

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 891

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 891-Brendan felt as if all the rage in him had instantly disintegrated. Yet, he was still filled with hatred as he clenched his fists so hard that his knuckles cracked in response to the force of his muscles.

“That’s right. That’s the expression I’m looking for,” Wendy uttered with a pleased look on her face. “Rage is the primary driver for creativity and destruction. You can do it. Is one week enough?”

He lowered his head in denial. “It requires some skill and time to imitate someone else’s work, not to mention that Prince Caleb and Princess Diana are experienced individuals—they have high standards. One week is way too short. Are you trying to make me come up with some horrendous designs so that I make a fool out of myself?”

“Ten days, then,” she insisted with finality. “I’ll be waiting for your good news.”

With that, she led her people out of the room.

Yuri followed behind and shut the door before locking it from the inside. She then jogged back and apologized to Brendan, “I’m sorry. You wouldn’t have been forced to do these things you don’t like if it weren’t for me.”

“It’s fine. This allows us to stall things for a while,” he uttered dismissively.

Then, he pulled out a delicate pair of princess shoes from the gift bag. “Look at this! Is it nice? I bought this for our daughter,” he said excitedly.

The shoes were glittery, and there were handmade ribbons attached to the straps of the shoes. The tiny yet detailed designs made Yuri fall in love with them instantly.

“It’s gorgeous.” The worry in Yuri’s eyes disappeared as she happily took the shoes into her hands to look at them.

After a while, she seemed to recall something.

“What if it’s a boy?” She turned and looked at Brendan in puzzlement.

“We can buy another pair of shoes once the child is born.” He was still grinning as he put the shoes away. “Anyway, I hope it’s a girl. Better yet, one looks just like you. That way, I’d have two precious princesses in the house.”

Yuri eyed him speechlessly.

...

Monday came in the blink of an eye. Specky arrived at the Griffith Residence after class was over. He was in the midst of an educational game when he started sighing.

“What is it? Is it too hard?” Irvin figured that his friend might not have adapted to the fast pace of the game.

“No, it’s fine.” Specky turned around to look at Irvin before hanging his head low and throwing his hands up dejectedly. “It just feels like something’s missing. Perhaps, things have been too peaceful the past few days.”

Chubs was not around, and the room was oddly silent when it was just Specky and Irvin who were present.

Irvin looked at the seat Chubs usually sat thoughtfully. A rather conflicted look surfaced in his eyes before he gathered his emotions and turned to look at Specky with a calmer expression. “We all have to be responsible for our choices. You should focus.”

Specky didn’t seem to understand what Irvin meant entirely, but he nodded and did as he was told anyway.

“I got it,” Specky muttered obediently. He had just turned back to his device when the door was thrown open all of a sudden.

Chubs’ round figure made its way into the room.

“Ta-da! My dad bought these chocolates from overseas. Do you guys want some? Yes? No?” He held two boxes of expensive chocolate up as he cried out excitedly.

Both Irvin and Specky couldn’t process the situation when they saw how happy Chubs looked.

Chubs felt rather embarrassed to have his friends staring at him, so he quickly hid his chocolates away as he straightened his back and stood with his legs closed. He looked as if he were being interrogated.

Irvin was the one who broke the silence. “Didn’t you give up? What are you doing here?”

“Give up? I never said that.” Chubs eyed the other boy with an innocent look on his face. “I only mentioned I want to go a little slower, and then you sent me off.”

“You left just because I told you to do so? Do you not have a mind of your own? Also, why weren’t you here for the past two days?” Irvin frowned.

“You’re our leader, so of course, I have to listen to your orders,” Chubs uttered in a matter-of-factly tone. “And it was the weekend; everyone’s on holiday over the weekend. Even my father didn’t go to work.”

It seems like Chubs doesn’t know how to read between the lines. Irvin was speechless. I can’t believe I thought that it was my personality that made it hard for me to keep friends around.

“Have you made a decision?” He sounded rather grumpy. “It’s going to be hard if you choose to stay. Aren’t you worried about that?”

“No.” Chubs shook his head before responding with a straight face, “My dad told me that those who suffer alongside me are the ones who truly care for me. If you’re willing to take in an idiot like me, I’d never complain about a single order you give!”

After that, Irvin was silent for a while. It seems like Daddy is right. I must have misjudged Chubs’ character.

Chubs started to panic when he saw how silent Irvin was. “Are you... Are you tired of me, Irvin?”

Specky hurried over and pulled Chubs in for a pat on the shoulder. “Come on now. I’m not tired of you! I need you around so that someone performs worse than I do!” he joked.

“Nonsense! I’m following close behind you—you’re the one who’s going to be last!” Chubs cried in annoyance.

“You’re the last place; you’re the last. Lalala!” Specky teased.

“I don’t want to hear that word anymore! I’ll crush you!” Chubs replied. Irvin pressed his hand to his forehead helplessly. Is it really necessary to debate who the last and second-last place is? “Shut up! I want you guys back in your seats and start studying now. You guys can only leave after you have done everything on the agenda today!”

With that order, Chubs and Specky let go of each other before speeding off to their seats. They were eager to head home.

When Irvin saw how earnest the two boys were, he couldn’t help but curl his lips into a smile. Then, he returned to his couch and worked on his laptop. About two minutes later, Alexia knocked on the door and entered with a pot of hot tea to replace the one in the room.

Even though she didn’t say anything, both Chubs and Specky found their attention drawn to her. The trio started exchanging playful glances with one another right in front of Irvin.

Since Alexia was the one who started it, he couldn't do anything but look away and pretend that he didn't realize anything. However, Alexia took this opportunity to push her boundaries. After a while, she returned to the room with a plate of fruits.

Then, she borrowed the maid's broom to come in and clean the room. It was obvious that she had no intention of leaving the room after that.

When she saw Chubs' chocolate on the table, her eyes lit up. "Chocolate? I've never tried this brand before..."

"You can have all of it. Hehe!" Chubs offered all of his chocolates with a generous smile.

"Thank you, Chubs!" The smile on Alexia's face was as sweet as honey. She leaned closer to look at his schoolwork then. "Did the school hand this out to you guys? Why didn't anyone tell my mom to collect it? This looks rather odd. Do you know how to do it? Is it hard?"

She was like a question generator—she never seemed to run out of questions. Irvin felt as if there were millions of bees buzzing around him the whole time. He couldn't concentrate on his work because of all the noise.

When Irvin saw that Chubs had lowered his pen and stopped doing his work, Irvin finally put his laptop aside before walking over and grabbing Alexia by her collar. He dragged her downstairs and handed her over to Elise.

"Mom, didn't I tell you that you and Alexia are not allowed in the room during our study session? The boys and I need our private space to get things done!" Irvin was frustrated.

"Oh, alright." Elise pouted. "But are you guys not hungry at all?"

"Yeah. Chubs and Specky look pretty hungry to me," Alexia remarked with all seriousness in her pretty eyes in support of her mother.

Irvin's expression darkened as he puffed out his cheeks and crossed his hands in front of his chest. He spoke like a lecturer who was angry at his students. "You guys are getting in their way to success!"

"Is that so?" Elise was amused. "Are we also getting in your way, then?" she teased.

"Mom!" he exclaimed. He wasn't joking at all. Elise hastily apologized when she saw how serious he was. "Okay, okay. I promise not to disturb you guys anymore. Alright?"

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Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 892

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 892-Irvin nodded before turning to look at Alexia. Elise glanced at her daughter for a while before raising her hand to swear an oath once more. "The same goes for Alexia, too!"

"Yep!" Alexia held her hand up half-heartedly before she tottered over to hold Irvin's face and kiss him. "You can't be angry after I've kissed you, Irvin. An angry boy is a naughty boy."

Irvin shook his head before heading upstairs. "I can't deal with you two!" With his hands behind his back and a slightly hunched posture, he walked up the stairs the way an old man would. Both Elise and Alexia chuckled at the sight of this. After Elise was done laughing, she came up with a new idea. Since we can't disturb Irvin anymore... "Why don't we pay Daddy a visit, Alexia?"

"Are you talking about Mr. Griffith? Did he agree to be our daddy?" Alexia grabbed her mother's arm in excitement. "Yeah, he did." Elise beamed. "But you're only allowed to call him Daddy when no one else is around. When there are other people in the room, you have to call him Mr. Griffith. This is our little secret, okay?"

"I got it!" Alexia spun around excitedly. "Yay, I've found the best father in the world!"

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It was late at night when Elise and Alexia came out of the elevator at Smith Co.'s headquarters. Elise had prepared some food for Alexander, and she held her daughter's hand as they walked over to the president's office. It was past working hours, so Alexander's assistants had gotten off work, and all the lights had been turned off except the ones that lit up the walkway. When they arrived at the office, they saw Alexander working through the glass window.

The dim lights in the office shone down on a corner of the office table, and Alexander's sharp features were further enhanced by the shadows. He looked especially elegant and classy as he focused on his work, and he even seemed rather sexy because of his messy fringe. Men always look the coolest when they're being all serious, Elise thought to herself.

"He's so handsome!" Elise snapped back into reality when she heard Alexia's excited cries. "Shh!" Elise held her finger to her lips before she pulled her phone out and placed her packed meal aside. She lifted Alexia in her arm before she adjusted her front camera angle so that she could take a selfie with Alexander, who was hard at work, in the background. However, she forgot to keep her phone silent, and Alexander was immediately alerted when he heard the sound of the shutter. "Who's there?" he asked.

"It's me!" Elise replied before she walked into the room with her food in one hand while holding Alexia's hand with the other. Alexander couldn't hide the excitement on his face

the moment he saw them. He left his desk and walked over to greet them. "What are you guys doing here?"

Elise shut the door behind her before she presented the meal that she had prepared. "I'm here to deliver some homemade supper, Mr. Griffith." The moment the door was shut, Alexia let go of Elise's hand before running over to the man. "Daddy!"

Alexander felt as if he were on cloud nine when he heard Alexia's sweet voice and felt her warm and tight hug against him. He felt as if his heart had melted, and he couldn't help but curl his lips into a huge smile as he held Alexia up in the air. "Hey, Lexi. Tell me, who taught you to call me by that name?"

"I've wanted to do it for a long time!" she claimed proudly. "Don't worry, Daddy. This is our little secret, and I won't tell anyone else about it. I'll only tell Irvin! Hehe." Alexander ruffled the girl's fluffy hair. He felt a surge of emotions running through him when he finally heard the young girl call him her father. "You're such a good girl, Lexi."

She pressed her head into the man's palm and rubbed against his hand as if she were a kitten. Now that Mr. Griffith is my daddy, it feels rather different even as he's patting me on the head. Alexander couldn't help but feel sorry when he saw the loving look on his daughter's face. "It's really late. You guys shouldn't be out. It's dangerous," he uttered.

"Well, we didn't have a choice. Your son thought we were being too loud, so we had no choice but to switch our focus to someone else. Hey, you're not going to chase us out too, are you?" Elise uttered as she feigned anger.

"I couldn't bear to do such a thing even if I had the guts to," he replied in a sweet tone. Elise beamed at him before she turned to look at the drafts that were on his desk. She held them up in puzzlement. "Why do you have all these clothing designs?" Smith Co. was a finance and management company—there was no reason for its boss to have all these designs on his desk.

"I'm trying to design outfits on my own," Alexander replied honestly.

"Why have you never told me that you know how to do that?" she asked curiously.

"Well, I only started learning a few years ago. Why don't you give me some comments, master?" he teased.

"Well, it doesn't look too bad. It looks a little like something I would design. Wait... This is my design, isn't it?" Elise seemed to have realized something, but she wasn't entirely sure.

"Don't question yourself. This is your design. I simply modified it." Then, Alexander told her all about how Brendan had been forced to imitate her work.

After explaining Brendan's situation, he told Elise about his plan. "So, I'm planning to stick to the arrangement. I figured that I could give them a taste of their own medicine. These are all the design drafts that you left in SK Group, and I figured that I'd be able to use them after modifying them a little. I can't wait to see the look on Wendy's face when these designs are presented on stage."

Elise thought for a moment before an idea popped up in her mind. She picked up a pencil on the desk before she started making some changes to the draft. "This sounds like a huge surprise. Why don't you let me be a part of this?" Alexander didn't stop her. He simply brought Alexia to the couch, where he feasted on all of the food that Elise had prepared.

By the time he was done with his meal, Elise had already completed her first draft. "What do you think?" She handed the draft over to Alexander. "You're one of the globally-recognized designers for a reason. I can't believe how gorgeous this looks now that you've modified your design from ten years ago." Alexander offered all his generous praise before he spoke in a slightly meeker voice. "But... I'm afraid your identity would be exposed if the design is too perfect."

"Hmm, I guess you're right." Elise didn't feel offended by his words. Instead, she glanced at Alexia before urging her to come over. "Come to Mommy, Lexi!"

"Oh! I'm coming!" Alexia tottered over and jumped into Elise's arms. "What is it, Mommy?"

Elise showed Alexia the design that she had just made. "You're the best, Lexi. Why don't you help me take a look at this design? This dress seems a little plain. What should we add to make it look better?"

"Hmm..." Alexia dragged her long hum for a while before she noticed the picture of a bunny on the wrapper of some candy she had just eaten. She came to a conclusion immediately. "You can add a bunny! You can add it on the chest, the way the school adds its logo on my uniform!"

"A large bunny, huh? Okay!" Elise agreed to this suggestion without any hesitation.

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About three days later, the Whitney and Griffith Families had arranged for a meeting. They wanted to plan Danny and Ariel's wedding. Adam and Madeline arrived nearly half an hour earlier in an attempt to show their sincerity. They were worried that Danny would never get himself a wife, so Madeline persistently questioned Ariel during their meeting.

"What does your family do, Ariel? Should we prepare more gifts for our in-laws? Would it be more formal for you guys to try things out at home? Does your family have any

superstitions? You need to tell me about them if there are any! You can tell Adam and me if you have any requests. You don't have to be shy with us! We don't need much—all we need is to have a daughter-in-law as nice as you!" Madeline uttered, leaving the others rather speechless.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 893

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 893-Danny went up to console Madeline. "Oh, my. Just sit and relax. You're acting so anxious that people might think you're the one marrying today."

"Ugh. Just go away and stop babbling nonsense." She rolled her eyes.

Following that, he chuckled and continued to ramble on about random topics, which calmed the anxious atmosphere.

Time went by quickly and it was already half an hour later, but Ariel's mother was still nowhere to be seen. Taking a look at his watch, Danny discreetly called for Ariel to meet him outside the private room. "Is everything fine on your mom's side? Why don't you call and ask her?"

That was exactly Ariel's intention, so she immediately phoned her mother. "Mom, where are you?"

"I'm still at the hotel," replied Rebecca Caddel, her mother, in a cold tone.

"Didn't we agree to meet the Griffiths at Gleaming Gold Restaurant? Have you forgotten about that? It doesn't matter. I'm heading over now to bring you there."

While saying so, Ariel was about to hang up when she was stopped by her mother. "You don't have to do that." Rebecca's tone was firm. "I didn't forget about it. To tell you the truth, I have no intention of going!"

"Are you going back on your words? Mom, that would make the others think that we, Whitneys, have no morals." Ariel was feeling defeated.

"Others? You meant the Griffiths, right? The matter between you two hasn't been decided yet, and they're already complaining about us. I think the Griffith Family doesn't have much morality either. Tell them to say whatever they want to my face." Rebecca was still acting insufferably arrogant.

Ariel gave Danny a conflicted look before moving away from him and covering the phone's speaker to express her dissatisfaction to her mom as best as she could. "You've been urging me to get married to a rich man for so many years. I've finally

found such an excellent son-in-law for you, yet you're here putting on airs. I don't understand, Mom. What are you dissatisfied with?"

"What are you trying to say? You haven't even married him, yet you're already taking his side. Suppose you want to put in a good word for the Griffiths that badly, then fine. I'll agree to meet them under two conditions. First, Danny International Finance Corporation must be under your name, and secondly, your child must have our last name, Whitney. If they don't agree to my conditions, there's no need to meet up for dinner tonight and we can avoid ruining each other's night."

"You're being unreasonable. Who in the world would agree to such an unreasonable—"

Tut. Tut. Tut...

Without giving Ariel a chance to further discuss the matter, Rebecca hung up right after stating her condition.

Meanwhile, Ariel clutched her phone and exhaled a long breath. Throughout her career, she was never afraid of dealing with any sorts of challenging incidents in her field. Yet, the only thing she failed to master was her relationships at home.

"What did Mrs. Whitney say?" asked Danny while leaning in.

She found it hard to tell him, so she kept shaking her head. "Why don't we call off today's dinner?"

"No way." He became anxious and grabbed her hand while asking gently, "You can tell me. What's the matter?"

She was the woman he had thought about marrying for seven years, so how could he let things slip through his fingers at the very last moment?

Following that, Ariel recited her mother's condition to him.

"These conditions..." Seemingly lost in his thoughts, Danny muttered while touching his chin with a complicated expression.

Meanwhile, she mistook his actions as being conflicted and was about to escape the scene. "I told you we should call it off. I'll head inside and apologize to Mr. and Mrs. Griffith."

"Wait!" He pulled her back and joked, "What are you running away for? I didn't say I wouldn't marry you. What's there to apologize about?"

Sighing resignedly, Ariel reasoned, "Though I grew up abroad, I still know about the Cittadelian customs. Mr. and Mrs. Griffith wouldn't allow their grandchildren to have 'Whitney' as their last name."

"It doesn't matter if they agree to it or not. I make the decisions for my son." Danny touched her long, black hair as if he was coaxing a child. "Just listen to me. Pick up Mom and we'll tell her that we agree to her conditions."

"And you're making a decision without asking your parents? Is this going to work?" While looking toward the door to the private room, the scene of her mother and Madeline arguing with each other appeared in her mind. Then, she suddenly felt inexplicably cold.

"Your husband has his ways. Be good and pick up your mom." With a confident gaze, Danny patiently coaxed her.

After hesitating for a bit, Ariel was successfully persuaded and left to bring her mother. After all, it was Danny who had previously thought of a way to make Madeline accept her, so she thought it would be the same this time.

Right after she left, Danny ran back into the private room and pulled Madeline into the empty room next door. He then closed the door and began throwing a tantrum for no reason. "Mom, I don't want to marry Ariel anymore. Women are such troublesome beings!"

Hearing that, Madeline went up and slapped him in the back. "You rascal. What are you talking about?!"

Danny put on an impatient attitude. "There's no use hitting me because I still won't change my mind. I heard that in order to be the Whitneys' son-in-law, the guy must transfer all his assets to their daughter, and their first son must have the last name, Whitney. Don't you think that's too much? How can we become in-laws with such a family?"

"Uhm." Madeline could not quite accept those terms either. "They do sound a little ridiculous. "Money isn't an issue, but won't it be embarrassing for the Griffiths if the child has the same last name as their mother?"

"That's right. What's more important in this world than our family's image?" He yelled upon slamming his hand on the table. "I only used seven years to make that company the scale it is now. Although it isn't difficult to start all over, that's my first company and I have strong feelings toward it. Moreover, it's just a wife. It doesn't matter if I lose her, but to take away my company? In her dreams! And... How can she ask for my kid to have her last name? I just won't give birth to one, then. I can ask my buddy if we can adopt a child together. Even though that kid isn't my biological child, at least they would have my last name! Am I right?"

As soon as Madeline heard the word 'buddy', she immediately thought of Jamie. Immediately, she dashed over and slapped him on the face. "Hey, stop it! Don't say that ever again!"

So, this brat has long thought about adopting a child with Jamie and creating a family of their own. If we cancel the marriage with the Whitneys and let Danny marry Jamie, wouldn't the Griffith Family become the joke of the entire Tissote? No, that can't happen. Isn't it just a company and a child's last name? Nowadays, there are many children with their mother's last name. By then, we'll just announce that Danny loves his wife so much that he doesn't want his in-laws to be the last line of the Whitney Family, which is why they chose to arrange for the child to have their last name. Wouldn't that save both families from embarrassment? That's right. Nothing is more terrifying than letting Danny marry a man and bringing him back home!

Sitting down, Madeline tried to persuade her son. "Danny, it's normal to spend some money when it comes to marrying someone. After this, I'll personally take charge of the matter and have Alexander help you out. I'm sure you'll be able to get back on your feet in no time without suffering any losses!"

"Really?" While acting dumbfounded on the outside, Danny was secretly giddy inside.

"Of course. When have I ever lied to you?" Madeline continued, "The last name 'Whitney' sounds good too. I'm sure your child will be grateful that you're so reasonable."

"Mom, why are you always siding with the outsider?"

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 894

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 894-"You brat. What nonsense are you talking about? We're all about to become a family, so she's not an outsider." Madeline gave Danny another slap on the back.

"Ouch!" With a pained expression, he rubbed his sore spot while complaining, "You weren't like this when Elise married into our family."

That made Madeline speechless. She was silent for a bit before speaking with a heavy heart, "It was my first time being a mother-in-law and I've gone overboard when dealing with many things. If I had known Alexander would turn into such a scumbag, I would've been nicer to Elise back then. Thinking about it now, I feel very sorry for her."

"If she comes back in the future, will you still make things difficult for her?" asked Danny.

“What nonsense are you talking about?” Madeline returned to being serious immediately and pointed at his nose. “I’m telling you, Ariel is a nice woman, so you’d better behave nicely later. Otherwise, I’ll—” As she spoke, she made a gesture as if she were about to hit him.

Pretending to dodge humbly, Danny continued to mess with her. “No way. I think we shouldn’t let them have what they want!”

Slap! Another slap on the face was delivered by Madeline. “You don’t want to let her have her way, then what? I should let you mess around outside, huh? I’m warning you, Danny Griffith. Besides marrying a woman and having children, you have no other choice in this lifetime!”

I will never agree to you marrying Jamie!

While rubbing his numb face, he smacked his lips in aggravation. “You actually slapped me. Am I not your son?”

Laughing, she responded, “If you marry Ariel, you are my son, but if she runs away, I won’t recognize you as mine anymore.”

“And you say you’re my mother!” Danny pretended to be jealous and snorted. Then, he got up and left the room.

“Where are you going?” she asked.

“To see if your beloved daughter-in-law has successfully picked up her mother!”

“You brat!”

Fifteen minutes later, Ariel helped her mother into the VIP private room and nervously introduced everyone. “Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, this is my mom. Mrs. Whitney, this is Mr. Griffith and Mrs. Griffith.”

“Welcome! Please have a seat!” Madeline warmly welcomed Rebecca. “Oh, right. Hey, manager. You can start serving the dishes now! The traffic must’ve been horrible, hasn’t it? Why don’t I get them to serve a pot of tea? To freshen up a little.”

Initially stunned, Rebecca soon returned a smile and shook her head. “There’s no need for that. Just let them serve the food as usual.”

Knowing that her conditions were unreasonable, she had prepared herself for a verbal fight, but she still felt shocked when she saw the Griffiths being so welcoming.

While waiting for the dishes to be served, Ariel felt as if she was sitting on pins and needles. This was because she knew that Madeline was known for being difficult to deal

with while Rebecca was an aggressive person. Therefore, she could not imagine the scene if those two women started quarreling.

Thinking of that, she felt restless until Danny enveloped her hands in his big hands. At that moment, she turned to look in his direction and saw him closing his eyes. She finally calmed down after seeing his reassuring gaze.

Soon, all the dishes were served at the table and Madeline raised her glass. "This first toast goes to our children. I hope they have mutual affinity and a long-lasting relationship."

Once she said that the other three cooperated and raised their glasses, except for Rebecca. Instantly, the atmosphere became awkward.

"Mom," Ariel reminded her. Although she did not agree with this marriage, she should show the guests some respect at the very least. However, she ignored Ariel's words and continued sitting there with an unruly and arrogant expression.

Had this been in the past, Madeline would have flipped the table and left at this point. Since it was her son's fault this time around, she could only hold in her grievances and continue. After holding her glass midair for half a minute, she withdrew her hand with an awkward smile while trying to ease the situation. "Mrs. Whitney, you must've just gotten off the plane and are still feeling jet-lagged. It's alright. Let's start eating so that we can end sooner and let the children send you back to your hotel to rest. We can continue this discussion after you have a good rest."

"There's no need for so much trouble." Rebecca did not show the slightest respect for Madeline and expressed herself clearly, "Doesn't your son want to marry my daughter? Sure, but your son has to transfer all of his assets to my daughter." Once she said that she crossed her hands before her chest and waited for things to get interesting.

However, Madeline did not respond immediately after putting down her glass; instead, she composed herself and suppressed the humiliation she felt before giving a nod. "Alright."

She agreed.

Obviously, her compromise was completely out of Rebecca's expectations, prompting her to freeze as she was at a loss for words for a moment there.

Even Ariel was surprised by Madeline's answer and she stared at Danny while her eyes widened in disbelief. How did he do it?

On the other hand, he proudly raised his chin and one of his eyebrows was raised so high that it seemed like it was almost touching the sky. Aren't I awesome? Admire me, woman!

A long while later, Rebecca finally came back to her senses and straightened up her posture. With one hand on the table, she continued to probe the Griffiths to see how much they could compromise. "The children Danny and Ariel give birth to must also have Whitney as their last name!"

"Sure." Madeline willingly agreed with a smile on her face.

"Pfft. Cough... Cough..." Adam, who was beside her, almost choked on his drink and carefully wiped his hands with a napkin while looking at her with a strange gaze. Is this still my unreasonable wife? When has she become so open-minded? Is this an illusion?

While looking around, Adam pinched the back of Madeline's hand without her knowledge. "Ouch!" She felt the pain and instantly rolled her eyes. "What are you doing?"

That gave him quite a shock and he quickly shivered. "N-Nothing. It's just a mosquito..."

"You're the mosquito!"

After berating her husband, Madeline turned to Rebecca and her voice became gentle and soft. Also, since they had agreed to such a strange request, that naturally left Rebecca at a loss for words.

Clearing her throat, she straightened her body once again before picking up her glass to raise it upon standing up. Then, her cold attitude immediately changed from arrogance to melancholic and gentle.

"Seeing that Mrs. Griffith has agreed to all of my terms, which shows the care and respect your family has for my daughter, I believe that you'll treat her very well. I'll finish this glass as my punishment." Rebecca was quick to down an entire glass of red wine.

Just like that, Danny and Ariel's wedding was finalized.

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Ten days later, Wendy brought Brendan to the prince and princess' residence to show them the latest designs. However, Prince Caleb did not look a least bit interested. "If they're the same work from the designer as last time, I suggest you head home earlier."

"Your Highness, you've misunderstood me. The designer this time around has the same teacher as Amy, so I think you and Your Highnesses will like them."

Recommended Novels

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Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 895-“Really?” Prince Caleb raised an eyebrow while looking at Brendan, who was behind Wendy. “Is he the one you were talking about? May I know how to address you?”

Taking two steps forward, Brendan greeted, “Your Highness, my name is Brendan Griffith and I’m Amy’s fellow colleague. We’ve been exchanging our knowledge for a while, so I’m sure you’ll both be very pleased with me.”

“Brendan Griffith?” While raising his eyebrows meaningfully, Prince Caleb asked, “Aren’t you the designer representing Mr. Alexander? Why is Miss Jennings the one introducing you to me?”

Meanwhile, Brendan lowered his head and remained silent, allowing Wendy to be the one to answer. “Actually, Mr. Brendan didn’t sign a contract with Alexander, so they don’t have a committed relationship. Mr. Brendan is free to represent anyone, including himself, so there’s no problem with him participating in the selection process.” She provided a very formal answer.

Prince Caleb then smiled as he averted his gaze between Wendy and Brendan. Isn’t this a more delightful way of saying you’re poaching talents from others? “Sure. Let me have a look at your designs, then,” he answered unhurriedly.

Following that, Brendan took out his designs and handed them over respectfully. With his legs crossed, Prince Caleb placed the designs on his lap and flipped through every piece.

Meanwhile, Princess Diana excitedly approached and leaned against him while straining her neck to look at the drawings. However, the longer they looked at the designs, the stranger their expressions became. At one point, Princess Diana even sat up straight.

After looking at the last design, Prince Caleb threw the stack of papers onto the table. He raised his head and looked at Wendy with a face devoid of emotion and a pair of furious eyes. “Miss Jennings, do you think the Princess and I are fools?”

An experienced Wendy was not fazed by his question and maintained her calm expression instead. “I don’t quite understand what you’re talking about, Your Highness.”

“I didn’t mind that you tried to use those trashy outfits to trick me last time, but now, you’re actually publicly plagiarizing Amy’s designs, huh? This is disrespectful to Amy. Did you think the Princess and I wouldn’t notice the difference?”

Prince Caleb was furious as his anger spiked when his gaze fell on Brendan. “And you! Don’t you know what intellectual property is? You’re a disgrace to your fellow fashion designers!”

While narrowing her eyes, Wendy fell into deep thought. It seems like I have indeed underestimated the Yveltalia royalty's ability to appraise things.

"I'm very sorry, Your Highness. I don't know anything about plagiarism. It was Mr. Brendan who found me and asked that I find a chance to introduce him to you. My love for talent has blinded my judgment, which is why he had successfully tricked me. If you don't believe me, you can send out people to investigate this matter. Before today, Brendan and I had never met in private and we never had any interaction with each other. This matter is obviously staged!" Wendy immediately pretended to be the victim and began blaming others.

Seeming to have guessed that she might throw him under the bus, Brendan pretended that he wanted to defend himself. "That's not true. Your Highnesses. Today's incident was all planned out by Wendy. She—"

"What are you guys standing there for? Get them out of here." Wendy took advantage of the crowd and chased Brendan away from the venue. "Tell the organizing committee that Brendan is suspected of plagiarism, which is misconduct, so his right to compete in today's competition should be revoked!"

Before Brendan had a chance to argue for himself, his mouth was covered by one of Wendy's men as they brought him away.

That way, not only did Wendy manage to keep herself out of this matter, but she also had a reasonable reason to ban Brendan from the competition, which was like breaking one of Alexander's lifelines. Now, she had an even higher chance of winning! Even she was impressed with her own plan of disregarding someone after they served their purpose.

On the other hand, though Prince Caleb was clueless about what they were onto, he had completely lost his patience. "Miss Jennings, I think you've grown soft after getting older, which is why you keep getting used by others. I think you should leave these things to the younger generation. We still have someplace we need to be, so we won't be keeping you here anymore."

Since the order to leave was so obvious, she knew it would not do any good if she continued to stay, so she left with her assistant.

After exiting the guesthouse, Wendy stood by the roadside and took a deep breath. It seems like finding someone to pretend to be Elise is impossible, so I have to find another way.

"Miss Jennings, what are we going to do with Brendan?" the assistant asked.

"Let him go."

Now that Brendan was a useless pawn, Wendy would just let him do whatever he wanted. He would not be able to cause much of a problem anyway.

“Yes, Miss Jennings.” With a nod, the assistant immediately took out his phone and relayed the order. Only after he hung up did Wendy descend the stairs while tightly clutching her walking stick.

Before she could leave, Mack came running out of the guesthouse and blocked their path to leave. “Miss Jennings, please wait a moment. Don’t you guys want to know why Prince Caleb and Princess Diana threw such a big fit, as well as who they are meeting later?”

Those words attracted Wendy’s attention as she withdrew her track to look at Mack. “I’m listening.”

Subsequently, Mack heaved two warm breaths and fished his phone out from his pocket. Moments later, he showed her the screen. “Half an hour ago, Alexander posted on the web, saying that he will be holding a runway show in Amy’s memory. The few designs that have been publicized are all in line with Amy’s usual design style with just a little refinement. All of them are very attractive, and though both were copying Amy’s designs, Alexander chose a generous way to worship her legacy. On the other hand, you guys chose to cover it up and say that it was your original design, but in fact, it paled when compared to the originals. How can you expect the Highnesses, who are Amy’s loyal fans, not to be angry at you?”

After hearing that, Wendy smirked sarcastically and did not try to defend herself. Her assistant came forward furiously and reminded her, “Miss Jennings, could Brendan be the one who ratted us out?”

Shaking her head, Wendy argued, “If I were him, he wouldn’t have shown up here tonight. It’s not like he has the guts to do it as well.”

“How did Alexander think of the same plan as us?” the assistant asked in confusion.

“Maybe he’s too smart, or maybe, he doesn’t even trust his family members. Regardless of the reason, everything proves that our enemy is stronger than us,” Wendy elaborated.

Seeing the situation, Mack hurriedly offered a plan. “Actually, it isn’t impossible to make the prince and princess change their minds as long as you guys choose to cooperate with me.”

“What do you want?” Wendy went straight to the point.

“Money.” He did not beat around the bush either. “I want half of the profits from the new brand. The more I get, the better.”

“Very good. I agree to your terms,” she answered.

“Don’t you think I’m asking for too much?” Meanwhile, Mack felt that things were going way too smoothly.

“You’ll only develop ambition if you have a desire. If you don’t want anything in return, what can I use to stimulate your determination to do anything grand?” Wendy looked at him with a faint smile on her face.

Those words successfully persuaded Mack. “I do admire you, Wen—”

“Wait a moment. You’ve already stated your conditions, but I haven’t stated mine.” She interrupted him. “Every year from now on, you will take in a batch of international students from the Cittadel’s Department of Physics in your name. How about that?”

“Miss Jennings, you are so true to your fellow citizens,” he taunted.

“Regarding this matter, you will only need to provide your name. I’ll have someone deal with the handling fees for the rest. So, is that a yes or a no?”

“Of course, it’s a yes!” Mack spread out his hands and began imagining his bright future. “I feel honored thinking about a scholarship that will be named after me. Wendy, we will succeed, won’t we?”

“Sure.”

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 896

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 896-Half an hour later, Prince Caleb and Princess Diana arrived at Smith Co.’s fashion show. As the door slowly opened, they entered while holding hands and found a seat in the back row. After they were seated, they calmly watched the runway models do their catwalk.

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At that moment, among the organizers, Danny sneaked toward Alexander and whispered, “The royals are here, Alexander.”

Hearing his words, Alexander appeared to be at ease. “There’s no need to rush. We’d look like cheap stakes if we appeared desperate.”

“You’re right.” Then, Danny calmed down soon after.

After all, nothing would go wrong if Elise decided to get involved. Hence, they didn't move an inch. It was only after the show had ended that they walked toward the royals, who were registering to purchase the showcased garments.

"Greetings, Prince Caleb and Princess Diana. I apologize for not coming sooner to greet you two." As Alexander spoke, he bowed in courtesy as a token of apology.

"No need for formalities." Prince Caleb was in a good mood, so he waved Alexander off and changed the subject, saying, "Today's show was splendid, Mr. Alexander. Your designs are indeed stunning."

"I appreciate your appraisal, Prince Caleb. However, this honor should be given to the greatest designer, Amy. It's quite a shame to say that we couldn't learn a tad of her thoughts and creativity." Alexander intentionally raised Elise's status as he spoke.

"I've got to say so myself. Amy is a rare gem in this industry. I hope that I can see her masterpiece again during this trial." Prince Caleb agreed with his words. Then, he changed the subject as he pointed toward the grand finale's design. "Speaking of which, although the design of this dress is clearly based on Amy's design, it looked more beautiful. Can I know who the designer is?"

Hearing his words, Alexander chuckled deeply and said awkwardly, "To be honest, this design is just a doodle from my wife and daughter. The reason I create this dress is just for a memorial and to make them happy. However, I never expected that it would catch your attention. It's such a surprise."

"Oh, yeah? No wonder there is a bunny pin in the front. Your daughter must be a lovely princess. Would you mind if you introduce them to us?" Princess Diana inquired expectantly.

"It's my honor." Then, Alexander turned around and waved at Elise, who was waiting not far away. Soon, Elise held Alexia's hand, and they both came to Alexander's side.

"Good evening, Prince Caleb and Princess Diana." Elise beamed as she spoke in delight.

"How are you, sir and madam?" Alexia was being playful and greeted them in Flutoian.

"I'm fine. Thank you." Princess Diana crouched down and cupped Alexia's cheeks adoringly. She looked at her gently and said, "It's amazing that you know how to speak Flutoian. Are you the one who designed this dress?"

"Yes! Mommy is the lead designer, while I'm the co-designer. This is my first design, and I'm proud of myself."

"I'm proud of you too. You are so cute." Princess Diana was in love with the adorable child.

After that, the royals exchanged glances and decided to buy the design of the dress.

"If this dress is indeed up your alley, you can just take it. Talent is everywhere, but opportunity is not. The encouragement you guys gave to Alexia isn't something money can buy." With just a few words, Elise had turned this business into a favor.

"Oh, my! You are a wonderful mother." As Princess Diana heard her words, she was touched and took the initiative to embrace Elise. "Listen, I don't know if we can have the honor of having dinner with you all. I want to know more about you, the future Mrs. Griffith, and spend more time with our talented little designer. Shall we?"

"It's our pleasure." Elise nodded. "There is a Cittadel food street not far from here. Why don't we chat as we have some food? I bet you guys will have an unforgettable night after tasting the delicacies of Cittadel."

After that, Alexander, Elise, and Alexia became tourist guides as they accompanied the royals for the night. Although Alexander was the one being the guide, Elise's legs had still ached from walking in high heels all night long. After she had returned home, she threw her heels to the side and slumped on the couch.

"My legs are sore, Alexander!" she shouted.

As soon as Alexia entered the house, she immediately grabbed her tablet and played games on the couch. On the other hand, Alexander entered the bathroom after he had taken off his shoes and jacket. When he came out, he was holding a tub of hot water.

As Elise was zoning out while looking at the ceiling, she felt that Alexander was touching her feet, but she was too lazy to budge. It was only when her feet were soaked in warm water that she snapped out of her trance and got up. Then, she saw him kneeling on the rug as he put her feet in the tub. Then, she subconsciously jerked, but Alexander noticed it and grabbed ahold of her feet. At that moment, her face was red from embarrassment. After all, even when they had been together for so long, she still felt shy about having him take care of her.

"This is not what I meant..."

"Be good now. It won't feel nice if the water turns cold." When Elise heard Alexander's voice, she felt like there was magic in his voice as she slowly relaxed and allowed him to move her feet.

While Alexander was massaging her feet, he mumbled to himself, saying, "It seems to have swelled. If you have to wear a long dress in the future, you can just wear sneakers instead. Don't hurt your own feet."

Hearing his words, Elise felt her lips forming into a smile. "If people were to know that the richest men in Cittadel is being treated like this at home, they would have assumed that I'm a shrew." She couldn't help but joke with the men.

"You are not a shrew. Even if you are one, I'm happy to oblige." As he spoke, he slowly massaged circles around her legs. Slowly, he started playing with her legs.

"Hey! That tickles!" Elise bent down and tried to push him away. Just as she was near him, he leaned closer and kissed her on the lips. Before she could react, Alexander had already leaned back. Hence, she could only hit him in the shoulder as revenge. "Alexie is here!"

However, Alexander ignored her words and pretended to wash her feet properly.

When Alexie saw their actions, she threw her tablet aside and lay down like Elise. Then, she imitated Elise's voice and whined, "My legs are sore, Alexander."

When the couple heard her voice, they turned their heads in sync and saw Alexie lying on her back while her legs were lifted straight up in the air.

At that moment, Elise was dumbfounded by her actions and asked, "What are you doing, Lexi?"

"Isn't this how Daddy will then wash my feet?" Alexie asked innocently.

When the couple heard her words, they looked at each other and felt awkward. At that moment, Irvin walked past just in time. Then, Alexander quickly called out to him, saying, "Irvin, your sister is tired. Come and help massage her feet."

"Okay," Irvin replied and walked into the room.

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Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 897

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 897-After asking the maid to bring warm water, Irvin sat down and grabbed Alexia’s legs. Then, he began to massage it without complaining. Looking at them, Alexander nodded in satisfaction. “Now that you have Irvin massaging your legs, you can knock it off.”

After asking the maid to bring warm water, Irvin sat down and grabbed Alexia’s legs. Then, he began to massage it without complaining. Looking at them, Alexander nodded in satisfaction. “Now that you have Irvin massaging your legs, you can knock it off.”

“Hmph, Irvin loves me more. I don’t like you now. Irvin is now my favorite!” Alexia pouted.

“Looks like someone is going to lose being Alexia’s favorite,” Elise joked playfully.

When Alexander heard her words, he didn't retort and only smiled while shaking his head. To be honest, he didn't care if Alexia liked Irvin more than him. After all, what mattered the most was that Elise was his number one. Hence, it was only reasonable if he wasn't his daughter's favorite. All he cared about was Elise.

At the same time, in the presidential suite of Sierra Hotel, the television was playing a promotional video of Cittadel's culture, and there were slices of fruits and red wine on the table. Princess Diana wore satin pajamas as she snuggled in Prince Caleb's embrace. Both of them were reminiscing about today's encounter.

"The food street was amazing. Can we head there next time by ourselves, darling?" Princess Diana asked while pouting.

"Sure. We are here to have fun, so we can head there no matter how many times we want. We still have a lot of time," replied Prince Caleb.

"To be honest, I like Alexander's wife, but maybe it is because of that design. I'm sure the little girl only participated in designing the rabbit, and Anastasia designated the rest. Although I respect Amy, I must admit that Anastasia's design has a unique charisma in it," she explained seriously.

"I noticed it too. I wonder how many designers in Cittadel have hidden talents like Anastasia. They are strong competitors to us." He sighed deeply.

Being selfish was just an act of human nature. Although they had seen numerous designers from Cittadel for the past few days, they still wished that their own country's designer would have the brand. However, it seemed they still had a long way to go now.

Compared to his worries, Princess Diana was rather optimistic. "Didn't we agree not to fret? The Cittadelians love to compete with each other. What's that saying? Ah, yes, play both ends against the middle; we'll have the last win by then."

Hearing her words, Prince Caleb smiled but didn't say anything. If things were this simple, we wouldn't need to come here and snoop around.

At that moment, she seemed to have suddenly remembered something. She grabbed Prince Caleb by the collar and leaned against him flirtatiously. "Just to be clear, I will go along with your act and fool the Cittadel's designers around. However, if Amy is to be presented, we must give her the brand," she said.

"Darling, I'm a prince. I must prioritize my country's benefits no matter what." Prince Caleb refused her request tactfully.

"Well then, you'll sleep on the couch tonight!" When Princess Diana heard his words, she grabbed a pillow and threw it toward him. Then, she stomped into the bedroom angrily.

With that, the conversation ended unpleasantly.

...

Two days later, a sports car sped along the road and stopped at the Cittadel Department of Commerce. Then, the car door opened, and out came Danny. After tidying his clothes, he put on his sunglasses and locked the car. Just as he was about to enter the building, another car entered, and he saw a familiar number plate—Alexander was there too.

When Danny saw him, he walked toward him and said, "Don't tell me that you are here to meet the Secretary of Commerce too."

Hearing his words, Alexander looked at him and didn't deny it.

When Danny saw his reaction, he turned and looked at the building. Then, he mumbled thoughtfully, "Why is he looking for us out of the blue?"

"There must be a hidden agenda behind this. When we meet him, think before you speak." After reminding Danny, Alexander walked toward the building. Soon, they were inside the secretary's office with the current Secretary of Commerce.

When they were seated, Raffle Adaway, the secretary, greeted them with enthusiasm. "I see that the rumors are true; you two are very talented. Mr. Alexander has already made an enormous contribution to the country's economy. On the other hand, Mr. Danny's International Finance Corporation Building is looking good. Although you two are just in your thirties, you are already the mainstay of the Cittadel economy. The Griffiths are talented people."

"I'm flattered." Danny smiled awkwardly. Even when he's the Secretary of Commerce, he still flatters us, he thought sarcastically.

"You're too polite, Secretary Raffle. It's all thanks to Cittadel's policy that we are who we are today. Thus, it's our responsibility to contribute to the country. May I know why you summoned us?" As Alexander spoke, he was calm and had a monotonous expression on his face, making it hard to guess what was on his mind.

"Ah, yes. There is something I want to tell you guys. It's about collaborating with Yveltalia to create a brand. The authorities had decided to support this project fully, and Smith Co. has the best possibility to be chosen. Hence, you can request anything from me if you are having any difficulties. I will help you sort it out," Raffle explained seriously.

When Alexander heard his words, he remained calm and replied indifferently, "Thank you for your concern. The preparation was going smoothly, and we didn't face any trouble. If there is anything, I will inform you first-hand."

"That's great, as long as you have a plan in mind. If it's not a bother, would you mind sending me a report about the project's progression regularly? I have to update the authorities, so we can request help if anything happens. Is that possible?" Raffle pushed his glasses and looked at them sincerely.

"No, it won't be. I'll tell my assistant to put it on schedule and send the report over every Sunday," Alexander remained calm and uttered faintly.

"That would be great." Raffle nodded his head. Then, he raised his head and averted his gaze naturally. "Mr. Denny, after going through a preliminary assessment, your company has qualified to become a listed company. Moreover, we have high hopes for your company and decided to invest in it. Here's the share subscription and partnership agreement. Why don't you take it back and have a good look?"

Listening to his words, Denny took the agreement papers and briefly looked at them, annoyed by what he read on the papers. "A joint venture with the Institute of Physics? Do you think it's reasonable to have a bunch of physicists join the management of a financial company?"

"Don't overthink it. This is all decided by the authorities. Think of it as a reward for the technicians. Don't worry. It's just nominal, and they won't intervene with any decisions you make. Although your shares will be even out, you are still the company's CEO and have the government supporting you. Thus, you can grow your company with ease. This is good fortune." Raffle analyzed the situation logically, making it seem like Denny was the one getting benefits from it.

When Denny heard his words, his mouth twitched, and he couldn't put a smile on his face. It started out with nothing, and you went to be the boss just by saying. Would you like this fortune if it was you? Fortunately, he was not a teenager who could be seen through easily. Hence, he simply made up an excuse, saying, "Don't worry, Secretary Raffle. However, I don't have the final say about this. I'll set up a meeting and discuss it with my subordinates, and I will give you the final result later."

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Listening to his words, Danny took the agreement papers and briefly looked at them, annoyed by what he read on the papers. “To joint venture with the Institute of Physics? Do you think it’s reasonable to have a bunch of physicians join the management of a financial company?”

“Don’t overthink it. This is all decided by the authorities. Think of it as a reward for the technicians. Don’t worry. It’s just nominal, and they won’t intervene with any decisions you make. Although your shares will be even out, you are still the company’s CEO and have the government supporting you. Thus, you can grow your company with ease. This is good fortune.” Raffle analyzed the situation logically, making it seem like Danny was the one getting benefits from it.

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Recommended Novels

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Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 898-Raffle had more that he wanted to say, but just as he opened his mouth, his assistant came over to inform him that he had a meeting, which was just the thing to get him out of the situation with Danny.

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“In that case, I think we’ve said all that we need to, so I won’t be keeping you two any longer.” Raffle got up to see them off.

Alexander wisely took this cue to leave. “We shall take our leave then, Secretary Raffle. Let’s meet again another day.”

The two brothers left the office soon after.

Once they were out of the building, Danny finally couldn't hold it in anymore and started fuming, "What's that guy trying to do anyway? Just a few words, then he immediately starts saying he wants to take my company away. How's that any different from a thief?"

"Once your business gets to a certain point, you can't help but be forced to deal with politicians. Remember to keep the company's finances separate from Smith Co. and don't leave anything that he can use against you. Don't take on any major projects as well once you're done with what you currently have on hand. They're trying to use your company to get to Smith Co.'s database. The Institute of Physics is Wendy's territory," Alexander instructed in all seriousness.

"Shoot. I didn't think of that. They're so cunning! That won't do. I'm going back to reject that Adaway guy."

Danny started turning around, but Alexander stopped him. "There's no point in offending the Department of Commerce. You have to learn to compromise when under someone else's thumb."

Alexander always focused on the long-term benefit, and naturally, Danny listened to everything he said. Thus, this matter came to an end just like that.

Back upstairs, Raffle stood by the window and stared down at the brothers standing beside the road. He had a complicated look in his eyes.

He had his phone to his ear, and as soon as the call connected, he began reporting, "Alexander Griffith is a very cunning man. It'll probably take quite some time before we can get this done."

Wendy's voice came over the phone with a hint of warning. "Years and years of preparations all boil down to one moment of action. The organization spent so much time and effort to get you to where you are so that they can achieve what they want as soon as possible. Don't forget the power you have in your hands."

Raffle remained silent for a moment before responding firmly, "I understand, Miss Jennings. I will keep a close eye on this, and if we don't get what we want soon enough, I will use my position at the Department of Commerce to pressure them and force their hand."

...

After the fashion show, Princess Diana grew incredibly close to Elise almost immediately. Not only did they exchange contact, but they also often shared about their daily lives as if they were best friends.

This time, Princess Diana had gotten into a fight with Prince Caleb and invited Elise out the very next day to join her at a resort where she was taking her mind off things.

After leaving the golf course, the two women decided to go horse riding. As they were choosing their horses, Princess Diana was reminded of Prince Caleb and began complaining about him again.

“Prince Caleb loves this kind of horse the most because they’re easy to command. Men are all like that—they love being in control of everything. They’re so hypocritical and full of pride. They don’t know anything about romance!” she vented disdainfully. “But who said that women can be controlled like that? I choose to be a wild horse! No one gets to tell me how I should live my life!”

As soon as she said that, the horse beside her neighed and raised its forelegs as if it were responding to her.

That instantly drew Princess Diana’s attention. She undid the ropes to take the horse out for a ride.

“Wait, Your Highness!” The employee at the stable immediately came forward to stop her. “This horse has a very volatile temper. Many guests have fallen off because of that, so we don’t recommend riding this one.”

However, all of Princess Diana’s sensibility seemed to have taken leave of her. She continued to saddle up the horse without a care in the world. “Okay, I got it. I’ll take responsibility if I fall. Don’t worry. I’m an excellent horse rider. I know I’ll be able to control this horse. Just trust me.”

“Please, Your Highness. We can’t bear the consequences if something were to happen to you...”

The employee kept trying to talk her out of it, but she was determined to get her way. She and Prince Caleb were giving each other the silent treatment right now, and it was as if she thought she could one-up him by managing to tame this horse.

Therefore, she ignored the employee’s pleading and took the horse out for a ride.

However, she soon had a reality check in the most painful way. Not long after she started riding, the horse began to jump and gallop like crazy. It kept speeding up as it tried to throw Princess Diana off its back.

Princess Diana, who had been full of confidence just moments ago, was screaming for help as she clung to the horse’s neck for dear life.

“Help! Please! Is there anyone around to help me?! The horse is going to trample me to death! Anastasia! Think of something, please!”

Elise was just about to help when a man in a cowboy hat appeared on a nearby slope. He charged over to Princess Diana on his horse.

Soon, the two horses were running side-by-side, and the man exhibited his excellent riding skills by successfully climbing onto Princess Diana's horse. After a few tries, he managed to subdue the horse before bringing Princess Diana back to safety.

Princess Diana was still in shock. She got off the horse in a daze and slipped. Thus, she ended up twisting her ankle and couldn't even stand anymore due to the pain.

"Princess Diene? Is it really you?"

The men had a look of surprise now that he finally saw her face clearly.

"Semson?" Princess Diene didn't know how to react. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm here on holiday, of course. I saw on the news that you and Prince Celeb were here too, but I didn't think we'd end up meeting each other like that," Semson said with a chuckle.

"Yeah, what a coincidence! Ouch!" Princess Diene gasped in pain.

"I think you should save the greetings for later. We need to take you to the doctor first." Elise wasn't going to reveal her knowledge of medicine so openly.

"No, no. That won't be necessary." Semson stopped them. "Take my advice. The doctor will just give you an injection and a prescription, and it'll take ages for your ankle to heal. Why don't you let me try, Princess Diene?"

Princess Diene gave it some thought and nodded.

A few people helped her to the chair, and Semson knelt in front of her. He held her calf and got into position before reminding Princess Diene grimly, "It'll hurt, so you have to bear it for a little while."

Then, before Princess Diene could even respond, he quickly snapped the dislocated joint back into its place.

"Ahh!"

Princess Diene cried out in pain at first, but a few moments later, she exclaimed in relief, "This is unbelievable! It really worked! You're amazing, Semson!"

"This is nothing. You can't avoid injuries when you're out and about in the world, so you'd end up picking up a few things if you don't want to lose your life," Semson responded humorously.

However, Elise spotted something unusual in both of their gazes. Am I seeing things?

"The Cittedeliens like to sey that it's fete when you meet someone you know in e foreign country. Since fete brought us together, mey I invite you two lovely ledies to join me for dinner?" Semson extended en inviteton.

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Elise didn't ettempt to figure out the relationship between the two, but when she end Princess Diene errived et the hotel, Princess Diene grebbed her ell of e sudden end mede en eernest request. "Anestesia, I hope you won't bring up our meeting with Semson to Prince Celeb. To be honest with you, in the pest, he end I hed something... Well, you get it. Either wey, I don't went Prince Celeb to overthink it."

"Princess Diana? Is it really you?"

The man had a look of surprise now that he finally saw her face clearly.

"Samson?" Princess Diana didn't know how to react. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm here on holiday, of course. I saw on the news that you and Prince Caleb were here too, but I didn't think we'd end up meeting each other like that," Samson said with a chuckle.

"Yeah, what a coincidence! Ouch!" Princess Diana gasped in pain.

"I think you should save the greetings for later. We need to take you to a doctor first." Elise wasn't going to reveal her knowledge of medicine so openly.

"No, no. That won't be necessary." Samson stopped them. "Take my advice. The doctor will just give you an injection and a prescription, and it'll take ages for your ankle to heal. Why don't you let me try, Princess Diana?"

Princess Diana gave it some thought and nodded.

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Then, before Princess Diana could even respond, he quickly snapped the dislocated joint back into its place.

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However, Elise spotted something unusual in both of their gazes. Am I seeing things?

“The Cittadelians like to say that it’s fate when you meet someone you know in a foreign country. Since fate brought us together, may I invite you two lovely ladies to join me for dinner?” Samson extended an invitation.

Elise wanted to decline, but Princess Diana agreed too quickly for her to say anything, so she had no choice but to tag along.

The two old acquaintances had a grand time catching up with each other, whereas Elise sat beside them like a third wheel. She couldn’t get involved in their conversation at all, apart from giving the occasional nod or smile.

Well, she didn’t mind that anyway. After all, Elise’s task for the day was just to accompany Princess Diana, and it was a job well done so long as she was happy.

Elise didn’t attempt to figure out the relationship between the two, but when she and Princess Diana arrived at the hotel, Princess Diana grabbed her all of a sudden and made an earnest request. “Anastasia, I hope you won’t bring up our meeting with Samson to Prince Caleb. To be honest with you, in the past, he and I had something... Well, you get it. Either way, I don’t want Prince Caleb to overthink it.”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 899

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 899-It went without saying that Elise knew the right thing to do. She gave Princess Diana a reassuring pat on the back of her hand and said, “I understand. It’ll remain a secret between us.”

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Elise went home after sending Princess Diana back to the hotel.

As soon as she entered the house, Jamie limped over with his crutches to greet her.

“Boss! Hehe. You’re finally back!”

He was grinning widely, but he had a cast on both his left arm and right leg, and the wounds on his face hadn’t healed either. He had to hobble over on one foot instead of walking normally. It was hard for others to decide whether to find him pitiful or strong for still holding up so well.

“What are you doing?” He looked so unstable that Elise hastened to hold him up. “I thought you were only going to be discharged from the hospital next month.”

“Well, I was bored out of my life at the hospital. Julius and the rest all have work to do, so can’t you give me something to do as well?” Jamie grumbled.

“All you need to do right now is focus on your recovery. The rest can wait.” She let go of him and retorted bluntly.

As soon as she said that, Jamie threw his crutches to the side and began stomping his right leg despite the cast. “I’m fine! Look, Boss. I can do anything!”

“Ahh! Oh, no! Ah, shoot—”

He had only just claimed to be in excellent health when he lost his balance and fell backward onto his butt.

“Oh, for goodness sake! Can you not?!”

Elise’s instinctive reaction was to help him up, but she quickly mulled it over and pretended not to notice he was on the floor so that he had to suffer a little.

Jamie’s left arm and right leg were still in casts, and after falling on his tailbone now, he was in so much pain that his eyes welled up with tears. Even so, he didn’t admit to it. “It’s fine, Boss. You don’t need to help me. I can get up by myself!”

Well, his bravado immediately went out the door the moment he saw Irvin passing by.

“My dear godson, quick! Come and help your godfather up. Ugh, I’m in so much pain...”

Irvin stopped and glanced down at Jamie, but he was unmoved. “You asked for it,” he remarked off-handedly before walking off.

“Hey, kiddo!” Jamie cried out. “How can you be so heartless at such a young age? If you keep this up, you won’t be able to find yourself a wife in the future!”

Irvin was surprisingly calm. “From the looks of it, there’s no way of telling who’d find a wife first.”

Jamie rolled his eyes and gave up trying to argue with Irvin.

He’s got such a sharp tongue. It’s even worse than his father’s!

Meanwhile, Alexia came down at just the right time and saw Jamie sitting pitifully on the floor, so she rushed over to help him.

Jamie was deeply touched. “You’re the only one who cares, my beloved goddaughter. I’ll leave all my money to you!”

“I don’t want your money. You should find me a godmother and give me a sister to play with instead!” Alexia was eager to encourage the adults to have more children.

“About that... Let’s talk about that in the future.” He scratched his head as helplessness flashed across his eyes for a fleeting moment.

Elise noticed his expression, and her eyes flickered in thought. She swiftly changed her mind and instructed casually, “Now that I think about it, there is something that no one’s attending to just yet. Princess Diana and I ran into an old classmate of hers today. Perhaps you can look into this person’s details and background.”

Jamie immediately saluted her. “Yes, ma’am! I’ll do a good job, I promise!”

Then, he started asking curiously, “But everything there is to know about Princess Diana is already on the Internet. Are you sure you want me to do such a simple thing, Boss?”

“Well, whether it’s simple or not depends on how you think about it. I, for one, don’t believe in coincidences. This is the task. Are you doing it or not?” She purposely egged him on.

“I’ll do it, of course! Don’t worry, Boss. I’ll definitely find every single little detail about that guy, down to the brand of underwear he wears!” Jamie promised before breaking into a grin again. “So uhh... Boss, once I’m done, can you give me Narissa’s new number?”

Elise smirked. I knew it. This is what he was after all along. It’d be weird for him not to do anything after going so long without hearing anything from Narissa.

“That’ll depend on your performance,” she teased.

“No problem!” He smacked his chest confidently. “Just wait for me to bring you the good news!”

He retrieved his crutches and hobbled off.

Elise felt both amused and exasperated as she watched him leave. She got out her phone and sent him Narissa’s contact.

Just as soon as she pocketed her phone and turned around, she saw Irvin standing there and staring at her with a glass of milk in his hand.

“Did you need something?” she asked, feeling somewhat evasive.

“Yeah.” Irvin nodded with a solemn face. “Mommy, what do you think about me taking the college entrance examination straight away?”

“Huh?” At first, Elise was dumbstruck. She stared blankly for a short while before finally regaining her cool. “Well, Irvin, perhaps we should keep a low profile, hm? After all, your academic credentials aren’t all that important for you to begin with, and you can focus fully on your studies if you avoid taking those examinations for now. You might end up causing a huge stir if you take the college entrance examination, you know. You don’t want the reporters to pester you for an interview every day, right?”

“Oh. Let’s forget it, then.”

Ever since then, Irvin started wondering how he could get into college to do even deeper research without the media finding out about it.

...

Meanwhile, at one of the office buildings in Tissote.

Mergeret and Edmond exited the building with the proposal in their hands. They both had despondent expressions on their faces; their shoulders heavy with disappointment.

This was yet another rejection in a series of refusals within the past month. They had met with the majority of the investors in Tissote, but no one was willing to invest in them. The company was going to go under if they couldn’t find an investor soon.

“Come on. Let’s go to the next one!”

Mergeret swiftly regained her spirits as they set off for their next stop.

Along the way, a disheveled beggar shot out from the side and grabbed Mergeret’s purse.

"Pretty lady, please show me some kindness. I haven't eaten in three days. Please give me some money for food..."

Edmond was already in a foul mood, and the stench coming from the beggar only made it worse. He kicked the beggar off without showing any mercy. "F*cking hell. What rotten luck, and so early in the day, too! Get away!"

The beggar crashed to the ground, and her hair scattered to the side, revealing her grimy face.

Mergeret tossed some tissue at the beggar and glanced carelessly at her before moving in to take a closer look.

"Mrs. White?" Mergeret was startled when she recognized Lyre's face. "What happened to you? How did you end up like this? Where's Mr. White and Adelphe?"

Lyre was so hungry that her eyesight was hazy. She blinked and stared at Mergeret for a moment, but figuring it was someone who knew her, she began to weep, "It's all because of Anestesia White, that fucking disaster! She owed a huge sum of money and couldn't pay it back, so all of the Whites' family assets were frozen. The debt collectors come knocking every day, and no one dares to give us a job. We don't have money to buy food, so we have no choice but to beg on the streets!"

She wiped her tears and seemed to regain some of her clarity. She grabbed onto Mergeret as if she were her only lifeline. "Mergeret, you're Adelphe's good friend. Help me, please. Buy me a meal. I'm starving. Please, I'm begging you..."

"Oh. Let's forget it, then."

Ever since then, Irvin started wondering how he could get into college to do even deeper research without the media finding out about it.

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Meanwhile, at one of the office buildings in Tissote.

Margaret and Edmond exited the building with the proposal in their hands. They both had despondent expressions on their faces; their shoulders heavy with disappointment.

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"Come on. Let's go to the next one!"

Margaret swiftly regained her spirits as they set off for their next stop.

Along the way, a disheveled beggar shot out from the side and grabbed Margaret's purse.

"Pretty lady, please show me some kindness. I haven't eaten in three days. Please give me some money for food..."

Edmond was already in a foul mood, and the stench coming from the beggar only made it worse. He kicked the beggar off without showing any mercy. "F*cking hell. What rotten luck, and so early in the day, too! Get away!"

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Margaret tossed some tissue at the beggar and glanced carelessly at her before moving in to take a closer look.

"Mrs. White?" Margaret was startled when she recognized Lyra's face. "What happened to you? How did you end up like this? Where's Mr. White and Adelpha?"

Lyra was so hungry that her eyesight was hazy. She blinked and stared at Margaret for ages, but figuring it was someone who knew her, she began to wail, "It's all because of Anastasia White, that walking disaster! She owed a huge sum of money and couldn't pay it back, so all of the Whites' family assets were frozen. The debt collectors come knocking every day, and no one dares to give us a job. We don't have money to buy food, so we have no choice but to beg on the streets!"

She wiped her tears and seemed to regain some of her clarity. She grabbed onto Margaret as if she were her only lifeline. "Margaret, you're Adelpha's good friend. Help me, please. Buy me a meal. I'm starving. Please, I'm begging you..."

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 900

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 900-Margaret fell silent in thought once she heard what Lyra said. Her brows furrowed as she pondered just how much of what Lyra had told her could be trusted.

Margaret fell silent in thought once she heard what Lyra said. Her brows furrowed as she pondered just how much of what Lyra had told her could be trusted.

Everyone knew that Alexander was generous toward his woman. If Anastasia did in fact owe someone money, he would not stand idly by. Why would the Whites have to be responsible for the debt?

After noticing Margaret's lack of reaction, Lyra grabbed Edmond's pants and pleaded through her tears, "Edmond, I know you like Adelpha. I'll let her marry you, so can you take us in? You won't have to spend a lot of money on us. You can just give us three meals a day. Actually, just two meals are enough. Just give us two meals a day. We'll work too!"

Edmond kicked off her hands in disgust. "What are you blabbering, you crazy woman? Get your hands off me! You'd never be able to pay me back if you ruined my bespoke suit!"

Overwhelmed with despair, Lyra wiped her tears and wailed, "Why is my life so hard?"

Just then, Margaret cast aside all traces of her prior aloofness as she bent down and gently helped Lyra up. "Don't cry, Mrs. White. I'll buy you some food and find you a place to stay."

"What's wrong with you? We still have an appointment with an investor!" Edmond tapped his watch impatiently to remind Margaret that they didn't have much time left.

"They're not going to invest in us anyway. It doesn't matter if we skip the meeting." Margaret gave him a look that hinted he should go along with her. "Come on! Hurry up and give me a hand!"

Edmond couldn't argue with her, but he couldn't bring himself to touch Lyra either, so his only choice was to trudge along begrudgingly behind Margaret.

It took them one hour to settle Lyra's needs, and once they left the hotel, Edmond started ranting at Margaret. "I have no idea what's going on inside your head. We can't even take care of ourselves right now, so why are you getting involved in the sh*tty business with the Whites?"

"I have my reasons, of course." Margaret finally explained what she had been mulling over. "Anastasia White could very well be the next Mrs. Griffith. Do you think that anyone would force the Whites into such a predicament without Alexander's permission?"

"You're right. Does that mean it's Anastasia herself who's doing this to the Whites?" Edmond began to shake a little. "Does that mean that she's also the reason why we've hit a roadblock in our project?"

Margaret nodded. "I thought everything was settled after Alexander humiliated me at the television station a while back, but from the looks of it now, they won't stop until they've ruined us."

"We're doomed if we try to stand against Alexander! Why are we still breaking our backs over this? We should apologize to Anastasia right away and beg her to forgive us!"

Edmond was willing to admit he was a wuss. He didn't want to end up in the same state as Lyra.

"We'll do as you say. Let's apologize and admit our mistakes," Margaret said in a rare show of solidarity.

"Hurry up then! What are we waiting for?" Edmond didn't want to waste a single second.

However, Margaret glanced at him and her cold eyes flashed menacingly. "Anastasia won't bother to listen to us if we just go over like that."

"Then tell me what you think we should do. I'll do whatever you say." Edmond looked dead serious. He had full faith in her intelligence and was certain that they could brave this storm just like they always had in the past.

Margaret's expression shifted slightly. She started surveying him with a look of icy indifference.

Edmond felt a shiver down his spine. Just as he averted his eyes to avoid her gaze, she suddenly dashed behind him and shoved him onto the street.

As a result, his left foot was run over by a cab before he could even register what was happening.

"Arghhhhh!"

Edmond howled in agony as he held his leg. "I'm dying! Help! Call an ambulance!"

"Can you still bear the pain?" Margaret crouched down and calmly checked his injury.

"F*cking hell! I'm warning you, Margaret. If I lose my leg because of this, I won't stop until I make you pay!" Edmond bellowed at the top of his lungs. He couldn't be bothered to maintain his image in public.

"Go ahead and take it out on me. At the very least, we can prove our sincerity now."

An hour later, Margaret helped Edmond into Alexander's villa.

Alexander, who had only injured his leg earlier, now had a cast on both his left arm and left leg, as well as gauze wrapped around his forehead with blood oozing through the bandage still.

A few moments later, Alexander came downstairs with Elise and they both sat down on the couch.

"I heard you were doing whatever you could to see me. Well, I'm here now, so spit it out." Elise's expression was uninviting. She had no patience for them.

Margaret and Edmond exchanged a look before steeling themselves and kneeling down on the ground.

"Anastasia, we came here today to apologize to you."

"I was selfish. I stole your pen name and your writing. I've brought all the evidence that proves you're the true owner and I'm returning everything to you now."

"I'm sorry. Although it's taken me very long to apologize, I really hope that you can forgive me."

Having said that, Margaret took a leather folder out of her bag and pushed it forward.

Elise glanced at the folder but her expression didn't change. It was hard to tell what she was thinking.

Margaret kept her head low for a while. Seeing that Elise wasn't showing any response, she tugged on Edmond's shirt to get him to speak up as well.

Edmond knocked his head on the ground. "Anastasia, I mistreated you in the past. I fooled around and cheated on you. I shouldn't have listened to Adelphe and gotten tricked by her instigation to destroy your reputation and harm your life. From now on, I'll reflect upon myself and spend my entire life making it up to you. I just hope that you'll forget about the past and continue having a happy life."

Elise remained distant and unmoved.

Margaret quickly jumped in. "As they say, someone who knows how to repent is far more valuable than gold, right? After everything we've been through, we really have changed for the better. Anastasia, did you know that Edmond regretted hurting you so much that he jumped off a building? He wanted to atone for his mistakes by taking his life. Even though he didn't die, he truly wishes to make it up to you."

Alexander cocked his eyebrows in amusement. "That's sincere, huh? Which floor did he jump off from? How did he get so lucky to survive with just a broken leg?"

"I wanted to die too but a tree cushioned my fall. I took it as a sign that fate wants me to stay alive and spend the rest of my life making it up to Anastasia instead," Edmond declared as he pretended to be speaking straight from the heart.

"That's what I want to say too. Anastasia, we'll spend the rest of our lives making you happy. We won't do anything else but that. Can you give us a chance, please?" Margaret looked absolutely sincere as well.

"You don't need to spend the rest of your life on that. You have a chance in front of you now," Alexander said. "Anastasia owes me money. She still owes me tens of millions even after the amount the Whites have paid back. Since you feel so regretful now, you can take over the debt and take the burden off the Whites' shoulders."

"Alright," Margaret agreed without any hesitation.

If Alexander were to deal with them behind their backs, they might end up on their deathbeds not knowing how it even happened. In comparison to that, it was far better to owe him money in exchange for their lives.

However, Edmond was far less receptive to that idea.

He came here to apologize so that he could save his company. He had broken his leg and knelt in front of them, yet he was being asked to turn over all of his wealth and fortune to repay Anastasia's debt. Isn't that the same as losing everything?

"If you want to repay her debt for her, you can do it alone! Don't count me in!"

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