

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 881

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 881-Brendan snorted contemptuously, and a cold gleam flashed across his eyes. "Did you ever stop to consider that she's a consenting party?"

"Humph!" Christopher refuted hotly, "If so, why do you have to place the bodyguards all over the villa?"

Brendan had had enough of this farce. So, he turned to look at Yuri, beckoned her to come to him, and called out tenderly, "Come here."

Yuri's hand, hanging at her side, curled slightly before she forced herself to relax. Then, after a moment of hesitation, she walked straight to him.

Brendan adjusted their posture so her body could block Christopher's line of sight.

He caressed Yuri's face with his large palm and played with her hair with his fingers. Although his actions and words were gentle, she could feel a hint of malice as he crooned, "Kiss me."

It was an order and a warning. Even if he didn't explain anything, Yuri knew what consequences she would have to face if she rebelled against him, especially now.

After Brendan said that, he took a step back and stood in place with a kind smile on his face. He looked so mild-mannered and gentlemanly, but only Yuri knew how terrifying the man behind that persona was.

Despite Christopher not being a part of their play-by-play and thus didn't understand Brendan's schemes, he was worried enough about Yuri's safety that he said reassuringly, "Yuri, don't worry. Just tell him what you're thinking. I'll help you!"

When Brendan heard his words, the hatred he felt for Christopher flashed across his eyes for a split second. Although he had an iron-clad control over his facial expression and suppressed the emotion almost immediately, Yuri keenly spotted the minute change in his demeanor.

She knew Christopher would suffer from the consequences of his actions if she didn't dance to Brendan's tune.

At the thought of this, she inhaled as she balled her fists, tiptoed, and kissed his lips lightly. Then, she hurriedly turned to the side and lowered her head to hide the resentment on her face.

Then, in order to dissuade Christopher, she feigned composure and demanded coldly, "Mr. Edwards, please leave and don't disturb us again."

“Yuri!” Christopher shouted in shock.

He had no idea that Yuri would do whatever Brendan pleased. No woman in the 21st century would be so submissive as she was.

This was coercion through and through, and Brendan was the typical psychopathic control freak.

He was powerless to do anything, and Yuri had lost her basic reasoning and judgment. Nevertheless, it seemed impossible to take her out of here forcibly at the moment.

Christopher walked to Brendan and warned gravely, “I won’t let this go so easily. You’d better make sure that Yuri would never come to harm under your care. Otherwise, when I take her away and trust me, that day will come eventually. Then, I’ll make sure you pay for your actions!”

After he said that, he looked at Yuri deeply before leaving reluctantly.

As soon as the door closed, Yuri fell on the sofa and wiped her lips as though by doing so, she could remove the memory of kissing Brendan willingly.

When Brendan saw her actions, he interpreted them as an apparent provocation.

His calculative glance became gloomy instantly. He gripped her neck fiercely and pushed her back against the sofa. “Do you hate me that much? You want to kiss Christopher, don’t you? You want to leave with him and stay as far away from me as possible, don’t you? Answer me!”

Yuri’s face flushed due to the chokehold he had on her. She could feel slightly dizzy as her breath came in short pants, but she refused to give in. “Yes, just kill me! Just kill your baby and me!”

The veins on his hands rippled as he applied more force. There was a brief moment when he considered dying with her so no one could ever take her away from him.

Still, at the last moment, he couldn’t bring himself to kill her.

He released her and left the room, leaving her laying limply on the sofa as she struggled to regain her breathing.

When he got to the door, he took his anger out on the bodyguards and slapped anyone who came to greet him three times in a row.

“If you let anyone in again, I’ll kill you myself!”

That night, Adam called Alexander. He told him that something had happened at home and requested him to come home.

The minute Alexander walked into the living room, he saw Christopher and an officer in police uniform sitting on the sofa, both looking grave.

Nevertheless, the office’s attitude toward Alexander was rather courteous. He offered his hand and greeted him, “I’m sorry for inconveniencing you, Mr. Griffith. I hope you understand that it’s the protocol that you have to come by personally.”

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 882

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 882-As the voice reverberated through the hall, another beam of light shone on the stage opposite Ariel.

A moment later, Danny appeared and dressed as Bull King in a cowboy outfit.

His tall and lean figure perfectly suited the Bull King's cape, which accentuated the character's majestic demeanor. Also, his stubble beard made him look sexy.

Looking into his eyes, Ariel felt her mind go blank.

The outfit she was wearing was sent to her by her acquaintance, so she did not give it much thought. After trying it on and discovering it was the right size, she did not bother picking another outfit.

"I'm telling the truth! Brendan, if you really are innocent, release Yuri, and let her talk to the police herself!"

Christopher refused to give up because he was confident that Yuri was locked up against her will.

"Alright." Brendan shrugged indifferently. "As you wish."

He took out his phone and dialed the villa's number. A few seconds later, Yuri's voice resonated from the other end of the line, "What's the matter?"

Brendan raised the phone with a smile and uttered flatly, "Yuri, Mr. Edwards came to my house with a police officer. He insisted that I have imprisoned you. Please talk to them, will you?"

Christopher snatched the phone out of Brendan's hand and shouted agitatedly, "Yuri, are you listening? It's me! Don't worry. I've called the police. Just say that you're locked up against your will, and we'll get you immediately. You don't have to be controlled by him ever again!"

Unfortunately, it seemed like a cry for help was not in the cards for one Yuri today.

"Yes, I can hear you."

Her tone of voice was light with a tinge of irritation. "I told you this morning. We broke up long ago, and Brendan treats me very well. My life is great. So, please stop pestering me."

“You’re saying that the police officer is also there, right? Sir, please listen carefully. Brendan is the father of my child, and we’re going to get married soon. I don’t want anyone to ruin our relationship. We may be influential, but we are still citizens and obey the law just as citizens do. Please respect our privacy, and don’t believe in Christopher’s nonsense.”

Christopher was up in arms as he yelled into the phone, “No! Yuri, wake up! I’m helping you! If you go on like this, you’ll lose yourself. Yuri!”

Beep! Beep!

All that awaited Christopher was the merciless dial tone as Yuri ended the call.

Christopher stared at the screen in utter disbelief as he squeezed the phone tightly. He was clutching onto it so tightly that his hand began to shake.

He gritted his teeth as he tried to face the harsh reality for what it was before finally losing it. He pounced at Brendan swiftly and aimed a fist in his direction. “B*stard! What the hell did you do to Yuri?!”

As he shouted, he lunged at Brendan. Nevertheless, Brendan had nimble reflexes as he defended himself, quickly grabbed Christopher by the neck, and shoved him against the sofa, successfully restricting him.

Madeline was so shocked by the abrupt fight that she shrieked and clutched her chest in fright. Then, she turned to the officer and reprimanded, “Detective Fowler, this is the man you brought to our home! Based on the circumstances, I think it’s only right for me to assume that you’ve come here with ill intentions. Tell me which precinct you are from. I want to speak to your superior!”

“No, please don’t, Mrs. Griffith! I’m sorry, it’s all my fault. I should have investigated the case better before I came here. Please forgive me,” Detective Fowler apologized profusely. “Don’t worry. I’ll look into this case carefully and clear your name. Please forgive me and allow me to make up for my mistakes.”

The Griffith Family was highly affluent. Just from their company’s revenue alone accounted for a large percentage of the country’s GDP. So, it was only a logical conclusion that they’re also a family that the government highly respected. Hence, if Detective Fowler received a complaint from them, it would ruin his career and life.

“Don’t think you’re getting away so easily! I refuse to accept your apology. Hurry up and call your superior!” Madeline had been up in arms the whole time and finally had a chance to vent her anger, so she seized the opportunity like a shark scenting blood.

On the other hand, Brendan had no intention of putting the police department in a difficult situation. Thus, he grabbed Christopher and handed him over to the officer.

“Detective Fowler, I believe you’re not on Mr. Edwards’ side. Today, you and I are the victims of his false accusation. Please take him back to the station and question him.”

Detective Fowler heaved a sigh of relief when he saw that Brendan was giving him an out of his situation. For that reason, he immediately handcuffed Christopher and avowed, “Don’t worry, Mr. Brendan. I’ll solve this case as soon as possible and ensure that this kind of thing will not happen again!”

“Since we’ve solved the problem, I’ll take him back to the station. Excuse me.”

Rightly fearing that Madeline would insist on talking to his superior, Detective Fowler nodded at Brendan and escaped with Christopher in tow.

Madeline rolled her eyes in annoyance as she glared at their departing figures.

“Christopher looks like a gentleman, but I didn’t expect him to stoop so low! They’ve broken up, yet he is still bugging Yuri to this day! The people of old are wise by saying that we can never judge a book by its cover!”

Then, she bustled over to Brendan, cupped his face, and checked on him. “Let me see. Did he hurt you?”

“I’m fine.” Brendan pushed her away and said dispassionately, “I’m sorry for the inconvenience. Yuri is alone at home. I’ll be taking my leave now.”

“Wait up.” Alexander stopped him. “Can I have a word with you?”

Brendan lowered his eyes and thought for a while before nodding in agreement.

“Let’s talk while we walk.”

Alexander patted his shoulder and strolled out with his brother side by side.

After he ensured that Madeline was not in hearing range, Alexander advised, “Sometimes, you can’t push a woman too far. Things may backfire when you are obsessed with the results.”

Brendan nodded absent-mindedly. “I know what I’m doing. Don’t worry.”

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Brandon nodded absently. "I know what I'm doing. Don't worry."

"Good." Alexander nodded and changed the subject. "By the way, I think you should have received the news that the royal family of Yveltalia will be visiting our country soon. At that time, the prince and princess will select the most outstanding fashion designer and establish a brand for them as the first business collaboration between the two countries."

“Yeah, I’ve heard a little about that,” Brendan remarked lightly.

“Yveltalia and Cittadel just established diplomatic relations last year, and both countries are trying to find a balance in this relationship, which means that both sides will be lenient no matter how much money they pour in to make the collaboration work. The profit of this project is huge. I want you to win the hearts of the royal family. Can you do that?” Alexander asked seriously.

Brendan stopped in his tracks and sighed heavily. “Well, I wish I could give you a confident answer, but the designers from Yveltalia will be participating in the selection too. The competition is very intense.”

Alexander placed his hand on Brendan’s shoulder and encouraged, “Our country’s fashion designers are equally as brilliant as the foreign designers in clothing design. You’re a brilliant designer. I’m sure you’ll be able to snag first place.”

Brendan shrugged. “To be honest, I would have agreed immediately if Elise had been around.”

Alexander’s eyes flickered slightly. Then, after a moment of silence, he continued, “You’re now the best fashion designer in the country. Have some confidence in yourself. Take this as a challenge for you to reach better heights!”

Although Elise’s identity was about to be made public, Alexander decided to boost Brendan’s confidence first since he seemed to be in low spirits recently.

“Alright, I’ll do my best.”

The following day, Yuri hid under the covers and poked her head out to look at the clock on the wall.

It was already 9.30AM, but Brendan was still at home.

She frowned in frustration because she desperately needed to use the bathroom.

“If you’re awake, get up and wash up. Then, after breakfast, get changed. You’re going out with me today.”

Brendan’s voice echoed across the room, and he ruthlessly exposed her for feigning sleep.

Yuri scowled in embarrassment at her predicament. But, alas, there was nothing she could do but obediently follow his instructions.

As she walked past him, she stopped and asked curiously, “Where are we going?”

"You'll know when we get there." Brendan took a sip of coffee leisurely and refused to give her a straight answer.

Bang!

Yuri made a face at his back, rushed into the bathroom, and slammed the door with a loud bang, expressing her dissatisfaction.

Now, she finally knew that this outfit was specially given to her to match the Bull King's costume. Everything had been planned in advance. After a long while, she finally found her voice. "That girl was you?" Then, Danny walked toward her. While he was walking, it was evident that he was delighted. He stopped before her, took out the diamond ring he had prepared in advance, and got down on one knee. "My dear princess, I came here to bring you back home with me. Will you marry me?" The expression on his face was so exaggerated that he was almost shouting when he asked her to marry him.

To be able to propose to the person he loved was indeed something worth showing off and announcing to the entire world.

Ariel covered her lips with her hand as her mind jumbled into a mess. For a moment there, she was at a complete loss of words.

"Isn't this... too soon?"

"Is it?" The happiness Danny felt was beyond what he could describe. "You do know that I've loved you for seven years, right? I've been waiting for this day for seven years and I can't wait anymore, so please marry me, Ariel Whitney. I beg you, please marry me!"

Ariel had seen several proposal scenes like this, but she was always the bystander and thought other people's happiness was both loud and irksome. However, now that she was experiencing all of this, she finally knew that such a sudden surprise was something that could make her so exhilarated.

Her breathing gradually became unstable and tears moistened her eyes, yet she still had not nodded.

That made Danny feel flustered. He gulped while his hand holding the ring trembled. "A-Are you unwilling to marry me?"

Shaking her head, she replied, "I'm afraid you'd regret marrying me."

"Does this... mean you agree?!" Danny was ecstatic and took out the ring from its box before quickly putting it on her ring finger. Then, he hugged her and spun her around, screaming, "I will never regret this!"

Upstairs, Jamie, who was responsible for controlling the spotlights, watched the sweet scene with a bitter smile. He shouted at the happy couple, "Hey! Since I've done such a good job today, can I skip the wedding gift?"

Meanwhile, the excited Danny was still hugging Ariel and raised his thumb at him.

The entire venue was filled with jealous exclamations. A recorded video of the proposal was posted online, which caused a stir among the netizens.

'Omg. So playing games can help you find a partner!'

'F*ck. They're so sweet. And the Bull King looks so handsome too!'

'Ahh! They're so cute! I can't!!'

'Gender: Woman. Hobby: Playing League of Legends. I can feed myself, I know to run home when it rains, and I don't have any bad habits. Please give me a boyfriend, thank you.'

"..."

The following day, Madeline knocked on Danny's front door just after dawn.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

"Danny Keller, open the door!"

Two minutes later, the door was opened from the inside and Ariel came out.

When Madeline saw Ariel wearing Danny's shirt and had both her legs exposed, her face immediately fell.

She's already so old, yet she still dresses so lewdly. How shameless!

Before Madeline could say anything, Ariel greeted her, "You're here."

Puzzled, Madeline raised her eyebrow, asking, "You knew I was coming?"

"Of course. The daughter-in-law must meet her in-laws sooner or later." Ariel had a humble attitude and maintained a smile on her face.

"Stop." Madeline raised her hand to interrupt Ariel before arrogantly retorting, "I haven't acknowledged you as my daughter-in-law."

Meanwhile, Ariel did not show any displeasure and patiently invited Madeline inside.

"Come on in and we can talk."

Madeline rolled her eyes and deliberately bumped Ariel before furiously barging into the house. "Where's Danny? That brat. If I hadn't seen the video on the internet, I wouldn't have known he was such a b*stard! How could he have proposed without any discussion with us? Does he still see me as his mother?!"

After closing the door, Ariel trailed behind Madeline and waited for her to finish ranting before pretending to frown in frustration and avoiding her gaze.

Seeing that Ariel was not talking, Madeline turned to look at her and saw her abnormal behavior. Suddenly, she could not help but feel worried.

What is this woman planning? Are they keeping an even bigger secret from me?

At that moment, Ariel stammered, "Please wait a moment. He's upstairs. I'll get him!"

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"..."

Tha following day, Madalina knockad on Danny's front door just aftar dawn.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

"Danny Kallar, opan tha door!"

Two minutas later, tha door was opanad from tha insida and Arial cama out.

Whan Madalina saw Arial waaring Danny's shirt and had both har lags axposad, har faca immadiatly fall.

Sha's alraady so old, yat sha still drassas so lawdly. How shamalass!

Bafora Madalina could say anything, Arial graatad har, "You'ra hara."

Puzzlad, Madalina raisad har ayabrow, asking, "You knaw I was coming?"

"Of coursa. Tha daughter-in-law must maat har in-laws soonar or later." Arial had a humbla attituda and maintained a smila on har faca.

"Stop." Madalina raisad har hand to intarrupt Arial bafora arrogantly ratorting, "I havan't acknowladgad you as my daughter-in-law."

Maanwhila, Arial did not show any displaasura and patiently invitad Madalina insida. "Coma on in and wa can talk."

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Aftar closing tha door, Arial trailad behind Madalina and waitad for har to finish ranting bafora pratanding to frown in frustration and avoiding har gaza.

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What is this woman planning? Ara thay kaaping an avan biggar sacrat from ma?

At that moment, Ariel stammered, "Please wait a moment. He's upstairs. I'll get him!"

"Wait!" Madeline called out and walked toward the stairs. "I don't need you to fetch him for me. This is my son's house. Do you think an outsider like you would know this place better than I do?"

As she talked, she headed to the second floor with her high heels clacking against the floor and went straight toward Danny's bedroom.

Ariel was following behind her and she intentionally kept a rather large distance between them. She let Madeline walk in front while she pretended to be anxious as if she knew a huge problem was about to dawn on her.

Putting her hand on the doorknob, Madeline glanced sideways at Ariel before barging into the bedroom.

When she entered the room, she saw Danny wearing a pink dress while dancing on the bed.

Madeline was dumbfounded when she saw that and even forgot to withdraw her hand.

Since Danny had his back to them, he danced sexily for a while longer before turning around. As soon as he saw them, he immediately screamed.

"Ah!" He knelt on the bed and quickly pulled the quilt to cover himself. Then, he yelled in a high-pitched voice, "Mom, why did you come in here without knocking?"

Frowning, Madeline opened her mouth, but she could not utter anything.

Noticing the situation, Danny deliberately lay down on his side, extended one of his legs, and ran it up his other leg. Then, he put on a sexy expression and looked at the two women. "Mom, do I look pretty?"

Ariel almost burst into laughter when she saw that, but she pretended to cough before exposing herself.

Meanwhile, Madeline was so shocked by the terrifying scene that she saw black and instantly fainted.

"Mrs. Griffith?" Ariel supported Madeline from the back and asked concernedly, "Are you alright? Let me bring you to the guest room to lie down!"

After saying that, she winked at Danny and helped Madeline to the room next door.

Madeline calmed down for about ten minutes before slowly opening her eyes.

“Ariel, was I seeing things? Danny, he...” She felt angry and resigned while asking weakly, “What the heck is going on here?”

Ariel’s expression turned serious as she sighed. “Since you saw it, it’d be inappropriate for me to hide it from you any longer. Actually, your son, Danny, has a certain fixation...”

Feeling like her world had collapsed, Medaline felt dizzy again. “Oh, heavens. Oh, God. Why do you have to play such a huge joke on me?!”

“Mrs. Griffith, are you feeling okay?” Ariel asked in concern.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 883

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 883-Yuri fell asleep not long after getting into the car. Perhaps her pregnancy made her feel easily exhausted.

When she woke up and noticed the familiar mountainous scenery, she sobered up.

She turned her head and looked at Brendan in surprise. “Why are you taking me here?! Stop the car! I want to go back!” She tried to urge him to stop.

Brendan remained composed as he maneuvered the steering wheel calmly. “We’re getting married soon. As the soon-to-be son-in-law, I should personally visit my in-laws.”

Yes, they had come to Yuri’s hometown and would reach her house soon.

Yuri had not returned to her hometown for more than a decade.

It was not that she did not want to come back, but she dared not to.

However, she was defeated by Brendan’s insistence. After all, she was pregnant now and could not afford to risk harming the child she was carrying.

Soon, they arrived at the entrance of Yuri’s house, and her parents were waiting at the door. As soon as the car stopped, the two elders came forward, opened the front passenger seat door, and helped Yuri get out of the vehicle.

“Yuri! It’s really you! You’re home! I miss you so much! You’re gone for so many years. Why haven’t you come home even once? How can you do this to me...” Cindy, Yuri’s mother, began to cry.

Yuri’s father, Thiago Fox, expressed his yearning with a firm attitude and red-rimmed eyes, “Yuri, why didn’t you visit? How could we ever rest easy not knowing how you were doing?!”

Yuri could not bear to see her parents' tears. She refused to come home all these years because she was worried that she wouldn't be able to handle her parents' disappointment.

At this moment, she could no longer feign composure when she looked at her aging parents. She finally let go of all her reservations as she embraced them tightly and sobbed.

They wrapped their arms around each other as they walked into the house and conveyed their pain and longing for the other after at least a decade of separation.

Brendan did not disturb their family reunion. Instead, he gave them the privacy they needed as he went to the kitchen and began to cook them lunch.

This meal was the most lively one the Fox Family had had in over a decade.

The overjoyed Thiago dragged Brendan into drinking. Unfortunately, due to his joy, he went more than a little bit overboard with the wine. So, at the end of the day, they were so wasted that they fell asleep right there and then.

After Yuri and Cindy hoisted the men into the room and tucked them in, they went back to sit in the living room and began to have a heart-to-heart between mother and daughter.

Yuri ran her fingers through her mother's hair and pursed her lips in heartache. "I gave you so much money over the years because I want you to live a comfortable life. Why don't you hire a maid? I've only been gone for a few years, but look at your greying hair and wrinkles..."

She thought her parents would be able to live a comfortable life as long as she provided them with financial support. Therefore, when she saw the white hair on Cindy's head, she realized nothing was more important than being by her parents' side.

"It's your money. I can't use them. I spent some because your father was sick last year, and I saved up the rest as your dowry." The corner of Cindy's eyes crinkled when she smiled, but she was delighted to finally see her daughter again. "Brendan is a good man. Your dad and I are happy that you're together."

"No." Yuri looked a little awkward. "We're not in that kind of relationship."

"What do you mean? Hey, you're pregnant. Don't you want to marry him?" Cindy scolded sternly, "Darling, you've been working for so many years. It's time for you to settle down. It's hard to find a good man these days!"

“Mom!” Yuri whined. “I’m your daughter. Why are you taking his side instead of mine? What if he’s not as good as you think? This is the first time you’ve met, and you are already siding with him.”

Earlier, when they were having lunch, Brendan and Thiago were like close friends as they chatted and drank wine. Their closeness made Yuri feel like an outsider when this was her family.

“Nonsense! You’re our daughter, so of course, we will always side with you!” Cindy took her hand and confided solemnly, “Brendan has been taking care of us all these years. He didn’t even mind doing the farming work. During the farming season, he would rush here from the city to help us. Also, he helped us a lot when your father was admitted to the hospital last year. He did everything for us without any complaints. If it hadn’t been for him, your dad and I would have collapsed!”

Yuri was utterly unaware of Brendan’s efforts. She didn’t expect him to take such good care of her parents.

Yuri couldn’t help but feel the complicated emotions surging inside her when she came across such information. She turned her gaze to look at the room where Brendan was sleeping in, and there was a hint of tenderness in her eyes.

“It’s extremely rare to see men who would go all this way for their in-laws, especially considering how he has helped us for years... Yuri, I’ve taught you to be grateful. Brendan treats you so well. You can’t break his heart!” Cindy squeezed her hand tightly and expressed her genuine fondness for Brendan.

As she listened to her mother’s sincere compliments, she felt a sharp pain in her heart. Then, she turned her head to the side lest Cindy glimpsed the tears brimming in her eyes.

“Mom, please stop. He was that guy.”

“I don’t want you and Dad to suffer the same pain I’ve suffered. So I’ll leave him as soon as possible so that he can let go of the past and pursue his true happiness.”

Cindy’s eyes widened in shock. “What? That’s him? Oh my goodness! Is this some kind of a joke?!”

She was so frustrated that she slapped herself in the face. “It’s all our fault! I’m sorry that you were born as our daughter. You don’t even pursue your happiness because of us!”

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"It's your monay. I can't usa tham. I spant soma bacausa your fathar was sick last yaar, and I savad up tha rast as your dowry." Tha corner of Cindy's ayas crinklاد when sha smilad, but sha was dalightad to finally saa har daughter again. "Brandan is a good man. Your dad and I ara happy that you'ra togathar."

"No." Yuri lookad a littla awkward. "Wa'ra not in that kind of ralationship."

"What do you maan? Hay, you'ra pragnant. Don't you want to marry him?" Cindy scoldad starnly, "Darling, you'va baan working for so many yaars. It's tima for you to sattla down. It's hard to find a good man thasa days!"

"Mom!" Yuri whinad. "I'm your daughter. Why ara you taking his sida instaad of mina? What if ha's not as good as you think? This is tha first tima you'va mat, and you ara alraady siding with him."

Earliar, when thay wara having lunch, Brandan and Thiago wara lika closa friands as thay chattad and drank wina. Thair closanass mada Yuri faal lika an outsiders when this was har family.

"Nonsansa! You'ra our daughter, so of coursa, wa will always sida with you!" Cindy took har hand and confidad solamnly, "Brandan has baan taking cara of us all thasa yaars. Ha didn't avan mind doing tha farming work. During tha farming saason, ha would rush hara from tha city to halp us. Also, ha halpad us a lot when your fathar was admittad to tha hospital last yaar. Ha did avarything for us without any complaints. If it hadn't baan for him, your dad and I would hava collapsad!"

Yuri was uttarily unawara of Brandan's afforts. Sha didn't axpact him to taka such good cara of har parants.

Yuri couldn't halp but faal tha complicatad amotions surging insida har when sha cama across such information. Sha turnad har gaza to look at tha room whara Brandan was slaaping in, and thara was a hint of tandarnass in har ayas.

"It's axtramaly rara to saa man who would go all this way for thair in-laws, aspecially considaring how ha has halpad us for yaars... Yuri, I'va taught you to ba grataful. Brandan traats you so wall. You can't braak his haart!" Cindy squaazad har hand tightly and axpressad har ganuina fondnass for Brandan.

As sha listanad to har mothar's sincara complimentants, sha falt a sharp pain in har haart. Than, sha turnad har haad to tha sida last Cindy glimpsad tha taars brimming in har ayas.

"Mom, plaasa stop. Ha was that guy."

"I don't want you and Dad to suffar tha sama pain I'va suffarad. So I'll laava him as soon as possibla so that ha can lat go of tha past and pursua his trua happinass."

Cindy's ayas widanad in shock. "What? That's him? Oh my goodness! Is this some kind of a joke?!"

Sha was so frustrated that she slapped herself in the face. "It's all our fault! I'm sorry that you were born as our daughter. You don't even pursue your happiness because of us!"

"No, mom! Please stop!" Yuri grabbed her hand and halted her actions. "I'm grateful that you and Dad have raised me well. It's not your fault at all. I only have myself to blame for not having a chance to be loved."

"Oh, my poor girl..."

They embraced each other and bawled sadly.

Yuri's vision gradually blurred, and she began to recall the past.

Back then, she and Brendan fell in love at first sight, and they worked flawlessly together in fashion design. Over time, they became romantically involved.

Unfortunately, Brendan's admirers envied their relationship. These people conspired together, and with the help of their family influence, they set a scheme to frame Thiago. This incident not only cost Thiago and Cindy their jobs, but they also had to give up their fortune.

Yuri had no choice but to leave the country where Brendan could not find her, per those admirers' demand. She didn't even dare to contact her parents because only in this way would those admirers leave her parents alone.

After so many years, Brendan was still the dazzling prince, but Yuri had no money to her name. She also had to protect her parents and lay low to not attract those people's attention.

Fate was a cruel mistress. It was unfortunate, but after all this, she and Brendan could never be together.

As for the child growing in her belly, it was an accident, nothing more.

That night, he came home drunk, went to her room, and cried uncontrollably. She could no longer suppress her emotions when faced with the hurting man before her. So, they embraced each other and spent the night together.

Perhaps the heavens loved to play tricks on her. Not long after, she found out that she was pregnant.

She had planned to abort the baby, but she couldn't bear to do so.

She was determined to raise the baby alone, but Brendan learned about her pregnancy.

Despite her seemingly confident stance when she was confiding with her mother, she hadn't actually come up with a foolproof way to leave Brendan.

The next day, Brendan and Yuri went back to the city.

On the way, Yuri seemed to be in a better mood. Brendan had a faint smile on his face as he observed her expression through the rearview mirror from time to time. Finally, he felt he had done something right, which was reflected in his mental state. For the first time in a long while, he had found peace.

Unfortunately, when he was sneaking looks at her through the mirror again, two cars suddenly rushed out on both sides of the road. He couldn't hit the brake in time, so he turned the steering wheel with all his might to prevent the cars from crashing straight into Yuri's side.

But by doing so, the cars collided on Brendan's side head-on.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 884

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 884-Just as Yuri reached out to punch him, Brendan caught her fist in his palm.

There was a sense of serenity in his gaze when he looked at her solemnly. "You've promised me whether it was a lie or a joke. A man never goes back on his words, so don't even think of ditching me again."

She twisted her wrist but couldn't break free as she instinctively retorted, "So what? I'm a woman and not a man. So, it doesn't count."

Brendan frowned as the strength of his hands increased unconsciously. "Are you trying to go back on your words? I won't allow it!"

Yuri sighed helplessly before tugging him. "Get up. I'll take you to the hospital."

His grip on her remained tight as he stubbornly remained where he was.

He would rather die than return to the state when their relationship was still up in the air.

Yuri had no choice but to surrender. "I won't take back my words if you follow me obediently, okay?"

Brendan was stunned for a moment, released his hand, and nodded like a child. "Okay."

Despite the clinic being a few minutes away by car, Yuri dragged Brendan for more than half an hour.

After he got himself checked out by the doctor and received IV treatment, the nurse came to treat Brendan's wound.

The nurse handled the wound efficiently like it was no big deal, which was a huge contrast as Brendan was in so much pain that he couldn't keep himself from squirming.

Yuri couldn't stand it and took responsibility. "I have experience in this, so let me handle it. You should go and take a rest, nurse."

"Alright, if there's anything, just call me." The nurse yawned and went back to the lounge.

Yuri found a stool, placed the tray aside, and carefully applied ointment on Brendan.

Brendan's eyes never left her figure. After a while, he couldn't help but ask, "Who took care of you when you were sick during all those years when abroad?"

"I don't usually get sick, but I rely on myself when I am sick. Unfortunately, people with poor fortune can't count on outsiders," Yuri said lightly.

"You can rely on me from now on." Brendan said seriously, "You have to remember you are no longer alone anymore, ouch-"

Before he finished speaking, Yuri accidentally touched the wound. It hurt so much that he inhaled sharply.

"Sorry," Yuri apologized immediately. She looked at his furrowed brows and teased, "Designer Brendan, you should look after yourself first."

Brendan's eyes flickered; he did not answer as if he recalled something.

After Yuri bandaged him up, she accompanied him into the ward. Soon, the two fell asleep.

The day after tomorrow, Brendan woke up and allowed the nurse to remove the syringe. Then, he carried Yuri to the bed and dialed Alexander's number in a phone he had borrowed from the nurse.

"I have some issues here..." Brendan explained what had occurred last night.

"Where are you guys now?" Alexander inquired sharply.

"At her hometown's clinic, it's no big deal, but the other party was obviously prepared. I'm just warning you because I'm worried they have other arrangements." Brendan said calmly.

"I see. Just be back as soon as possible."

After Brendan talked to him for some time, both brothers hung up.

"What happened?" Elise came over with two glasses of wine and handed one to Alexander.

"I think Wendy Jennings must have her eyes on Brendan." Alexander looked solemn.

"As there are only a handful of top fashion designers in the country, and Brendan is the best among them, so it makes sense to be targeted. Is he okay?" Elise asked.

"He was safe and sound," Alexander said.

Elise nodded and carefully pondered things over. "First Jamie, now Brendan. It looks like Wendy is bound to win the designer selection this time, but she is a little too eager to win by simply firing off one shot after another."

"Being enthusiastic is not bad, but being insufficiently eager makes her more prone to mistakes. The alleged errors occur when people are preoccupied. Our strategies will be more effective the more specific Wendy's objectives are." Alexander's eyes were piercing like that of a master tactician.

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This is the most exclusive venue in the capital. The attendees were either wealthy or of noble lineage; some of them were renowned designers who had recently achieved significant success in the fashion industry.

The prince and princess were surrounded by people the moment they entered.

Some wanted fame; some wanted to network, and so on... Suffice to say, everyone had their own motives behind friendly smiles and polished courtesies.

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She looked around and locked her eyes on Brendan, who was entirely out of sorts. Then, she swooped in like a hawk locking onto its prey.

"Designer Brendan, what a pleasure." Wendy reached out for a handshake.

Brendan looked up, and his eyes grew ferocious and menacing as he saw her face. Nevertheless, he could not afford to cause a scene, so the only tells of his fraying temper were his hands balling into fists as his nails bit into the palm of his hands.

Wendy's hand hung in the air for a moment, and then she withdrew it calmly. "I heard that Designer Brendan had gotten back with his first love. Isn't this worth celebrating?"

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Wendy gave Brendan a deep look and walked away with her assistant.

Recommended Novels

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Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 886-When Wendy and her assistant left, Brendan finally relaxed.

"How did I do?" he asked as he nudged Alexander playfully.

"The anxiety of being threatened, the drama of choosing to betray your family easily got you three points for being such a talented actor! You should have joined Jack in showbiz."

"Oh, very funny!" Brendan shook his head, turned around, and placed his wine glass down. 'My scenes are over. Let's go.'

"A rising star shouldn't be leaving his play this early!" Alexander teased him.

"I can assure you that if Elise were waiting for you at home right now, you'd get yourself kicked out faster than me." Brendan purposely picked on him.

"Forget what I said. Just see yourself out."

Brendan smiled cheekily. Then, he donned his anxious mask and departed from the party.

Not long after he left, Simon called Alexander over.

"Your highnesses, this is Mr. Alexander from Smith Co. I trust that we will be able to produce more than satisfactory designs for the competition!" Simon introduced him proudly.

Alexander nodded his head politely as a way of greeting.

"Really?" Prince Caleb was hooked as he questioned, "Perhaps we would have the honor of meeting the representative of Smith Co.?"

Wendy, who wasn't far away, quirked her lips into a subtle smile.

She had seen Brendan leave the building. So, she would just love to see what Alexander could pull out of his sleeves now.

"I apologize, Prince Caleb. Unfortunately, our company's representative hasn't been feeling well. So I sent him home to rest to be able to participate in the competition in his best condition." Alexander explained confidently.

He spoke with an air of self-assurance, so it was easy enough for him to earn the trust of the prince and princess.

"Don't worry about it. The people's health always comes first. Please give our salutations to Mr. Griffith. We truly wish your genius designer a speedy recovery." Prince Caleb said, as he was of gentle nature and wasn't about to make things difficult for Alexander.

"Is Amy the designer of Smith Co.?" Princess Diana asked. Even though her Mandarin was poor, she asked excitedly before switching back to her mother tongue. "You know what, she's the best designer! If Amy is going to compete, it couldn't be any more perfect!"

The Amy she's talking about is actually Elise Sinclair!

But, of course, Alexander will not reveal his trump card this early. Therefore, as an attempt to smooth things over, "As the wise had said, the waves behind drive on those before. Amy's reign has already passed, and there is now an endless stream of excellent designers in Cittadel. I'm sure there will definitely be someone who will make the princess shine!"

"Okay, then I'm eager to meet the new rising star in fashion design." Princess Diana chimed in enthusiastically.

Wendy came up to Alexander and decided to interrupt their friendly chat.

"Prince Caleb, with all due respect, the champions of Princeton University design competition are over this way. However, if your highnesses don't mind, I would like to give you a tour." Wendy cut in with a friendly smile.

"Yeah, we don't mind. We will be able to see the most outstanding designer! Madam, will you please lead the way?" Princess Diana promptly said, utterly intrigued.

"Right this way, your highnesses!" Wendy stood aside with her cane to allow them to pass.

Prince Caleb led Princess Diana to the main entrance.

Wendy turned to leave on her high heels but turned to Alexander with a sly smile, "Sorry for stealing your thunder, Alexander. I'll definitely let you have it next time. If there's a next time."

"Don't worry. The wind blows both ways. Since you're the elder, you ought to have the first pick. On the bright side, the royal highnesses will see my brother's incomparable work of art after your grand tour. I should be thanking you for giving us this opportunity!" Alexander replied nonchalantly.

Wendy shook her head in contempt.

Elise was gone, and Brendan was her pawn. Yet, Alexander was still immersed in the fantasy of his own making, where he still had a fighting chance.

"I hope that you'll be able to have the last laugh!"

Call her petty; although she knew that victory was hers, she refused to allow Alexander to have the last say. So, she held on to her assistant's arm and turned to follow the prince and princess' footsteps.

The royal guard walked over briskly after she left. He quickly tucked a business card into Alexander's hand and continued his duty to chaperone the prince and princess.

Alexander read the card and saved the number into his contacts. His face was expressionless as he put the business card away as if nothing had happened then he headed back to the party.

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Meanwhile, Jamie ate his supplements heartily despite being a patient confined to his private ward. Julius and Arthur sat at his bedside with grim looks. Despite remaining silent, they were thinking about similar things.

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Elisa was gone, and Brandan was her pawn. Yet, Alaxandar was still immersed in the fantasy of his own making, where he still had a fighting chance.

"I hope that you'll be able to have the last laugh!"

Call her patty; although she knew that victory was hers, she refused to allow Alaxandar to have the last say. So, she held on to her assistant's arm and turned to follow the prince and princess' footsteps.

The royal guard walked over briskly after she left. He quickly tucked a business card into Alaxandar's hand and continued his duty to accompany the prince and princess.

Alaxandar read the card and saved the number into his contacts. His face was expressionless as he put the business card away as if nothing had happened than he headed back to the party.

...

Meanwhile, Jamie and his suppliants heartily despise being a patient confined to his private ward. Julius and Arthur sat at his bedside with grim looks. Despise remaining silent, they were thinking about similar things.

They both know Elise's secret account in Dragonweiss, and no one else can access that account besides her. No one had been able to since she disappeared seven years ago.

However, when Jamie got into an accident, Elise's account mysteriously came back to life. They were both worried about Boss' safety yet terrified that her account had been hacked. Everything happened one after another, which made it difficult for them to voice their concerns.

Initially, they intended to visit Jamie at the hospital to discuss the situation. Yet, when they walked into the ward, there sat a man who was so cheerful that it was highly suspicious.

Julius and Arthur sat for around ten minutes, then turned to look at each other. Then, finally, they both exchanged a glance, stood up in sync, and trapped Jamie.

"Explain yourself! Did you sell our Boss out to save your life?!"

The door of the ward swung open as the words left his mouth, and in came Elise wearing the mask of Anastasia White.

She raised a brow when her eyes laid on such an interesting scene. "What are you guys doing?"

Julius and Arthur didn't expect a stranger to participate in a Dragonweiss meeting. At that moment, they scrambled for an excuse to divert the stranger's attention.

Jamie used that distraction to shove the two men off him. After the successful attempt, he began to cuss them out, "Hey, how could you question me like this? The boss saved me. I, Jamie Keller, will never sell out my boss. Are your brains there for decorations? Hm? Where is it? Did a pig eat them? Or were my snacks actually your brains?"

Elise facepalmed, "Do you even think before you speak?"

Jamie sheepishly scratched his forehead and looked at them innocently. "Hehe, it's my mistake. I'm a patient, you know. You can't hold this against me."

Elise looked at him, tilted her chin up, then pointed quietly at Arthur beside him.

Jamie immediately made an OK gesture with his hands quietly, then cleared his throat, "From now on, Anastasia White is the new boss of Dragonweiss and will be welcomed warmly with applause!"

As soon as Jamie finished his announcement, Arthur and Julius made eye contact, confused. In the whole ward, there was only applause coming from Jamie himself. It soon quieted down, and the atmosphere turned awkward.

Arthur didn't bother hiding his hostility as he snarled, "There is only on

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 887

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 887-"Jamie, what kind of sick joke are you pulling?" Julius' expression was just as nasty.

Anastasia was now Alexander's new love, so she wasn't a stranger to Julius. Yet, Julius only knew a tad bit about the other party's connection.

She could be like other women who replaced Mrs. Griffith, but that never meant that she could replace Elise and lead Dragonweiss.

“I’m not kidding,” Jamie continued, as though he was not afraid of death. “We have already been without a leader for such a long time, so it’s high time for someone to take us to new heights. Miss White is powerful, so this position is hers!”

As he spoke, he didn’t forget to gaze at Elise, acting as though he was utterly smitten.

There wouldn’t be any issues now that she had masked her true identity. Since her life was full of hope, how could he not worship her?

Arthur narrowed his eyes at his words and could barely reign in his murderous aura. “I won’t stop you if you want to betray us, but only Elise can give me orders. Since we don’t share the same principles, we’ll go our separate ways today. So don’t look for me anymore!”

At that, Arthur turned and walked toward the door of the ward.

When he passed Elise, she hurriedly removed her voice disguise and used her original tone to address him. “Are you leaving me too, Arthur?”

He stopped in his tracks. It was as if someone had pressed his acupuncture point; he froze on the spot. His eyes even widened to the size of saucers when his mind registered just to who the owner of this voice belonged.

Although it took Arthur a long time to regain his composure, he saw Elise’s wise eyes when he turned his head.

Sure, that familiar voice and gaze were definitely Elise, but why did she hide it under another identity?

A while later, Arthur suddenly realized something and excitedly grabbed her arm. “Boss, it’s you, right? You’re back!!!”

I can’t be wrong. Seven years ago, Mr. Griffith showed himself as Kenneth Bailey, and now Elise has done the same!

Before Julius could react, Arthur immediately hugged Elise. “I knew it. You are still alive. You won’t abandon us, and I waited. This is awesome...”

As he spoke, he burst into tears.

Since he was afraid of appearing weak, he quickly released her and turned away to pretend to straighten his hair while taking the opportunity to dry his tears.

Yet, he still couldn't escape Jamie's sly eyes. "F*ck. Arthur, you are crying! You are so weak, hahaha!"

Apart from Arthur, even Julius was close to tears.

"Shut up!" Arthur knew that he had been tricked, but he only dared to attack Jamie and tried his best to regain the rest of his dignity, "What do you know? My eyes were blinded by sand!"

"Oh, really. There's sand in a VIP ward? The hospital must be slipping." Jamie pursed his lips in mock disgust. "No matter what, you don't have what it takes to be a man. I didn't shed even a single tear when I recognized our Boss."

"Come on, if you want to play tricks, forget about tears. I'll punch your lights out!"

The two went back and forth with their banter for a while as it livened the atmosphere, but it was still causing a commotion.

"Cut it out," Elise interrupted. "Let's get down to business. I didn't come back to reconcile with you all. I have things to discuss."

"Just say the word, Boss. We'll try our best to fulfill it!" An enthusiastic Julius was eager to prove his worth.

"We can finally fight together again!" Arthur said with feeling.

Elise was rather touched, but she was aware that it was not the time to celebrate. So, she had to remain calm instead.

"For the next period of time, our opponent is Wendy Jennings, someone considered to be at the top of the world of physics. Apart from her own power, we need to deal with the corruption that protects those involved. Our actions must be highly confidential, and everyone will only take orders from me. I will distribute the respective tasks separately via an encrypted file. Everyone has to complete their tasks within the specified time successfully. Any questions?"

"Nope." Arthur patted his chest and promised, "As long as you are here, we'll be fine!"

"Yeah. We've been working hard for so long. Once we've brought down the organization, you guys can rest."

...

By the time Alexander returned home, Elise had showered and changed into her pajamas.

She got up to help him change when she spotted him coming in. "Did everything go well at the banquet tonight?"

"I did get something good out of it." Alexander took a business card from his pocket and handed it to her.

Elise glanced at it before frowning. "Mack Thompson? Isn't that Prince Caleb's bodyguard? He doesn't have a good reputation."

"That's why I don't plan on working with him." Alexander strode over to the bar and poured himself a glass of warm water.

Elise paused in thought before joining him at the bar. She sat down opposite him and leaned against the counter as she stared at him with gleaming eyes. "Are you thinking about linking him up with Wendy?"

"My wife knows me well." Alexander leaned in and gazed at her fondly as he shared his game plan. "No matter how strong your opponent is, they will still run themselves to ruin if they have a foolish ally who bogs them down."

Elise nudged his chin a little coyly. "Wendy might not choose to work with someone you've ruled out."

"That's true." Alexander nodded in agreement, but he still had a look of confidence. "But the world works in mysterious ways. Something completely ordinary can become high in demand if enough people compete over it. As long as I leave a trail of crumbs, I'm sure someone will take the bait."

"Mack Thompson is an insatiable man. So you need to be extremely careful when you deal with them, or you might end up stuck with him," Elise cautioned.

"Don't worry." Alexander held her hand in his as he promised solemnly, "I won't let us end up with the short end of the stick, Ellie."

The love and adoration in their eyes as they stared at one another ignited their hearts, and the fire in their hearts seemed to have affected the room's temperature.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

All of a sudden, someone started knocking on their door. It effectively destroyed the mood, and they had to douse the flame.

Elise went to answer the door. She saw Chubs and Irvin standing outside. The former hung his head low while the latter was fuming. It was clear that they had gotten into a fight.

She crouched down and addressed Chubs first. "What happened? Can you tell me?"

Chubs handed over the exercise book in his hand before complaining, "Irvin didn't keep his promise. We agreed that I'll receive a dessert as a reward for every exercise book I complete, but he won't let me eat it now."

Elise frowned. The pitiful look on his face brought out her sympathy. He must be so upset after having his hopes dashed.

Alexander came over and looked at Irvin. "What's going on?"

Irvin pouted in frustration and rolled his eyes at Chubs. "Real men don't snitch."

Chubs hung his head even lower as his chubby fingers began to fidget nervously.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 888

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 888-Elise felt that he was being too pushy and asked sternly, "Let me ask you this. Who's the reason why things have come to this? Would this have happened if you had kept your word? You didn't do what you should've done in the first place, so why do you expect others to tolerate your mistake?"

Irvin looked a little shamefaced, but he stood by his reasoning. "It's been several days since we agreed that he could get a dessert as a reward if he finished his workbook, and we shouldn't be holding to the same old standard. People should constantly strive to do better instead of holding to the lowest passable standard and feeling good about themselves when they have achieved it. I'm only doing this for his own good."

"But... you didn't tell me about this beforehand." Chubs was so aggrieved that his eyes were red.

"That's because you don't hold yourself to any form of expectations. Didn't you notice that Specky has progressed twice as much as you have? You have eyes, too, you know." Irvin was a little furious and didn't hold back with his sharp remark.

Chubs had nothing to say. He slowly lowered his head as the situation became a stalemate.

After giving it some thought, Elise decided to be the mediator. "None of you is in the wrong. Why don't I decide how we can resolve this?"

Neither one of the boys answered.

“I’ll take your silence as your agreement, then.” She decided with a smile. “Alright, here’s what I think. Chubs has just completed the first stage, so he gets to have a dessert as a reward. From now on, it’s time for him to begin the next stage of his learning progress. If he finishes the task within the time Irvin has set, he gets another dessert as a reward!

“However, he won’t get the reward if he fails to finish the task, and Irvin will make adjustments to the tasks as well. Chubs will get a reward each time he meets expectations and a small punishment if he doesn’t. Either way, from now on, the process must be fair and transparent. You need to discuss things calmly instead of fighting. Understood?”

Chubs nodded eagerly. “Understood!”

“What about you, Irvin?” Elise made a funny face in the hopes that Irvin would give in.

However, he turned away in a huff. While he neither agreed nor objected, it was clear from his body language that he wasn’t satisfied with the outcome at all.

“I’ll take Chubs down for his reward then, yeah?”

Elise tested the waters by standing up, and after noting Irvin’s lack of response, she took Chubs downstairs.

Once they disappeared down the stairs, Alexander spoke up. “Are you dissatisfied with the way Mommy has resolved this?”

Irvin stubbornly looked off into the distance without denying it.

“Do you think Mommy’s favoring an outsider?” Alexander raised his voice and took on a more severe tone. “Answer me.”

“Well, isn’t she?” Irvin replied exasperatedly.

“It seems to me that you don’t think you’ve done anything wrong,” Alexander remarked coolly.

“What did I do wrong? It’s not my fault he’s not very intelligent.” Irvin glared at Alexander in discontent.

“But you already knew he wasn’t very intelligent when you met him. You’re the one who chose to be friends with him, so you’re also responsible for not doing a good job of teaching him. Being someone who is capable isn’t the only requirement to become a great person; you also need to have the courage to take on responsibility instead of pushing it onto others. Doing that will only hinder how far you can go in life.” Alexander gave his true, earnest advice.

Irvin let out a sigh. "But he's too dumb. Am I supposed to waste so much time on him every day?"

Alexander crouched down and placed a hand on Irvin's shoulder. He looked his son straight in the eye and said, "You have to know that people aren't required to be intelligent before they can have friends. Oftentimes, a person's character is far more important than the number of mathematical questions he can solve."

Irvin became thoughtful after hearing that, and after a long while, he bowed to Alexander. "I think I know where I went wrong."

With that, he turned back to his study with a solemn expression.

Half an hour later, the door to the study creaked open slowly.

Chubs stuck his head in and peered into the room. When he saw that Irvin was standing on the balcony with his back to everyone, he opened the door just a little bit wider so that he could squeeze in. Then, he bent down and tiptoed toward his desk.

Specky spotted Chubs and was about to greet him, but Chubs shushed him.

Chubs wiped the sweat off his brow as he glared at Specky in vexation. "Are you trying to get me into trouble?!"

After finally making it to his desk, he was about to pull the chair out when Irvin turned around all of a sudden. The two boys looked straight at each other.

"Hehe." Chubs chuckled sheepishly before apologizing, "I'm sorry, Irvin. I played with Lexi for a bit before coming over. As for the cake, I only ate one slice. Just one! I didn't eat more than that!"

Irvin quietly stared at Chubs. He had a serious, complicated look in his eyes that made him look like a grown-up instead of a young boy.

Chubs noticed the awkward atmosphere. He started sweating again as he averted his eyes guiltily.

At long last, Irvin's boyish, decisive voice rang out. "Look at me, Chubs."

Chubs gulped and mustered the courage to look at Irvin. He was trembling a little, and his hands fidgeted beside him.

It had been the same ever since the day he met Irvin. Although they were the same age, whenever Irvin became serious, the aura that emanated from him would make Chubs feel compelled to submit to him.

“As the saying goes, birds of a feather flock together. In order to be friends, we need to be like-minded people who have the same interests and values. That’s how we can form a lifelong friendship without ever turning away from each other. I don’t like being complacent. I will always strive to do my absolute best in every situation, and I expect the people around me to be the same so that we can get along easily.

- “Being my friend means that every day will become even harder than the day before. You can leave now if that scares you. We’ll still be friends, but I won’t force you to do anything you don’t like.”
- Irvin finished and stood there calmly to wait for Chubs’ response.
- Chubs scratched his head and thought about it for ages before trying to negotiate. “Can I... I mean, can you make adjustments to the task once a week instead? Make it fewer and further between?”
- Irvin sighed in disappointment. Although this wasn’t the answer he wanted to hear, he had to act as if he wasn’t affected by it. “Sure. Anyway, you can go home now.”
- He doesn’t need to work hard anyway. I expected too much from him. Chubs’ eyes lit up. Is he making it up to me? Is he letting me go home early because of our fight today?
- “Okay.”
- Despite feeling overjoyed, Chubs didn’t dare to let his happiness show. He got his bag and walked out the door as told.
- However, he started singing cheerfully once he walked out the main door.
- He had no idea that as a result of his lack of discernment, Irvin, who was still upstairs, endured the pain of having a friend walk out on him for the first time.
- ...
- Wendy led Prince Caleb and Princess Diana to a Victorian-style building.
- The hall was grand and brightly lit. Everything was already set up, and once they took their seats, the models began coming down the runway to start the fashion show of clothing that was yet revealed to the public.
- Every single article of clothing the models were wearing was the proudest creation recently designed by the renowned designers that Wendy had found. Tens of the latest trends and ideas from the top designers in the world all gathered together on the stage in a series of bold, dazzling clashes.
- However, the wondrous feast for the eyes did not seem to pique the royal couple’s interests. Their expressions remained lackluster throughout.
- In fact, by the time the last model finished her walk, the look on Princess Diana’s face was the most scathing it could possibly be.
- As soon as the music stopped, Prince Caleb rose from his seat in relief. “Okay. It’s over, right? We can leave now, yes?”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 889

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 889-“I feel the same way,” Princess Diana declared.

The royal couple felt as if they had been cheated.

The so-called top-notch designs that would astound the world were nothing more than a ploy to trick them.

Wendy was quick-witted enough to know that she had made a blunder. She quickly started apologizing, "I'm so sorry for disappointing you, Your Highnesses. I wanted to prepare a surprise just for you, but I never thought that these designers didn't take it seriously at all. They even tricked me with these designs that aren't even fit to be presented on the runway."

"You don't need to feel bad about it, Miss Jennings. We felt your sincerity. Even though the clothes weren't amazing, they were still good enough to be considered high fashion. Perhaps, it's just us who couldn't enjoy it because of our exacting tastes."

Prince Caleb didn't want to end on a sour note on his first day here, so he decided not to hold it against Wendy.

"I respectfully disagree, Your Highness. It's my fault for not being a good host. There's nothing I can say to defend myself. If it's alright with the two of you, could you tell me what kind of designs you favor? I'll plan an even better fashion show for you later on, and I'm sure it will please you, Your Highnesses." Wendy sounded unquestioningly sincere.

"If I must put it into words, then... The designs must be magical and romantic, full of liveliness and surprise. At the end of the day, the designs must mesmerize the audience," Princess Diana described enthusiastically. She glanced at the models on the stage and frowned. "Either way, I didn't get that feeling from any one of the designs on these models."

It was always hard to describe something as conceptual as feeling, so Princess Diana's response didn't help much at all.

After mulling it over carefully, Wendy finally took a sketch from her assistant and held it out to Princess Diana. "Your Highness, may I know if this design is to your liking?"

The design came from Brendan's atelier. It was a wedding gown that Elise had designed for Faye.

Princess Diana's eyes lit up as soon as she saw the design. "Actually, this is exactly the kind of feeling I'm looking for! Goodness me! If I'd seen this design sooner, I would've worn it at my wedding! And look here. It even has Amy's signature! I've found her at last!"

Wendy finally got the answer she'd been looking for. Elise was Amy, just as she'd suspected.

Well, what a pity that neither Amy nor Elise are still here.

“So, Amy is one of your design representatives, Miss Jennings? What a coincidental twist of fate! This must be the surprise you prepared for us, right?” Princess Diana grabbed Wendy’s hand in excitement like an overjoyed kid.

Wendy chuckled along awkwardly. “Yeah. What a coincidence indeed.”

“Where’s Amy, then? Let’s go and meet her.” Prince Caleb had heard his wife talking about Amy for ages now. He couldn’t wait to meet the designer in person.

For a moment, Wendy didn’t know what to say. She stared blankly at the royal couple for a few seconds before coming up with a flimsy excuse. “Unfortunately, Amy... She’s also sick.”

“How very odd.” Princess Diana looked troubled. “Mr. Griffith’s representative is sick, and now, Amy too?”

It was a somewhat unbelievable excuse. Wendy tried to think of a way to overcome this when her assistant answered on her behalf.

“It’s the flu, Your Highnesses. It’s been going around lately here in Cittadel, and a lot of people have caught it. Please do be careful and avoid getting it, too.”

“I see.” Prince Caleb was innocent enough to believe the lie. “What a pity. Do let us know right away when Amy has recovered. We’d like to see her as soon as possible!”

“I will,” Wendy promised. “I’m sure Amy will recover soon enough. I will tell her that the two of you send her your good wishes, Your Highnesses.”

“Tell Amy the brand’s hers if she’s willing to participate in the selection!” Princess Diana declared excitedly.

“Yes, I will definitely pass your message along!”

...

It was Sunday again.

Alexander brought Elise with him to an artisanal cafe that belonged to his company to meet Mack, Prince Caleb’s bodyguard.

Mack was already there when they arrived.

“Sorry to have kept you waiting.” Alexander went forward to greet Mack.

Mack stood up to greet back. “It’s alright. Please, take a seat.”

Seeing that Alexander brought a woman with him, Mack couldn't resist asking, "Who's this?"

"The future Mrs. Griffith." Alexander wrapped his arm around Elise's shoulder in a public display of affection.

"Oh. Well, the two of you look good together." Mack chuckled.

He knew that rich men in Cittadel loved fooling around with women. The rumors had spread to Yveltalia as well, so he didn't believe that this woman was truly going to be Alexander's wife. He simply said a few words out of courtesy.

"Thank you," Elise replied with a faint smile before pulling her makeup out of her purse to fulfill her role as an airheaded female companion.

Mack eyed her perceptively. Now, he was even more convinced that she was just an airhead whose only job was to look pretty and began to regard her derisively.

"Did you ask to meet me because you have something you wish to say, Mr. Thompson?" Alexander drew Mack's attention back to him.

"Oh, yeah. That's right. I wanted to talk business with you, but..." Mack paused and hinted that Elise shouldn't be listening in on what he was about to say.

However, Alexander had no intention of chasing her away. "It's fine. My woman listens to me. You can say anything you want, Mr. Thompson. I can guarantee that no one else apart from the three of us will know about it."

Since Alexander gave his word, Mack leaned back into the couch and crossed his legs carelessly.

"I won't beat around the bush, then. I can help you win the bid for the brand collaboration between the two countries, Mr. Griffith. It'll save you a lot of effort if you choose to work with me."

Alexander took a sip of coffee with a faint smile before commenting slowly, "Tell me what your terms are, Mr. Thompson."

"So, you're a straightforward man too, Mr. Griffith. I'll be frank, then. I want half of the profits from the brand, but of course, it won't be all for me. I'd need to grease the palm of quite a few people back in my country to ensure that the deal goes off without a hitch," Mack explained in all seriousness.

Alexander swirled the coffee in his cup with an indifferent expression on his face. "Half the profits, huh? Are the people at Smith Co. supposed to go unpaid, then?"

“You shouldn’t be saying such a silly thing when you’re the top businessman here in Cittadel, Mr. Griffith. You can always fudge the numbers reported to finance on both sides and increase retail prices. Won’t you be making enough then?” Mack flexed his knuckles and tapped the table with a sly smile.

Alexander set his cup down and looked at Mack with a grim expression. “The brand was conceptualized as one that would benefit both nation’s citizens. How many of them would be able to afford the products if we do what you suggest, Mr. Thompson?”

Mack’s smile froze, and his eyes flashed dangerously. “Are you trying to talk about business ethics, Mr. Griffith? Can you swear on your life that you’ve accomplished everything you have without ever resorting to any trickery? Benefiting the citizens? You and I both know that’s just all talk. Don’t tell me that a fashion brand can change the citizens’ lives. What a joke!”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 890

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 890-Sensing that things were becoming a little tense, Elise cut in sharply.

“Here in Cittadel, we have a saying that goes, every mile starts with a single step. The more unlikely and hopeless something seems, the more we need people to bear the responsibility of taking up the challenge. If everyone avoids doing it because it seems unreachable, then the citizens will be filled with resentment. How will there be peace in the country?”

Mack’s eyes flickered. He didn’t respond right away, but he seemed to be considering the validity of Elise’s statement.

After a brief pause, a smile returned to his face as if nothing had happened. Flattery rolled off his tongue with great ease. “I’m moved by how patriotic the two of you are. You know, I often show the most admiration for people who have a heart for society. How about this? I will only take 40% of the profits. The two of you can use the remaining 10% on my behalf for charity. What do you think?”

“That works,” Alexander started with a smile, but his words took a vastly different turn before Mack could start celebrating. “If Smith Co. takes charge of the brand, I will personally decide to give you 10% of the profits so that you can report to those back home.”

Mack’s smile vanished as his eyes filled with hostility once more. “10%?! You must be kidding, Mr. Griffith!”

“You’re the one who started the joke,” Alexander replied, unphased.

Mack straightened up as he fumed with a threatening air. "I had to overcome all sorts of objections before most of the decision-makers back at Yveltalia were willing to relinquish control of the brand. Is this how you repay me, Mr. Griffith? 10%? How am I supposed to go back with such a measly amount of money?! How outrageous!"

Slam!

He smashed his hand on the table, and the servers standing further back all jumped in alarm.

They heard that those in the upper class cared a lot about their conduct in public, so they never expected such a bad-tempered customer today. All at once, they started reminding themselves to be even more cautious when serving him.

Alexander glanced at the table before looking up at Mack and commenting airily, "Everyone knows this is a very profitable venture. Why would you be willing to hand over the brand to someone else if Yveltalia could handle the brand themselves, Mr. Thompson? You only chose to do so because you're aware there aren't any suitable talents among the designers in Yveltalia. The brand will undoubtedly fall into the hands of the Cittadelians, but here you are, trying to use something that belongs to the Cittadelians to curry favor with your people back home. Clearly, you're a lot shrewder when it comes to business than I am."

Feeling somewhat humiliated that Alexander had seen right through him, Mack stubbornly retorted, "Yes, Cittadelians are most likely going to win the bid, but it doesn't mean you'll get to enjoy it all yourself! I doubt it'd be that easy for you to have the whole pie to yourself if I don't put in a good word for you in front of the Prince and Princess so that you get their support!"

"Well, we don't like it when things are too easy anyway," Elise commented mysteriously. "When it comes to business, we Cittadelians care about sincerity the most. We don't work with those who aren't sincere. If you wish to work with other Cittadelians in the future, Mr. Thompson, it'd be best if you're prepared to be honest."

"I don't need a woman like you to tell me how I should communicate with others." Mack didn't bother to listen to her. "You can be pleased with yourselves now, but you won't be for long. You're not my only choice. Soon, you'll find out that rejecting me was a terrible decision!"

Pissing him off wasn't the couple's ultimate goal. Alexander and Elise started changing their tune once they saw that Mack was furious.

"Truth be told, I do wish to work with you, Mr. Thompson. It'd be great if you're willing to show us a little more consideration and accept the cut of the profits that I offered earlier." Alexander pretended to try and make an appeal. He tugged on Elise's dress under the table.

Elise got the hint at once and played along with him. "That's right, Mr. Thompson. Smith Co. is the front-runner among all those in the running here in Cittadel. Working with us is your best choice. Why don't you just agree to it now? You can think of it as making a friend."

"Letting the two of you do charity at my expense? I'm afraid that's not a friendship I can accept!"

Mack rejected them outright and marched out of the cafe.

"Don't go, Mr. Thompson! We can still discuss the terms if you're not satisfied. How about 15%? Or a fifth? Even 25% is alright!"

Elise pretended to go after him, but Mack paid no heed to her.

Once he was out of the cafe, Elise grinned and turned to Alexander. She shrugged her shoulders and lamented, "Oh, my. We couldn't come to an agreement. What should we do now?"

Alexander got up and pulled her into his arms. "Isn't that exactly what you wanted, Mrs. Griffith?"

She ran her finger along his chin playfully. "Likewise."

From now on, in Mack's eyes, the two of them were cunning businesspeople who wanted to have their cake and eat it too.

...

It was evening, and Brendan arrived home with a few exquisite gift bags in his hands.

As soon as he walked into the house, he saw Wendy sitting on the couch in the living room with her assistants spread out all over. Yuri was sitting stiffly beside Wendy and started giving him pointed looks as soon as she saw him.

No one would show up just like that for no reason. Brendan knew that Wendy was here with ill intentions.

"You didn't beat me up enough the last time, so you're back to do it again?" He glared at Wendy.

"You don't need to be so hostile. My people went too far last time, so I'm here to apologize and see how you're recovering." Wendy pretended to express her concern.

"Stop beating around the bush. Just tell me what you want." Brendan didn't want to waste time dealing with her.

“Sure enough, the men of the Griffiths are all pretty smart. Well, I’ll get to it then. Before the selection process officially begins, you need to find a few of Amy’s one-of-a-kind designs and make some changes to them to make them better, and then give them to me so that I can get your name out there in front of Prince Caleb and Princess Diana,” she said.

“I’m willing to come up with a few new designs, but I won’t plagiarize someone else’s work. How’s that any different from stealing? I won’t do it.” Brendan abided by his professional ethics.

Wendy wasn’t affected by his claims. Her haughty gaze slowly flickered downward until it landed on the bags in his hands. “Such exquisite gift bags. One look and I can tell that you must’ve chosen some things for the baby. A baby with your and Miss Fox’s DNA would surely be adorable. You wouldn’t want the baby to lose his or her life before they even get to see the world, right?”

Children would always be their parents’ weakness.

However, the one that Brendan truly cared about was Yuri. He only cared about the baby because the baby was hers.

Wendy didn’t know that, and he wasn’t planning on enlightening her, so he played along.

He balled his fists and clenched his jaw, acting as if he were infuriated. “If you do anything to Yuri or the baby, I’ll make sure you’ll never get what you want, even if it means taking my own life!”

Wendy stood up and scoffed derisively. “I know you’re not afraid of dying, but I wonder if you’re afraid of seeing them die in front of you.”

Recommended Novels