

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 901

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 901-"Tsk!" Margaret rolled her eyes at Edmond in frustration. "Just keep quiet! I'll explain it to you later!"

"Tsk!" Margaret rolled her eyes at Edmond in frustration. "Just keep quiet! I'll explain it to you later!"

"To hell with your explanation!" Edmond grabbed his crutches and wobbled to his feet. "Your first explanation ended up with you shoving me onto the street so that a car would run over me, and now you want to give me an explanation that is going to have me turning over all of my assets? Either way, you just want me to be the one who bears the brunt of all the suffering!"

"What are you even saying? Stop acting so crazy! Just shut up!" Margaret never thought he would mess things up at a time like this. In her panic, the only thing she could think to do was to raise her voice and drown him out.

"You're the one who should just shut up! I'm telling you now. If you want to be taken advantage of, then go ahead and do it alone! I'm not going to go along with this plan of yours. So what if Anastasia has it out for me? I can just file for bankruptcy and let them take my company. Even if that happens, I can still enjoy myself with the millions that my family has. Trying to use my money to achieve your goals and force me to beg on the streets, huh? Don't even think about it!"

Edmond tore off the bandage around his forehead and neck and threw them away before hobbling off with the help of his crutches.

"You fool!" Margaret stomped her foot in fury. "If you leave now, it's over for us both!"

Edmond didn't care at all. He sped up and disappeared out the door soon after.

"Oh, no! The show's ruined!" Elise gasped mockingly on purpose.

Margaret was infuriated and frustrated at the same time. She clenched her fists as she cursed Edmond in silence.

She had always been shrewd. How did she end up with such a lousy partner?

Margaret turned around and glared at Anastasia with resentment. Discontentment and hatred swirled in her eyes.

"Your partner has given up on the show. What else do you have to say?"

Alexander was staring at her with deep dissatisfaction. The temperature of the air around him seemed to drop several degrees.

He pulled Elise into his arms in silent warning.

Anyone who tried to touch his woman had better ask for his permission first.

Left with no way out, Margaret decided to throw caution to the wind and give it one last shot. "I just want to know one thing. Do you really want Anastasia to return the money to you?"

Alexander held Elise even closer to him. "What do you think?"

He didn't give a straight answer, but Margaret had the answer anyway.

Alexander wouldn't make life difficult for Anastasia.

And just like that, Margaret knew that as long as Anastasia was still around, she would always be reminded of just how unfair the world was.

Some people were born with everything in life. Life favored them even without them having to lift a finger. Meanwhile, when it came to her, she would still end up with nothing after all her scheming and plotting.

Margaret hated this world, and she hated Anastasia even more!

If Anastasia hadn't befriended her, she could've still tolerated the perfectly average fate she had, but because Anastasia had stormed into her world, she realized just how unfair it was and started wanting more and more.

It's all because of Anastasia! Anastasia's the one who ruined my life!

Margaret gave Anastasia one last look of hatred and resentment before stomping off in anger.

Alexander noticed the look in Margaret's eyes. As soon as she left, he called his assistant.

"Deal with Margaret and Edmond as soon as possible."

He hung up immediately after giving his instructions.

"Are you making a move against them too?" Elise had intended to handle the matter herself. She didn't expect Alexander to get involved.

Alexander brushed her hair to the side gently. "I'm sorry. I didn't want to butt in, but it seems like it won't be safe if those two are still around. I can only rest easy once they've been dealt with."

“Oh, alright.” Elise shrugged. She did feel it was a bit of an overkill to have Alexander deal with those two.

“Are you unhappy about it?” Alexander asked.

“It’s not that,” Elise said. “I just think it’d be too easy on them if you destroyed them so soon. I wanted to play with them for a little longer.”

That was the only way to make it up to the deceased Anastasia.

“I’ll make sure it’s done properly.” Alexander nodded in all seriousness to assure her that he knew what she wanted before changing the subject to something a lot less solemn. “But why don’t we play among ourselves now?”

“What are we playing?” Elise was serious too.

“Baby-making.”

“Baby-making?”

Alexander had picked Elise up and carried her in his arms before she even had the time to react.

When Elise finally understood what he meant, she glanced at the household staff who were passing by and turned bright red. She punched him lightly on the chest. “What are you doing? It’s broad daylight!”

“Lexi really wants a younger sister, and as her parents, it’s our job to fulfill her wishes, even if it means working overtime.” Alexander had no shame at all.

Elise was speechless. “Is that how you use the word ‘overtime’?”

“How else should I use it? Let’s discuss it in detail when we get to the bedroom.”

Elise had no words.

Alexander, you sneaky b*stard!

Meanwhile, in Cuber Residence on the other side of the ocean.

Narissa was sitting up in bed in the middle of an extravagant room that looked like it belonged to a princess. Out of boredom, she engrossed herself in her computer game.

Buzz!

The phone on her bedside table started vibrating. Narissa glanced at the screen and decided to ignore the call when she saw that it was from a number she didn't recognize and waited for her phone to stop ringing.

However, the same number called again. It was just as her game was at its climax and the buzzing sound was disrupting her ability to concentrate, so she grabbed her phone and turned it off.

Beck on the other side of the ocean, Jamie was filled with doubt after having his cell go unanswered twice.

He cross-checked the number he dialed against the one Elise gave him and tried to call once more after confirming that he had the right number, only to hear the robotic message telling him that the phone he was calling had been turned off. He was gobsmacked.

Did Boss give me a fake number?

Narissa didn't know about any of this. She was fully focused on her game, and after executing a masterful series of skills, she finally emerged victorious.

"Yes!" she exclaimed in excitement.

Just then, she heard footsteps approaching her door. Just as her doorknob started turning, she quickly tossed her laptop aside and yanked the covers over her to act as if she was asleep.

Ever since Narissa came home, she had been holed up in her room without trying to interact with anyone else. Her complete avoidance of any form of social interaction was enough to convince her parents that she was deeply hurt. Thanks to that, she managed to escape several blind dates and matchmaking attempts.

However, the person they were trying to set her up with had come to their house today. She figured that it must be her mother coming up to urge her to go down, so she decided to use her same old ploy to get out of today's meeting.

Soon, she heard the door closing.

Once the footsteps disappeared down the corridor, Narissa threw her blanket off and set up gleefully, but the moment she opened her eyes, she looked straight into her father's stern face.

Narissa slowly lowered her head guiltily. "It's you, D-De," she muttered awkwardly. Her father, Napoleon Cuber, kept himself in good shape. He was in his fifties but looked like someone in his thirties instead. Still, it did not make his over-six-foot-tall frame any less imposing.

"We have a guest here. Go down and greet him," Napoleon said grimly.

Narissa scratched her head and started coming up with excuses. "I don't feel too good today, actually. Why don't I greet him some other time? It'd be disrespectful of me to

meet our guest in this state.”

“You keep delaying it. If not now, when?” Napoleon’s voice was calm but his tone was still stern all the same. “Ever since you were born, your mother and I have never forced you to do anything you didn’t want to do. You’re the one who made the decision this time. You’re an adult. You need to learn to take responsibility for the things you say.”

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Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 902

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 902-“But I hope my daughter won’t be a coward who only knows how to run away from things.”

“But I hope my daughter won’t be a coward who only knows how to run away from things.”

Napoleon walked off after having said what he wanted to say.

Narissa tried to explain herself, but in the end, nothing came out. She had no choice but to get out of bed and do as told.

Twenty minutes had already passed by the time she started heading downstairs. She paused at the stairs and realized that both her parents had gone out. There was only a man in a gray suit sitting on the couch in the living room. He seemed to have been waiting for quite some time.

Narissa marched down the stairs reluctantly and walked over to the back of the couch before greeting politely, “Sorry to have kept you waiting for so long.”

Her eyes kept wandering as she did not wish to look the other person in the eye.

“Do you still remember me, Rissie?”

The familiar nickname sparked a long-forgotten memory. Narissa raised her head. Her eyes lit up the moment she saw the man’s face.

“Gale? Why are you here?”

Gale Myres was the son of the Cubers’ family friend. He was eight years older than Narissa. When they were younger, he would often take her out to play and introduced all sorts of extreme sports to her. Later, they slowly lost contact when Gale went abroad.

Since then, Gale had become a lot more dignified. The air of masculinity that emanated from him was very appealing as his tall figure and muscular physique made him even manlier than before.

“Who else do you think it would’ve been?” Gale’s voice was rich and mesmerizing.

“Wasn’t it supposed to be someone from BJ Biotech?” Narissa asked.

“Don’t you remember? My paternal aunt’s the wife of the president of BJ Biotech. I’m here in my cousin’s place,” Gale explained calmly.

“So are you the one who’s here to be matchmade, or is it supposed to be your cousin?” Narissa was a lot more relaxed now. She was eager for gossip instead.

“That’s not important. What’s most important is that neither my cousin nor I intend to form a marriage alliance. I always believe that love should be the basis of marriage, so you don’t have to scour your brain to come up with excuses to avoid meeting me,” Gale explained with a smile.

“Really?” Narissa’s joy was written all over her face.

“When have I ever lied to you?” Gale’s tone was full of affection.

“Yay!” Narissa clapped happily.

“Are you so happy to not marry me?” Gale wasn’t sure how he should be reacting to this. “Could you not make it so obvious? I’d feel hurt, you know?”

“Hehe.” Narissa clutched Gale’s arm and pouted like a little kid. “Gale, you’re like a brother to me, so you won’t be angry with your little sister, right?”

Gale ruffled her hair and didn’t deny it. “I heard that you’ve been keeping to your room for quite some time now. Why don’t I take you out for some fun?”

“You read my mind, Gale!”

Narissa had been dying to get out of the house but she couldn’t find a suitable excuse all this while, so why would she turn Gale down when he was providing her with the best excuse?

“Let’s go, Princess Narissa.”

Narissa spent a fulfilling day with Gale keeping her company.

Night had fallen by the time they returned to Cuber Residence with huge smiles on their faces.

Narissa spotted Napoleon sitting on the couch when she came in, and she even greeted him with a smile, “Good evening, Da.”

“Mr. Cuber.” Gale nodded politely.

“Hello, Gale.” Napoleon nodded back. “Did you two have a good time?”

“We had a great time!” Narissa replied. “Da, you and Ma won’t have to worry about me getting depression if you let Gale come over more often!”

Anyway, I'm going up now. I want to take a shower and get ready for bed. Goodnight, Da. Goodnight, Gale!"

Narissa was back to her old, wild self again. She said whatever she wanted to say before flying up to her room, leaving Napoleon and Gale alone in the living room.

"Seems to me that you and Rissa get along pretty well," Napoleon spoke up.

"Yeah." Gale didn't deny it. "Narissa and I are childhood friends. I know what she's like and I know how to make her happy."

"I'm glad then. So, what about the engagement?" Napoleon brought up hesitantly to see what Gale's attitude toward this was.

"I'll inform my parents about this and try to set the wedding date as soon as possible," Gale responded calmly.

"Excellent." Napoleon was immensely satisfied.

"I'll get going then. Goodbye, Mr. Cuber."

"Yes, go on."

At Brendan Atelier in Tissote.

The doors swung open and Danny walked into the main hall hand-in-hand with Ariel. The two sat down in front of Brendan and Yuri.

Soon, the atelier staff brought out the treasured wedding gowns that Brendan had hidden away for a long time. There were five of them all lined up in a row, and the staff left once they arranged everything in order.

"My dear lovely brides, please select your armor of choice for your wedding ceremony."

People were often a lot cheerier when they had something to celebrate. Danny was so full of joy and good humor that he sounded like a comedian each time he spoke.

"Ariel should go first." Yuri was pregnant and didn't feel like moving.

"If you insist."

Ariel got up and inspected all of the gowns. She stopped in front of the gown in the middle and studied the details for quite some time.

But before she could choose that gown, Brenden got up and recommended a different one to her. "You should choose this one. It complements your figure the best."

He had designed the one in the middle specifically for Yuri.

Ariel compared the two gowns. While she didn't say anything, her eyes kept flitting back to the gown in the middle.

Denny saw right through her and openly asked Brenden for a favor. "Brenden, I'll pay for my nephew's one-month-old celebration, so give Ariel that gown in the middle."

"Isn't it expected of you to spend a bit of money on your nephew anyway?" Brenden rejected the offer tactfully.

"I'll also pay for his graduation party, okay? That should be enough, right?" Denny was insistent on fulfilling all of Ariel's desires.

Brenden glanced at Yuri and hesitated.

Ariel immediately realized what was going on and chose to compromise. "It's okay. Your brother's the designer. He knows which gown would suit me better, so I'll go with his suggestion."

"Oh, fine. Either way, you're the most beautiful woman in the world to me no matter what you wear." Denny's honeyed tongue struck again. Love filled the air as the couple smiled at each other.

"Can you two cut it out?" Brenden had a look of disdain.

"Heh! You're one to talk! Don't think I don't know that you're probably even worse than me behind closed doors!" Denny retorted.

Seeing that the comments were getting a little out of hand, Yuri quickly stepped in to stop them. "That's enough. You two should stop ribbing each other. Ariel, if you like the gown in the middle, you can have it."

Brenden took Yuri by the hand to stop her. "I'm here. You don't have to give in to someone else," he muttered.

Yuri smiled and whispered into his ear, "The waist of the dress is too small. I can't fit into it."

Brenden glanced down at her slightly bulging abdomen and realized what she meant.

True enough, he hadn't considered the possibility of her being pregnant when he designed the wedding gown. She could no longer fit into it now.

Before anyone else could react, Denny snatched the wedding gown and grabbed Ariel's hand before running off.

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"Well, we'll take it! Thanks, Yuri!"

"Hey! You brat!" Brendan was exasperated as he called out, "You're paying for both the graduation party and the wedding too!"

"No problem!"

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 903

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 903-At Trade Street intersection.

At Trade Street intersection.

The gray sports car slowly came to a stop at the traffic light. Danny's hands rested casually on the steering wheel as he turned to Ariel with adoring eyes.

"You haven't let go of that wedding gown ever since you laid hands on it. You must really like it a lot."

Ariel smiled brightly. "The details on this gown are exquisite, and the material feels lovely on the skin. I have to admit that your brother truly knows what women want."

"This is nothing. You wouldn't be interested in this gown at all if my other sister-in-law were here," Danny declared with pride.

Initially, he wanted to ask Elise to design a gown for Ariel, but he was afraid that he might end up causing trouble if he did, so he had no choice but to set his sights on Brendan instead.

As they chatted, Brendan's eyes flickered out onto the street. He noticed the cafe at the corner of the street on his right.

Margaret and Edmond were coming out of the cafe with Raffle. All of them had furtive looks on their faces as if they were plotting something.

Honk!

The ear-piercing honk from the car behind snapped Danny out of his thoughts. He glanced at the traffic light, and by the time he turned to check on the trio again, they were long gone.

Danny drove off. First, he dropped Ariel back at her mother's house before sending a text to Alexander to inform him about what he had seen earlier. Then, he drove back to Griffith Residence. He planned to check on a few things himself.

As soon as he entered the house, he saw Madeline sitting on the couch rubbing her feet. She was wincing in pain but the foot rub seemed to give her relief.

A sea of shopping bags cluttered around the couch, so much so that there was barely any space left to walk.

Danny went over and started teasing, "My dearest Mom, you're getting up in your years, you know? Take it easy when you go shopping. Just get the store to send over anything that catches your eye. You don't need to tire yourself out like that."

Madeline rolled her eyes at him. "You ungrateful little brat. Why did I tire myself out like that, huh? Who do you think it's for? It's all for you! I wouldn't have put myself through all this if it weren't for the sake of getting along with your mother-in-law. I've never had to walk so much in heels in my life! Look, my skin is chafed now. Ouch—"

"You went out with Ariel's mother?" Danny subconsciously lowered his voice.

"Who else could it be?" Madeline stared at her sore heel—she wasn't sure if she should touch it—before grumbling to herself, "Why would she let you marry her daughter if I don't butter her up first to make sure she knows her daughter will be in good hands? What if you fail to get married this time? Don't tell me you plan on spending the rest of your life as a bachelor."

Danny was moved beyond words.

He always thought that his mother would be very harsh toward any woman her sons dated. Who would've known that at the end of the day, she was still the one who always put their best interests first? She was the one who loved them the most.

"Mom," Danny called out solemnly. "Thank you."

"If you really want to thank me, then you better have a happy marriage with Ariel. Don't get any of those silly ideas again!" Madeline reprimanded.

Danny was amused. "Don't worry, Mom. I won't do anything that'll make you fret anymore. I'll take you to your room."

"Oh, you little brat. Look at you finally discovering your sense of decency." Although Madeline appeared as if she didn't care for Danny's response, deep down inside, she was filled with contentment. As Danny helped her up the stairs, she kept giving him advice. "Remember what your mother tells you, okay? If you want a happy home, the man and the woman must first be good to each other..."

The next day.

A maid started knocking on Elise and Alexander's door bright and early in the morning.

"Mr. Griffith, Mr. Thompson has come. He says he's looking for Mrs. Griffith and won't leave until he sees her!"

The couple had no choice but to march down the stairs weary-eyed to greet their uninvited guest.

"Mr. Thompson." Elise stretched lazily. "You're here early. How can I help you?"

"Good morning, Miss White. I'm here to look for you. Prince Caleb wants to see you, so please come with me." Mack looked positively giddy in a way that tempted others to slap him.

"What for?" Alexander sounded tired, and it was most likely due to the couple's long, strenuous night.

"I'm afraid I'm not at liberty to disclose that for now. Miss White will find out soon enough once she gets there," Mack smirked as he retorted airily. He looked like the cat that caught the canary.

Elise leaned against Alexander and continued scrolling through her phone. She showed no sign of getting up.

"Please wait a moment, Mr. Thompson. I will get changed and come with you," Alexander said.

"That won't be necessary." Mack raised his voice and called out haughtily, "Prince Caleb only wishes to meet with Miss White. You can visit him some other time, Mr. Griffith!"

Alexander's expression darkened and his eyes turned menacing. Even the air around him turned hostile.

However, Mack looked him straight in the eye with full confidence and didn't back down at all, to Alexander's surprise. The air around them became tense.

Just then, Elise's phone buzzed.

She glanced at the screen and saw that she just received a text from Princess Diene. 'You must make sure Mr. Griffith comes with you!'

Elise was silent in thought for a second before she casually passed Alexander her phone and stood up. "So what if the prince wants to see me? I don't want to see him, so I'm not going."

Mack narrowed his eyes and stared at her dangerously. "Prince Celeb and Princess Diene have come from afar. They're honored guests here at Cittedel. It seems to me that your attitude is a little too disrespectful, Miss White."

Alexander finished reading the text and pocketed the phone before standing up and putting his arm around Elise's waist. "So you do know that you're guests, huh? You're in Cittedel and you don't have the right to restrict the freedom of Cittedeliens. Anestesia is my loved one. No one gets to walk out this door in one piece after demanding to see her alone without my presence, not even the authorities here in Cittedel!"

Alexander's imposing aura made it clear that he was not to be fought on this. Any form of provocation wouldn't work on him.

After thinking in silence for quite some time, Mack finally gave in. "In that case, please come with us, Mr. Griffith."

Half an hour later, Mack had brought the couple to Prince Celeb and Princess Diene's place.

Prince Celeb and Princess Diene were sitting at the head of the grand hall, while Mergeret stood beside Reffle. Her sharp eyes glinted murderously as if she was about to send someone to their death.

Elise sighed in annoyance. Mergeret again. Why is she even more irritating than the Whites? She's like dog poop that can't seem to be scraped off the bottom of the shoe. Elise didn't even have to spend any time guessing. She knew that Mergeret was certainly up to no good again.

Sure enough, as soon as Elise and Alexander greeted the royal couple, Reffle and Mergeret began their performance.

"Mr. Griffith and Miss White, as this is a matter of great importance, please overlook the fact that I didn't inform you in advance." Reffle stood aside to let Mergeret take the stage. "This morning, Miss Ainsley knelt outside the Department of Commerce to

protest against the injustice of the designer selection. After understanding the situation, I realized that I couldn't make the decision myself, so I brought her here in the hopes that everyone could discuss how we could resolve this matter. Miss Ainsley, go ahead and say whatever it is you have to say in front of Prince Caleb and Princess Diana." Raffle was the one who brought Margaret over to lodge a complaint, but the sly fox was here acting as if he was merely doing what was right.

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Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 904-Alexander and Elise smirked at each other, but they didn't disrupt the show just yet. Instead, they had all the patience in the world as they chose the best seats for the show.

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"I have something to report, Your Highness. I wish to report Anastasia White and Alexander Griffith for their private dealings. They engaged in nepotism and ignored the rules of the designer selection by including Anastasia in the list of candidates even though she doesn't have any design experience at all. They're trying to rig the results of the selection!"

Margaret knelt on the floor and wagged her finger at Anastasia as she vented furiously as if she was doing the world a great favor by exposing a heinous crime.

"How absurd!" Princess Diana huffed. "A designer is judged based on their talent, not their experience. Prince Caleb and I have both seen Miss Anastasia's designs. Although they're not necessarily the world's most jaw-dropping designs, they certainly are good enough to allow her to join the selection. So what if the rules are bent a little for her?"

As Princess Diana spoke, she gave Elise a look of reassurance, letting Elise know that she was on her side and that Elise didn't have to panic.

Elise nodded lightly in gratitude.

"Your Highness, does this mean that as long as a person is talented, it doesn't matter how terrible her character is and how dishonorable her actions are? Can a person like that be in charge of a brand that represents both Yveltalia and Cittadel?" Margaret cried out in deep anguish.

"What do you mean?" Prince Caleb asked sternly.

"Anastasia White." Margaret pointed at Elise. "The woman who's sitting beside Alexander right now is a despicable woman who is heartless, cruel, and has no sense of decency, not even toward her own family!"

"A few years ago, she selfishly stole her own younger sister's boyfriend and even got pregnant out of wedlock without knowing who the father is. And now, she's living out her life of luxury while her parents beg on the streets without a home to stay in. If a person as materialistic, selfish, and immoral as her becomes an international designer, what kind of an example would she be setting for the younger generation? Your Highnesses, have you considered just how serious the consequences would be?"

“Why should I believe you?” Prince Caleb calmly asked on purpose so that Margaret could continue.

“I have proof!” Margaret was still kneeling on the floor. “And if that’s not enough, I can bring Anastasia’s parents over and provide videos of them begging on the streets. Anastasia and I have been friends for over a decade. I have no reason to slander her. I wouldn’t have taken the risk to complain about her at the Department of Commerce if she hadn’t gone too far. I really don’t want to see her setting a bad example for the future generation!”

Raffle passed over the information he had prepared from the start. “The video that Miss Ainsley is referring to is on this tablet. You can take a look, Your Highness.”

Alexander, who had been silent all this while, couldn’t resist remarking sarcastically, “You’re so well-prepared, Secretary Raffle. Look at you giving so much attention to my fiancée’s matters despite all the work you have on hand. I feel so bad for troubling you.”

“Please don’t misunderstand, Mr. Griffith. I prioritize all matters, regardless of who it involves. This is no ordinary matter. It’d also be in your best interest to resolve it as soon as possible,” Raffle declared as the staunch defender of justice.

“So I should be thanking you, huh?” Alexander cocked his eyebrows as his eyes flashed coldly.

Raffle surreptitiously averted his eyes to avoid Alexander’s piercing gaze.

After watching the video, Prince Caleb let out a heavy sigh. “What do you wish to say, Miss White?”

Princess Diana kept eyeing Elise as well. Defend yourself, Anastasia!

Elise’s gaze swept across the room before she said coolly, “I will voluntarily withdraw from the designer selection.”

“So you’re admitting that everything Margaret said about you is true!” Mack couldn’t wait to affirm her guilt.

Elise’s sharp gaze landed on him for the briefest moment before flitting away. She looked straight ahead and announced loudly, “On the contrary, I’m withdrawing for the sake of maintaining the fairness and justice of the rules.”

“Prince Caleb and Princess Diana agreed to let me join the selection because of the children, and out of courtesy too. I never thought it’d invite so much dissatisfaction from others. The designer selection is something that’ll benefit both countries. I don’t wish to be the reason why it’s held up. I’m not withdrawing from the selection because of a

guilty conscience. Instead, I'm doing so because it's the quickest and most efficient way to resolve this matter. My priority is to do what's best for both nations' citizens."

"Don't try to weasel your way out with those ridiculous claims! What do you mean for the sake of the citizens? You're just using that as an excuse to hide your selfish, despicable, and immoral ways!" Margaret fired back.

Elise looked Margaret straight in the eye without any fear. "So what if I'm a selfish and immoral person? Who has the right to point fingers at my life if I'm not part of the selection?"

While speaking, she made her way over to Mergeret. By the time she finished speaking, she was mere inches away from Mergeret.

Mergeret gulped subconsciously due to Elise's domineering presence.

However, Mergeret soon snapped out of it, and her expression hardened with hostility once more.

She had gone so far as to lodge a complaint in front of Prince Celeb and openly stand against Alexander. She wasn't going to let Anestesia continue proving how worthy of her life was.

Mergeret wanted to drag Anestesia down with her. She wanted Anestesia and all of Anestesia's descendants to live an evergreen life just like she herself had. She wanted them to be lowly citizens who couldn't escape from their mundane life no matter how hard they tried!

She had nothing left. She had to make sure that Anestesia fell into the gutter with her!

"Your Highness, Secretary Raffle, you heard what Anestesia said. She admitted to being a b*tch. A woman like her deserves to be mocked by all of society! She shouldn't be allowed to be a public figure! Hurry up and do something!" Mergeret was so beside herself with impetience that she forgot all about who she was.

Prince Celeb sensed the commending tone in her voice and eyed her sharply.

Mergeret felt shivers down her spine. She fell silent at once.

At last, Prince Celeb slowly started hinting, "Mr. Griffith, as the foremost entrepreneur in Cittedel, you have the highest chance of becoming the representative of this brand. Both nations will be watching everything you say or do. It's better for you to be more selective when it comes to the women you keep beside you. Love should go both ways. Miss White, if you truly love Mr. Griffith, then you should know better than to drag him down at a time like this."

“Are you breeking us up on Alexender’s behalf, Your Highness?” Elise snorted. “Let me remind you that this is Cittedel. You don’t heve the power to do enything you went here.”

Prince Celeb’s expression derkened es his eyes fleshed with rege. “Are you threetening me, Miss White? Are you seying that es Yveltellie’s representetive for this selection, I don’t heve the right to look into the corporetions who ere bidding for the brend?”

“All things go both weys. You’re the one who tried to get involved in my relationship with Alexender. You showed no respect for others, so why ere you demending that others respect you end cooperete with you?”

Elise hed hed enough of Prince Celeb’s pretense. He wes cleerly using this es en excuse to meke things difficult for them, so she fought right beck.

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Margaret gulped subconsciously due to Elise’s domineering presence.

However, Margaret soon snapped out of it, and her expression hardened with hostility once more.

She had gone so far as to lodge a complaint in front of Prince Caleb and openly stand against Alexander. She wasn’t going to let Anastasia continue proving how worthy of awe her life was.

Margaret wanted to drag Anastasia down with her. She wanted Anastasia and all of Anastasia’s descendant to live an average life just like she herself had. She wanted them to be lowly citizens who couldn’t escape from their mundane life no matter how hard they tried!

She had nothing left. She had to make sure that Anastasia fell into the gutter with her!

“Your Highness, Secretary Raffle, you heard what Anastasia said. She admitted to being a b*tch. A woman like her deserves to be mocked by all of society! She shouldn’t be allowed to be a public figure! Hurry up and do something!” Margaret was so beside herself with impatience that she forgot all about who she was.

Prince Caleb sensed the commanding tone in her voice and eyed her sharply.

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At last, Prince Caleb slowly started hinting, “Mr. Griffith, as the foremost entrepreneur in Cittadel, you have the highest chance of becoming the representative of this brand. Both nations will be watching everything you say or do. It’s better for you to be more

selective when it comes to the woman you keep beside you. Love should go both ways. Miss White, if you truly love Mr. Griffith, then you should know better than to drag him down at a time like this.”

“Are you breaking us up on Alexander’s behalf, Your Highness?” Elise snorted. “Let me remind you that this is Cittadel. You don’t have the power to do anything you want here.”

Prince Caleb’s expression darkened as his eyes flashed with rage. “Are you threatening me, Miss White? Are you saying that as Yveltalia’s representative for this selection, I don’t have the right to look into the corporations who are bidding for the brand?”

“All things go both ways. You’re the one who tried to get involved in my relationship with Alexander. You showed no respect for others, so why are you demanding that others respect you and cooperate with you?”

Elise had had enough of Prince Caleb’s pretense. He was clearly using this as an excuse to make things difficult for them, so she fought right back.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 905

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 905-At that moment, Prince Caleb had a grim expression and didn’t respond, making the atmosphere awkward. In that split second, Alexander turned around and looked at his assistant, who was standing by the door. Immediately, the assistant understood and entered the room, handing him a thick kraft paper bag.

When Margaret saw the familiar paper bag with its rope-tying method, her face went pale, and cold sweat formed on her forehead. At that moment, she was sure that the paper bag in Alexander’s hand contained her crime profile, which she had sent to the Griffith Residence to prove her loyalty.

Most of the information was fake, and she even made changes just to prevent Anastasia from filing a report against her. After all, if that happened, she would be sentenced to a few years less than she was supposed to. However, her loyalty would then be questioned, and no one would believe her words. Hence, she stared at the paper bag intently and made up her mind to take back the information.

Just as Alexander took out the papers inside, Margaret dashed toward him and snatched over the papers, tearing them into pieces. As the crowd watched her in astonishment, she tore the papers into pieces and flung them in the air, causing them to rain like snowflakes.

Seeing the scene, Margaret laughed crazily as she thought they wouldn't be able to slander her anymore.

"You! What are you doing?!" Prince Caleb was furious.

"Can I assume that you are guilty?" Elise commented casually, and her voice was filled with contempt. "I didn't know that you would be afraid too. Now, do you know the feeling of being backstabbed by others?"

"Hmph, say whatever you want. After all, there's nothing you can use against me now!" Margaret's nose flared as she spoke, looking proud of herself.

At this moment, she heard Alexander's bitter voice sounding behind her. "Are you sure?" he asked coldly.

Hearing his words, Margaret turned around and looked at him warily. "Of course. I have the original document in my hands and will never tell you where it is. So, you'll never find it." Those pieces of information were like a time-ticking bomb, so she wouldn't be a fool and have many copies of it. She even hid it from everyone else. It was in a safe place, and she was confident that no one would ever find out.

This was who Margaret was. She would prepare everything beforehand. When she gave the copy to Alexander, she had predicted such a day would come. Hence, as long as she took the initiative and destroyed the evidence, no one would be able to testify against her.

When Alexander heard her words, he smiled mockingly. "It's quite boring to look at a word document, so why don't we see something interesting?" Then, he walked toward the exhibition and took out a remote control, turning on the huge screen of the display.

After a minute, a PowerPoint of Margaret's brochure appeared on the screen. Then, Alexander started his presentation. "Fifteen years ago, Margaret used Anastasia's design and successfully signed a book publisher under Margot Anastasi. Fifteen years later, many novels and publishing networks gave her a net profit of five trillion dollars, but she only gave Anastasia five hundred million. Twelve years ago, Margaret and Edmond, Anastasia's boyfriend, were in a relationship secretly for almost a year. Seven years later, they put a bomb on the cruise ship that Anastasia was boarding, causing almost hundreds of people to die while Anastasia survived the attack. Recently, they contacted several studios to stop her from coming back. Here is some video footage of Margaret spending time with Edmond and Adelpha."

Then, the huge screen played the footage of Margaret flirting with Edmond and slandering Anastasia with Adelpha. In the footage, Margaret had an emo hairstyle, and her scheme was obvious. Looking at the scene on the screen, Elise thought karma was happening to Margaret. Unfortunately, the real Anastasia would never be the truth.

At that moment, Margaret was stunned. After she snapped back to her senses, she screamed and ran toward the screen, trying to cover up those ugly scenes with her body.

“No! Stop looking! Close your eyes! Where’s the power source? Cut it out!” No matter how hysterical she became, the crowd only looked at her coldly, sparing her no mercy.

After some time, Margaret was devastated. In that split second, she saw a stool beside her and grabbed it, trying to throw it against the huge screen. However, she never realized that the metal stool would be entwined with the screen’s wire, and she couldn’t separate it.

Boom! Zap!

“Ahhh! Help! Help me!”

With a huge electric shock, Margaret began to shake violently, and her blonde hair was struck by the electricity, causing her hair to fly. After the explosion, Margaret lay on the ground as her limbs twisted together, shaking violently. There was black smoke coming out of her mouth.

Anastasia passed away in an explosion and Margaret died the same way. It seemed that karma would always be there, no matter what. When the scene happened, no one expected this to happen. Hence, the crowd was silent.

After some time, Raffle snapped back to his senses and immediately announced, “Call the ambulance and notify the firefighters. Check every outlet of the room to see if there is any hidden danger. I’m sorry that you have to see this, Prince Caleb and Princess Diana. I’m afraid that we’ll have to stay in another hotel. I’ll see to it right away.”

Princess Diana was horrified by Margaret’s state. Without hesitation, she urged Prince Caleb to take her back home. After they had left, the room was left with Raffle, Alexander, and Elise as they stared at each other blankly.

Seeing that the royals had left, Raffle took the initiative to step up and ask for forgiveness. “Mr. Griffith, what happened today was a mistake. Margaret had also tricked me into this. I hope you don’t mind.”

“You shouldn’t be apologizing to me, Secretary Raffle,” Alexander said indirectly.

Raffle was a smart man. When he heard Alexander’s words, he set his gaze on Elise and reached out his hand. “I’m sorry about my actions, Miss White. I deeply apologize and hope you can forgive me. Why don’t we let this off the hook and continue to be on good terms?”

Hearing his words, Elise looked at his hand and raised her head. Then, she said with a monotonous expression, “I’m afraid I can’t do so.”

“You have given up on the qualifications to compete in order to protect the rule. Hence, I believe that we are the same. Let’s not hold on to such a problem. If you are willing to forgive me, I’ll do anything to help you if you ever need me.”

Hearing his words, Elise smiled, but her eyes were icy cold. “You’re wrong, Secretary

Raffle. There's a saying that goes, narrow-minded people and women are not to be messed with. Moreover, I'm the meanest among women. So, I will not do as you wish!" Seeing that she was persistent, Raffle could only return in defeat. Although he had offended Anastasia, he also succeeded in estranging both Prince Caleb and Alexander with Elise.

Recommended Novels