elise and her two children.

“I’m very thankful to Uncle Alex because he allowed me to experience what it felt like to have a father. However, this feeling ends today because I know he will soon become someone else’s father.”

Once he said that, the crowd was shocked and the atmosphere turned awkwardly silent.

Although they knew they should not take a child’s words seriously, he had blatantly mentioned Alexander and Anastasia’s relationship, which was rather inappropriate.

Meanwhile, Alexander’s face was as dark as coal and he was on the edge of exploding in anger.

If Jessamine stopped the child from speaking any further right now, he would consider not falling out with her. However, if she did nothing and let the situation escalate, he was not to be blamed for anything no matter what happened next.

Of course, Jessamine knew of his vicious means, but she had gone all out this time. Since she could not have his heart, she had to cause a big scene before leaving to vent her anger!

A while later, the child’s voice sounded again. This time, his target was Irwin.

“Irwin White, do you dare to accept my challenge? I’d like to know what kind of a person I lost to!”

Once that was said, Alexander could not hold in his anger any longer. He turned to Jessamine and questioned oppressively, “Are you deaf?”

Jessamine could not help but feel happy inside. Still, she pretended to tug at her son. “You’re still young and there are some things that you don’t understand. I’ll explain them to you later. There are so many guests here and it’s best not to say such things…”

Like what they had planned, the young boy pushed her away and argued, “I’m not a child anymore and I know what I’m talking about. If that boy is not as excellent as I am, what right does he have to steal Uncle Alex?!”

Putting on the wise mother act, Jessamine knelt beside her son and tried to reason with him, “That’s the grownups’ business and it has nothing to do with your children. Is this how I brought you up? I said you can’t bully other children, right?”

“No. I refuse to admit that…”

While the child was throwing a tantrum on stage, the crowd was enjoying the show below.

Everyone in Tissote knew that Jessamine's children were extraordinarily excellent, and if Anastasia's child accepted the challenge, it was most likely that Anastasia's child would get humiliated. However, if the child did not even dare to stand up to the challenge, he would become the laughingstock of the entire city.

It seemed like regardless of the option, Anastasia would always be at a disadvantage.

Initially, Alexander did not want to hurt those children, but as soon as he saw how the situation had escalated beyond control, his patience had also reached its limit.

He could accept being in the middle of all the gossip, but he could not bring his children down with him.

Thus, after composing himself, he was just about to speak when a childish voice sounded from below the stage and attracted everyone's attention.

"What would you like to compete with me?!"

Everyone followed the voice and saw Irwin had walked out from the crowd at some point.

He looked radiant with his sword-like eyebrows and shining eyes. The white tuxedo he was wearing fitted his figure well. Just standing there, he reminded others of princes they had read about in fairytales.

Receiving the response he wanted, Jessamine's son snatched the microphone back and retrieved his right to speak. "Since you're in Class F while I'm in Class A, it'd be unjust of me to choose an IQ battle. So, let's have a music battle."

"Sure. How would you like to compete?" Irwin was unfazed.

"There's an orchestra right here. We'll each pick an instrument and play them at the same time. What we need to do is catch up with each other's tempo, yet not get distracted by each other. The one who completes the whole tune is the winner." Jessamine's son laid out the rules.

Meanwhile, Alexander's gaze landed on the child's figure. It seemed like he came prepared.

"No problem," Irwin agreed.

As such, Jessamine's son chose the piano whereas Irwin chose the flute.

The musicians from the orchestra were invited on stage to be the judges and the competition began ten minutes later.

The tune from the piano sounded elegant and cohesive, which was enjoyed by everyone.

On the other hand, the tune from the flute resembled a small stream, continuous and harmoniously matched with the piano's tune, perfectly integrating the melodies from both instruments.

Both of them were immersed in their performances and it was not easy to distinguish the winner.

On the right side of the stage, Jamie watched with interest as the extraordinarily talented Irwin played the flute. He swirled the wine inside his glass and commented, "That brat actually has such a talent. He's good at keeping secrets."

"That's right. The two children are well-versed with their instruments. I think it's a tie," Shirley agreed.

"If that person were here and added some difficulty to this competition, it'd be easy to see who's better," Jamie said with a smile.

"That person?" asked Shirley.

Stunned, Jamie fell into a daze for a moment and quickly picked himself up from it. "No one. I was just spouting nonsense. I think I saw a friend of mine. Excuse me for a moment while I go and say hi."

After saying that, he left Shirley and walked away.

Once he was sure that he was not followed, he put down his wine glass and walked into the crowd, trying to locate Alexia.

The deeper he went into the crowd, the more variations of gossip he could hear.

"It's good to be rich. Not only do you get to have many women but children too. Those children are all so excellent. Alexander is so lucky."

"Tsk. No matter how excellent they are, they're still not his children. Once he passes away, his inheritance will no longer belong to him.

"If you put it that way... Is Alexander incapable of having children?"

Jamie almost burst out laughing when he heard that.

However, he could not blame them because Alexander had been with so many women, yet none of them had ever gotten pregnant.

Putting his fist to his lips, he cleared his throat to stop his urge to laugh.

His coughing also successfully caught Alexia's attention.

"Godfather!"

"Hey!" He walked over and hugged her in his arms before running away, "Elise, I'll need you to lend me your child to use."

Elise was confused.

Do you mind listening to what you've just said?

Lend. Child. Use. Are those words supposed to go together?

Before she could react, Jamie and Alexia had disappeared into the crowd, so she could not stop them in time.

Jamie carried Alexia in his arms and ran all the way to the parking lot, found the mini French horn Narissa left behind and then stuffed it into the child's arms.

"Alexia, do you know what this is?"

"Of course." She nodded excitedly. "This is a mini French horn! Godmother used to play this. Godfather, have you and Godmother ever kissed?"

"What? What the heck are you talking about?"

Jamie felt like he was struck by lightning when he heard that. Children nowadays have such messed up imaginations. What does a mini French horn have to do with kissing?

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 866

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 866-Alexia mischievously stuck out her tongue.

"Bleh..."

The awkwardness of that question made Jamie palm his forehead, but when he heard the increasingly aggressive flute and piano tunes competing with each other, he composed himself and swung the French horn before her. "Irwin is being bullied. Do you want to help him?"

"Yes!" Alexia shouted.

“Very good. I’ll teach you how to play this. Watch carefully. All you need to do is to use your fingers to push these buttons and blow with all your might. Then, just change the notes quickly.”

“Do, Re, Mi, Fa, So, La, Ti.”

Jamie played a few notes with the mini French horn and then cleaned the mouthpiece with a wet wipe before handing it to Alexia. “Try it.”

Narissa had taught him how to play the mini French horn and he only learned the basics because he thought it was fun. It was only after a while when he found out that she wanted to ruin Alexander’s engagement party with it.

That woman always has such strange but interesting ideas.

Holding the mini French horn between her hands, Alexia played with it but showed no intention of practicing it.

Just as Jamie was about to urge her, she suddenly pressed on the buttons, put her lips to the mouthpiece, and blew out a perfect note. Then, she began to do a run of notes. “Do Re Mi Mi Mi, Re Mi Re So.”

Jamie’s eyes lit up. “Do you know how to play?”

“Of course.” Alexia blinked her beautiful eyes, which made her look cute and lively.

“Why didn’t you say so?”

“You didn’t ask.”

“ . . . ”

Feeling resigned, he wondered why children nowadays were so difficult to deal with.

Also, were they not staying abroad since they were born? How could one know how to play the flute while the other knew how to play the mini French horn?

“Alright, alright. Let’s leave the details aside.” He quickly changed the topic. “Now, it’s time to make the unimaginable happen!”

“Come on.” He hugged Alexia in his arms again and turned to leave. “Let’s head back to the banquet and add some fuel to the fire!”

. . .

Back at the venue, ten minutes had passed, but both children were still playing their instruments. None of them were willing to admit defeat.

Fortunately, both of them were equally talented, so no matter how long they were playing, the crowd had no complaints.

At that moment, a sharp note from the mini French horn suddenly sounded into the room. Then, a cheery wedding march tune began to play and spread throughout the venue.

Once the loud mini French horn reverberated throughout the room, everyone made way for whoever was playing the mini French horn.

Immediately, the pianist went out of flow and Jessamine's son consecutively played a few wrong notes. Although he was able to make a comeback, he still could not hide the few ear-piercing mistakes from these noble guests.

Meanwhile on Irwin's side, he was completely immersed in his performance as if he had become one with the flute. Not only was he not affected by the sound of the mini French horn, he even changed his key and started to play along with the mini French horn. The harmony immediately turned into a lively tune.

Just as the crowd was confused about who was spoiling the mood, Jamie walked arrogantly toward the stage with Alexia playing the mini French horn on his shoulders.

As they neared the stage, Alexia played the mini French horn even louder.

Meanwhile, Irwin could feel the sound right before him, so he slowly opened his eyes. When he saw his sister, he smiled adoringly and cleverly improvised his playing to match hers.

The two had been playing instruments this way ever since they were abroad. There were even times when they used three to four instruments together, so playing with only a flute and a mini French horn was already considered beginner level for them. So, naturally, they were able to play together in tacit agreement.

While under the attack of the siblings' strange duet, Jessamine's son lost his tempo. He held on for a while longer before his piano was the first to stop, which also announced his defeat.

After that, Irwin and Alexia also stopped playing.

The results were clear. Irwin, who everyone assumed would lose, was able to withstand the pressure and win against Jessamine's son.

On the stage, Jessamine's expression turned dark as coal.

A French horn ruined her romantic engagement party. Now, even her farewell party was ruined by a mini French horn!

What did I do to you, French horn?!

The whole venue was plunged into silence as everyone placed their attention on the two children on stage.

A long while later, Jessamine's son appeared from behind the piano with a defeated expression as he weakly announced to the crowd, "I lost."

Once he finished, he lowered his head and began to cry. His large tears fell from his eyes and he did not even have the courage to wipe them away.

Feeling distressed for her brother, Jessamine's daughter ran over and grabbed her brother's sleeve, trying to comfort him, "Are you alright?"

However, the boy had lost his dignity, so he was not in the mood to reply to her.

The more she watched her brother cry, the more anxious she became. She turned to Irwin and ran to him.

"You're the one who bullied my brother!"

Alexander keenly noticed the situation and quickly grabbed Irwin. Meanwhile, the young girl missed and fell straight onto the stage before bursting into tears. The situation had gone out of control at this point.

After setting Irwin down, Alexander coldly ordered the servant on the side, "Come over and bring the child away."

"Yes, sir!"

A male servant ran up the stage and toward Irwin before kneeling beside him, wanting to carry him away.

However, Alexander kicked the servant away. "Are you dumb or blind? I meant the other two!"

"Yes, sir. Right away!"

The servant got to his feet, grabbed the children with each of his hands, and carried Jessamine's children off the stage while the mother trailed behind.

Now that the three had gone away, the atmosphere became particularly strange.

Today was Jessamine's son's birthday, after all, but Alexander had chased them away. What was the meaning of this?

Standing on the stage while sweeping his gaze across the crowd below, Alexander pondered for a moment before snatching the microphone from the emcee. He had decided to face the situation openly.

"Everyone, Miss Jessamine and I have conflicting personalities, so we have decided to cancel our engagement. From today onwards, we'll be interacting with each other as friends. Today's events are only a small argument between children, so I hope that everyone can still enjoy your time here. Please excuse me while I tend to some personal matters."

Afterward, he stuffed the microphone back into the emcee's hand before turning toward Irwin. "Come with me."

Meanwhile, Jamie also silently followed behind them with Alexia in his arms.

Noticing the situation, Elise also silently followed them.

Without Alexander there, gossip spread like wildfire across the entire venue.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. Now that problems have appeared, it's quite clear who has Alexander's support. Did you see how protective he was just now? It seems like Anastasia isn't a push-over!"

"It hasn't been long since her return, yet she's able to capture Alexander's heart. Do any of you know about her background?"

"Believe it or not, the Griffith Family would definitely be under the Whites' control!"

"..."

...

Inside the spacious lounge, Jessamine stood dejectedly in the middle of the room and completely ignored her crying children beside her.

Meanwhile, Alexander sat in the seat in front of her and questioned her with a serious expression, "Are you going to say it yourself or do you want me to have someone get to the bottom of this?"

"Hah." She looked at him with contempt as she spoke with her eyebrow raised, "What's there to investigate? What did my son say wrong? If they aren't better than us, what right do they have to replace us?"

“Now that your son lost, you should’ve accepted the reality, right?” Jamie interrupted.

“Yes, I lost, but I won’t admit it. I didn’t lose to Anastasia White. I lost to Alexander; I lost because he is a man who’s never satisfied with what he has. I lost to a completely heartless man!”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 867

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 867-Since Jessamine had the reason and ‘evidence’, she looked at Alexander and accused him before turning her attention to Elise.

“Anastasia, do you think you’ve won?”

“This man...” She pointed at Alexander while she complained reluctantly, “Is heartless. You and I are the same. We’re just a substitute for him to remember his dead wife. Sooner or later, he’ll treat you like how he did to me. He will discard you like trash!”

Meanwhile, Elise wanted to say, I am the dead wife you’re talking about. Can’t I replace me with me? Obviously, since she had to hide her identity, she acted like a winning mistress and announced, “I’ll just replace the place Elise Sinclair has in his heart.”

“Hah. So many women have failed before you. Who do you think you are? Do you think he likes children? Look at me!” Jessamine did not believe her.

“She’s Anastasia White and I’m willing to let her replace that person!” Alexander domineeringly proclaimed.

How can another man’s wife and children compare to his own?

Smiling sarcastically, Jessamine retorted, “How touching. Isn’t that how you treated me before? You gave me whatever I asked for, but what about now? You wouldn’t even spare me a glance anymore. How much do you think your promises and protection are worth?”

As Elise continued to watch, she sighed and shook her head. Humans shouldn’t be greedy because once a person is overcome with greed, it will be hard to satisfy the desire, and that person will never be happy.

In fact, Jessamine could have treated this situation like the other women in Alexander’s life. The others saw the contract as a business deal. Once they did their part, they would take the money and not have to worry about going poor for the rest of their lives.

However, she had to fall for a man that was not hers and even used her children to get him. In the end, it was herself who ruined her family’s happiness.

“Time will prove my words, but that’s not something you should be bothered with. Take your children, leave, and start your own life with them.”

After Elise said that, she shook her head at Alexander, hoping that he would not make things difficult for them.

Of course, Alexander would not reject her, so he asked his assistant to bring them away.

Meanwhile, Jessamine mustered up her courage and refused to let anyone come near her. “Don’t touch my children. We’ll leave on our own!”

In the end, the three left the venue under the surveillance of people from Smith Co..

Once she left, Alexander looked at Alexia, walked over, and carried her in his arms before asking with a frown, “Alexia, tell me. Who asked you to play the mini French horn in public?”

“It was my Godfather!” she answered without even giving it a second thought and directly exposed Jamie.

Meanwhile, Jamie found it funny and said, “I even chose the tune. Isn’t it cheery? Haha!”

Alexander’s face darkened as a cold glint flashed across his eyes. “Did you forget that she’s a girl?”

“What’s wrong with her being a girl? Girls shouldn’t be defined by any rules. Didn’t you see how well she played that tune? She’s an absolute genius!” Jamie was still feeling good about himself. He felt proud for having such a talented goddaughter.

Rolling his eyes, Alexander reprimanded, “You and Narissa are such a good match.”

The happiness Jamie felt instantly fell. “Hey, why are you mentioning her all of sudden?”

Seeing that the culprit was not feeling any sense of guilt, Alexander focused on changing his daughter’s mind. “Alexia, promise me that you won’t play with the mini French horn anymore.”

“Why? It’s a fun instrument to play!” She was still feeling excited.

“When have you ever seen a princess carrying around a large French horn?” he gently implied.

“Oh, my!” Alexia opened her arms excitedly. “A French horn-playing Princess! That’s so cool!”

Feeling at a loss for words, Alexander turned to Jamie and looked at him with murderous eyes.

Sensing that something was not right, Jamie laughed sheepishly and tried to find an excuse to escape. "Hehe. About that. I think I forgot to turn off the burner in my kitchen. I should hurry back. Goodbye everyone!"

Before he even finished his words, he was gone.

Elise glanced at the door and started to feel worried. "Do you think Jessamine will expose the contract?"

"She won't," he affirmed.

"How are you so sure?" She was confused.

Alexander turned to look at her with a determined gaze. "Because she's a mother."

No mother would disregard her children's safety.

...

Inside a standard residential area in Tissote.

After dinner, Lyra pulled Adelpha into the living room to try on some clothes.

Since Adelpha had been staying in the countryside for seven years and had finally come home, Lyra wanted to compensate her daughter for all those missed years.

Halfway through the dress fitting, Lyra held Adelpha's rough hands as tears of distress fell from her eyes. "Those years must have been difficult for you. Look at your hands. How much hard work did you do to get such rough hands?"

Thinking of her past, Adelpha felt saddened and pouted her lips too.

"Since you know how hard it is to be a farmer, you should be more obedient in the future. If you ever cause trouble for your mother and I again, I will make sure you stay in the countryside for the rest of your life." Despite the sentimental occasion, Onyx did not forget to warn Adelpha.

"Mom, did you hear that?" Adelpha sobbed and acted like a spoiled child in her mother's arms.

While hugging her daughter in her arms, Lyra scolded, "Haven't you said enough during dinner? We're finally reunited, so why do you have to spoil the mood by saying that?"

White, I'm telling you, I've already made up my mind. I only have one daughter, and no one is to take her away from me!"

After that, she turned to look at Adelpha and immediately returned to being a kind mother. "There, there. Don't be afraid. I'll bring you out for a blind date tomorrow and find you a husband that loves you. After you have a home and not have to rely on your father, he won't be able to do anything to you!"

Speechless, Onyx said, "You're doting on her too much. You'll regret it someday!"

Once he said that, he threw the newspaper in his hand on the table and picked up the remote to turn on the television.

As he was angry with the mother-daughter pair, he irritatedly switched channels. After going through a few channels, he abruptly stopped his movement and stared at the television with a heavy expression.

It was an entertainment news channel and the host was reporting on a rich man's personal life. That rich man just happened to be Alexander.

Though the news was not anything strange and it was not the first time Onyx saw such news, he was shocked when he saw the woman standing beside Alexander.

"Isn't that Anastasia?" Lyra was quick to discover what was wrong. She let go of Adelpha's hand, sat on the couch beside her before, and craned her neck to observe the woman inside the screen better. "That's right. It's her, but why is she with Alexander?"

Hearing that, Adelpha froze as her hands that were beside her subconsciously clenched tightly. Her eyes were filled with rage and unwillingness as she stared at the screen.

That was supposed to be her position, but Anastasia had stolen it!

Although they had not been in contact for seven years, Alexander had never said that they were over. He was clearly waiting for her return, but that b*tch Anastasia took advantage of her absence and stole her man!

Back then, Anastasia took away her place as Danilo Yorkson's apprentice and caused her to suffer hardships in the countryside for seven years. Now, she stole the man she loved dearly. That b*tch must be fated to ruin my life!

"The news on my phone says that Alexander has publicly cancelled his previous engagement for the sake of Anastasia!" Lyra held her phone and read the news as if she had discovered something very interesting.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 868

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 868-“Let me see!” Onyx anxiously grabbed Lyra’s phone.

He read multiple entertainment news consecutively and his expression became complicated.

When Anastasia came back from abroad, she was heavily in debt. What does Alexander see in her?

Could he have paid for all her debts?

If so, it means she has changed from being a stone to a gem, right?

Now that her status has risen, does that mean the White Family can do whatever we want now?

As Onyx thought of that, an undetectable smile appeared on his face; even he himself did not realize how cunning his smile was.

Ever since he caused his good old friend to be sent to jail, people in the industry had been giving him the cold shoulder while those in his company had constantly been giving him a hard time as well. After suffering from such treatment for a long time, the arrogance in his bones was all gone.

His only hope was to make a name for himself and could someday hold his head up high. He did not expect the heavens would answer to him and give him a chance to realize his dream!

“It seems like we’re really going to become in-laws with the Griffith Family!” Lyra was so excited and held Onyx’s hand while saying, “Dear, we won’t have to watch our spendings anymore!”

Her words were exactly what Onyx was thinking, but he did not affirm her words out of saving face. However, his actions meant he tacitly agreed.

While the two were busy celebrating, Adelpha felt like she had been doused in cold water and felt chills running through her body.

“You’re putting your hopes on Anastasia? I think you should forget it. If she really wanted you guys to live a better life, she wouldn’t have let you find out about such marvelous news on TV, would she? The truth is that she thinks that the White Family is a burden, so she deliberately hid this from us!”

Sighing, Lyra added, "You're right. Back when she was heavily in debt, we chose to sever ties with her and move away, so she must still hate us for that."

Onyx slammed his hand on the table and stood up. "What nonsense are you talking about? Severed ties with her? We're a family. We're connected by blood and share the same tacit understanding. Is that something that's easily severed? Raising her is my responsibility, and without me, would she have the happy life she has today? I'll personally pay them a visit tomorrow and see for myself whether Anastasia would be that heartless as to watch me, her biological father, live off the streets!"

...

After leaving the banquet, Jamie went to a nightclub to get drunk.

He booked a private room for himself and called a group of wine girls over to drink and play with him. Later in the night, he was so drunk that he dizzily leaned against the couch. At times, he even found it hard to breathe.

While in a daze, he heard shouts from the corridor outside.

"Cut the act. You're here to sell yourself. Do you think you're some young lady from a rich family?"

"Knock it off! I'm bringing her home with me, so don't you touch her!"

"Hey, buddy. Charissa has the Keller Family backing her, so even if you don't show her any respect, you should still think about who's behind her!"

"Scram!"

After the chaotic shouts died down, Jamie heard a familiar voice.

"F*ck you! I've had enough of you!"

That shout was followed by the sound of a glass bottle shattering after hitting something hard.

"You b*tch! How dare you try to disfigure me! If I let you leave this club today, I'll spell my name backwards! Get her!"

"Come on!"

The man and his companions went all out on Charissa. Although security guards were protecting her, the drunk man was furious as he swung his fists and legs without care.

Bang!

A loud bang sounded and Jamie saw Charissa's face being pinned on the clear glass pane on the door.

Inhaling a deep breath, he grabbed the whiskey bottle on the table, dashed outside, and hit the man pinning Charissa to the ground with it.

Then, he quickly pulled her and ran away before the others could react.

The group of men was hot on their tail whereas the duo ran a few miles before finally managing to lose them by hiding under a tunnel under the bridge.

A gust of cold wind started blowing and Jamie felt dizzy again. He plopped onto the stairs by the riverside and dazedly asked, "Why are you doing this?"

"It's my business. It doesn't concern you." Charissa sat down beside him.

"Once a buddy, always a buddy. If you're facing any difficulties, you can tell me anytime." He narrowed his eyes and spoke in a lazy tone like he was about to fall asleep.

"Who wants to be your buddy?" Charissa stubbornly retorted.

After she said that, both of them fell silent.

A long while later, she finally piped up. "Why are you alone? Where's Narissa?"

Jamie stayed silent and pursed his lips.

Turning to face him, Charissa felt wickedly excited, "Did you guys get into a fight? No way. You guys broke up?"

Without waiting for his reply, she continued to confirm her words, "No, I know! You don't like Narissa. It was all her wishful thinking, right?"

He still remained silent.

Back when Narissa was still around, he was afraid to admit he liked her. Now that she was gone, he was afraid to admit he had no feelings for her. What a coward.

However, Charissa thought he had admitted to it, so she looked at him for a while longer before leaning in to place her hand on his thigh before moving it upward. "You want it, do you? Why don't I help you?"

While she spoke, she leaned in to kiss him.

Just as she was about to touch him, he turned his head and avoided her.

Frustrated, Charissa sat back down. "Sometimes, I wonder what goes on in your head. If you don't like me, why bother taking care of me?"

Heaving a deep sigh, Jamie staggered to his feet. "I'll send you home."

"No need." As she was feeling awkward, she did not want to stay with him any longer, so she turned and left.

He stumbled back onto the road and walked back while fishing out his phone. Then, he opened WhatsApp to locate Narissa's chatbox before playing the voice messages she sent.

The silent and gloomy road suddenly became lively.

"Jamie, I wanna eat from the restaurant by the intersection. Go over there and buy me some food!"

"Hey, you b*stard! I'm starving to death. Where are you?"

"Jamie Keller! If I ever be so kind as to modify you another car, I'm a worm!"

"Your highness is around the corner. Come out and greet her!"

As he listened to these voice messages, he laughed, but his eyes soon became filled with tears.

...

After sending off the guests, Alexander made Elise and her children stay the night.

Elise coaxed Alexia to sleep and returned to her room.

Just when she entered the door, a figure dashed out from behind the door. Before she could react, she had become Alexander's prey and was pinned to the wall.

An unexpected kiss landed on her lips and she suddenly felt dizzy from it.

With her last ounce of rationale, she pushed him away and warned silently, "The children are right next door. Behave yourself!"

Alexander mischievously raised his eyebrows and leaned even closer to her. "Do you know what 'distance influences attraction' means?"

"Stop." Elise feigned innocence. "Although we've been married for many years, my current identity isn't. If I were to move in with you, isn't that setting a wrong example to our daughter?"

“She wouldn’t dare!” Alexander’s voice was raised by a pitch. “I’ll break her legs!”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk. You’re such a vicious father. You haven’t been with them for long and you’re already thinking of abusing them,” she joked.

“What I mean is to break the legs of the b*stard that dared to lure my daughter. How could I bear to hurt my dear daughter?”

“Aren’t you afraid that your son would turn out like you? What if someone breaks his legs?”

“Men that aren’t shameless can never get the girl.”

“Hah! Alexander, you’re being double-standard!”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 869

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 869-Then, he tidied up the scattered hair by her forehead. Although he was looking at Anastasia’s face, he could still clearly see the outline of Elise’s features; the more he looked at her face, the more beautiful he thought she was.

“Ellie, I can finally go back to the days where I can see you the moment I wake up.”

Grabbing his hand, she used her face to rub against it. “Yes. We’re finally together.”

As they looked into each other’s eyes, their passion was suddenly ignited.

After a few seconds of longing eye-contact, Alexander hugged Elise by her waist and turned around to enter the bedroom. He placed her on the bed and pressed himself on her.

Dense kisses rained down on her body, which made her twist uncontrollably.

Ugh...

They were unable to control their desire and Alexander could hear Elise’s low pants beside his ear. Her moans were like a trigger that made the passion inside him burn even more. As such, his hands started to move downward.

Right before she was about to lose her rationale, she blushed while biting her lip and hugging his face. She shook her head and said, “We can’t.”

"I'll be gentle." A fire was burning inside his eyes, but there was also a trace of fear and trepidation, making him look like a pitiful puppy.

Elise's heart softened instantly and she could not bring herself to refuse him.

Sensing that she had compromised, he immediately blocked her lips with a kiss as if he was afraid that she might change her mind. Then, he began his unbridled attack.

Just as the two were in the moment, the door suddenly burst open, and in ran an excited Alexia. "Mommy, Mommy. I want to sleep with you!"

After she said that, she raised her head and saw Alexander pinning Elise down on the bed.

"Ah!" she screamed in shock and angrily pointed at Alexander. "Mr. Handsome! How could you bully my mommy?"

The two adults stared at her for two seconds before realizing what was happening. Then, they quickly got up and each stood to the side.

While they were tidying up their clothes, Irwin heard the commotion and came into the room as well. He looked at their messy hair and raised his eyebrows as though he was used to seeing such a scene.

Meanwhile, Alexia added fuel to the fire and complained to her brother, "Irwin, Mr. Alexander was bullying Mommy. He was lying on top of her just now. How bad of him!"

Elise felt so embarrassed that she did not know where to place her hands. She then stomped her foot on Alexander's shoe and hinted at him with her eyes.

You caused this mess, so you deal with it!

The pain made Alexander scrunch his eyebrows and he scratched his eyebrows while feeling at a loss for words.

It seemed like it was not an easy situation to explain to children, especially Irwin. His gaze revealed that he knew what was happening, so it would not be easy to fool him.

Fortunately for them, Irwin was caring enough to help them disguise the truth.

"Alexia, Mr. Alexander and Mommy are playing a game. It's a way grownups show that they like each other. Aren't you hoping that Mr. Alexander could become our daddy? Once Mommy plays a few more rounds of the game with him, you'll have your wish realized."

Blinking her shiny eyes, Alexia looked at him with her innocent eyes. "Really?"

“Of course. Don’t you believe me?” he asked with a stoic face. “Alright, now. Let’s not bother them anymore. I’m sleeping over with you.”

After that, he nodded at Alexander and Elise, grabbed Alexia’s hand, and led her out of the room. Ironically, he did not forget to close the door behind him as well.

A playful glint flashed across Alexander’s eyes as he proudly praised, “As expected of my son.”

Meanwhile in the corridor, Irwin asked while they were walking, “Alexia, do you want to have a younger sister or brother?”

“A sister,” she answered.

“Isn’t a brother better?” he half-heartedly asked while staring in front. “That way, me and our younger brother can protect you together.”

“No, I want a younger sister!”

...

That night, Elise allowed Alexander to stay the night. However, they were afraid of attracting the children over, so they kept their hands to themselves.

It was a night of agony for Alexander as he had to hold in his desire.

It was not until dawn that he finally fell asleep dazedly.

A moment after he fell asleep, Elise, who was beside him, pulled off the covers and was about to get out of bed.

Yet, Alexander pulled her back and trapped her in his embrace. Like a young puppy, he kept nudging against her. “Stay with me.”

“I’m an early bird and the sun is already out. If we don’t go out sooner, Irwin will start overthinking.” She gently pushed his hands away.

“What can a seven to eight-year-old think?” His eyes were still closed when he said that.

Recalling the scene from yesterday night, she felt embarrassed again and slapped his back. “Please don’t look down on your son’s ability to assess the situation.”

Alexander reluctantly removed his hand and obediently sat up.

At such a moment, he wished his son was not so smart.

Elise put on her robe and entered the bathroom while Alexander sat on the bed, lost in his thoughts. A while later, he dashed into the bathroom and hugged her from behind. Then, he lazily placed his jaw on the nape of her neck and began rubbing his jaw against her.

“Alexander!” She felt both ticklish and numb from being pricked. “Your beard!”

However, he stubbornly stayed there.

Having no choice, she prepared some shaving foam and helped him shave his beard.

Although he shaved every day, there would be a large patch of stubble on his face the next day. As it was hard to shave the stubble, she had to be very careful when she helped him so that she would not injure him.

Watching her intent focus, Alexander suddenly felt the urge to play with her, so he leaned in with his face still filled with shaving foam and tried to kiss her.

Elise keenly dodged and exclaimed, “Stop playing around!”

Then, he snaked his arms around her waist and pulled her into his embrace before obediently getting into position. “If I stop messing around, will I get the privilege to have such treatment every day?”

Putting the shaving blade right up to his neck, she joked, “Any more tricks and I’ll take your life!”

Unexpectedly, he raised his head arrogantly and said, “To be able to die in the hands of a beautiful woman like you, I will die a happy ghost.”

“Ew...” A disdainful expression appeared on her face. “Alexander, I think you’ve become even more shameless.”

The man did not reply to her, but there was a smile creeping up his lips.

Knock. Knock.

A servant announced their presence by the door.

“Mr. Griffith, Miss White’s family are here. They said they have something they need to discuss with her personally and are waiting by the entrance.”

Elise’s happy mood instantly disappeared as she heavily dropped the shaving blade into the sink while turning on the faucet. “Jeez. They’re so hard to get rid of. That family is dishonest and shameless. Just ask someone to chase them out and ignore them.”

After thinking about it, Alexander turned and left the bathroom. “Bring them to the side hall and tell them I’ll head over there once I’m done with work.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Are you really planning on meeting them?” She was feeling a little unhappy.

Faintly smiling, he explained, “I’m going to ignore them and make things difficult for them. If they are like how you described, they’re only tough on the outside and timid within, so we won’t have to worry about them causing trouble.”

“If you wanna meet them, meet them yourself. I physically cannot face my family. Literally.”

To her, if she even looked at them, she would not be able to face the dead Elise Sinclair.

“There’s no rush. Our family is finally reunited, so today is our family time.”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 870

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 870-The Whites were invited into a palace-like mansion and began to feel dizzy.

Before, they only knew Alexander was rich, but they did not know he was this rich.

To their knowledge, only the highest of leaders had the right to live in such a British-influenced mansion.

“Dear, did you look around when we were walking in? This is such a big house. Even if we move in, there’ll still be plenty of rooms!”

At the thought of the small two-bedroom with one living room house she was currently living in, Lyra began to devise a plan to stay here upon her arrival.

Onyx pushed her hand away and pretended to tidy up his clothes. “Watch your volume. If someone heard what you’ve just said, they’d think we don’t have any life experiences!”

Pouting, Lyra secretly retorted that they indeed had never experienced anything like this, but because of her pride, she did rebuke him.

Meanwhile, Adelpha did not listen to any of that as she was silently observing all the furniture in the room.

As expected from the richest man in the city, just one plain couch cost hundreds of thousands and the material it was made from was the best of its kind. It was impossible to be compared with the low-quality furniture that the Whites owned.

She chose a single couch and carefully sat on it. Then, she was instantly cradled by the couch and felt like she was sitting on a cloud as her body gradually relaxed.

At that moment, she felt like she was the hostess of this place.

Suddenly, the light above her head was replaced with darkness as a dark shadow covered her face.

She irritatedly opened her eyes and saw Lyra's idiotic smile before her.

"Hehe. Dear Adelpha, how is it? Is the couch comfortable?"

Frowning in annoyance, Adelpha ignored her mother, got up from the couch, and walked away.

If Lyra had not been so useless and chased Anastasia away back then, everything here would have been hers and she would not have had to take advantage of someone else's things without shame.

The longer she stayed here, the more she felt that life was not fair.

Meanwhile, Onyx was able to stay composed and put on a father-in-law act as he found himself a seat. After that, he did not move an inch from his spot.

Today was considered to be the first official meeting between the father-in-law and son-in-law, so he had to act the part.

The family of three waited in the hall—each with their own thoughts—from 9.00AM to 7.00PM.

At 7.30PM, Onyx could not stand it anymore.

He rose to his feet and smashed the freshly-served cup of tea into pieces right before the servant.

"Is this how the Griffith Family treats their guests? We came all the way here, yet they ignored us for the whole day. What is the meaning of this?"

"Where is Alexander? Get him over here!"

The servant went forward to comfort him, "Mr. White, Mr. Griffith is busy with work. Please sit down and wait for a moment. He will come over as soon as he's finished with work. How about I serve you another cup of tea?"

"This is already the eighth cup you served me!" Onyx was so pissed that he gestured with his hands. "Are you trying to make me drink to death?"

"Mr. White, you're twisting my words. If you don't want tea, how about I serve you some coffee?" The servant patiently served them.

Waving his hand to reject, Onyx threatened, "Quit talking nonsense. Go and get Alexander now, or else, I'll turn this place upside down!"

The moment he finished speaking, Alexander's loud voice came from the door.

"Why don't you start from the couch?"

Looking over, Onyx met Alexander's dark eyes and quickly closed his lips, suddenly turning mute.

With a snort, Alexander lazily blinked his eyes as he took off his gloves and entered the room. Then, he elegantly sat on the main couch, crossed his legs, and leaned his arms on the armrest. His attitude looked carefree, but the air felt like there was an invisible pressure pressing down on them.

Meanwhile, Adelpha was conquered by the dense superior temperament around Alexander. She carefully tidied up her appearance and jumped in her spot like a sparrow. Though her actions were not extravagant, they were an eyesore.

"Sorry for the wait. Whatever you have to say, you may say it now." He kept silent after saying that.

Onyx returned to his seat and asked unconfidently, "Where's my daughter? Call her over. I have something to tell her."

An unnoticeable sneer appeared on Alexander's face as disdain flashed across his eyes.

Onyx previously claimed that he wanted to settle scores with Alexander, but now that Alexander was right before him, he was afraid to go against him, which was the epitome of bullying the weak but wary of the strong.

"She's now mine, so you can tell me whatever it is you wanna tell her." Alexander made his stand.

Looking up at him, Onyx felt his throat tense up. He hesitated for a long time before finally finding his voice. "Fine, then. Anastasia is my daughter. I raised her, so now that I'm old, it's time for her to provide for me. Tell her that this responsibility is set by the law, so she can't run away from it!"

Alexander nodded repeatedly. "Yes, it is the child's responsibility to provide for their parents. What you said made sense, but if I remember correctly, children must provide twenty to thirty percent of their salary as alimony for their parents."

"That's right. At least twenty percent!" Onyx had memorized that particular law before coming here.

"But I'm the one providing for Anastasia, so she doesn't use or earn any money. Her salary is zero, and twenty percent of that is still zero, which means the amount of alimony she needs to give you is also zero. From my understanding, Anastasia has done that. Don't tell me that you're not satisfied with her contribution and you want more from me?"

That was what Onyx was thinking, but he was too embarrassed to admit it.

"Anastasia is my daughter, so if you want to marry her, you do need to give me some alimony. No one's child is raised without money. I've put in so much effort to raise her to this age, and it's unfair that I don't get anything in return, right?" Onyx stopped beating around the bush.

"As the old saying goes, raising a child to prevent being lonely. I understand that. So, what you mean to say is that you want to reacknowledge Anastasia as your daughter and let her care for you for the rest of your life, right?" A faint smile appeared on Alexander's face, but it did not reach his eyes.

"I never said that I didn't want my daughter. We're family, and our fate is sealed by the heavens. Even if our bones broke, we'd still be connected by blood. I said all those harsh words back then because I wanted to teach her a lesson. In fact, I've always kept her in my heart!" Onyx chose a few sentimental words to say.

"Alas..." Alexander cooperated with him and acted like he was touched. "You've extended so much care for her."

Seeing that he had successfully tricked Alexander, Onyx relaxed his breath.

At that moment, Alexander turned to Adelpha and Lyra.

"How about you both? Do you have any requests?"

Lyra opened her mouth to speak but was quickly interrupted by Adelpha.

“I don’t have any requests, but Anastasia and I have always had a good relationship. It’d be great if I can continue living with her!”

I need to fight for my stay. This castle is where I belong and it is my right!

That tiny house of ours? I’m not planning to ever return there.

Although Lyra did not know what Adelpha was up to, she did not stop her. Instead, she smilingly agreed, “I’m already so old, so I don’t have many requests either. But... Adelpha is not young anymore, and Anastasia’s children are already eight years old. Looking at how she’s still single...”

Recommended Novels