

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 521

Chapter 521 Extreme Insult

“Elise can only behave arrogantly for just this moment. Once she is done with the match, she’ll definitely be kicked out of here!” “That’s right, Sophie. Soon, we won’t have to see her annoying face. The prouder she is now, the worse she will suffer later on when she loses! Do you feel better thinking this way?”

“That’s right. Haha! If she picks Sophie as her first opponent, then she’ll be doomed! Sophie learned her skills from the president of the Cittadel Chess Club—Mr. Warren Reynolds himself. Elise would very likely be begging for mercy within ten moves!”

“That’s quite obvious. I reckon that the only person who is comparable in chess in this organization would be Kenneth. How can Elise be comparable to Sophie?!”

Sophie’s girl squad voiced out one after the other to the point where they practically praised Sophie to the skies.

The smile gradually reappeared on Sophie’s face as she regained her glow once again.

In each past gathering, she had hoped to have the chance to defeat Kenneth in a match so that he would have a different lasting impression of her. However, she had never won a match against him.

Last year, she had practically spent all of her spare time studying chess moves, so she was confident that she would be able to win the match against him and be seated on the same stage.

At this moment, Sophie took a deep breath to realign herself.

She was determined not to allow Elise to control her. After all, Elise’s presence meant nothing at all since the person she wanted to face was Mr. Ross, who was her main opponent.

...

On the other end, Elise sat together with Kenneth at a corner and got to know each of the elites in the different industries. She carefully kept each of the business cards she received aside and placed them in a separate compartment of her bag.

These people were involved in different industries and she might have a use for them in the future.

Shortly after that, there was a drum roll to signal the official start of the chess match.

The first round was conducted by the method of drawing lots to select the opponent.

Somehow, the two who held a grudge against each other clashed in the first round. Elise had drawn Sophie as her opponent.

Meanwhile, Kenneth glanced at the number Elise had picked and he probed out of concern, "If you aren't confident, I can still liaise with the organizers to call off the chess match so that you don't have to go through this."

"That's not necessary." Elise flung the ball in her hand into the air and caught it again. It was indicative of her carefree attitude.

As soon as he saw that, he had no choice but to stifle the advice he had for her. So, he merely said, "Don't stress and have some fun then. I'll be back real soon." Subsequently, he walked off toward his opponent.

Meanwhile, she went to her table according to the number on the ball and Sophie was already seated and waiting for her.

Sophie gave a cynical smile as soon as she saw Elise and there was a look of disdain on her face. "Tsk! Tsk! We're playing against each other indeed. Elise, do you need me to explain the rules of chess with you?"

Sophie's words had successfully attracted the attention of the neighboring tables.

All of them wore incredulous expressions on their faces. After all, other than the waiters, how could the organizers allow anyone who didn't even know the rules of chess into the room? It was pretty much impossible. Did she gain entry by taking advantage with the help of someone in position?!

Besides being surprised, all of them were amazed by Elise's stunning looks as soon as they saw her face. Once they had returned to their senses, they nodded their heads knowingly since good looks were indeed quite powerful too.

Elise didn't care about these people's attention as she met Sophie's eyes with a nonchalant look and a casual smile. "Thanks, but no thanks."

Sophie was quite disdainful at the response. She didn't believe that Elise—the country bumpkin just back from the countryside—would know anything about chess. Ultimately, Elise was just putting on a tough front, that's all.

However, she pretended to show her refinement, so she patiently started to explain the rules to Elise, "I'll take the black pieces and you can have the white..."

At this moment, Elise remained calm as she listened in a laid back manner.

Finally, it was time for the start of the match.

Sophie made the first move.

Subsequently, Elise smiled and made her move too.

...

At the fifth move, Sophie became quite aggressive and took Elise's piece.

Meanwhile, Elise's lips curled into a sly smile before she slowly made her sixth and her seventh moves.

After ten moves, Elise started to run after each of Sophie's pieces. When Sophie finally realized it, nearly half of her pieces were gone.

At that point, she leaned forward and blinked her eyes quite hard in a daze.

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Chapter 522 All's Fair in Love and Chess

On the other side, Kenneth steadily placed his last piece on the chessboard, making it quite clear as to who was the winner. "Thanks for a great match."

His opponent subsequently left the opposite seat. At this moment, someone moved forward in excitement. "Congratulations, Mr. Bailey!" As for Kenneth, he gave a casual smile. "It was just by chance."

"Mr. Bailey, you must have misunderstood my words. I wasn't talking about the match between you two. I meant the person you brought today. She's amazing!"

At that point, a resigned Kenneth smiled slightly. Well, it was hard to describe it in words, but to his surprise, he found that everything made sense. My Ellie always seems to be able to amaze the world.

Meanwhile, Elise's move seemed to cause Sophie to feel somewhat frustrated. Sophie found that the raging sensation she felt within her was troubling her rather badly.

She no longer cared about any sense of composure nor refinement as she raged at Elise arrogantly, "Didn't anyone tell you who I learned my chess skills from?"

"Well, it can't be from me." Elise shrugged. "I don't have such a lousy student like you."

"Learn from you?! Who do you think you are?!" Sophie nearly went into a tirade, but she stopped herself as soon as she saw the staff member head toward them.

At that moment, she took a deep breath and spoke haughtily, “My teacher’s the president of the Cittadel Chess Club—Mr. Warren Reynolds! I have to say, though, you must not have met him before, right?”

“Who did you mention?” Elise curled her lips with a meaningful look in her eyes.

Then, Sophie seemed to drop her defenses all of a sudden. Indeed, she hasn’t even heard of Mr. Warren Reynolds before, so she must not be that good at chess anyway.

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Chapter 523 Loser Pays Homage Thrice

“You’re just a rookie indeed! You don’t even know who Mr. Reynolds is and you still dare to turn up without shame at this gathering which he organized! I can’t believe your nerves! There seems to be all sorts of people in this world with peculiar behaviors!” It was at that moment when Sophie finally found the chance to mock Elise as her sharp words flowed out with ease.

Perhaps Elise could make use of her looks to win Alexander’s favor in the Griffith Residence. However, this was a gathering of the elites and it wasn’t a place where one paid attention to good looks, so someone clearly lacking substance like Elise didn’t have the right to be here.

Sophie was still quite angry, so she paused for a moment before continuing with her aggressive sentences, “If you privately acknowledge that you’ve lost the match and leave the scene right away, perhaps I’ll pretend that I don’t know a thing out of respect for Mr. Bailey. However, if you go ahead with the match, don’t blame me for being vicious. By then, if you lose the match, it’s certainly likely that Alexander will also have to keep a low profile with you!”

Elise was initially listening to Sophie’s words half-heartedly and touched her ears from time to time to shift her focus. At the same time, she considered the situation at hand. Should I spare a thought for the Bowen Family? Otherwise, Madeline might find fault with me again. After all, it wasn’t difficult for her to end the match with a tie at the critical point.

However, Sophie didn’t even bother to show any respect toward Alexander and even her smile had abruptly disappeared by that point.

She squinted at Sophie with a pair of dazzling eyes, which was flickering with a cold glint. “Haven’t you considered that perhaps you’re the one who brings utter shame to Alexander in the end?”

“Me?!” Sophie laughed uncontrollably and she clutched at her stomach as she laughed. “I’m quite impressed by your positivity! You’re still so impudent with your words despite being in such a situation.”

“Are you sure?” Elise’s cold eyes were devoid of warmth but the smile had never left her face. “What if you lose then?”

“Me?! Lose to you?!” Sophie snorted loudly as she wrapped her arms around herself. “Okay. If I lose, then I’ll repeatedly pay homage to you three times. However, if I win, then you’ll have to appease me by doing the same thing!”

“In that case, stop the unnecessary chatter and show me what you have!”

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 524

Chapter 524 It’s Not Too Late to Admit Defeat

Sophie closed her eyes and readjusted her mindset. She had already figured out a solution to deal with Elise after studying the video recording of Elise during the match, in which she decided to use the Malta Tactic. That was the highest level of chess skill she had learned from Mr. Reynolds. It was a move that he created during his chess match in Malta against a reclusive hermit who was a chess master.

Initially, Sophie had planned to use that on Mr. Ross but in order to entirely defeat Elise and show everyone that she was miles ahead of Elise, she had to bring out the skill that she was most proud of. It was despite the fact that it would be a piece of cake to defeat Elise.

At this moment, she opened her eyes once again and calmly made a move. Meanwhile, Elise went after her without considering anything at all.

In the past, when she played abroad, she had to watch the clock and rush to finish the game because each game was worth a thousand. She was so broke then that in order to earn more money, she had already mastered the skill of swiftly reacting to each move.

Sophie snorted with disdain upon noticing Elise’s move without the slightest consideration. She is indeed a simple-minded buffoon. She didn’t even make a perfect first move, so how would she be able to continue the rest of the game well? She’s way too stupid!

She initially felt that it was a waste to use the Malta Tactic on Elise. She’s not a worthy opponent to use the Malta Tactic on!

Even Mr. Reynolds hadn't figured out the way to overcome the Malta Tactic, so using this on Elise was equivalent to asking a junior high student who had just started studying Physics a question on the study of matter.

However, as Sophie considered the situation, the battleground had been set. So, she could only continue to make her move despite her reluctance for this skill to be revealed just yet.

Meanwhile, Elise didn't realize that something was amiss, but it suddenly dawned on her after ten rounds and her eyes sparkled with knowledge. She recalled that she had used this method in Malta before. It looks like Sophie has learned quite a bit from Old Reynolds.

Elise stared calmly at the chessboard in front of her. As she swayed her head slightly, she found the game to be quite interesting.

Meanwhile, Sophie, who had been swiftly making her move, noticed it and retracted her hand from the chessboard. She glanced at Elise with a disdainful look in her eyes and taunted, "You must be out of moves, right? You look like you're quite lost in your next step. Too bad, though. It's too late for you to give up now. Prepare some bandages to wrap your forehead after you've paid homage to me!"

However, Elise smiled nonchalantly at Sophie. In fact, Elise had already figured out every single move that Sophie was going to make.

Elise was about to say something, but she noticed Sophie's arrogance and decided not to say anything. At this moment, she silently lowered her head to continue the game.

Sophie noticed that Elise had gradually taken each step into her trap, so she smiled mockingly. "I said you were stupid, yet you refused to admit it. Don't blame me for not warning you. If you keep going on like this, in less than two moves, you'll definitely be defeated. Well, but there's nothing much you can do because you can't change your past move. I would be happy to take whatever you offer me."

At this moment, she lifted her hand and made a move on Elise's knight. However, Elise merely smiled and calmly moved her chess piece.

"You're still maintaining pretenses even up till now? You're such an unrepentant person!" Sophie rolled her eyes and continued to make a move according to what Warren had taught her.

Then, Elise looked at the resurfaced tactic that he had created while calmly glancing at the timer.

Four minutes and thirty seconds.

Old Reynolds used half an hour to arrive at this step in Malta then. Sophie's quite talented to be able to perfectly make every move in such a short time.

Elise glanced at Sophie and calmly lifted the corners of her mouth. "If you admit defeat now, I can still cancel our bet."

She repeated the same words that Sophie had said earlier and directed them back at Sophie. This was all purely because she didn't want to make their relationship too awkward for Alexander's sake.

However, Sophie refused to take Elise up on the offer and even reckoned that the latter must be crazy to say such words at this point. "You must be unaware of your current circumstances! Once you make another move, you'll get the taste of losing every single piece."

Elise directly changed the topic. "I'll give you one last chance. If you admit defeat now, you won't need to pay homage to me."

However, Sophie merely found those words a joke and refused to even acknowledge her words. With a sigh, Elise turned to look at the chessboard with a serious look and thoughtfully mentioned, "Actually, this tactic isn't difficult."

At that point, Sophie snorted. "Elise, you've lost the game. Stop coming up with excuses. This is the first time I've ever seen someone with such poor manners."

Then, Elise lifted her eyes and coldly glanced at Sophie. Subsequently, Elise lifted her Queen and calmly caused Sophie to checkmate by following the path that the black piece had created.

Sophie was just about to deal a deathly blow with her piece, but after carefully studying the chessboard, the expression on her face instantly stiffened. What's going on?!

Elise had completely turned the tides with just a single move and Sophie was now the one in danger!

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Chapter 525 Backing Out?

I... I actually lost? In that instant, Sophie was thoroughly shocked as her face blanched. Things got so complicated she could only feel embarrassment and frustration.

Quickly, everyone sensed the shift in favor. Elise turned the table by just making a move backward, forcing Sophie into detriment. At once, the crowd felt a chill when they peered at Elise, realizing how lethal the woman was. She remained silent the whole time, and before they realized it, her opponent was already on the brink of defeat. And

that could only be pulled off by someone who had absolute confidence in her own chess skills!

Meanwhile, Sophie, having lost all her optimism, could only maintain her sitting posture when she fell onto the support of her chair. She couldn't bring herself to accept that she had fallen by Elise's hands, especially after she had nailed such a high-level tactic.

Elise shot her a subtle grin. "So are you going to forfeit, or are we going to finish the game and you still lose anyway?"

Finish the game? How am I supposed to do that? No matter what Sophie's next move was, it would only show the audience that she was bound to lose regardless of how hard she struggled.

At that moment, Elise revealed a smirk as she gave Sophie a taste of her own medicine. "What's with the silence, Miss Sophie? It's my first time seeing a player so bad and so disrespectful." Her smirk grew charmingly wider, while Sophie guiltily gulped. Eventually, the latter loosened her gripping fists and took a deep breath. She raised her hand and put down her king piece, admitting her defeat to Elise.

At the same time, Kenneth, who had just finished his match, came to see the ladies' match. Seeing Elise retain her cool look as she won, he let out a deep sigh, feeling the pressure within him getting heavier.

He could not let his guard down for a second or he might just fail to keep up with such an outstanding woman. After collecting his feelings, he moved up and asked a question everyone had been thinking. "How did you spot the weakness in her strategy?"

Hearing that, everyone held their breath as they stared at Elise with expecting eyes, getting ready to engrave what she had to say in their minds.

However, Elise looked rather innocent. "None of you noticed?"

The crowd wordlessly nodded. One could easily rise to fame if they were known to have seen through such a prominent tactic, and none would even try to hide it once they discovered its flaw.

"Uhh..." Elise awkwardly pursed her lips as she naively turned to the chessboard. "Honestly, the gist of it is to forget all the lines and squares you see on the board and observe the situation of your 'troops.' Then, things will start revealing themselves."

With that, the chess enthusiasts attempted to erase the lines in their minds as she said, raising their heads to read the entire situation on the chessboard. Those with less advantage in height even stood on tiptoes, not minding the embarrassment. Slowly, they realized something odd. For some reason, the chess pieces seemed to be arranged in the shape of a word.

“Fool?” One of them blurted.

“Bingo!” Elise excitedly pointed at the person. “It is ‘Fool’ indeed! Once you’re done with the ‘F’ and ‘l,’ all you need are two chess pieces in between as the ‘o’s.’ As such, ‘Fool’ becomes the point to victory!”

“Oh!”

“So that’s it!”

The crowd appeared as if they’d discovered a new dimension. Nevertheless, the only reason the audience dwelled so long on the Malta Tactic was solely because they wanted a shortcut to winning games. Shortly after, they realized that she was only insulting them, mocking them for their ignorance. They then scowled, feeling somewhat embarrassed for having been set up. All these adults who spent all their time scheming against each other ended up being made fools of, so how could they not feel ashamed?

On the other hand, Sophie, who’d honed her chessing craft religiously, was gravely infuriated as she glared at Elise, who treated it as mere toy. Right then, all she wanted was to disappear from the public’s eye.

Flatly, Elise uttered, “Moral of the story is that not everything in life has twists and turns, and the only thing that matters as we live is sincerity. So, Miss Sophie, have you prepared to sincerely fulfill our agreement?”

As per their agreement, the loser would have to kneel and kowtow thrice before the winner. Since the rule was made, they would have to adhere to it. And now that Elise had won, naturally, Sophie would have to kowtow to her before the crowd.

Sophie glowered as she gritted her teeth. “Who said I lost? This isn’t right at all! You simply pulled off a silly trick and arranged the chess into a word. If you were actually playing this properly, even God knows I wouldn’t lose!”

Elise lifted her commissure. “So you’re backing out?”

Sophie then raised her voice and spoke as if she was the most reasonable being in the world. “Who’s backing out? I’d admit it if I was defeated by actual chess skills, but what you did was fool around. As if I’d recognize that nonsense!”

Upon her words, a white-haired senile man, under his assistant’s support, walked out from within the crowd.

Seeing that, Sophie immediately sprung up from her seat and walked to the old man. “Why did you come here, Master Reynolds?”

All of a sudden, everyone's attention was drawn by her words. Realizing that the old man was Warren Reynolds, the president of the Cittadel Chess Club, the crowd hastily stood still and pulled a straight face, paying utmost respect to the old man.

Warren slightly nodded. "I'm already an old man, and I can barely walk now. I didn't intend to interrupt, but I heard that someone was able to beat the Malta Tactic?"

A random man from the crowd replied, "Indeed. The person who beat the Malta Tactic and won is—"

As he was speaking, he turned to Elise, and as he was about to introduce her to Warren, Sophie interjected out of nowhere, "Look, Master Reynolds, she turned the game into Scrabble!"

"Scrabble?" Warren craned his neck to take a good look and was obviously stunned. "'Fool,' it says? Ah, so that's it! She did that while playing the game? All that's left now are the two 'o's,' and the formation tears itself apart! Splendid, splendid indeed!"

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Chapter 526 You Kneel Too

At Warren's gleefulness, Sophie was visibly disaffected. "Master Reynolds, don't you think this completely disobeys the true essence of chess? She's obviously insulting her opponent! How distasteful!"

Nevertheless, Warren disregarded her words and grabbed Richard, excitedly questioning, "Where's the person, the person who broke through the tactic? I must see them for myself!"

"I'm here." A clear, treble timbre traveled from within the crowd behind him.

Warren turned around and saw Elise steadily standing beside Kenneth. "So Sophie's your student, huh, Old Reynolds?"

When Warren turned around and saw Elise, he almost forgot to breathe.

Seeing her so complacent, Sophie rushed forward and rebuked, "Show some respect, Elise Sinclair! 'Old Reynolds'? Who do you think you are to call my master that? You better kneel down and apologize, and we might look past this! Or else..."

Thump!

Before she could finish, Warren was already kneeling on the ground.

“Master, wha—” Sophie was dazed and turned to the direction he was kneeling toward, only to see Elise in the way. He’s kneeling to Elise?

“You kneel too!” Warren even raised his head to scold her.

However, Sophie simply wouldn’t kneel. She stared at Warren in stupefaction, thinking her master must have gone insane.

“No way. I’d naturally kneel before my parents and master, but for a dumb game of Scrabble? Not a chance!”

Richard attempted to pull Warren up. “Master Reynolds, even I think kneeling is a bit much. Even though they have their personal bet, kneeling is still fatal to her pride. Miss Sinclair is just being difficult and overly competitive, and Sophie doesn’t deserve this.”

Sophie was immensely grateful to Richard’s words. Since Richard’s words carried more weight in Warren’s ears than those of hers, she assumed that Warren would spare her her pride.

Little did she expect, Warren was much more persistent. With vexation written all over his face, he infuriatingly grasped his walking stick and struck the floor. “If you still take me as your teacher, kneel down this instance!”

Sophie instantly froze, as if she was being strangled. “What gives, Master Reynolds?!” She felt absolutely betrayed, especially when she expected that Warren wouldn’t turn his back against her.

Surprisingly, her old master quickly revealed an irrefutable reason. “What gives? I’ll tell you what gives! The fact that she’s my master is what gives! You said you’d naturally kneel before your master. Does your master’s master not count?”

Master’s master—two words that ferociously blew Sophie’s mind. Shocked stiff, she responded in dismay. “Th-That’s impossible!”

“Nothing is impossible. I’ve grown so old. Sure, my body has grown weak, but my mind never deteriorated. Do you think I’ll mistake someone else for my master, who invented the Malta Tactic?”

The crowd was left speechless. They knew that Warren had lost to an anonymous player when he was overseas, and he willingly became the player’s student. Nonetheless, one thing they did not anticipate was that the anonymous player was the young woman before them!

In the meantime, Kenneth also peered at Elise in astonishment. He had encountered so many surprises from her back when he was Alexander, but each surprise never ceased

to astound him even more. And she was his fiancée, who stood taller than everyone and never showed a speck of flaw.

Feeling the strain on his knees, Warren sternly reprimanded, "What are you waiting for, Sophie? What's wrong with paying respect to your master's master? You're the one being difficult right now!"

Perturbed, Sophie grasped the hem of her dress. As she was exerting too much force on her hand, the reddening on her palm was visible. All these years she had lived, she had never undergone such a melodramatic twist. Scorn and resentment stormed in her heart. Now that she had discovered that Elise was her master's master, how was she supposed to live the rest of her life?

Meanwhile, Elise was still gazing at the unresponsive Sophie.

As their eyes met, Sophie angrily gritted her teeth as she felt the piercing glares on her back. She already noticed the people badmouthing her and saying how she knew nothing about manners. If their gossiping were to continue, her reputation in the organization would shatter. After moments of struggle, she clenched her fists and took a deep breath, hopelessly bent her knees, and kneeled before Elise. However, before she fully kneeled, a pair of hands reached over and grabbed her arms, pulling her up. Surprised, she swiftly opened her eyes, only to see Elise herself.

In that instant, Elise's eyes curved into crescents, though there was not a trace of friendliness in them. Feeling a chill up her spine, Sophie stuttered, "W-What are you doing?"

"How could I let you kneel to me?" Elise interjected and emotionlessly said, "Your body alone is dearer than the entire universe. There's no way I can accept your kneel. If you were to hurt your knees while doing so, how am I supposed to pay for it?"

Sophie scowled. If she failed to kneel down, Warren would certainly give her a hard time later. Forcing a smile, she gratifyingly answered, "That won't happen, Master Sinclair! I'm not that weak. And showing you and Master Reynolds respect is only my obligation. How can I forget such a simple rule?"

"I see..." Elise scoffed. "It seems you have changed your mind and you're finally willing to kneel. But sadly, I no longer accept it."

At once, Sophie gasped as she hastily turned to Warren, signaling for help.

However, Warren's eyes were fixed on Elise. And those eyes resembled those of a religious follower who finally met their God, unable to shift away.

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Chapter 527 An Embarrassment to Family

Elise then withdrew her hands and pulled out her phone, casually saying, “Besides, I don’t really care how strangers perceive me. However, my bad temper won’t allow me to take false accusations silently, so I shall let the truth speak for itself.”

Hearing that, Sophie started to grow uneasy as her heart uncontrollably palpitated. With that, Elise raised her phone and played a voice recording.

‘Sure. If I lose, I’ll kowtow thrice before you right in front of the club members. If I win, however, you shall do the same and pay me what I deserve!’

Having revealed the recording, Elise put her phone away and caused an uproar within the crowd.

“So it was Sophie instead of Miss Sinclair who specifically asked for the kowtow!”

“Wasn’t she extra aggressive when she was talking? Look at how she’s all p*ssied up now! What a shameless woman! She’s an embarrassment to her family!”

“Know what? If she were the winner, she would surely have Miss Sinclair to do what she asked for!”

The people that were looked down upon earlier quickly voiced their thoughts, forcing Sophie to fulfill her promise.

“Practice what you preach, Sophie! What, do your words mean nothing? You fart with that mouth too?”

“And here I was feeling sympathetic for her! Why was I even doing that? Get down on your knees, liar!”

All their cruel words ultimately forced her to her boundaries. She felt a tingle in her nose, and her eyes were wet with tears. She then turned to Warren as she whimpered.

Nevertheless, Warren was extremely exasperated, strictly uttering, “I only accepted you back then because of your genuinity and talent. Now that you have turned into such an unreasonable person, you have broken the master-student tie between us. From now on, I no longer recognize you as my student!”

“Master...”

Thoroughly dumbfounded, Sophie had her mouth hanging agape. She would never have expected Warren to go this far for Elise’s sake. Having become Warren’s student was the only reason she was respected back at home. Now that she was publicly

disowned, she had severely disgraced her family, and her parents definitely wouldn't let her off so easily.

As Sophie opened her mouth and was about to defend herself, Warren was already right beside Elise, trying to please her. "It's been a long time, Master Sinclair. How about a cup of tea at my place? Treat it as my apology. I have some exquisite Earl Grey tea leaves with me. They'll certainly be to your taste."

Without rejecting him, Elise turned to Kenneth. "Are you gonna play your last game?"

Kenneth faintly smirked. "Since Old Mr. Reynolds is already asking you, there's no point in that. And thanks to you, I have the chance to taste some fine tea. Let's go."

As they were about to leave, another white-haired senile man in a tailcoat came forth from within the crowd. He humbly inquired, "Miss Sinclair, would you mind adding this old one to your tea-tasting chatter?"

Speedily, information of the old man flashed across Elise's mind—he was the president of Randall International, Steven Randall.

Seeing no response from Elise, Warren cut in, "This is my old friend, Steven. He's pretty skilled at chess as well. Come on, Steven, perhaps we'll get to learn a thing or two from Master Sinclair."

Overjoyed, Steven excitedly walked beside Warren.

Wordlessly, Kenneth turned to Elise with a knowing look, signaling that they could now push forward their celebration as they had gotten close to their target.

Subconsciously, Elise grinned and showed Kenneth an amicable look.

Warren had two major hobbies—chess, and tea tasting. And the tea he would serve his precious guests with were unquestionably invaluable.

At Warren's confident and admiring eyes, Elise slowly took a sip. When she gulped it down, she revealed a contented beam. "Pretty good. Soothing, and comes with a subtle sweetness and fragrance. Exquisite it is."

Warren nodded in satisfaction. "Only if you say so. Right, when did you come back? Why didn't you look for me for a game?"

As if she remembered something, she seemed stunned for a bit before quickly laughing. "I'm a Cittadelian, so staying too long overseas doesn't feel right. Plus, it's not my fault for not finding you, but you're the one who's always locking himself at home. How am I supposed to look for you?"

“Haha! Well, lucky for us, you had your ‘fool’ tactic. I mean, Malta Tactic. I’ve sworn to myself that if I can’t break through the formation, I’ll never come out to meet you. But I guess only the locksmith can pick her own locks. You’re still the superior chess player.” Warren’s words were filled with admiration. It was as if he was treating her like an irreplaceable celebrity.

Listening to their conversation, Steven had no idea how to join in, or how to interact with Elise.

“Ugh. Master this, master that. Stop calling me that like I’m some sort of old man, or I’ll stop playing with you. As we agreed, I can be your teacher, but age still comes first. I’ll refer to you as Old Reynolds, and you’ll simply call me Elise. Do that or I’ll stop visiting you.” Elise pretended to be angry.

“Fine, fine. Elise it is. Haha, you’re always this humble!” The adoration in Warren’s eyes grew deeper.

In that instant, Richard and Steven had a sudden realization. They thought it was rather impolite for Elise to address Warren as “Old Reynolds.” In fact, she was already holding herself back. If she were to call him by his first name, he would certainly appear far inferior.

After half an hour, Warren grew tired and retreated for a rest, leaving Elise to converse with Steven.

“Care for a chat with your junior, Mr. Randall?”

“Of course!” Since Warren’s teacher was already putting herself down, he had no reason to refute her. Steven was a straightforward man, and after figuring out Elise’s motive, he sat down and candidly stated, “Please ask anything you wish to, Miss Sinclair. A person’s quality is reflected from their chess skills, so I trust you. Anything you ask, I’ll reveal everything I know. Of course, I also wish to befriend you, and perhaps earn myself the opportunity to have some chess matches with you in the future.”

“That’s no problem,” Elise openly agreed.

After exchanging a look with Elise, Kenneth inquired, “We want to know about the Peculiar Jadeite that you keep in your household. Where does it come from?”

At that, skepticism surged in Steven’s eyes as he hastily turned away. “The jadeite is with me, but why are you asking about the source?”

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Elise's face grew stern. "Within this month, I've gotten my hands on two Peculiar Jadeite, and I suspect that they were the result of the radiation caused by an extremist organization."

"I'll be honest with you. Recently, we've been looking into the disappearance of missing physicists. In the past three years, more and more physicists in Cittadel had gone missing. There's certainly a connection between the Peculiar Jadeite and these missing physicists."

"The Peculiar Jadeite you now possess is the first one there is in Cittadel, so it's pretty important. I hope that, for the sake of Cittadel's scientific development, you'll be able to shed light on our confusion."

Steven stared at her in surprise. "Are you cops?"

"No, not exactly." With a straight face, Elise continued, "But my family and lover have suffered, some more than the other, because of these Peculiar Jadeites, so I need to find out the truth for their sake."

Understanding her perception, Steven nodded in empathy.

After a moment of wondering, Elise changed her approach. "Perhaps you can tell me if the jadeite came from within the country or abroad?"

After a long while of silence, Steven took off his glasses, wiping the lenses as he said, "I acquired the jadeite from a physics professor named Lancaster. Even now, the Peculiar Jadeite remains a rare substance. He asked for less than a hundred thousand at the time, but fearing he might regret it, I sent him a check of one million, sealing our exchange."

"Lancaster? Timothy Lancaster?" Elise anxiously pursued. If Timothy's our guy, then things are coming together!

"No idea. 'Lancaster' is all I have." Steven then put on his glasses. As he adjusted them, he earnestly questioned, "About that 'Timothy Lancaster,' how old is the guy?"

"About thirty? Forty?" Elise's memory was hazy as well.

"Then he's not your guy," Steven said. "The man who traded with me was around my age. There's a possibility that he's Timothy's father, though." Shortly after, he elaborated, "The jadeite is precious to me, so I can definitely recognize the man if I were to meet him again."

His reply reignited Elise's hopes. After all, she didn't have to leave empty-handed. She then gratefully bowed to the old man. "Thank you very much for your help, Mr. Randall. In my family and the missing scientists' stead, I thank you."

Steven hurriedly helped her up. “No, no, no. Don’t bow to me. You’re Old Reynolds’ master. I can’t accept this! Besides, this is beneficial to me as well, so the gratitude is only mutual.”

Elise did not persist. After saving each other’s number, they left and went their own ways.

Kenneth stood beside her as they watched Steven leave, curiously uttering, “We now know the Peculiar Jadeites came from the physicists, and this proves you’re looking in the right direction. If we’re able to locate this old Lancaster man, things will certainly get clearer. Though, I’m still baffled as to why a man, knowing the jadeite’s value, would sell it for merely a hundred thousand.”

Elise pondered as she replied, “And that’s what I’m about to find out. We’ve hardly scratched the surface. It’s still a long way to go, but...” She erased the worrying look on her face and turned to Kenneth, sincerely saying, “I still have you to thank for today. You helped me verify what was a huge guess.” Although the look on his face right now was rather provoking, he still deserved the credits, so she wasn’t stingy with her compliments.

“Shush.” Kenneth put his index finger at her lips as he deeply gazed at her. “You still have much to thank me for in the future. Why don’t we make a promise? Instead of thank yous, say ‘I hope to see you again,’ and I’ll forget about you repaying your debts to me. How’s that?”

‘I hope to see you again’? That’s cheesy as hell! In no damn situation will I ever say that!

“Sure.” Elise forced a grin. “I hope... to never see you again. Happy?”

Being let down, Kenneth felt rather frustrated. He tugged his hands into his pockets and heaved a long sigh, self-mocking, “See this right here? This is what you call ‘a long way to go.’”

“Aren’t you underestimating yourself, Smith Co.’s boss? Of course you can achieve whatever you set your eyes upon!” Elise mischievously teased.

“It’s not like Smith Co. is Santa, allowing me to wake up to whatever I want the next day.” Kenneth lifted his eyes—his glistening, burning eyes. “Well, waking up to a certain someone next to me, at least.”

Heeding his message, Elise speedily turned away as she guiltily gulped a mouthful of saliva. Realizing what she had done, she perturbedly frowned. What am I doing? Why am I nervous around him? No, no! Wrong Elise! Bad Elise!

“You must be sick in the head! Go see a doctor first thing in the morning!” Not wanting to risk her thoughts being seen through, she blurted those words and ran away. As she picked up her pace, she shouted, “I’ll see the Saunders myself. You may leave. Bye!”

Before she could run afar, however, a hand reached over and grabbed her wrist. The moment she was stopped, another hand was already around her waist. When she realized it, she was already in Kenneth’s arms, in a bridal carry. She then started to shake herself out of his arms, to which her intention quickly dispersed at his following words.

“Stop struggling, or I’ll stop searching for your doctor friend.”

Of course, she knew that he was referring to Claude. This shameless son of a b*tch is always leveraging other’s weaknesses! Nevertheless, she, indeed, had to look for Claude as soon as possible, so she could only cope with him.

Peeking at her eyes from the corner of his eyes, Kenneth subconsciously revealed a smirk when he caught her trying hard to contain her frustration. Although ‘leveraging’ didn’t sound exactly prestigious, and it was certainly a dissonance to the ear, what other choice did he have? Whenever he was facing her, he would always struggle to maintain his morality and rationality and end up as her loyal, obedient lapdog. Whenever she was around, he’d always find himself wanting to talk more; whenever she wasn’t, all the words he wanted to express would accumulate, so he would have to vent it all out at once. Since she wasn’t giving him the opportunity, he could only attempt to create one for himself.

As it turned out, his attempt led to a good result. Her not using all the force in her body to shake him off was a sign of improvement.

Some time after they drove out of the center, Elise remembered the gown Celina sent her. Her eyes glowed as she, somewhat thrilled, stated, “It’s gonna be fun at the Saunders Residence tonight.”

“Oh? Why is that?” Kenneth went along with her excitement.

“The daughter’s trying to piss her dad off. Isn’t that fun?”

“Hmm?” Kenneth helplessly revealed a faint smile. “Please, Miss Sinclair, cut the suspense.”

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 529

Chapter 529 We Already Hugged

“Oh, you interested?” Elise shot him a sunny smile and immediately withdrew it, expressionlessly saying, “See for yourself, then.” With that, she turned away and

seemed to have no intention to continue. That's what you get for threatening me with Claude!

Rendered speechless, Kenneth furiously rolled his eyes. All of a sudden, he had an idea. Casually, he rested one leg on the other, uttering, "Since you asked for it, fine, I'll be your plus-one. You don't have to thank me, alright."

"Who thanked you!" Elise yelled, irked. When she blurted those words, she realized his implication and stared at him with her pretty, round eyes. "No, I mean, who asked for a plus-one? Don't get ahead of yourself!"

"Hmm..." Kenneth let out a long hum and revealed a helpless look. "Don't worry. I won't embarrass you. Besides, I'm already here. If words were to spread that I let you walk into the dog-eat-dog occasion alone, how is Kenneth Bailey going to survive in society?"

"The what now?" Elise was thoroughly baffled. "What does this have to do with you?"

"Well, see for yourself, then." He then turned his body toward her, brushing his arm against the back of her seat and stopping when his hand was behind her neck. With a concerning look, he ogled at her. "Stop being so angry, okay? You'll get wrinkles!"

Elise glanced at his invasive hand from the corner of her eyes, malice evident in them. "I'll stop if you don't show up. If this thing behind me dares to cross its line, I won't mind breaking it just so you know."

Peering at his hand, he lifted his brows as he silently withdrew it. "We already hugged anyway. What line is there?"

Instantaneously, Elise shot a knifehand strike at him, to which he, with his keen senses, stopped it.

"Another word of nonsense from you, I'll kill you."

Kenneth let go of her and raised his hands, surrendering. "It was just a joke."

"Very funny." Elise coldly glared at him and turned to the other side of the car, leaving a wide gap between the two.

At this moment, Kenneth answered a phone call, and the two no longer talked.

And so, the car continued heading to Saunders Residence.

In the meantime, Faye was also headed out. For the sake of the event, she specifically looked for a skilled makeup artist to doll her up, and walked out of the shop feeling remarkably more confident. While in her car, she wouldn't stop looking at her own reflection in a makeup mirror, admiring her elegant face. Price for quality, that's for sure!

The makeup artist charged me tens of thousands, but her craft is obviously far superior to the usual ones! Right then, donning the gown Celina sent her and the makeup she just bought, she could easily win a beauty pageant!

Very soon, she arrived at Saunders Residence. Her steps were rather hasty as she walked in the manor. As a member of Celina's think tank, she was reminded to arrive as early as possible, but her morning meeting caused her to be late, and now she would have to take three shots when they saw her.

Outside the manor parked countless vehicles of different brands. There was only one thing they had in common—priciness.

From afar, Faye could see that the guests that had already arrived were sporting outfits of either bright or dull colors. Out of all the shades in the color spectrum, only red was absent. She subconsciously bit her lips, thinking that Celina must have planned this out. This way, Faye could receive all the attention she wanted!

In fact, what Celina planned was to have her close friends wear colors that were brighter to dazzle the guests in the banquet. However, Faye thought that even without the gown, her appearance and quality alone were already alluring enough for her to be the center of attention. Back when she was walking into the manor, she caught a few guests being stunned and gasping at her breathtaking appearance, and that was when she confirmed her theory. Although she initially intended to rendezvous with Celina right away, but wanting to grasp everyone's eyes, she decided to pull a trick—queueing at the end of the long line.

Meanwhile, in the villa, the interior was designed like a dreamy scenery from Hollywood to satisfy the young ladies' desire. Moreover, a number of graceful ornaments were added for the rooms to appear nobler, especially the numerous jewelries that were exhibited throughout the building, astonishing many.

The Saunders Family hadn't always been a reputable, wealthy family. It was one night of blow-up that gave the family a name in the circle. Although they weren't exactly distinguished, due to their successful business, many in the upper class society still opted to ingratiate them.

As heads of first class citizens were moving around in the hall, Celina showed up among the guests in an all-white gown, as if she was Snow White herself.

"You're like a true princess right now, Celina!"

"Happy birthday, Celina! I've put the presents over there! I didn't think you needed anything, so I bought a Lego Disney Castle for you, hoping that you'll be the happiest princess there will ever be!"

Shyly, Celina thanked each of the guests.

At that moment, a female guest jogged over and dragged Celina to a corner. “Did you offend anyone lately, Celina?”

“No. Why’d you say that?” Celina had a look of innocence.

“I think I saw someone wearing a pure red dress. She’s at the door, and is gonna enter any time now!” The guest was visibly dissatisfied. “The person you sent to invite the guests had mentioned clearly that your father will be attending the event. So how dare she wear red here! She’s obviously trying to stir trouble!”

Hearing the words “pure red dress,” Celina immediately revealed a subtle delight. Regarding the identity of the wearer of the radiant, red dress, of course she knew who it was—it was the color she personally picked for Elise! What an idiot. She actually wore it.

Earlier, she was still wondering whether Elise would fall for it. From what she just heard, it seemed that Elise suspected nothing. Good. The “gift” was only to let her think that I’m trying to please her. When her guard is down, I’ll deliver the “fatal blow,” and that’ll be most appealing! Little did she know, red is the color Dad disdained more than anything else!

On the other hand, the female guest continued to think of a strategy. “Why don’t you go and stop that woman, Celina? If your father were to see her, it’d be chaos!”

Suppressing the joy in her heart, Celina pretended to be infuriated. “Alright. Don’t worry. The Saunder Family will not accept such an ill-minded guest! I’ll have someone to get her to leave right away!” She raised her chin and put up an angry facade, though inside her heart, she was already popping the champagne, celebrating. After taking a look at the time, she estimated that Elise was about to enter the manor. She then reassured the female guest and went upstairs to get her father, David Saunders.

Like a good girl, Celina snuggled against her father as she hugged his arm. “Daddy, the guests have been waiting. Why don’t you go see them for me?”

David turned to look at her and lovingly grabbed her hand. “Who’s this beautiful girl before me? Is that you, Celina? Hehe…”

“Oh, Dad, stop making fun of me! The guests are waiting.” With that, Celina dragged her father down the stairs.

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 530

Chapter 530 He Hates the Color Red More Than Anything Else!

As the pair came downstairs together, David tried to have a heart-to-heart talk with Celina. “By the way, you’ve turned 22 this year. Time to find me a good son-in-law, don’t you think? Got anyone in your mind yet?”

“What’s the hurry, Dad? It’s not like I’ve ever been short of admirers,” Celina replied shyly. However, David said earnestly in a grave tone, “No, you’d better hurry, Celina. If you keep on being choosy, you’ll end up becoming an old spinster. The older a lady gets, the less worthy she becomes. If you keep playing for time, you’ll only get to choose from whoever is left. The guy you mentioned last time—Kenneth Bailey—I think he’s pretty nice. I’d rest assured if you could marry him.”

“Oh, Dad, you’re making fun of me again!”

“No, I’m not making fun of you at all. If you’re determined to marry no one else but him, I’ll go to him on your behalf and ask him if he’d like to marry you. Whoever takes the initiative doesn’t matter. If you don’t grab the opportunity when a good candidate for a husband comes across, someone else’s gonna steal him from you.”

Celina pursed her lips bashfully before leaning her head on David’s shoulder. “Okay, okay, I’ll try my best to get you the best son-in-law in town, but that’ll be tomorrow. For now, Dad, let’s think about what to say later to the guests, okay?”

David couldn’t do anything with her, so he dropped the subject.

With that, Celina finally managed to drag David downstairs. While he was delivering his speech on stage, she went to Regina, a domestic helper for the Saunders Family, and had the latter keep a close eye on the Saunders Residence’s entrance in case someone wearing a red dress was denied entry.

Meanwhile, Faye was stopped at the entrance by the Saunders Family’s servants just as she was about to register her attendance. At first, she was still able to keep smiling, but after being denied entry twice, she felt like a laughingstock in front of the guests who had entered. Consequently, she forgot her manners and threatened the servants right away, saying, “Are you guys f*cking blind or something? How dare you even bar me from going in? In case you didn’t know, I’m the eldest daughter of the Anderson Family, as well as a close friend of your young lady. Can any of you bear the responsibility if I end up being late for celebrating your young lady’s birthday?”

The servants looked at each other upon hearing Faye’s words. It’s enough for us to be a doormat for Miss Celina at the Saunders Residence. Are we gonna let an outsider insult us as well? they thought. Having reached a tacit agreement, they resolutely refused to let Faye in. Even if Master David or Miss Celina is here, we can pass the buck by saying that we’re denying her entry for the sake of the party’s safety. It’s difficult to punish anyone for doing something when everybody’s doing it, so there’s no way they’re gonna fire all of us.

One of the servants—a man—said in a defiant manner, “Please don’t scare us by saying that, Miss Anderson. On an occasion like today’s, even if Master David or Miss Celina’s here, there’s no way you could go in. I’d say you’d better follow our kind advice and leave of your own accord as soon as you can. If not, then don’t blame us for being rather unpleasant with you!”

“Unpleasant?” Faye let out a sneer as though she had heard an outrageous joke. Holding her head up high, she continued, “Well then, let me see how you’re gonna be unpleasant with me!” Talk about bad luck! Not only is Celina unable to take cues from people, but even her servants are so badly-behaved!

On the other hand, the male servant didn’t mean to lay a hand on Faye; he was merely trying to scare her off. After all, the Saunders Family’s guests were either rich or respectable, so he couldn’t afford to mess with any of them. “That’s enough. Just go back and stop wasting our time here. Otherwise, if Master David sees you—”

Just then, however, they were interrupted by a thick female voice. “Hold on!”

Everyone turned to look at where the voice had come from. At the sight of the person to whom the voice belonged, the servants in charge of guarding the entrance immediately restrained themselves. “Ms. Regina.”

Regina was a distant relative of the Saunders Family who had been working at the Saunders Residence ever since the Saunders Family went up in the world. She was closer to David and Celina than the other servants were, so all the servants treated her with respect.

Even though Faye was on friendly terms with Celina, this was the first time that the former had ever come to the Saunders Residence, so Regina wasn’t familiar with her. “What’s with all that racket, huh? How could you all make a scene over here while the classical music’s playing? Do you wanna get fired for ruining Miss Celina’s party?” she said, reprimanding the servants before throwing Faye a meaningful look.

The servants gesticulated at Faye while saying in chorus, “We had nothing to do with this! It was this woman who...”

Upon hearing their words, Regina realized with hindsight what had happened, and her eyes instantly widened with stupefaction. To think that this woman’s coming to the party in a red dress! Her red dress stuck out to me like a sore thumb while I was coming all the way here just now, but I had totally forgotten about it! Isn’t this obviously an attempt on Master David’s life? But Miss Celina had me come out to... Sigh. In any case, Miss Celina is Master David’s own daughter, so there’s no way she’s gonna do him any harm. Perhaps she’s got another surprise. It’s not my turn to worry about it, anyway, she thought.

Recovering herself inwardly, she plucked up her courage, determined to follow Celina's orders thoroughly. "Shut up!" she said, scolding the servants guarding the entrance before turning to face Faye with a frown. Then, forcing a weak smile, she said, "I'm sorry for what has happened to you just now, young lady. Please forgive the servants for being rude. Miss Celina had me welcome you personally, and she and the others have been waiting for you for quite a while. This way, please!"

Faye didn't really make a fuss about what had happened since Regina's honeyed words dispelled most of her anger. Lifting the skirt of her dress with her chin up high, she swaggered openly into the Saunders Residence after Regina in the presence of the servants guarding the entrance.

After watching the woman in red sail into the Saunders Residence, the servants began gossiping about what had happened. "Ms. Regina's eyes have always been sharp, no? How come she didn't notice it and even let that woman in today? This is gonna cause huge trouble!"

"You can say that again! I think we're gonna get a roasting for this."

"I'm not gonna take the blame for this. We've got to speak along the same lines, everyone. Remember that it was Ms. Regina who let that woman in. We can't let ourselves be blamed for this!"

Meanwhile, David was standing on stage at the residence as his speech was nearing its end. "...I'm a bit of a boor, so forgive me if I sound blunt. My only wish is for my precious daughter to be happy all her life. I know many of the guests who are present here today are single, so let me remind you that my daughter is much sought after by suitors. If you want to be my son-in-law, you'd have to grab today's opportunity and be on your best behavior in front of her! Haha..."

Upon hearing his words, Celina blushed with shyness offstage.

One of the guests shouted, "Eager to have a grandson, eh, Mr. Saunders? Haha..."

In an instant, the entire room broke into laughter, which livened things up a lot.

Just then, however, David suddenly looked straight ahead, his smile frozen.

"Why so serious, Mr. Saunders? It's just a joke," joked a guest who didn't realize what had happened.

However, as David's face grew darker and darker, everyone soon realized that something was wrong. When they followed his gaze, they saw someone dressed in bright red standing near the door.

Faye stood where she was with an innocent look on her face. She didn't know what was going on. Why would David stare at her with a look of hatred in his eyes as soon as she entered? Also, the guests' faces showed looks of fright.

She vaguely sensed that something was wrong. After a while, she finally recalled what Celina had mentioned to her before—David hated the color red more than anything else!

This was because David's wife died in a car accident on her way to a rendezvous with her lover while wearing a red evening dress David had bought for her. Faye had been busy dealing with the police these days, plus the dress was delivered by Celina herself, so she didn't get suspicious of the dress at all!