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Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 213

Chapter 213 We Can Come Here Anytime You Like

Molly asked Ashlyn with a shocked expression on her face. Unexpectedly, Ashlyn immediately took out a wade of cash from her bag and stuffed it into Molly's hand. "I left something behind just now, so I came back here to retrieve it, but I hope you won't tell anyone about seeing me here this time."

Molly looked at the cash in her hand that was worth two months of her salary. She had a rather odd feeling as she mused, Why did she give me so much money all of a sudden?

However, Ashlyn thought that Molly was thinking that it was too little, so the former took out another wade of cash. "Take it and you keep your mouth shut."

To Molly, Ashlyn was being too generous.

This is a lot of money! Would it be a bad thing to take this?

But I have to pay my rent soon, and I'm running low on money. Hence, Molly looked around and quickly took the money.

"Don't worry, Miss Lawson. I won't say a word."

Satisfied with the outcome, Ashlyn immediately left.

When Elise returned to the design studio again, she felt that something was off, as if someone had touched her design. "Molly, did anyone come here after I left?"

Though Molly was slightly surprised, she did not reveal it. "I came here alone in the afternoon. No one is around at that moment."

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Maybe I'm too sensitive, Elise thought, brushing away her concern.

"Alright. You can carry on with your work now."

As Molly walked off, Elise took up a pencil and continued to work, drawing one line after another on the drawing paper. She was so engrossed with her work that she completely forgot about the time. It was only when evening had fallen that Alexander pushed the door open. Looking at her figure, he knocked on the door politely.

Meanwhile, Elise did not even lift her head. Thinking that it was Molly, she murmured, "Molly, I'm a little thirsty. Please get me a glass of water."

Upon hearing that, Alexander turned around and went to the pantry to pour her a glass of warm water. Walking over to her, he placed the glass in front of her and said, "Here you go."

As soon as Elise heard his voice, she immediately stopped all her movements and lifted her head. It was only at this point that she noticed his presence, so she was rather surprised.

"W-Why are you here?"

"Look at the time," he countered.

All this while, Elise did not notice the passing of time at all. Hence, she quickly took out her phone to look at the time—it turned out that it was already 8 PM.

No wonder I'm so hungry now!

"I was drawing just now, so I didn't notice the time," she explained.

Looking at the designs in front of her, Alexander put all of them away without a word.

"No matter how busy you get, don't forget to eat; otherwise, your stomach won't be able to take it."

Elise was slightly flustered when she heard that, but she immediately stood up. "Let's have dinner, then."

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Alexander, on the other hand, gave her a dotting smile as he caressed her head. "What would you like?"

And so, Elise thought about it before saying, "Hotpot! It's been a while."

"It's quite spicy, though. Are you sure you want to have that?"

She quickly nodded. "Yes! Let's go."

With that, she put her designs safely away and took them back with her. Truth was, Alexander would usually grant all her requests; since Elise said she wanted to have hotpot, he then brought her to a famous hotpot restaurant.

The restaurant's business was booming, which was why there was already a long queue in front of the entrance. However, as soon as Alexander and Elise arrived, the owner of the restaurant welcomed them himself. "President Griffith, you are finally here today! I've already reserved the private room upstairs for you."

Upon hearing that, Alexander nodded and told Elise, "Let's have some hotpot."

She was over the moon to hear that and quickly opened the door to get out of the car. After following the restaurant owner to the private room on the second floor, she immediately ordered all her favorite dishes from the menu. "I'd like to have some beef, prawns, ham—"

She went on and on, and it was obvious that she really loved hotpot.

"What would you like?" Elise asked. However, Alexander drank a sip of water to hide his nerves. He didn't like spicy food and he seldom had hotpot. However, seeing how happy she was, he replied, "I'm sure your taste is quite good. I'll just eat whatever you ordered."

"Alright! Let's have these for the time being." With that, she passed the menu back to the waiter. In no time, all the food that she just ordered arrived one after another.

It had been a while since Elise had hotpot, so she immediately put the ingredients into the soup herself. After making sure that the beef was cooked, she put it in Alexander's bowl and urged, "Try this—it's very nice."

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After looking at the beef in his bowl, he immediately picked it up and placed it in his mouth without any hesitation. As soon as the meat entered his mouth, he felt spiciness flood through his entire mouth, so he quickly swallowed without chewing. Apart from that, he also did not forget to say, "It's not bad. The taste is quite good."

However, Elise asked, "Is it crispy? This part of the meat has to be crispy to be nice."

Alexander froze for a moment before he hummed in agreement. However, he subconsciously took the glass next to him and gulped down a huge sip of water.

"You can go ahead. I'll help myself."

And so, Elise took another piece of beef excitedly and placed it in her own mouth. She then revealed a look of pure enjoyment as she commented, "It's delicious! It's been so long since I had a taste of this!"

Elise was someone who loved spicy food, especially spicy hotpot. Since it had been a while since she tasted something authentic like this, she enjoyed it a lot. Meanwhile, Alexander merely looked at her with a smile on his face.

Feeling his gaze on her, Elise asked, "Aren't you eating?"

However, Alexander replied, "You go ahead."

Elise thought that it was rather odd. After seeing him drink a few glasses of water, she could not help but ask, "Is it possible that you can't eat spicy food?"

Meanwhile, she could see a hint of awkwardness flash across Alexander's eyes.

Sure enough, she got it right.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier that you can't have spicy food? I'll ask the waiter to change the pot so there's a mix of spicy and non-spicy soup base."

"It's fine," Alexander said. "I can eat spicy food, just not to this extent."

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Seeing that he had not been eating much while she had been enjoying herself all this while, she said hastily, "Uh... Let's change the pot."

With that, she asked for the waiter to change the pot so that there were two different types of soup bases.

"Do you know what is the biggest compromise for hotpot lovers like me?"

Alexander did not know the answer, so she continued, "This—the mixed soup base."

Looking at the pot in front of them, he asked, "But are you used to this?"

Upon hearing that, Elise gestured airily. "Oh—this is nothing. It doesn't affect things. However, you should stop sitting there without moving your cutlery. Let's tuck in now."

After both of them finished the hotpot, Elise felt extremely content that her stomach was now filled.

"Let's come here again next time."

Seeing how happy she was throughout the meal, Alexander could not help but flash a smile at her. Even though he did not really like hotpot, he agreed after seeing how much she liked it. "We can come here anytime you like."

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 214

Chapter 214 I Didn't Plagiarize It

"Alright. I'll hold you to it, then."

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The smile Elise gave Alexander was so sincere that it was practically infectious, and he voluntarily reached out to grasp her hand. "Come on, let's go home."

Shoulder to shoulder, they walked off into the moonlit night.

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The next day, Elise went to work as usual, only for a grim Brendan to follow her into her office immediately upon her entry. With a complicated look in his eyes, he stared at her and pursed his lips for a moment before stating, "I have something to ask you, my darling sister-in-law."

Startled by both the appellation and the stern look on his face, she urged, "Go on."

After a moment of contemplation, he continued, "Have you finished the draft for your design? May I see it?"

Even though Elise found it to be a strange request, she carelessly flipped through her papers to locate her design draft and hand it over to him. "It's mostly done. If you need it urgently, I can finish it by today."

Yet, Brendan's expression turned ugly the moment he saw her design draft.

"What's going on?" she queried. In the next second, he lifted his gaze and stared right into her eyes.

"Did you show this draft to anyone else before this moment?"

After thinking about it earnestly, she answered, "No one has seen it apart from you. Why? Did something happen?"

Without answering her directly, he pulled out his cell phone and handed it over to her. "Look at this."

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Elise took the phone and glanced down at it, and all of the blood drained out of her face. “How is this possible?! This design is my own. How can this person’s design resemble mine so much?”

“This is the work of a local first-rate designer, Coner. She announced it to the public last evening as part of her new series—the design I showed you being the main diagram. The whole series is in a style identical to yours.”

“It’s my design. I didn’t plagiarize it,” Elise muttered darkly.

The fact of the matter was that Brendan believed her, but his trust would do no good in a situation where Coner had already published her designs. This meant they could no longer use Elise’s design.

“We can’t use these diagrams anymore, Elise. You’ll have to redesign them.”

The more Elise thought about it, the more she realized that something was wrong. After all, she had noticed that someone had touched her drawing papers when she came back from lunch the previous afternoon, and now her design was on the Internet a scant few hours after that incident. There was no way this could be a coincidence.

“I designed this myself—” she uttered slowly, “—and now I suspect that someone has stolen it.”

The moment she said that, Brendan stared at her gravely. For some reason, he felt like she was telling the truth, but evidence was needed for everything nowadays. “Do you have any proof?”

It made Elise smile without any warmth in her eyes. “No, but the truth can’t be hidden or falsified. I will find the proof I need to claim my innocence. Until then, I hope you’ll believe me.”

Upon hearing that, he nodded obligingly. “If that’s the case, I have a solution.”

Once again, their eyes met and he leaned forward to whisper into her ear.

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After Brendan left, Elise looked down at the design diagram in her hands and clenched her fists silently. After putting the diagram away, she took up a blank piece of paper and began to redo her design in a brand new style.

Not long after that, Molly walked in with a fresh cup of coffee. "Your coffee, Miss Sinclair."

Keeping her eyes on the drawing, Elise answered carelessly, "Put it down. I'll drink it after I finish my drawing."

"Of course, Miss Sinclair." Molly was quick to respond. After putting the coffee aside, she turned to leave, only to have Elise stop her.

"Just a moment."

Molly turned back at that. "Did you need something else, Miss Sinclair?"

It was only then that Elise paused in her motions and slowly lifted her head to stare at Molly. Her gaze was as clear as always and free of any stray thoughts, but Molly got the vague impression that she was behaving differently than normal.

"I have a question for you, Molly."

Molly nodded and added, "Go ahead, Miss Sinclair."

Humming her acknowledgment, Elise continued, "Thing is, something has gone missing from my office yesterday. Did you see anyone come in here around lunchtime?"

Immediately, Molly looked shocked. "Have you lost something, Miss Sinclair? What is it? Is it valuable? Nothing like this has ever happened in our studio. Perhaps you should search for it again."

Staring at the woman placidly, Elise continued, "The object itself isn't very valuable, but I did lose it, after all. Perhaps I should file a police report."

Of course, the mention of a police report terrified Molly out of her wits, but she willed herself to keep a straight face. "Maybe that's blowing things out of proportion, Miss Sinclair. I don't

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think there's a need to file a police report if it's nothing valuable, since that will have a negative impact on the studio's image."

The response more or less confirmed Elise's suspicions, but she only sneered internally without giving anything away. Nodding her head, she agreed, "You're right—it's not valuable enough to warrant such an action. Even so, I won't rest until I find the thief. You may leave now."

Just like that, Molly felt a chill run down her spine. Even though she felt like Elise was hinting at something, she dared not dwell on it and only strode out of the room without a second thought.

It wasn't until she had left that Elise's gaze darkened.

Meanwhile, as Molly was standing outside the office patting her chest and blowing out a sigh of relief, she saw Ashlyn walk in with a strange woman. At once, she went up to welcome them. "Miss Lawson, what a pleasant surprise! What are you doing here?"

Looking at Molly with an indifferent expression, Ashlyn asked carelessly, "Is Brendan in?"

"He's in the office," Molly answered truthfully. "Allow me to escort you."

With that, she led Ashlyn to Brendan's office, whereupon Ashlyn threw open the door and walked in. "Brendan!" she called out with a broad smile.

After all, the pair had grown up together and were very familiar with each other. It was only after the previous incident that Brendan was no longer as gentle with her and only treated her with the cordiality of a casual friend.

"Ah—Miss Lawson. We have yet to complete the formal gown that you requested of us, but surely you don't need us to run ourselves into the ground for it. I will notify you once we've finished the design."

"What are you saying?" Ashlyn chuckled and continued, "I'm not here to rush you. I'm actually here for another reason." With that, she ushered the woman behind her forward. "I imagine you must be quite familiar with this person."

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It was none other than the designer, Coner.

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