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## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 215

### Chapter 215 Exclusive Design Concept

Staring up at the person before him, Brendan narrowed his eyes. It was none other than Coner, the designer whose design was completely identical to Elise's. If it weren't for the fact that he saw Elise's design first, he would have thought that she plagiarized Coner's.

Moreover, it wasn't simply that Brendan saw Elise's design first; it was that he trusted Alexander's judgment and believed her to be the kind of person who would never do such a thing.

It was an inexplicable sort of trust, but it gave him so much unshakeable faith in Elise that when he finally met Coner, he didn't feel the least bit of goodwill toward the stranger and only asked bluntly, "And who might you be?"

Bolstered by the fact that he did not seem to recognize Coner, Ashlyn hurried to introduce, "This is the designer, Coner, who is also my schoolmate from overseas. Coincidentally, her latest design happens to be a formal style of dress that I quite like. I'm hoping to recommend her to you so that not only may she work here, she can also undertake the entirety of my dress design by herself."

As Brendan listened, he rhythmically tapped his fingers on the desk, looking back and forth between Ashlyn and Coner. For a long time, he was silent, leaving Ashlyn with no way to guess his state of mind.

"Is that okay with you, Brendan?" she prompted.

Coming back to his senses, he responded, "Of course, but I need a copy of her CV. If there are no issues, we can hire her."

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Overjoyed, Coner whipped out her resume. "Here's my CV, Mr. Griffith. Please have a look." Then, she handed her design diagram over. "This is my newest design, which is also the formal gown that Ashlyn mentioned. You may have a look at it."

After glancing at her design, Brendan flipped her resume shut and couldn't help sneering. "What a coincidence!" he taunted. "I feel like I've seen your design somewhere before."

Looking shocked, Coner hurried to explain, "You must be mistaken, Mr. Griffith. Designers have a zero-tolerance policy for plagiarism and I would never plagiarize someone else's work."

"Is that so?" He arched his eyebrows and countered, "I'm willing to believe your word, but we're not lacking in designers at the moment. However, it seems like Miss Lawson is willing to take you as her designer. How about this? You can be Miss Lawson's private designer. I think that's a pretty good solution."

As soon as he said that, Ashlyn felt her smile disappear.

After all, given their years of friendship, she had assumed she would be able to convince him to hire someone simply by putting a word in. It never occurred to her that he would refuse.

"Coner does excellent work, Brendan. She won many international awards while she was abroad. Talent like hers is hard to come by, and I'm recommending her to you only because I'm impressed by her designs," Ashlyn pleaded earnestly as she tried to appeal to his feelings.

Nevertheless, Brendan did not fall for it.

All of a sudden, he remembered that Ashlyn had come by the studio on the previous day as well. For her to drop by the studio with Coner today seemed fortuitous, unless there was something going on between them that he wasn't privy to.

In the past, he would never have second-guessed Ashlyn.

However, now that she had revealed her dark side to him through the things she did, any goodwill he had for her was completely gone.

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"Here's the thing—I'm sure it's purely coincidence, but the work of the designer you're currently recommending to me is similar to the work of one of our designers. I dare wager over 80% of the work is similar, so perhaps there's a misunderstanding here that could be cleared up if I summoned our designer. How about that?"

Never in a million years did Ashlyn think that Brendan would say that. Does this mean that he suspects me?

But how can he have connected the two situations?

This won't do! I have to keep my cool.

And so, Ashlyn smiled and asked him calmly, "Are you pulling my leg, Brendan? Nothing is more important to a designer than their reputation and originality. It's fine if you're not willing to accept Coner. I can recommend another good studio to her, but I will not stand here and allow you to drag her name through the mud like that!"

Her indignation sounded so righteous that Brendan almost believed her for a second.

However, he only pulled out his cell phone and dialed Elise. "Bring your design to my office, Elise."

Currently, Elise was drafting a new design and was flummoxed by the instruction. Nonetheless, she put down her pencil and went to his office with her design in hand.

The moment she opened the door, she saw Ashlyn.

Despite being somewhat taken aback, she simply walked up to Brendan. "Here it is."

Meanwhile, Brendan accepted the diagram and pulled Coner's up for comparison. Elise's face darkened instantly, and she turned her head to stare coldly and silently at Coner.

Incredibly, the latter was the first to speak up. "My goodness! How could this happen? This is my design, so how did it end up here? Did you copy my work, ma'am?"

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Despite her derision, Elise held her temper in check and asked evenly, "Since it's your work, do you mind telling me your design concept?"

Upon hearing that, Coner retorted disapprovingly, "Every designer has a concept that's exclusive to the work they designed. Of course I have a concept since it's my work."

"In that case, please do share it with the room," Elise continued.

Fighting the urge to retreat, Coner glanced at Ashlyn, who gave her an encouraging look. Feeling her courage return to her, the former continued, "Every girl dreams of the perfect wedding dress that will showcase her unique charm at her wedding. As I wanted to bring that dream to life, I based my design on that concept and embellished the skirt of the wedding dress in different blue hues. In addition, I made it multi-layered to give off the impression of lightness, airiness, and etherealness."

With a sneer, Elise countered, "I see. If that's the case, do you mind explaining to me why the left and right sides of the upper half of the wedding dress aren't coordinated?"

Up till that moment, Coner had failed to notice the issue Elise pointed out. It was only after hearing Elise's question that she took the diagram back for a second glance and noticed that the left and right sides were, indeed, uncoordinated. It was an issue she had failed to catch beforehand.

"I... I..." Coner kept stammering. She stood there red-faced and frozen to the spot for a long time, not being able to come up with an explanation.

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 216

Chapter 216 Let Me Tell You the Answer

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"Let me tell you the answer, then." Elise glanced at Coner and spoke with a cold yet definite tone.

And so, the former took the draft from Brendan and lifted her head to look at Coner. "You are indeed quite smart. You can tell what to plagiarize and what not to, but I have to say that you're too sloppy. You didn't even bother to look at the layout of the design carefully before you plagiarized it. Do you realize why it's unsymmetrical? That's because the draft that you plagiarized from was just my first draft. It was an incomplete design. Well, your skills are not up to par so you couldn't even complete the work based on my original design, which is why the whole thing is not symmetrical."

As soon as Coner heard the other woman's words, she could feel her heart skip a beat. However, she instinctively denied it anyway, "I don't understand what you're on about. I didn't plagiarize! This is my design..."

Elise had already made her point quite clear, but Coner remained stubbornly unrepentant. In the end, Elise no longer bothered with the niceties and she brazenly flung the stack of designs onto Coner's face.

"I've met many shameless people in my lifetime but you're really one of a kind! Designers are generally quite mindful of their reputation, but ones like you who even fail at plagiarizing one's work should honestly drop out of the industry."

"This is nonsense!"

Coner roared back at Elise, refusing to admit to this offense as she attempted to use a loud voice to mask the truth.

In the end, she shot a pleading look at Ashlyn and tried to seek help.

However, Ashlyn was caught by surprise as well, as she didn't expect this incident to be exposed so soon. In all honesty, she was wary of Coner blabbering and implicating her into this. In the end, she hurriedly interrupted Coner's sentence.

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"Coner, I can't believe that you would resort to lying to me despite us knowing each other since university! I trusted you so much and even introduced you to my lifelong friend. Why did you do this?"

Meanwhile, Coner looked at Ashlyn in disbelief. "That's not true. It was—"

"That's enough." At that point, Ashlyn interjected and immediately glanced at Brendan with an apologetic look on her face, "I'm sorry, Brendan. It's my fault for not handling this situation well. I didn't expect to be taken for a fool. I've misjudged her character and caused you so much trouble. I'm terribly sorry."

With that, Ashlyn tugged at Coner's arm and tried to make her leave, but Brendan wasn't that foolish.

He would have lived in vain for all these years if he was deceived by such a simple ploy.

"Miss Lawson," he uttered. However, those two words sounded formal and distant. He no longer paid any heed to their personal ties.

"There's something that I think you should be reminded of."

Meanwhile, Ashlyn was taken aback but before she could get a word in edgewise, Brendan continued, "There are surveillance cameras in this workshop. They are placed in discreet locations but can clearly show every single thing that occurred. It would be quite easy if I wanted to pursue this and uncover the truth."

Ashlyn's face paled instantly the moment she heard that.

Meanwhile, she silently gripped both her hands tightly. Prior to that, they were originally hanging loosely by her side. In the end, she lifted her head and looked at him as she stammered, "O-Oh? Is that s-so...."

Nonetheless, Brendan mercilessly continued, "That's why I'm quite curious as to how the draft got into an outsider's hands. Why don't you accompany me to take a look at the security footage? Let's uncover the truth together."

Upon hearing that, Ashlyn stumbled and instantly responded, "N-No, thanks."

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"However, I'm still very curious as to how it could be so coincidental that Elise's draft was exactly the same as Coner's, and you guys somehow published it on the internet before Elise?" Somehow, Brendan's words spoke volumes and Ashlyn couldn't seem to find any excuse to deny this.

Meanwhile, Elise, who was standing silently by the side, suddenly spoke up coldly. "That's the most you can achieve anyway. I guess the best you can do to reach your goal is to do such a despicable thing and use underhanded tactics. Ashlyn, you really are detestable."

At that moment, Ashlyn tried to continue denying it. After all, they had no evidence of her being the perpetrator. However, she realized that there seemed to be nothing she could say that would make her sound convincing.

"I..." Before she could even speak up, Molly strode into the room from the doorway.

"Mr. Griffith, Miss Sinclair, I'm sorry but I told a lie..."

In response, Elise looked at Molly with a frown on her face.

As for Molly, she was so frightened that she couldn't control the tears from streaming down her face. "Miss Sinclair, I lied to you. Actually, I didn't tell the truth when you asked me about it yesterday. In fact, I did bump into Miss Lawson but she paid me a large sum to keep it a secret. That's why I didn't tell you the truth. I owe you and Mr. Griffith an apology."

Molly's words were practically the final nail on the coffin for Ashlyn.

All of a sudden, Ashlyn went berserk and shouted, "You b\*tch! What sort of nonsense are you on about?!"

However, Molly paid no attention to her and continued to apologize profusely.

"Mr. Griffith, I'm so sorry. I was tempted by the money Miss Lawson offered and I ended up making this mistake. But I didn't realize that Miss Lawson was here to steal Miss Sinclair's design—"

Meanwhile, Brendan didn't even bat an eyelid and he disregarded her words. In the end, he coldly responded, "Go and pack your stuff and get out of here immediately."

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"Mr. Griffith, please give me another chance," Molly hastily pleaded for mercy but Brendan couldn't care less.

"We don't need a traitor in the office. Don't make me repeat myself."

At that point, Molly was aware that this was a gone case. Though she was displeased with the outcome, she had no choice but to turn around and walk out of the room.

"Brendan, can you hear me out? It's not what it seems—"

Ashlyn was about to continue to explain for herself, but Brendan merely looked at her solemnly.

"Miss Lawson, I don't mind saving you from disgrace out of respect for our friendship all this while, but please be mindful of your further actions. Otherwise, I'll definitely lodge a police report on this incident."

Ashlyn's expression dimmed when she heard that and her face fell. However, her current frightful appearance couldn't even evoke any bit of sympathy from the people around her.

In the end, Brendan arranged for the security guards to kick them out.

Ashlyn pleaded continuously up to the point where she was about to be thrown out of the place, but Brendan paid no heed to her words. He merely lifted his hand and gestured for the security guards to hurry up.

Once Ashlyn and Coner were thrown out of the place, he finally turned to Elise.

"Elise, I'm sorry about that. It was my carelessness that caused your design to be stolen. Ultimately, I need to take responsibility for this incident," Brendan explained with an apologetic look.

Meanwhile, Elise glanced at the draft in her hand and tore it up without a second thought.

"Actually, it isn't a big deal. It's just two drafts. My creativity stems from here," she murmured as she pointed to her brain.

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"After all, no one can steal what's in here."

Brendan finally heaved a sigh of relief upon hearing her words. Meanwhile, he couldn't contain the appreciative look on his face and he subsequently beamed widely. "I kind of realize the reason Alexander chose you as his lifelong partner. It's because you're full of wisdom."

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