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## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 189

### Chapter 189 Not One to Be Trifled With

"I think that the fabric of the dress could be better since it's weighing me down and extremely tight as well. I believe there may be ways to make it a lot more comfortable." As soon as these words tumbled out of Elise's mouth, Brendan's smile faded.

He was a fashion designer, after all, and as far as an artist's ego was concerned, he couldn't stand having others criticize his work, especially one which he held with esteem. However, given that the present critic was Elise herself, he suppressed his injured pride and asked with forced patience, "In that case, what fabric do you suggest we incorporate?"

Although Brendan sounded casual enough, there was a trace of disdain in his tone that seemingly implied that she had no right to comment on the making of the dress, given that she was not an expert.

Elise, on the other hand, did not bridle at the hostility underlying his question, and instead replied mildly, "I personally think that a fiber-based tulle would be a better choice and there should be some adjustments to the skirt to make it weigh less. It might help with the aesthetics, too."

At that moment, he was sure that the girl was besmirching his design. While keeping his resentment at bay, he bit out, "Well then, since you've said so, I guess I'll just try to tweak the dress." With that, he gestured for his assistant to help her out of the dress.

Upon sensing his disgruntlement, Elise quickly explained, "Don't get me wrong; I love your design and how beautiful it is. Whatever I said earlier was merely a suggestion."

Brendan hummed curtly in response. "That's fine. If you think the dress needs some tweaking, then I'll just go along with it."

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Not wanting to further prod the bruise on his artist's esteem, she conceded and changed out of the dress, which was later taken away by his assistant.

Meanwhile, after having observed the slightly tense exchange, Alexander knew instantly that Brendan was very much offended by Elise's remarks. Fashion design was not his forte, but he understood Brendan's temperament and he was only too familiar with Brendan's intolerance toward any criticism about his work.

"Brendan, I don't think it's a bad idea to make a few slight adjustments, but if you don't want to go along with it, why don't you let Elise take charge instead?" Alexander placated while delicately selecting his words.

Upon hearing that, Brendan's expression softened. He thought Elise was presumptuous to have nitpicked on his design when she wasn't even a fellow designer, but Alexander's words made sense. As such, he decided to allow her to tweak the dress as she saw fit. Let's see if you can do what I do, Elise.

Brendan wanted her to know that fashion designing was no walk in the park. A hint of contempt sneaked into his voice as he drawled, "You know what? I think you're right, Alexander. Elise, if you have better ideas for the dress, then you're welcome to make all the adjustments as you please. There's no harm in trying, right?"

When she heard it, Elise paused in thought and finally agreed, "Alright then, I'll give it a shot."

Her response was beyond what Brendan had expected of her. He thought that she might become flustered and turn down his offer, but exasperation seized him when he saw how confident she looked. How could a girl be so insubordinate and cocky at the same time? Let's just see how she fares at the end!

With a strained composure, he added, "Then, I'll leave the dress to you, Elise. You can come to me if you need any help, or would you prefer I dispatch two assistants to lend you a helping hand?"

A mild 'hmm' escaped her before she replied, "I think one assistant should suffice. I'll drop by tomorrow and start on the tweaking if that's alright with you."

There was no hesitation in her words and her gaze was steady as she waited for him to say something, but he did not. When she and Alexander made their way out of Brendan's office, they piled into the car. Alexander peered at her in the rearview mirror and pointed out, "You

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can do whatever you like with the dress and it won't matter if you mess up. I'll be there for you."

It was the first time she had heard anyone making such promises to her. The five syllables strung together into a simple assurance, but it made her tingle with warmth nonetheless. I'll be there for you. As the words reverberated in her headspace, she smiled and responded, "You could have a little more faith in me, you know. After all, I'd never do anything without first having the confidence that I could pull it off."

There was something magnetic about her when she behaved this way and it tugged at Alexander's heartstrings. It was as if he had discovered the true reason behind his attraction for her; he could see the same stubbornness in her that he used to have back in the day. To that extent, they thrived in the same league.

The next day, Elise showed up at the atelier alone. Unlike yesterday, everyone at the atelier was too preoccupied with their own work to notice her presence. She paid no mind to this and found her way to Brendan's office, thereafter knocking cursorily on his door.

"Come in."

After having heard his disembodied voice, she pushed open the door.

"What is it?" Brendan asked impassively as he looked up and when he saw her, he stiffened. "Oh, you're here."

She nodded before asking, "I can get started on the dress right away. Where is it?"

He gaped at her in surprise; he hadn't expected her to actually turn up, believing that she was nothing but a big talker at that time. Then again, he'd like to see how she was going to ruin the dress now that she was here.

"Come with me," he said as he rose from his seat. He led her down the hallway and when they came to a stop at the end, he declared, "You can work on the dress here. All the tools are in there and I'll have my assistant, Molly, lend you a hand."

Elise thanked him and went through the door. She was immediately greeted by the sight of the dress, which hung on the mannequin's frame. As she walked toward it, she appraised the dress from all angles and began to sketch something on a piece of paper.

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Meanwhile, Brendan was cooped up in his office when Molly entered. "You wanted to see me, Mr. Griffith?"

He gave a flippant wave of his hand and replied, "I need you to head over to Design Studio No.1 to assist with some adjustments. You can get whatever is needed from storage."

She nodded. "Got it, Mr. Griffith."

However, just as she was about to leave, he stopped her in her tracks. "Hold on. Make sure you watch every single tweak that girl makes to the dress, and let me know as soon as you spot a problem."

"Yes. Mr. Griffith," she replied. "I'll get going now."

In truth, Molly was a little taken aback by how eager Brendan seemed and she wondered what the big deal was. When she arrived at Design Studio No.1 and caught sight of an average woman pawing around the dress that he had painstakingly made, Molly cried out, "Hey! What are you doing? You're probably new around here, but I should warn you not to touch anything that Mr. Griffith has personally designed—like that dress!"

Elise frowned at the intrusion, but a sudden thought flashed in her mind as she asked, "Are you the assistant Brendan mentioned?"

Astonishment colored Molly's face. Did she just call Mr. Griffith by his first name? Who is she to have such audacity? Instantly, she understood that regardless of who the girl might be, the girl was not one to be trifled with. While Molly nodded, she answered hastily, "Yes, Mr. Griffith sent me over to assist you."

"Oh," Elise responded. "Could you pass me the scissors, please?"

In a show of obedience, Molly turned to grab the scissors before she handed it over to Elise without further delay. "Here you go."

After she took the sharp tool, Elise swept her gaze over the dress and there was not even a flicker of doubt that crossed her expression as she snipped away the inseam of the dress.

Molly's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets as she gasped and stammered, "W-What in the world are you doing?"

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## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 190

Chapter 190 Would You Like to Come Over?

Molly thought, No one in the atelier could be so daring as to lay a finger on Mr. Griffith's designs. This woman must be either crazy or fearless to actually cut a dress that he has made!

As she was oblivious to a stunned Molly's thoughts, Elise explained breezily, "The inseam isn't going to work, at least not with this fabric. I'll have to change it, so could you bring over something thin like gambiered silk gauze from the storage later? Just three feet of it will do."

Molly had yet to recover from her initial shock of seeing someone boldly mutilate Brendan's creation and she was presently staring at Elise in disbelief.

"Is something the matter?" Elise pressed indifferently when she heard no response from the assistant.

With that, Molly instantly snapped out of her daze and she was abruptly reminded of what Brendan had told her earlier. As she nodded profusely, she answered, "No, nothing at all! I'll get the fabric right away!" With that, she scurried out of the design studio.

Now that the dress no longer had its former silhouette, Elise moved to the frontal section of its bodice and began to tweak it with needles and threads.

By the time Molly returned with the roll of fabric, Elise was already done with the neckline of the dress. She took in the aftermath and was surprised to see that the dress looked better than it originally had. "Miss Sinclair, I have the gambiered silk gauze you asked for," she announced tentatively.

"Leave it aside for now," Elise responded as she kept the needles and threads before she reached for the scissors once more. After grabbing one section of the skirt in one hand, she

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swiftly cut it off. There was a finesse in her movements that Molly found mesmerizing and she did not dare to blink for fear that she would miss out on the slightest of details.

"Can I have the ivory thread no.2 please?" Elise asked, breaking the silence that was otherwise filled by the sound of scissors on fabric.

Molly quickly shook herself out of her reverie and passed the thread to Elise, who took it. Then, after she mapped out the lines, Elise started to sew.

Throughout the whole process, she hardly spoke a word, but she moved with a fluidity that seemed second nature to her. Molly had to take a break in between, but while she was in the lounge to get a glass of water, Brendan abruptly materialized next to her and asked, "How's it going in there?"

His voice caused her to jump and she nearly choked on her water as she hurried to answer, "Everything's going pretty well. There's been no mishap whatsoever."

However, he probed, "Do you think I'd ask you about the process? I'm asking about the dress! How is it? Has it been destroyed beyond repair?"

Molly couldn't understand why he would ask something as pointed as that. If she had to be honest, she had a distinct feeling that the dress would turn out better than it had been once Elise was done with the adjustments.

Moreover, Elise had a unique way of sewing that belied the attention-to-detail she had for every stitch she made. Although Molly had been in this industry for a long time, she hadn't even encountered someone whose stitchwork could be compared to Elise. In fact, she was under the impression that Elise was a top fashion designer whom Brendan had hired, which was why she asked earnestly, "Where did you find Miss Sinclair, Mr. Griffith?"

Molly was only curious, but Brendan thought she was intimidated by Elise. As a result, he withheld the truth as he dismissed, "Oh, she's... just a friend. It doesn't matter; she's not a professional, so it won't be surprising if she ruined the dress."

Affrontation registered on Molly's expression. If Elise is doing so well without being a professional fashion designer, then where do I stand in this industry? "Mr. Griffith, you might as well just stab me through the heart!" she exclaimed, looking wounded.

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He blinked at her in confusion. “Stab you through the heart? What are you talking about?”

She thought he was feigning innocence and drawled sourly, “Wow, Mr. Griffith, despite all my years of working as a fashion designer, I just realized that I can’t even compete with a non-professional. I need a moment to calm down; excuse me while I nurse my injured pride to health.”

With that, she turned on her heels and marched out of the lounge, leaving Brendan shouting after her in bewilderment, “Hey, don’t just walk off without explaining yourself!”

Alas, silence was all he received in return. He had a sudden realization that something was off and wondered whether Elise really had a skill or two up her sleeve. So what if she does? Fashion design isn’t like other fields; it takes time before one can fully perfect his or her techniques. What does Elise have that sets her apart?

At the thought of this, Brendan visibly brightened up. He didn’t need to dwell on whether she had the skills or raw talent—at least not until she was done tweaking his original design for the dress.

Meanwhile, Molly had returned to the design studio just as the silhouette of the dress was coming together under Elise’s delicate handiwork. When the dress was finally done, Molly gaped at it. Elise’s design seemed to breathe new life into the dress; its refinement was as good as, if not, better than Brendan’s craftsmanship.

“Are you sure you’re not a professional, Miss Sinclair?” Molly asked as her eyes widened.

Elise pursed her lips thoughtfully before replying, “I guess you could say I’m an outsider to this industry.”

Molly was torn between laughing hysterically and breaking down in tears. If an outsider like Elise could have such a Midas touch, what hope is there left for those in the industry like me? “Miss Sinclair, your talent in this is incredible,” she praised with genuine awe.

After another glance at the dress, Elise added, “I’m almost done with the silhouette of the dress, but there’s one last detail I need to add. Will you help me?”

Upon hearing this, Molly nodded keenly and the both of them started on the last bit of sewing and tweaking on the dress. Where Elise was working on the stitches, Molly helped

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her to press the fabric on the mannequin and their team spirit was evident. It wasn't until after the last stitch had been sewn into the dress that Elise rubbed her aching arm and announced, "We're finally done."

Molly stretched luxuriously as well and quipped, "You really know your stuff, Miss Sinclair. I can't believe you managed to do all the adjustments in a day!"

Elise straightened her posture and massaged her numb legs before she looked at the wall clock to see that it was close to 10:00PM.

"Have we been here this long? I didn't know it was already so late at night." She had only just said this when her stomach grumbled in protest, as though reminding her pointedly that she had skipped dinner.

"It is getting rather late, Miss Sinclair. We can skedaddle now that we're done with the dress."

Elise hummed in response. "Well then, should we grab a bite before we each head home?"

Molly wanted to turn her down at first, but she didn't want to miss out on the opportunity to hang out with a top-notch designer. As such, she accepted the invitation with haste and said, "That's a great idea. I happen to know a nearby place that has recently opened and the food is decent. Let's go."

With plans for supper in mind, both women draped a tarp over the finished dress and locked up the studio before they left.

They arrived at a nearby barbecue joint and as soon as they staked out a table, Molly ordered a few of her favorite dishes. "You can get whatever you like, Miss Sinclair. Dinner's on me tonight," she declared proudly, not wanting to come off as a Scrooge in front of Elise.

Elise beamed at her. "In that case, I'll take you up on your offer." She took the menu and proceeded to order a couple of her own favorite dishes. Then, she handed the order chit to the owner of the barbecue joint.

"Do you drink, Miss Sinclair? Can't spell barbecue without beer, you know."

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She did miss the refreshing taste of beer and the enthusiasm that came with the idea of drinking a pint or two immediately seized her. "Sure, I'll have a bottle."

Molly grinned and turned to inform the owner, "Hey, can we get two bottles of snow beer over here?"

Upon seeing how at home Molly felt at the establishment, Elise couldn't help asking, "Are you a regular here?"

"Not really," Molly began. "I've been here a couple times with my colleagues, though. The owner here cooks up a tasty barbecue. You'll know what I mean after you take a bite later."

"Well, I guess I'll find out for sure when the food comes."

As soon as Elise said this, her phone rang in her pocket. She fished it out to see Alexander's name flashing on her screen and she quickly answered the call.

"Where are you? You should be home by now."

His distinct and pleasant voice spoke on the other line, and upon hearing it, she replied, "I'm at a barbecue joint. Would you like to come over?"

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