

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 911

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 911-An hour later, the phones were ringing off the hook in various departments.

Since Smith Co. had stopped its operations, many other industries had been affected as well. Everyone had become less efficient and even the stock market plunged, causing huge losses in Cittadel's entire economy.

Several common workers were implicated all of a sudden, which caused a series of serious road accidents.

At that moment, the entire Cittadel had descended into chaos.

Meanwhile, Raffle was seated in a chair with his eyes closed. As he gently tapped the armrest with his fingers, he waited for Alexander to give in to him.

However, before Alexander phoned him, he received a call from his higher-up.

"What on earth are you doing, Raffle? The world is in chaos, and you're still hiding in the Department of Commerce! I'll give you one hour to settle the issues with Smith Co. If you can't do that, you'll be replaced by someone else!"

Raffle was taken to task, and before he could respond, the other side hung up on him.

He had been working diligently for the past few decades, but it was his first time being reprimanded by his higher-up. After telling someone to look into the matter, he picked up his coat and left his office.

He got into his car, looked at his wrinkled face through the rear mirror, and became deluged with a sense of etherealism.

He had been working for far too long, and it was to the point where he had lost sense of what he really wanted to do.

Soon, he regained his rationality and clearly understood that he didn't have a choice.

He was on the same boat as Wendy and the others, so there were only two eventualities for him; he would either keep walking down the same path or die on the way.

Thirty minutes had passed, but he still couldn't find out Alexander's whereabouts. Hence, he could only seek help from Wendy.

"Alexander is right in his home. Just look for him directly. Before that, tell your people to do a full inspection on Smith Co.," Wendy ordered.

"I'm worried that he won't resolve the dispute easily." Raffle didn't have the confidence to persuade Alexander.

"Since we're from different sides, why would we have to resolve the dispute with him?"

"What do you mean?"

"The longer you stall for time with Alexander, the more time we'll have to make some arrangements in the company. Your task is to serve as our cover-up."

"I know what to do."

Twenty minutes later, Raffle arrived at the Griffith Residence.

He kept persuading Alexander and even tried to enrage him, but the latter still didn't bother sparing him a glance.

Seeing that the other man just wouldn't respond to him, Raffle adjusted his pants and bent his knees in an attempt to kneel.

"Wait a minute," Alexander finally replied to him. He moved his eyes away from the monitor and stared at him with a dispassionate gaze. "There are kids in the house. You'll scare them by doing this."

Raffle could only straighten up and beg for the other man's mercy with his head hung low. "What do you want me to do to let Smith Co. resume its operations?"

"It's not like there's anything I can do about it. It depends on how fast the authorities will finish doing the inspection." Alexander played dumb.

"That can be settled with a phone call. We're both intelligent people, Mr. Griffith, so let's stop beating around the bush. Just tell me the conditions you have," Raffle said.

"I love how frank you are." Alexander shot him a look of approval, then said solemnly, "Honestly, my brother and I don't like anyone bossing us around. If you're swamped with work, you'd better not interfere in his company and the competition this time."

"Apart from this matter, you can bring up other conditions. I'll do my best to fulfill them." Raffle turned him down.

Disturbing Alexander's participation in the designers' competition was the only task assigned to him by the organization, so he could not give in.

"There's nothing to talk about between us, then."

Alexander shifted his attention back to the monitor, and the entire living room was engulfed in a sense of awkward silence.

Meanwhile, Elise was searching for some information in the study on the second floor when a risk alert popped up on her screen. After clicking on it, she realized that someone was trying to break into the company's intranet.

The other party was skillful. In just half a minute, they had broken through three barriers, and they were just two barriers away from getting the company's most confidential files.

Certainly, Elise wouldn't miss such a chance to let her children learn something about anti-hacking, so she quickly beckoned to the little ones. "Come over here, Irvin and Lexi. I'll show you how to do it."

Irvin and Alexia stood beside her and watched attentively.

Only then did Elise start working on dealing with the hacker. In just two minutes, she managed to upgrade the firewall and encrypted all the important data.

"Mommy, this way, the hacker can still break into the intranet."

Alexia pointed at the screen where the progress of the other party getting the data was shown. She appeared puzzled.

A successful hacker was supposed to ensure the safety of their computer and stop anyone from breaking into the system.

"They won't succeed," Elise replied. "I've hidden all the confidential files. By letting the person in, we'll see what they want to copy and find out what their intention is. By then, we'll no longer be in a passive position. Do you get it?"

"Can't we settle the issue easily by breaking into the other party's system instead?" Irvin said calmly.

"You have a point!" Elise was elated. She excitedly kissed his chubby face. "You're so smart, Irvin!"

Then, her fingers flew over the keyboard, and as she pressed the 'Enter' button, footage of the hacker's front-facing camera appeared on Elise's monitor.

When she saw Wendy's face, she wasn't surprised one bit. However, upon recalling that Raffle was downstairs, she hurriedly left the room.

When she reached the living room, Alexander and Raffle were still in a deadlock. The atmosphere was rather intense.

She shuffled toward Alexander in light steps and sat down beside him. Then, she leaned close to him and told him about the hacking incident.

At the same time, Raffle received a call from Wendy.

“It’s done. You can leave now.”

Raffle’s eyes brightened. He kept his phone inside his pocket and became energetic in an instant.

“Alexander, I dare you to keep Smith Co. closed for business. I’ll only be punished at most, but from now on, you’ll never have any peaceful days again. According to the rules, a designer’s work won’t be selected for the competition without my permission. There will come a time when you’ll be forced to beg me. Just wait and see!”

After threatening Alexander, he turned around and left.

Elise arched her brow, then fished out Alexander’s phone and connected it to the real-time footage of her computer.

When Alexander saw how conceited Wendy looked, he snorted and turned to look at Elise with a smile. “Amy, why don’t we become one?”

“Alexander!” Elise was bashful and helpless. “Can you stop being a rascal in broad daylight?”

Alexander appeared innocent. “What I mean is that I want you to teach me your skills. What’s on your mind?”

Elise was at a loss for words, her face flushing. “Nothing...”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 912

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 912-After half a month of fervent preparations, the designers’ competition, which was jointly held by Cittadel and Yveltalia, finally took place.

Audiences and reporters from both countries had gathered together at the venue. The event was the talk of the town now.

The competition was set to start at 10.00AM. At 9.00AM, Alexander, along with his team, met Raffle and handed in the proposal for review.

Raffle skimmed through the proposal and tossed it away. He then mocked Alexander in a weird tone for not appreciating his favor. "Look, in the end, it's in my hands. Why did you even stall for time and make things difficult for both of us?"

They had previously launched an inspection at Smith Co.'s headquarters. Besides breaking into the company's intranet, Wendy's people had also installed surveillance cameras in some hidden places. They had already found out about the details of the proposal, so nothing was surprising about it now.

Now, they were just going through the process and letting Smith Co. take part in the competition as a representative for Cittadel. Although Raffle wanted to get his revenge, he didn't intend to expose himself so soon since everything was well under his control. After all, the organization did not have enough money and energy to nurture a new Minister of Commerce.

Although he was unable to stop Alexander, he deliberately stalled for time to make him anxious.

However, Alexander didn't respond to him at all. He stood there with an expressionless face just like a robot, and there wasn't even a hint of emotion behind his gaze.

Raffle was disappointed as his attempt to infuriate the man was futile. He could only give up and stamp the form with a seal to let them take part in the competition.

As he held out the form, he still tried to sustain the false sense of harmony between them by saying, "You're still young, so I won't settle the score with you. We'll inevitably come into contact again. I'll forget about the grudges between us, and I hope you'll start restraining yourself, Mr. Griffith. We can still be friends."

Alexander forcefully pulled the form from him and spoke in a dispassionate and distant voice. "I'm sorry. I'm not interested in being your friend. See you."

With that, he turned around and left with his team.

Wendy and the others thought that they were on the winning side after stealing the proposal, and they even had the intention of making Alexander side with them. Nevertheless, they had no idea that everything was under the latter's control.

Soon, they would regret letting him take part in the competition so easily.

Raffle dismissed Alexander's pride. After they left his lounge, he phoned Wendy.

"I've looked into the matter. Alexander's plan hasn't changed. It's just like what we'd obtained."

"I'm sure you know what to do."

“Don’t worry. Smith Co.’s team will come after yours.”

“Great.”

After hanging up the call, Wendy turned to look at the room’s door. “A long time has passed. Aren’t you ready yet?”

The moment she finished speaking, an alluring woman stepped out of the room.

The woman was clad in a shiny, puffy dress. As she approached Wendy, she lifted the hem of the dress and performed a curtsy to her. “I’m ready to take action now.”

Wendy examined the woman with her shrewd-looking eyes. “Tell me. Who are you?”

The woman put on a confident smile. “Amy.”

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As special guests, Prince Caleb and Princess Diana had gone backstage early on to motivate the candidates.

The moment Princess Diana saw Wendy, she eagerly took Prince Caleb’s hand and approached her.

“Wendy, I suppose Amy has become better now. Where’s she?”

Wendy stepped aside to reveal the woman behind her. “Your Highness, she’s Amy.”

The woman put on a faint smile. “Nice to meet you, Prince Caleb, Princess Diana.”

“Oh, my gosh!” Princess Diana was elated. She took a step forward and sized the woman up. “Nobody told me you’re so young and gorgeous! Could the inspirations in design come to you just like your natural beauty?”

The woman bashfully pressed her lips together. She did not refute her, nor did she acknowledge it. A moment later, she started coughing lightly.

The coughing was intermittent, but her expression suggested that she was not feeling well.

“Are you alright, Amy?” Princess Diana asked with concern.

“Although Amy has recovered from her illness, she’s still pretty frail. The flu is not serious, but it’ll take her a long time to fully recover. I’m worried that she won’t be able to do her best to make sure she won’t disappoint you,” Wendy explained.

"I see..." Princess Diana nodded to show that she understood her situation. Then, she took the woman's hands and placated her by saying, "Don't worry, Miss Amy. As long as you're willing to draw, the Prince and I will fully support you."

The woman gave her a grateful look, then said in a hoarse voice, "Thanks, your Highness."

The harmonious scene was abruptly disturbed by a scornful voice.

"Oh, look who it is! It's really you, Tiana. You're still alive?"

The moment Danny finished speaking, he appeared in front of everyone hand in hand with Ariel.

The woman, who was still benevolent earlier, sported a slightly awkward expression when she heard the name 'Tiana'.

Eight years had passed, and she had almost forgotten about this name. Why would there still be someone who remembered her?

She instinctively balled up her fists, her nails digging into her palms. That was how she attempted to sustain her calmness.

"Who are you calling, Mr. Danny?" Princess Diana was perplexed.

"That woman." Danny pointed at Tiana. "A few years ago, she pretended to be my sister-in-law's student and conned others. After she was expelled from the Calligraphy Association, she went missing. Although she looks slightly different now, her voice has never changed. I'm not mistaken, for she's definitely Tiana."

He paused for a moment, then provoked them with a smile. "What did you all just call her? Amy? Haha. Are you too old to see things clearly now, Miss Jennings? I'm worried that you've been fooled by her."

"Please show some respect, Mister. I have no idea why you're slandering me, but I'm the real Amy. My work will prove my identity." Tiana straightened her back confidently. She had been preparing for this day for the past seven years, so she wouldn't be intimidated by such a confrontation.

Danny scoffed. "You have a pretty special hobby, don't you? You'd either pretend to be someone else's student or the real person. Are you ashamed of your identity? Why do you despise it so much?"

Tiana ignored him and lifted her chin.

At this moment, she was a gifted designer as well as the royalty's guest. Certainly, she had the right to be condescending.

"Amy's design has earned the approval of the Prince and the Princess. If you're not pleased with it, Mr. Griffith, please show us a better design during the competition instead of bullying a frail woman backstage. It's not what a gentleman should do. Don't you agree?"

Wendy easily shifted everyone's attention back to the competition.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 913

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 913-“You’re right.” Danny decided to beat them at their own game with a rubbernecker’s attitude. “The crowd has keen eyesight. As soon as this so-called Amy goes on stage, everyone will be able to see how bad her designing skills are!”

Using his long arms, he wrapped Ariel’s waist and walked away. “It’s going to be an interesting show later.”

Tiana was so angry that her eyes almost popped out of their sockets and she glared at the two while gritting her teeth. So many years have passed, yet these friends of Elise can never get themselves to say anything nice. Can’t they think better of others? So, what if I’m not the real Amy? What does that have to do with them? It’s true that people with nothing to do like meddling in other people’s businesses!

If the royals hadn’t been here, with Miss Jennings’ support, I would’ve given Danny a few slaps for his arrogant attitude and let him know that things are different now. I’m no longer the student that anyone can take advantage of.

Back when Elise exposed her in public and made her the laughingstock of the entire Cittadel, the organization found her and gave her a new life. She had worked tirelessly for eight years to replicate Amy’s designs. Until today, she had her designs etched in her brain and every piece she designed looked somewhat authentic.

According to Wendy, the real Amy was dead, so now, she could replace her in the name of Amy and become the expert fashion designer that no one could catch up with! Just you Griffith men wait, this competition is just the beginning. In the future, the organization and I will completely ruin your lives!

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Meanwhile, the competition began not long after Elise and the kids settled in their seats.

As the emcee, Raffle, cued the event’s progress step by step, he first introduced all the selected fashion designers, then began showing the designs of Yveltalian designers, which would then be scored by a panel of judges formed from professionals in both Cittadel and Yveltalia.

Though the Yveltalian designers had limited abilities, the judges unanimously gave them seven to eight points. However, there were different opinions raised among the crowd.

“What? This competition must be rigged! How can that design deserve an eight?”

“That’s where you’re wrong. They are guests who came here to help give our country’s economy a boost. How can you possibly stand to give them only a passing score?”

“This competition is for bystanders to watch for fun while the professionals do so for the talents. These Yveltalian designers might be at the top of their game back in their country, but in Cittadel, they’re already lucky to have eight points.”

“I’d say these foreigners are really something. They clearly know their skills aren’t up to par, yet they still want to meddle in this industry. Aren’t they afraid they’d humiliate themselves?”

“When representing your country in a competition, it’s the heart that counts, not the scores. Shut up if you don’t know anything and save yourself from exposing your low morals!”

They continued to argue among themselves.

Despite the criticism, the Cittadelians were still gentlemanly enough to give the Yveltalian designers a two-minute round of applause so that they could see that they were welcomed at Cittadel.

After that, Raffle called for the Cittadelian designers to bring their works on stage. The designers who were there to run with the others stood in front. Alexander was the grand finale and last in line, while Tiana was in front of him.

After showing the designs from all contestants, Raffle deliberately raised his tone when introducing Tiana. “The next designer is not a stranger to all of you. About a decade ago, she appeared with a bang, and until today, all of her designs are still being collected and exhibited by almost all luxury brands. She has been dubbed the ‘Beethoven of the fashion design industry’. She is our top, master fashion designer, Amy!”

Once those words were spoken, no hints were needed as the crowd fell into an uproar.

“Amy! It’s actually Amy! She’s a Cittadelian! Oh, my gosh! I knew it. Only a Cittadelian could lead this industry!”

“Once in love with Amy, always in love with Amy!”

Even the Yveltalian designers raised their cameras in unison and pointed them at Tiana before taking pictures of her madly.

“It’s so unbelievable. Amy is actually so young!”

“Cittadel has actually managed to invite Amy to join this competition. This has just become a very fruitful trip!”

“It’s an honor to lose to Amy!”

“Why don’t we head over and ask for a signature later?”

The questions continued.

Under everyone’s gaze, Tiana held her head high as if she was now an embodiment of Amy. She gracefully took a step forward before slightly nodding at the camera to show the crowd her gratitude for their admiration. Later, she arrogantly held her head high again. That’s right. This is the life I, Tiana Hill, should have. I’m born to be on stage and should always be in the limelight.

“Okay, now let us feast our eyes on the surprising design Amy has brought for us today!”

Following Raffle’s command, the assistant removed the cloth covering the canvas and revealed Tiana’s design, which was also shown on the big screen at the same time.

When the different professionals in the crowd saw the design on paper, they all had different expressions. Those who knew nothing about fashion design applauded so hard that it seemed like they were about to break their wrists.

“This design is amazing! You’re Cittadel’s pride!”

“Amy, you’re my idol!”

They continued to shower her with praise.

The judges all nodded and began to whisper in each other’s ears.

“As expected of Amy! Once she reveals her design, all the other entries become nothing in comparison to hers. With such an innovative design concept, I think no one will be able to surpass her for the decade to come.”

“This has always been Amy’s design concept—bold and innovative but never lacking a romantic sense. This is what fashion designing should be like!”

“I think I’m going to give out my first full score of the day!”

Below the stage, Elise felt bored while swiping through her phone when she suddenly felt Alexia tug on her. “Mommy, the picture up there looks just like the one on your computer!”

Though she had already expected this, she still hurriedly put her phone away and covered Alexia’s mouth to stop her loud statement from spreading. Fortunately for them, the crowd beside them was still in high spirits and did not notice the child’s words, so it saved them from having their identities exposed.

While putting a finger to her lips, Elise made a shushing gesture. “What did I tell you? We’re here to be a quiet audience and watch Daddy’s performance. We are not to express our opinions. Did you forget about that?”

Alexia mischievously stuck out her tongue. “I’m sorry, Mommy, but it does look very similar.”

Pulling Alexia onto her lap, Elise looked on stage and explained solemnly, “Fashion design is something that taps into one’s soul. Inspiration and creativity are what give a design its soul, so no matter how similar two designs appear, unless you can tell the same story from both of them, one of them must be forged.”

“Forged? It means that’s fake, right? Mommy, which one is fake?” Alexia had always liked getting to the bottom of things.

“You can’t find the answer by asking. You’ll only be able to tell after you observe carefully,” Irvin piped up calmly beside them.

“Okie.” Alexia knew that her brother was reminding her to be obedient, so she stopped pestering Elise.

In the end, Tiana’s work received full scores and became the winner of the night, which was within everyone’s expectations. Since that was not the end of the event, Raffle announced Tiana’s score after which he directed the crowd’s attention to Alexander.

When the cloth of white silk was removed to reveal the design from Smith Co., it immediately caused a stir within the crowd. “Isn’t this the same design that Master Amy just presented?!”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 914

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 914-“This is straight-out plagiarism!”

“The renowned richest man in Cittadel actually dares to use such despicable means in a public competition. Look what he’s done. He has humiliated himself in the global eye!”

“As expected, businessmen know nothing about respecting the dignity of citizens!”

“People who publicly plagiarize the work of other contestants should have their competition rights revoked so that they don’t publicly embarrass themselves!”

As more voices of complaint sounded from the crowd, Raffle continued to add salt to the injury. “Alexander, do you have anything to say for yourself? Why does your design look exactly like Miss Amy’s?”

However, Alexander was unfazed as he reasoned, "Shouldn't I be asking you that question? You're the one responsible for auditing everyone's work before they're displayed to the public, but now, two similar works have been selected to continue the competition. How did you audit the works?"

"Uhm..." Raffle was instantly at a loss for words.

Wendy had let him have a glimpse of Smith Co.'s proposal beforehand and expressed her decision to make an exact copy of that proposal, which was why he deliberately arranged for Alexander to show his work after Tiana. That way, the whole world will naturally believe that Tiana's design was original.

The reason Raffle did this was to humiliate Alexander and make the entire Cittadel believe that he was a scheming businessman who would do anything to achieve his goal. Since Raffle was so desperate to regain his dignity, he completely forgot that by doing so, he would also need to bear the responsibility for his actions.

Therefore, he frantically began to create excuses for himself. "I'm indeed responsible for auditing the drawings, but you waited until the last hour to submit your proposal. Out of my trust in Smith Co. and the fact that I needed to deal with the audience, I didn't check those drawings as strictly as I should have. Still, I didn't expect you'd betray my trust and do something so despicable!"

Raffle purposely placed the microphone near his lips. "At the very least, you shouldn't have plagiarized so blatantly!"

Just like they had planned, they successfully influenced the crowd's emotions as they began to voice their complaints. "That's right. He must apologize! Smith Co. and Alexander must apologize and have their competition rights revoked!"

Meanwhile, Prince Caleb was also getting fidgety on stage. "Mr. Griffith, can you explain what's going on? I remember you had previously held a media conference in respect to Amy. I don't believe that you'd mistreat the beloved great designer, so please give me a reasonable explanation."

"Why should I be the one to give an explanation?" Alexander had a mellow attitude when saying that. "Just because my work was displayed two minutes late, I must be the one plagiarizing?"

This showed that the volume of words did not necessarily always come from quantity. As long as one could point out the main problem in the matter, one might be able to make a turnaround. Precisely, Alexander's words happened to shatter the crowd's concept regarding presentation sequence and authenticity.

In fact, it would not be peculiar if the thief was the one making the accusations first. Therefore, one should not jump to conclusions so blindly. However, that concept seemed off when it was placed on Amy.

One was a businessman who suddenly began to learn fashion design, while the other was a worldwide renowned fashion designer. From the bigger picture, it was obvious who had the higher chance of being the copycat. However, since Alexander refused to admit that he did such a thing, coupled with his identity, the competition's organizers naturally had to give him a chance.

"Alexander, since you refused the fact that Smith Co. has plagiarized, please show us your proof." The main judge came forward to control the situation.

Yet, it was not that easy to prove the owner of the original design. Since Raffle and the others were dead set on framing Alexander, they had already asked Tiana to prepare her 'working papers', which were draft papers that showed her design process. With the working papers at hand, they could prove the authenticity of the original design.

The main problem now was that both designs had working papers, so no one could determine who had designed this piece beforehand.

At that moment, Danny, who was sitting below the stage and enjoying the show, could not stand it any longer. "Since you can't tell who came up with the design first, let's just have them design one on the spot. That way, you'll be able to tell their skills right away. They're all professional fashion designers, so it wouldn't be a problem for them to draw something within ten to twenty minutes and come up with a completed design within an hour, right? Wouldn't that make this competition even fairer?"

"Sir, please calm down. Though your idea works, a designer's inspiration doesn't just appear out of the blue, so I'm afraid that it might take the designers a long while to complete their design if they were asked to do so on the spot," the main judge voiced his hardships.

"What's there to be afraid of? We're all here to support these designers. Furthermore, it's a steal for us to see how the industry's top designers create their designs!" Danny pretended to be an ordinary bystander and added fuel to the fire by hollering, "Everyone shout with me. Support originality. Support live designing!"

After he said that, a small portion of people began shouting along with him, "Support originality! Support live designing! We want full transparency for this competition!"

As a result, the organizing committee had a last-minute discussion and decided to allow the designers to compete by designing a piece on the spot in order to calm the crowd. However, the one deciding the theme was Princess Diana.

“Alright. With the theme of ‘The Bride of Your Dreams’, please create a design for a wedding dress. You may begin once you’re ready.” After announcing the theme, Princess Diana sat back in her seat and patiently waited to see a perfect wedding dress.

Meanwhile, on stage, Alexander and Tiana occupied a corner each. Placed before them was a design tablet that was linked to the big screen, streaming their every move for the crowd to see.

He picked up his pencil, looked at Elise and the children below the stage, and closed his eyes to calm down his breathing. A while later, he began to draw.

On the other hand, Tiana had not moved an inch. In order to prepare for today’s competition, she had spent a few restless nights copying the backup designs that Smith Co. had prepared so that it would not be a problem for her to redraw them on the spot.

Yet, she had to create a new wedding dress from scratch now. Besides the one Elise designed for Faye, the rest of her mind was entirely blank. A wedding dress—white, romantic, a vessel for blessings and love. It seemed like there were endless things that she could magnify, but in her opinion, it seemed like they were lacking something.

Seeing that Tiana had not started, Raffle came to her back and deliberately turned off the microphone before softly reminding her, “It’s been ten minutes. How much longer do you have to wait before starting?”

Hearing that, she shivered from the sudden shock. Before she could think any further, she began to draw according to her memory. Half an hour later, she actually managed to design a bold and innovative evening dress. Although it had nothing to do with a wedding dress, it was barely enough for her to muddle through.

Heaving a long breath, she felt her whole body relax. It was then Raffle saw an opportunity and quickly flattered her. “As expected from Amy. She finished her design before the one-hour mark! What an astonishing scene!”

While he spoke, Alexander had also finished his design. He calmly set down his pen and raised his head to look at the two drawings on the screen. Immediately, a scornful smile appeared on his face. As the smile was captured by one of the cameras and projected onto the big screen, the crew purposely enlarged it to make him seem supercilious.

“What does Alexander mean by that look? Who is he looking down on?”

“God, help me. He’s such a repulsive person. Not only did he finish later than Amy, he also dared to look down on her. Where did he even get his courage from? Courage the Cowardly Dog?”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 915

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 915-“I’m speechless. What kind of expression is that? He clearly has no respect for others!”

“Eww. That’s how you lose a crowd. I’m declaring that from now on, I will never idolize Alexander any longer. He will never have me!”

“Me too!”

“...”

Amidst the doubtful yells from the crowd, Alexander remained unfazed and slightly parted his thin lips to ask calmly, “Miss Hill, are you sure that this is the final design you came up with?”

Tiana was immediately pulled back to reality and confirmed it without hesitation. “I’m sure.”

With an ambiguous smile, he gave her a few nods. “Alright, then.” Subsequently, he turned to beckon his assistant over before reaching into the briefcase that the assistant always had with him. Then, he pulled out a piece of drawing paper and showed its front page to Tiana.

“See for yourself. This is a design I came up with a few years ago, and yes, it’s identical to the one you just drew. So, did you spend so much time just to show everyone how you replicated one of my designs?”

He paused for a moment before turning to the camera and looking at it with his sharp eyes. “All of you keep saying that the first to show their design is the original designer. All of you have been watching the whole process and are very clear that I did not draw this particular design on stage but finished it before even coming here. So, who is right and who is wrong?”

As soon as Tiana heard that, her face instantly paled and she instinctively gulped to relieve the immense anxiety inside her. Under the intense pressure earlier, she was not in the right headspace and inexplicably began to replicate the design in her mind. It was also because she had been constantly replicating other people’s work that it suddenly slipped her mind that during these seven years, all the designs she had been replicating were Amy’s!

Just as Alexander said, she had just redrawn a design Amy had completed long ago in front of thousands of people, claiming that it was her original design. At this point, Tiana felt her cheeks stinging as if someone had viciously slapped her.

However, she would never admit defeat so easily, so she forced herself to calm down before stuttering, "I admit I didn't think of a good idea, but the design I drew belongs to me. How many years does your working paper date back to? Mine are back at home and dates back to almost a decade ago. I can send someone to get them if you don't believe me!"

She had replicated almost every one of Amy's designs. Although she was not sure where the working papers were, there should be an identical drawing of this design within the pile of old working papers Wendy had given her since she could replicate it.

At that moment, Prince Caleb came forward to speak up for Tiana, "I know that Amy's not feeling well and I trust her talent. Today's competition has consumed a lot of time and I don't have the energy to dwell on who has plagiarized. As I've announced before, as long as Amy joins this competition, she will be the winner, so Mr. Griffith, please be a gentleman and step off the stage."

However, Princess Diana had a different opinion. "Every competition has its own rules. We can't just bend the rules because of our identities. We should be fair." The moment she said that, Prince Caleb rolled his eyes in response.

Turning his head toward the two royals, Alexander looked straight at them. "If that's the case and as the winner, that's even more of a reason why I shouldn't leave this stage." He then raised his voice and looked below the stage and in Elise's direction before announcing seriously, "Because I am the real Amy!"

Once he finished, the whole scene fell silent. A few imaginary crows happened to fly past their heads, making the atmosphere in the room even more awkward. Even Tiana could not help but raise an eyebrow at his statement. "Have you gone mad? Everyone knows that Amy is a woman!"

"Says who?" Alexander's tone was light as a feather, but it was laced with a majestic aura. "Out of the thousands of people in this place, has anyone ever seen the real Amy? You all speculate that Amy's a woman because she only designs clothes for women. As a result, I will be the one to put an end to this beautiful misunderstanding!"

"Nonsense! I am Amy. I was born an excellent woman and have great talents in fashion design. It's me! Alexander, you're just a thief who wants my identity because you're rich and powerful. I'm telling you. That will never happen!" It was evident that Tiana had fully immersed herself in her victim mentality as she felt so aggrieved that her eyes reddened.

Alexander lightly swept his gaze over her and ignored her words. Then, he walked over and stopped before the judges to bow gentlemanly. "This year marks the first year of Cittadel and Yveltalia's friendship. I don't have much talent, but I'd like to take this chance to offer three sets of custom designs as a gift to wish our countries a long-lasting friendship and never ending peace."

Subsequently, he looked at the crowd and his gaze turned affectionate. “Now, I’d like to invite my future wife, Anastasia, and our children on stage to show everyone these three designs.”

Following the direction of his gaze, everyone began to find where ‘Anastasia’ was. At the same time, the already prepared Elise held onto each of her children with one hand as Irvin grabbed the manuscript before they all walked elegantly onto the stage.

When they arrived before the stage, Alexander personally greeted them and led Elise to the center of the stage. Then, she kneeled and received the design manuscripts that were rolled into scrolls. After telling her kids what to do, she rose to her feet and the three simultaneously revealed the designs.

At that moment, dozens of cameras at the scene all gathered around the stage and pointed their lens at the designs from all directions so that the three designs could be clearly projected onto the big screen.

Almost instantly, the judges at the table jumped to their feet and everyone exclaimed in unison.

“T-That’s simply a stroke of genius!”

“That’s indeed Amy’s work. Bold, arrogant, and out of the box. Hahaha. I never thought that at such an old age, I’d still be able to see Amy’s new designs. I can die in peace now!”

“Everyone of them is breathtakingly beautiful. I don’t even know which one I should start praising!”

“As expected from a private collection, all of the designs shown so far appear immature and low in comparison to these three drawings!”

“With such a designer present, the fashion industry wouldn’t have to worry about not being able to return to its former glory!”

Speechless, Tiana was shocked to the point that her vision went blurry as those words flowed into her ears. Feeling like her world was spinning, she held onto the table with all her might so that she would not fall to the ground.

As she recalled the scene from eight years ago, it was also the moment before she reached her success that Elise suddenly appeared and took away her fame. Presently, it was now Elise’s man that pulled her back into the depths of hell once again.

Tears began to stream down Tiana’s face as she glared viciously at the floor. All the words she wanted to say had turned into hatred for Elise. Why does she still pester me even after her death? I just wanted the crowd’s applause and attention. Is that wrong?! Meanwhile, Alexander was paying attention to Tiana’s expression. He was afraid that she might suddenly go berserk, so he urged Elise to head down the stage. “Alright. Take the drawings and wait for me below the stage.”

“Good luck, Daddy!” During her sudden excitement, Alexia forgot to change how she addressed Alexander.

Though the people below the stage could not hear her, Tiana heard it crystal clear. With

a twitch of her ear, she turned to stare wide-eyed at 'Anastasia' and her children. A moment later, she acted as if she had discovered some kind of groundbreaking secret as she lunged at the three while muttering, "I understand everything now! I know what happened! It's her!"
It's Elise!

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 916

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 916-The appearance has changed, but kids don't lie. If Alexia is Alexander's daughter, Anastasia is Elise! That's right! Elise is not missing at all! Instead, she has been with Alexander with another identity all along!

"Stop right—"

Tiana shouted and marched forward, but before she could finish shouting and grabbing Elise, a large hand suddenly grabbed her wrist, and she was tugged and thrown to the floor by this powerful force.

When Tiana came to her senses, apart from the tingling pain in her body, she could feel Alexander's fiery glare on her. His wrath alone made her even more sure that "Anastasia" was "Elise"!

In the face of Alexander's intimidating glare, Tiana suddenly laughed maniacally. "Hahaha! Elise has been around all along! Haha! You two are the best actors in the world!"

In an instant, a killing intent flashed in Alexander's eyes. Even though he was now confident enough to protect Elise, he didn't want Tiana to reveal this secret.

His shrewd eyes darted around as he began to provoke her, "Elise is indeed my best wife because she is excellent. What about you? Do you remember what you called yourself?"

Tiana's smile froze, and her expression gradually became solemn.

"Eight years ago, you pretended to be Elise's student and tried to steal her original font. You repeated the same trick eight years later, attempting to take my identity and steal my design. Is stealing the only way you know how to get anything you want in your life?" He continued to mock her.

"Stop it! Stop! This is none of your business! Stay out of it!" Sure enough, Tiana was irritated and was on the verge of losing control. "You know nothing! It's obvious that I'm outstanding, so why should I let anyone belittle me? I'm just taking back the honor that belongs to me!"

“Are you sure it’s your honor? All you receive is sympathy from others in our name! Now that your true colors have been exposed, who else can you pretend to be? Do you even know if you’re a man or a woman? Can you differentiate between reality and fantasy? You’re just living in your own bubble. It will burst sooner or later, and you can’t do anything about it!”

Alexander deliberately deepened his voice and sounded as if he was putting Tiana on trial. His words struck Tiana’s soul, and all of a sudden, she began to feel dazed.

“No! You’re wrong! No one can take what’s mine away from me! I’m a genius! No one can take me down, no way! Me? I’m Amy, of course. No, wait! Who am I? Where am I? Why are there so many people? Why are they laughing at me? Stop! Don’t look at me! Stop laughing at me! Argh!”

She stood up from the ground while holding her head, and then turned in circles as if she had been possessed. She pointed aimlessly at the auditorium. “Come on! Come at me! Stop threatening me, or I’ll kill myself right now!”

With that, Tiana suddenly turned to look at the rostrum, wiped away the tears at the corner of her eyes, and rushed over without hesitation. She banged her head on the stone rostrum, fell to the ground, and did not move anymore.

Blood trickled down from her forehead to the ground, pooling into a bright red pool that seemed like a poppy that was melting.

The organizers of such a large event were quite diligent when such a scandal occurred. The logistics department quickly sent their staff to remove the corpse and clean up the mess, and the award ceremony was held as scheduled.

The capable Alexander verified his identity as Amy, so he won the championship trophy without any dispute.

Wendy was apparently exasperated. She came to him and provoked him, “Alexander, you’re so shameless. You use your dead wife’s identity and design. Aren’t you afraid that Elise will come back tonight to haunt you?”

“Is she coming? Oh, I look forward to seeing her!” Alexander curled his lips into a triumphant grin, confidence exuding from his whole body. “Miss Jennings, don’t be so bitter. Everyone wants to use her identity and design, but, well, I succeeded. You should be humble and learn from me. You’ll surely be defeated again in the future, so if you don’t get used to it, you may not be able to take it. It would be so boring if I lost to such a strong opponent like you.”

“I thought too highly of you. Yes, you may find it easy to take Elise’s credit because she is dead, but it doesn’t work all the time. We’ll see!” Wendy gripped her crutch angrily and left the arena indignantly with the support of her assistant.

Looking at the trophy in his hand, Alexander felt pleased. He would be able to use his wife's design for a lifetime, and others could do nothing but envy him.

After thinking for a while, he was about to share the joy with his wife and kids, but when he looked up, he saw Wendy and Raffle chatting without a care in the world. What the hell are these two up to this time?

Alexander frowned. After pondering for a moment, he hurried over, grabbed Raffle's hand and shook it, and expressed his gratitude excitedly, "It's all thanks to you that everything went so smoothly this time! Don't worry. I'll give you my full support as long as I'm still in the game!"

Taken aback by Alexander's abrupt action, Raffle took a second to regain his composure and hastily withdrew his hand. "What the heck are you talking about? I don't need your support! Don't even think about driving a wedge between us!"

But it was too late. Once the seed of doubt was planted, it would immediately take root and sprout into a towering tree.

Wendy didn't say anything, but she gave Raffle a very meaningful glance before turning and leaving in silence. Raffle's heart skipped a beat when he saw her look, and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

"Are you scared?" Alexander glared coldly at him. "There's more to come. Enjoy it."

Only then did he grin in satisfaction and return to Elise's side.

Alexia held the trophy and grinned from ear to ear. "Mr. Alex, is this made of gold? Can I buy desserts with it?"

Elise had reminded her just now, so she addressed Alexander as Mr. Alex now.

Alexander gently rubbed her head. "Of course. I'll give you whatever you want."

"Hooray! I want to buy ten tiramisu today!" Alexia clumsily held the trophy and giggled.

Her joy was so infectious that Alexander and Elise felt rejoiced, and their eyes and expressions were full of affection and tenderness.

At this moment, Princess Diana came over to congratulate Alexander. "Congratulations, Mr. Griffith. You finally became a brand designer as you wished." As she spoke, she hugged Alexander and Elise in turn.

When they hugged, Elise paused for a moment and whispered, "Princess, please be rest assured that the prince will never hear about you and Samson as long as you support us."

“Thank you.” The princess smiled lightly.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 917

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 917-Speak of the devil. Prince Caleb came over and quipped, “Mr. Griffith, I’m surprised, but I have to say that your ability speaks volumes. This brand belongs to you, and I look forward to your new designs.”

“Thank you.” Alexander returned to his taciturn self.

“From now on, Mr. Griffith, you’ll be in charge of my dresses for important occasions.” Princess Diana took the opportunity to gain some benefits.

“It’s my pleasure,” Alexander gladly agreed, but he was secretly planning on how to screw around with them. After all, to him, Elise was the best model.

“At least, in this case, it turned out pretty well,” joked Prince Caleb.

“Of course.”

Princess Diana and Elise exchanged glances calmly, yet their silence was worth a thousand words.

Meanwhile, Prince Caleb remained clueless about being cheated on.

To celebrate winning the joint brand, the organizer held a grand celebration banquet.

The reception had just begun when Danny and Ariel walked into the venue leisurely.

“Didn’t you say we were going on a date at the skating rink today?” Ariel asked. “Why did you change your mind and bring me here?”

“We can date whenever we want, but we’re not that lucky to get a free lunch every day. I’ve inquired about it. A lot of financial giants from Yveltalia have come to this celebration banquet. I want to take this opportunity to scout some of them so that we can venture into the international market.”

Danny quickly scanned the guests around him while he spoke, for fear of missing anyone. In the next second, his eyes lit up when he spotted someone. He took Ariel’s hand and quickly walked toward a tall and mighty figure.

“Mr. Taylor,” Danny greeted the man from behind.

Ariel was taken aback by the mention of the man's last name. When she raised her head, the man happened to turn around. She was confused when she saw his face.

The man glanced over at Danny and finally fixed his gentle gaze on Ariel. "Hello, Arie. Long time no see." His voice was so inexplicably deep and profound that he could captivate a person's heart just by speaking.

"H-Hello. Long time no see." Ariel seemed a little awkward and jittery.

"Do you know each other?" Danny stood between them, and he could feel the confusion frantically surging inside him.

Ariel had never told him that she knew Maverick Taylor, a financial tycoon from Yveltalia. He didn't ask about their relationship, but it felt weird, especially the way Maverick looked at Ariel. His gaze was so passionate and soft!

And I'm here with them! He would have swept Ariel off her feet by now if I wasn't here!

"Yes, Mr. Taylor was my first boss." Ariel explained, "He taught me a lot. It's all thanks to his guidance that I'm able to make good investment decisions."

"You're talented in this field. How are you doing recently?" Maverick asked warmly as if he was completely unaware that there was a man who was as tall and burly as him standing right in front of him.

His ignorance irritated Danny. Danny immediately wrapped his arms around Ariel's waist and grinned smugly. "She's doing great, thank you. We're getting married soon. You're welcome to our wedding if you're free."

Only then did Maverick take a good look at Danny, but it was only a brief glance. Almost immediately, he turned and continued to talk to Ariel, "In that case, let's exchange our numbers so that we can keep in touch."

Ariel was about to refuse when Danny directly took out his phone and passed it to him. "Save my number. I'm her spokesperson now. It's tiring to handle those calls and texts, so I usually do that for her. Mr. Taylor, if you have anything to say, just contact me."

Ariel was well aware of Danny's temperament, so she simply watched silently.

Maverick curled his lips into a faint smile and added his number. "Alright. Keep in touch, Mr. Griffith."

"Sure thing." Danny pulled a long face and looked extremely gloomy. Is he a fool? Can't he read the room? I'm so pissed now, yet he still saved my number! Fine. Go ahead and save my number! I'll block you later!

As soon as he saved the number, someone came over to talk to Maverick. “Mr. Taylor, can we have a word, please?”

“Excuse me.” Maverick smiled at them and then walked away chatting and laughing with that person.

Danny glared at Maverick wherever he went. If he could materialize his glare, Maverick must be being hacked into pieces at this moment.

Ariel finally sensed Danny’s abnormality and teased him, “Hey, are you jealous?”

“Jealous? Who, me? No, no. I would never be jealous,” Danny stubbornly denied. “I just feel that this guy is too cocky and bossy. I really want to slap that smirk off his face.”

“Nah, forget about it.” Ariel raised her eyebrows. “His skill is better than mine. You can’t beat him.”

“So what? It’s not going to stop me from kicking his *ss! Wait a minute—” Danny suddenly thought of something and grabbed her wrist anxiously. “Didn’t you say that he was only your boss? How do you know so much about him?”

Ariel pursed her lips and hesitated for a moment. In the end, she had no choice but to tell the truth. “Alright, we used to date, but that’s all in the past. We’re grown up now, so we’ve moved on.”

“You guys dated?” Danny asked anxiously, “Was he your first love?”

Ariel bit her lips and nodded lightly, confirming his speculation.

“D*mn!” Danny growled in frustration. “I knew it! No wonder the way he looked at you was different.”

“You read too much into this.” Ariel shrugged indifferently and said while looking in Maverick’s direction, “He’s destined for great things. In his eyes, relationships probably take up not more than 10% of his life. All he needs is a career, but...” She turned to Danny and smiled sweetly as she uttered, “You’re different. I know that you love me wholeheartedly, and I you.”

“Hmph! You’re just saying that to cheer me up!” Danny was touched by her confession, but whenever the thought that Maverick was Ariel’s first love crossed his mind, he was so jealous that he couldn’t calm down at all.

Ariel sighed helplessly. “Even talking about him upsets you. Do you still want him to invest in your business and partner with you to develop the international market?”

“Of course!” Danny huffed firmly, “I’ll be the bigger person. As long as I can expand my business, I’ll tolerate him. Just wait and see! There will come a time when he needs to beg me for mercy!”

Ariel’s heart melted when she saw that he was jealous. She tiptoed and kissed his lips lightly. “I believe in you.”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 918

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 918-Danny curled his lips into a faint smile. Just then, from the corner of his eyes, he saw that Raffle was quietly led away from the venue by a man through the side door.

He had seen the aforementioned man before. The man was Wendy’s assistant.

The celebration banquet had just begun. As the person in charge of the project, Raffle had no reason to leave so early.

There was something fishy going on. Since he spotted the incident, he couldn’t ignore it.

“Darling.” Danny turned to Ariel and said, “I have to check on something. Will you be fine by yourself? How about I ask the driver to send you home first?”

“One of us must be here to mingle with the other guests. Go ahead. I can handle this.” Ariel was not the typical damsel in distress, so it was no problem for her to handle things alone.

“Alright then. Thanks.” Danny gave her a peck on the lips and chased after them in the direction they left. He ran to the side of the road, just in time to see several men pushing Raffle into the car. From the looks of it, Raffle was reluctant to go with them.

Danny got to his car, started the engine, and hurriedly chased after them.

The other party was driving an MPV at a relatively normal speed. In order to not alert them, Danny followed them from a considerable distance.

They drove for about 20 minutes and gradually came to the outskirts of the city. There were almost no cars or pedestrians on the road.

At this point, the driver of the MPV suddenly accelerated as if he realized that they were being followed, and they almost got rid of Danny.

Shocked, Danny hurriedly stepped on the accelerator and followed them closely. He put his driving skills into use and managed to catch up with them thanks to his years of racing with Jamie.

Now that he had been exposed, he no longer hid his existence and followed the van closely. The distance between the two cars was only a few yards, and they maintained a delicate balance.

However, when they passed through an intersection, the trunk of the MPV suddenly opened, and a man was dropped without any warning. Danny quickly stepped on the brake, but it was too late.

He hit the man directly, sending him flying into the air. When the man landed on the ground, Danny's car ran over him inevitably, and he rolled to the guardrail ten yards away and finally stopped. The MPV, on the other hand, had sped off.

He was in the middle of nowhere, and the surrounding area was dead silent. Danny stared blankly at the weeds illuminated by the dim headlights. It took him a long time to regain his composure.

Thankfully, his car didn't break down. He immediately turned around and drove back to the scene of the accident.

Seeing the man's clothes, he could confirm that the man was Raffle. He bent over and checked Raffle's pulse and breathing although he knew the outcome.

Sure enough, Raffle was dead.

Danny was on pins and needles. Although Raffle and him disagreed on some matters, Raffle was not a bad person. Danny felt a strong sense of guilt because he hit and ran over Raffle. Moreover, he wasn't sure if this was part of Wendy's trap.

After pondering for a moment, he took out his phone and called Alexander. "Alex, I think I've been set up."

After hearing what had happened, Alexander immediately instructed, "Take the body home immediately and avoid the cameras. I'll send someone to take care of the rest."

Danny didn't have time to think. He dragged the body into the car with great effort and sped home.

Meanwhile, the celebration banquet at the hall was coming to an end. Seeing that Ariel was alone, Maverick approached her. "Your little boyfriend has left early. Are you still waiting for him?"

Maverick was the kind of person who did not wear his heart on his sleeve. On the surface, he looked dismissive of Danny, but in fact, he had been observing Danny's words and demeanor secretly.

With a faint smile, Ariel replied, "No. I'm just looking for a potential business partner who we can work with."

"Well, the most promising business partner is standing right in front of you, yet you still look for others. It seems that you have alienated me," Maverick teased.

Ariel smiled politely and said in a diplomatic tone, "It would be an honor to have you on board if you're willing, of course."

Maverick avoided the topic directly. "I've heard about Danny. I thought that he was a promising young man, but now that I've met him, he seems to be only a kid with excessive possessiveness."

Upon the mention of Danny, Ariel beamed, and affection flashed in her eyes. "He is indeed a little childish, but that's what I like most about him."

"Everyone wants to be a kid when hormones are abundant, but men always mature slower. You may like his guilelessness now, but in the future, you will suffer exactly because of that," Maverick uttered.

"It's possible." Ariel shrugged indifferently. "But so far, it hasn't happened."

Maverick opened his mouth and was about to say something when Ariel directly interjected him, "Let's talk about you. Since you came to Cittadel in person, you must be here for market development. Since we have the same goal, why not work together?" She cut to the chase, so as not to cause unnecessary misunderstandings.

The shrewd Maverick did not push it anymore. He responded leisurely, "You know that I'm professional. If we want to work together, your little boyfriend's proposal has to be worthwhile."

"Okay, Mr. Taylor. You'll be pleasantly surprised." Ariel was confident.

Maverick did not answer her. He simply gazed at her with passion and adoration.

The guests were almost gone by now, so Ariel stood up and was ready to leave. "Excuse me, I'll take my leave first. Let's talk again when we have a chance."

"Let me see you off." Maverick followed her.

"No, thanks." Ariel stopped him, not wanting to create any misunderstanding.

“What are you afraid of? There’s nothing between us. Can’t you even be seen with a male friend? Do you have no confidence in yourself, or your little boyfriend?” Maverick deliberately spoke provocatively.

Ariel frowned. It would show how unreasonable she was if she refused again, so she had no choice but to leave the banquet with him.

Twenty minutes later, Danny clenched his fingers and restlessly waited in the villa while Elise was examining Raffle’s body in the guest room.

The abrupt sound of the car engine brought Danny back to reality. He got up and walked to the floor-to-ceiling window, just in time to see Maverick take off his coat and drape it over Ariel’s shoulders.

He wasn’t able to control his emotions well due to the uneasiness he was feeling. At the same time, an enormous sense of jealousy rose in his heart. He sat back down furiously and ignored Ariel’s greeting when she entered the house.

Sensing that he was not himself, Ariel looked at the coat on her shoulders and soon realized that he was angry. She took off Maverick’s coat, casually put it on the hanger at the side, went to sit beside him, and pressed her slender body against him. “You saw Maverick, didn’t you? Are you jealous?”

“No, I’m not.” Danny turned his face away and arrogantly denied it.

Ariel giggled in amusement. She wrapped her arms around his tightly and pouted adoringly. “Oh, I’m so tired, darling. I want kisses...”

Danny snorted, raised his chin proudly, and did not say anything.

Seeing this, Ariel decided to turn against him. She shook off his arm and feigned annoyance. “You don’t love me anymore.”

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 919

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 919-Danny fell for it and turned around to complain aggrievedly, “It was you who flirted with your first love, so why are you angry at me? Can’t you be reasonable?”

“That’s it. You’re jealous.” Ariel coaxed him in a good-tempered manner, “I’m sorry, and I don’t want to do so either. I can’t shame him because I have to protect my husband’s image. Maverick is an important client. He said he would send me back, so I can’t offend him and endure the discomfort of letting him send me.”

Pausing, she hooked her hands around Danny's neck before throwing him a wink. "After being alone with someone I don't like, I realized how much I love you. Do you know that I was thinking about you every minute on the road?"

"Really?" Danny's heart instantly melted, and even his gaze became gentle and doting.

"Really." Ariel looked into his eyes and nodded thoughtfully. "Not a trace of a lie."

Danny's mood took a turn for the better, and he reached out to play with her slender hands. He then sincerely apologized to her. "I'm sorry. I was too quick to judge, and my attitude was bad. I have wronged you."

It wasn't very comfortable for him as a big man to let Ariel coax him.

She was proud, but she was willing to humble herself for him, so Danny swore that he would cherish her well no matter what happened in the future.

"Jeez! I'm your wife, so I must bear your emotions. Tell me—what happened?" Ariel asked patiently.

"I probably ran over someone." Danny was still in shock. He couldn't help but sigh again when he talked about the incident. "I drove over Raffle."

"How did that happen?" Ariel was surprised.

He had been out of her sight for less than an hour, and something had gone wrong.

"It all happened so fast, so I don't know what to say. My sister-in-law and the others are investigating it." Danny's mind was filled with the figure of Raffle covered in blood, and the guilt overwhelmed him.

Just as Ariel wanted to ask further, the door opened as Alexander and Elise walked out from the guest room.

At that, Danny immediately got up and talked to them. "Elise, can he be saved?"

However, Elise shook her head. "He's dead."

"Dead...?" Danny froze, as if he had just been sentenced to death.

Did I kill someone who never antagonized me?

However, Elise's following words immediately took him out of the abyss of self-blame.

“Don’t worry; his death had nothing to do with being hit by a car. The direct cause of death was a poisonous gas that kills people so fast that it takes only fifteen seconds from the time they inhale it to stop breathing and to meet their maker.”

“Does that mean I did not kill an innocent?” Danny’s eyes were wet with excitement.

Every man wanted to be a hero, and he was no exception. From following Alexander in business to joining the SK Group, Danny had always practiced his heroism. He never spared a villain and never hurt a good guy.

However, if he killed Raffle, he would feel guilty his whole life. Thank the heavens that did not happen.

Ariel stroked his chest to comfort him silently. Danny lowered his head, and they smiled at each other. Their love for each other had risen to a new level.

“I see that Wendy has stepped into my trap,” Alexander said thoughtfully.

“Not necessarily.” Elise then analyzed rationally, “With Wendy’s personality, she would rather kill than let the enemy go. Killing Raffle might be a way for her to find a scapegoat for the election.”

“What a ruthless woman. She will kill if she wants to. She is not afraid to provoke the government at all.” Danny almost became a scapegoat as well, so he hated Wendy with a passion.

“Initially, I wanted to use Raffle to check Wendy’s connection in the organization, but now it seems that the person behind her is far more powerful than we thought,” Alexander commented.

“Another possibility is that Wendy doesn’t want to waste time investigating undercover agents, and instead focuses on taking down another target,” Elise said.

“Which means that the Cuber Family is in danger.”

“Should we leave for Vegas tomorrow to find Narrisa?”

When Danny heard they were going to Vegas, he lit up. “Are you going abroad? We’re going too! Think of it as a trip to get married!”

“Out of the country now?” Ariel was confused. “What about our business?”

“Money is endless, but we only get married once, so we have to be crazy. We only live once!”

Danny spoke logically, but he only thought of temporarily avoiding Maverick.

He knew himself too well that it was impossible for him not to be jealous. So, he wanted to avoid him before it affected his relationship with Ariel.

However, Ariel was career-minded, which was why she was indecisive for a while.

Danny saw through her thoughts, so he rolled his eyes before cunningly coming to her side and whispered, "The Cuber Family is a hidden family with more assets than my brother. This is the actual big client that we could not afford to lose!"

Once Ariel heard that she readily agreed. "Alright, then. We'll do as you say. Let's get married in Vegas!"

As such, the group decided to leave tomorrow night.

...

At the Cuber Resident in Vegas.

The night enveloped the land as the lights came on, and the manor looked like a castle in a dream, magnificent and stunning.

The cream-colored antique car stopped at the entrance of the ancient castle. Then, Gale and Narissa got out of the car and walked toward the house while chatting merrily. After entering the house, they did not see the Cuber couple. Napoleon's majestic voice came from above her head when Narissa was about to celebrate.

"Sneaking out behind my back again?"

Narissa's smile froze as she looked up at her father, instantly discouraged.

As he spoke, Napoleon walked downstairs.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Cuber. I have had a lot of social obligations lately, and I didn't bring enough clothes, so I asked Narissa to accompany me to go shopping to choose some new ones. It was my idea, so please don't blame her." Gale habitually took all the blame.

The two just came back from the underground race track. Narissa won a lot today, but the process was thrilling, so they could never let Napoleon know about it. Hence, it became a secret with Gale.

The most important thing was that they knew Gale was a guest. Even if they had been found, Napoleon wouldn't do anything to him.

Sure enough, after Napoleon came down, he looked at his daughter to ensure she wasn't hurt. Then, he waved his hand and let them go. "Go upstairs and sleep early."

Narissa's smile bloomed as she stomped her feet while giving a non-standard military salute, "Oui m'dame!"

Napoleon rolled his eyes. "What 'm'dame' are you talking about? With this level of fluency, no one would believe that you grew up in Vegas."

"Nah, it doesn't matter if my French is wrong, as long as my Athesean is good. I'm a Cittadelian, not Mesdran!"

Then, Narissa stuck out her tongue mischievously and ran upstairs quickly before Napoleon could refute.

Recommended Novels

Read Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 920

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 920-“Don’t act like a brat, girl. Slow down!”

Napoleon helplessly shook his head, then turned to look at Gale with concern in his eyes. “With her attitude, I’m afraid she will have to cause you a lot of trouble in the future.”

“Narissa is playful, but she has a great personality,” Gale said humbly and modestly.

“You know better than I do, although I’m her father.” Napoleon was delighted as he commented, “I’m relieved to leave her in your hands. Do you want to stay for a light meal?”

“Thank you for your kindness. However, I have much-unfinished business in the company, and I need to prepare for the engagement party. I want to marry Narissa as soon as possible and don’t want any delays, so I’m afraid I have to decline your invitation.” Gale respectfully lowered his head.

“It’s okay. Since you have your arrangement, go ahead and don’t mind me,” Napoleon said lightly.

“Thank you for your understanding, Dad. I will visit again tomorrow.”

Gale bowed, and then he turned to exit.

Meanwhile, at the manor’s gate, Jamie showed a group photo and tried to get the gatekeeper to let him in.

“This is your young mistress, right? And this is me. This will prove that we are friends. Can you let me in?”

However, the gatekeeper was haughty and arrogant as he stated, “This photo was photoshopped.”

“No, you didn’t even look at it, so what makes you say it’s photoshopped? I still have the original picture on my phone. We can go somewhere else to check it if you don’t believe me!” Jamie was angry and anxious at that point.

“I don’t have to take a look. I’ve seen a lot of egomaniacs like you. You are just using a fake photo to take advantage of the family. You’re too ugly; you can’t have a fairy-like friend like my lady.”

Although the man was just a gatekeeper, he knew of Narissa’s valiant appearance and admired it very much. He could be described as a bit of an admirer of Narissa, so he would look at any man who approached Narissa with disdain.

“Ugly?” Jamie pointed at himself in disbelief. “Excuse me? Did you call me ugly?”

Although his appearance was no match to Alexander, Jamie was, after all, one of the most handsome men in Cittadel. As such, he couldn't accept it when a gatekeeper insulted him.

The gatekeeper had a disdainful look on his face as he countered, “Who else?”

That arrogant expression seemed to say something. You can't hit me even if you hate me. So what if I'm a b*tch?

“Well, I have a violent temper.” Jamie was so angry that he was about to explode. Then, he rolled up his sleeves while saying harshly, “Come on, then. Fight me! We'll fight till one emerges victorious!”

“If you hit me, I'll call for reinforcement.” The gatekeeper raised his eyebrows meanly.

“F*ck, one only calls for reinforcement when they can't beat the enemy. You are going to call for them before we even fight. Are you even a man?” Jamie glared in anger.

“I'm not.”

Jamie was speechless at that. Motherf*cker, he is such a b*tch! I want to beat him!

He clenched his fists. However, when he thought of Narissa, he still held his temper and lowered his voice. “My friend, please do me a favor. Just send her a message. I'll pay you ten thousand, one hundred thousand, or even five hundred thousand!”

As he spoke, the cream-colored antique car whizzed by behind him.

Gale, who was in the car, saw the two arguing. So, he glanced casually and didn't take it seriously when he passed by.

However, after a few seconds, his body reacted and he slammed on the brakes.

He observed things through the rearview mirror for half a minute. Then, he started the car and slowly backed up.

Meanwhile, Jamie was still bargaining with the gatekeeper. “One million! Bro, just give in to me!”

However, the gatekeeper refused to accept it. “I knew you were a bad guy. You can't bribe me!”

At that, Jamie completely lost his patience. He put his hand into his pocket, ready to try the medicine he got from Irvin.

Before he could touch the medicine, an antique car suddenly stopped behind him.

The car door opened, and Gale walked straight toward Jamie.

“Jamie Keller?” Gale called Jamie by his full name.

Jamie stepped forward and stared at Gale under the streetlights. After recognizing Gale, he immediately kept his guard up and begrudgingly called by his full name as well.

“Gale Myres?”

Before coming here, Jamie had already investigated the man who Narissa mentioned, so he understood Gale’s identity and appearance. It seemed that the other man did the same thing.

“Come with me,” Gale said, to which Jamie countered with hostility, “Do I know you well?”

“If you wish never to see Narissa again, feel free to stay here.”

After saying that, Gale turned around and got into the driver’s seat.

Jamie turned his head to look at the unreasonable gatekeeper. After some hesitation, he still got into Gale’s car.

An hour later, Gale brought Jamie to a house in the suburbs.

“You stay here for now. I’ll arrange for you to meet Narissa later,” Gale said.

When Jamie heard that, he expressed his doubts. “Are you sure?”

“I have no idea why you must be hostile, as I have always regarded Narissa as my sister. She told me a lot about you guys. I wish her well, that’s why I’m helping you. If you continue this attitude, I’ll consider changing my mind.” Gale had a condescending attitude.

“Sister? But you’re her fiancé,” Jamie muttered passive aggressively.

“That’s just a cover to help Narissa to avoid more blind dates. When the time comes, we’ll call off the engagement. Forget it; there’s no need for me to explain anything to you. You either go or stay. Do as you please. I’m not forcing you.” Gale didn’t even look like he was taking Jamie seriously.

Jamie slightly squinted his eyes. After a moment of thought, he patiently gave in. “I’m sorry. I apologize for my recklessness earlier.”

“There’s no need.” Gale’s attitude was icy. “I’m not going to be angry with people of your age.”

Gale’s every word and tone sounded like a provocation, and it irritated Jamie.

However, when he thought of Narissa, he endured it.

“Can you please give me a social media account where I can contact Narissa?” Jamie lowered his stance and asked humbly.

“It’s useless even if you have it. Napoleon keeps a very close eye on her. If he finds out that she’s contacting outsiders, he won’t let her out for the rest of her life. If you don’t want to hurt Narissa, don’t go to the Cuber Residence to look for her again. A week at most, and I’ll bring her to you.”

After speaking, Gale left with a calm look in his eyes.

When the engine’s sound was getting distant, Jamie couldn’t help complaining, “He’s just a few years older than me, so why is he pretending to be an elder? A week is too long. Who knows what you have in mind? I don’t believe that I can’t break into the Cuber Residence with my skills!”

Then, he took out the photo he had shown the gatekeeper earlier and gently stroked Narissa’s face in the picture. “I know you’re angry, but you don’t have to ignore me...”

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Two days later, when the news of Raffle’s death came, Noah’s mother couldn’t bear the information and fainted on the spot. After waking up, she was mentally disturbed and devastated.

Recommended Novels