

# Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 211

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Chapter 211 You're Cute When You Get Jealous

Though his explanation made sense, Elise still pouted and asked, "What was going on when she held your arm, then?"

"That was also a misunderstanding," Alexander explained. "I promise I will never let any other woman apart from you come close to me ever again."

Upon hearing that, she snorted out laughing. "Really?"

He nodded seriously and murmured, "Yes."

Now that's more like it. With all the questions answered, Elise felt her mood becoming better. However, the next second, Alexander stopped the car by the roadside and leaned over to her. As he had pressed himself in front of her, they were quite close to each other. "I realize that you can be quite cute when you get jealous."

She blushed and quickly pushed him away. "I'm not jealous! I-I'm just—"

However, Alexander's warm lips pressed against hers before she could even finish her sentence. Elise's mouth was slightly parted as she slowly closed her eyes, while Alexander slowly stretched his tongue into her mouth and tasted her sweetness. The small space in the car was now filled with love.

Feeling that she was running out of breath, Elise quickly pushed him away. "Continue... driving."

Alexander merely lowered his head and smiled. "Ellie, why are you so shy?"

Upon hearing that, she blushed even further. "Stop rubbing it in! Next time, keep your distance and don't touch me."

However, Alexander shook his head. "I think I can't hold myself back anymore."

"That can't happen. You have to!"

Elise looked at him solemnly and Alexander acquiesced. "Alright, I'll try my best. Let's go back home now."

With that, he started the car again and drove in the direction of the Griffith Residence. Meanwhile, Elise looked at the scenery outside the window and could not help but gaze at herself in the rearview mirror. At this moment, her face was flushed red with the shyness of a teenage girl, making her look like a lovestruck teen.

Admit it, Elise Sinclair—you have really fallen for him!

When they reached home, Brendan was holding a stack of papers in his hand as he sat in the living room. When he heard the noise, he quickly asked, “Who’s back, Stella?”

“It’s Young Master Alex and Miss Elise,” Stella replied promptly.

Brendan’s movements immediately paused before he raised his head and closed the folder on the papers he had been holding. The very next second, he saw both of them walking into the house, smiling as they chatted with each other.

“Alexander! Elise!” He took the initiative to greet them. Then, he looked at Elise.

“Why are you back so early today?” Alexander asked. Brendan quickly retracted his gaze as he mumbled, “Something cropped up at the studio, so I came back first. Elise, I have something to ask for your help. Is it convenient for you now?”

Though surprised, Elise replied, “You can just tell me what it is.”

It was actually not a big deal. Lately, Brendan kept himself occupied with the techniques Elise used to sew the wedding dress. He could not wait to know why her technique was so similar to that of Lily, the designer who retired from the design industry for many years. Hence, Brendan found an excuse, wanting to get to the bottom of this.

“The thing is, I saw that you have some talent and knowledge in fashion design. I have a client this time who wants a custom-designed wedding dress, but she is not satisfied with a few of my drawings. I would like you to have a look for me or maybe make some amendments on my drawings.”

Upon hearing that, Elise looked taken aback. “Me?”

Brendan nodded in response. “I saw the wedding dress you modified last time. Be it the design or the needlework, the quality is on par of that of a professional designer. Would it be alright for you to lend me a hand in this?”

“But I’m not a professional. Aren’t you worried that I might mess it up for you?”

Brendan merely smiled upon hearing that. “Since I’ve already asked for your help, of course I have faith in you. Plus, I haven’t had much thought about anything else.”

Elise hesitated. It had been a while since she designed something, so she wondered if her hands were able to produce a drawing of a nice wedding dress. “Let me think about it,” she replied.

Upon seeing the situation, Brendan quickly asked, “Do you have other concerns? You can just let me know if that’s the case.”

Elise pursed her lips. "Not a lot of concerns, but—"

It was quite obvious that she had some reasons not to accept his offer, so Brendan said, "It's okay. You can think about it first before giving me a reply. I'm not in a hurry."

Elise hummed in agreement. "It's alright. It's just that my study schedule is quite packed, so I don't have a lot of time."

"Oh—that's fine. The client is only getting married by the end of the year, so it's not urgent."

When Elise heard that, she nodded. "Alright, then! Since tomorrow is the weekend, I'll drop by your office to take a look."

Seeing that she had agreed, Brendan beamed. Then, he passed over the papers in his hand. "These are my designs. You can take a look at them."

Elise took them over and murmured, "Alright. I'll take a look." With that, she bade farewell to both of them and went upstairs.

However, Alexander looked at Brendan and said, "I don't think the matter isn't as simple as asking for her help, is it?"

Brendan met his gaze and slowly replied, "Sure enough, nothing can be hidden from you, Alexander."

Alexander merely frowned. "We're family. You can just be straightforward with me."

However, since Brendan had not come to a conclusion, he explained, "Currently, I'm not sure either. But don't worry, Alexander. I don't have any other intentions. I just want to confirm a speculation of mine."

"Alright." Alexander nodded and commented, "I respect her decision."

Meanwhile, Brendan was grateful for his understanding. "Thank you, Alexander!"

With a loud thud, Elise closed the door and placed her bag down. It was only then that she pulled a chair and sat down. Right after that, she immediately looked at Brendan's drawings. She stayed up until quite late before she finished looking through all his designs.

From the drawings, she could tell that Brendan had a strong foundation in design. It was definitely with more than a decade of practice seeing that he was able to reach this stage. However, she also realized that his designs lacked creativity and courage, and his ideas were still the same as his usual thought patterns.

The next day, Elise went to his design studio early in the morning. Other employees in the studio had already arrived and some of them knew Elise. Molly,

especially, greeted her warmly as soon as she saw her. "Miss Sinclair, what brings you here?"

Elise smiled in return. "I'm just dropping by."

Molly was grateful for Elise's advice that made her find her own blindspot in her designs. Right now, the former was not an assistant anymore and she was promoted to a junior designer in the field.

"In that case, please take a seat in the guest room. I'll bring you a cup of coffee."

"That's fine. I'll just go to Mr. Griffith's office."

Upon hearing that, Molly quickly said, "I'll take you there then."

When Brendan saw Elise's arrival, he quickly stood up. "There you are, Elise."

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[/ Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 212 Haven't You Already Left?](#)

Elise nodded and directly said, "Give me a space, then. I'll start working later!"

Brendan smiled upon hearing that. "There's no need to hurry. I already arranged an office for you. You can take a breather first. I will ask Molly to bring you over later."

As soon as he finished speaking, someone knocked on the door. "Mr. Griffith, Miss Lawson is here."

Brendan's expression changed when he heard her name and he immediately became more business-like. "Ask her to wait for me in the meeting room. I'll be right there."

"Noted, Mr. Griffith."

Seeing that he had other businesses to attend to, Elise quickly got up. "Since you are busy, just ask Molly to bring me over."

"Alright. I'll do that."

After coming out of the office, Molly quickly said, "Miss Sinclair, let's head over there now."

As soon as they turned a corner, they came face-to-face with Ashlyn. Upon seeing the other girl, Elise raised her eyebrows slightly as she thought to herself, So this was who they were referring to just now.

Even Ashlyn was surprised to meet Elise here. However, the former soon recalled what she heard from Jacinda and could not help but smile with a triumphant look in her eyes. "My, my! I didn't expect to meet an old friend here!"

Elise ignored her remarks and walked past her, but Ashlyn called out, "Why are you leaving as soon as you see me? Alex is so much warmer when he sees me."

It was better if she did not bring this up. At the mention of this, Elise felt the grievances that she had find an outlet.

"Are you being serious when you say that he's treating you warmly? Why do I hear that he is quite unfriendly toward you?"

Ashlyn's expression did not change a bit even after hearing Elise's words, which was why Elise knew that she had really misunderstood Alexander earlier. After knowing that it was Ashlyn alone who falsely portrayed everything, Elise felt her mood become much better.

"What do you know, Elise? Alex asked me out on a date in a hotel room..." With that, Ashlyn tucked her hair behind her ears as she added, "I'm sure everyone knows what goes on between adults. I guess I don't have to spell everything out for you."

Nevertheless, Elise did not get annoyed. Instead, she countered, "It seems like you enjoy it a lot, Miss Lawson. Could it be that you're hallucinating and pleasing yourself instead?"

The blatant insult in her words made Ashlyn's expression change instantly.

"You—"

Elise, however, met the other girl's eyes without any fear. "What do you think Alexander's reaction will be when he knows that you have been damaging his reputation?"

Upon hearing that, Ashlyn clenched her fists soundlessly. After all, she did not expect Elise to trust Alexander this much. In that instant, she was at a loss on what to retort.

"Since when have I damaged his reputation? I've said nothing."

Elise smiled in response. "That would be best. No matter what, you already have a partner, Miss Lawson, so you better not seduce another man who already has a fiancée. I'll have you know that I bear grudges easily. If I know that another woman seduced my man, I won't hold back at all."

This is not just a threat!

Ashlyn felt a tinge of fear upon hearing that. Elise is just an ugly woman from the countryside, yet she has such power.

It was only then that she knew she had to restrain herself even though she liked Alexander.

“What are you saying, Elise? I’ve always been disdainful about your belongings.”

“That would be best.” With that, Elise ignored her and walked away. However, Ashlyn looked at the other girl’s leaving figure resentfully and bit her lip hard, annoyed that she was on the losing side when they taunted each other just now. However, shortly after that, she saw Elise walk into a designer’s office.

Hence, she could not help asking the assistant, who was standing next to her, “What is she doing here?”

The assistant then replied, “Miss Sinclair is a designer that we just hired, Miss Lawson.”

Ashlyn wanted to burst out laughing upon hearing that. “She? A designer? Isn’t she afraid of people laughing at her? She’s just a country bumpkin! Does she even know what fashion is?”

The assistant remained quietly for a moment before saying softly, “Miss Lawson, do you still remember the evening gown you liked when you came here last time? That was designed by Miss Sinclair.”

Ashlyn was thunderstruck upon hearing that. She fell in love as soon as she saw the evening gown, but Brendan told her that it was not for sale. No matter how much she was willing to pay for it, he would not sell it to her. Because of that, she felt rather disappointed. Hence, it was a huge shock to her that the evening gown was designed by Elise.

“This way please, Miss Lawson.”

Though unwilling, Ashlyn followed the assistant.

After Elise entered the design studio, she sat down on a bench, a pen in hand as she bent over the table. Then, she started to slowly work on her design. After some time, she came up with a rough sketch of a wedding dress.

It was at that moment that Brendan walked into the room. “Elise?”

Upon hearing that, she raised her head and stretched her body. “It’s just a rough sketch. Would you like to have a look?”

Brendan was surprised to see that. His initial expectation was just for Elise to make some amendments on his design, which was why he had never imagined that she would be able to come up with her own designs.

“You... drew this?” He looked at the design incredulously. After taking the piece of paper and looking at the design, he was shocked to the core.

Though it was just a rough sketch, he could tell how good her design was. Every stroke was perfect, making the design look as though it was drawn by a mature and professional designer.

“Have you designed anything before?”

“In the past, I liked to draw and I would just draw some random stuff,” Elise explained. “Do you think it’s alright?”

Brendan pursed his lips when he heard that. “Overall, I think it’s quite good, but I have no idea what the final product will look like. Why don’t I take a look at it again after you are completely done with the design?”

And so, she nodded in response. “Sure.”

“It’s not early, so let me bring you for a meal.”

Elise was also quite hungry at this point. “Alright. Let me put these away.”

After she tidied up her table, she followed Brendan out of the door. However, not long after she left, a figure sneaked into the room soundlessly—Ashlyn had found the designs and took pictures with her phone without any hesitation.

After taking those photographs, she was quite pleased with herself. “Elise, don’t even dream of becoming a designer! It’s simply impossible with that face of yours! I want to destroy your reputation in this industry so you won’t be able to stay here any longer!”

With that, Ashlyn planned to turn around and leave. However, as soon as she reached the door, she ran into Molly, who was still working. “Miss Lawson, haven’t you already left?”

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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."

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.”

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.”

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."

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."

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Chapter 214 I Didn't Plagiarize It

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

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.

...

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.”

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.

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 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."

It was none other than the designer, Coner.

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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."

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.

“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?”

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

[/ Bring Your A Game, Mr](#)  
Chapter 216 Let Me Tell You the Answer

"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.

"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."

"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."

"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.

“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.”

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 217

[/ Bring Your A Game, Mr](#)  
Chapter 217 Follow Me and Keep Silent

“Well, I don’t think I’m wise anyway. I’m quite annoyed too! After all, someone stole my design just like that!”

Though Elise said that, she wasn’t too affected by it. After all, that draft was just a half-finished design to her. However, Brendan owed her big time due to this incident and this was something that she couldn’t ever obtain even if she was willing to pay for it.

“Alright, let’s put this aside. However, I’ll probably need two more days to come up with the revised design.”

Upon hearing that, Brendan nodded in agreement. “That’s fine. I’m not in a rush for it so just take your time.”

“By the way, about Molly...” At that point, Elise brought up Molly because she reckoned that the latter was quite talented in this field. If Molly was fired from their workshop, it was quite likely that her career as a designer would end here.

Brendan, however, made his stance quite clear. “Molly’s my personal assistant and she’s also a part of our design team, but her actions are completely unforgivable.”

Meanwhile, Elise hummed to indicate that she understood. Although she felt that it was a shame for Molly’s talent to go to waste, she was unsympathetic of the woman’s current predicament.

After she had gone back into her office, Elise stretched her back before taking a seat and continuing with her sketch. However, her creative juices were not flowing well at the moment and more than ten consecutive sketches were unsatisfactory to her. There was also a pile of balled-up papers in front of her table.

When Alexander arrived, he was quite mindful to knock on the door before entering the room. Despite that, Elise was engrossed in her sketch and she didn’t give any response at all. Left without a choice, he pushed open the door and walked into the room. He then casually picked up one of the balled-up papers from the ground and unraveled it, only to find that it was a sketch for a preliminary design.

At that point, Elise heard his footsteps and she came to her senses. “Why are you here?”

Alexander lifted his head to glance at her before replying, “It’s time to go home. You didn’t even bother to look at the time, huh?”

It was only then that Elise finally noticed the time. She sheepishly rubbed her temples, she murmured, “I don’t have much left to do. Let’s head home together.”

Just then, Alexander moved forward and came to her side as he mentioned, “You must be tired after sketching for such a long time. I’ll give you a shoulder massage.”

“That’s not necessary. I’m fine.”

Though Elise had rejected his offer, in fact, she actually felt that her shoulders were quite sore. However, Alexander didn’t even give her a chance to respond. He went to stand behind her and placed his warm hands on her shoulders before gently giving her a massage.

At that point, Elise felt her shoulders relax significantly and she no longer felt as tense as before. Just then, she found that her design inspiration seemed to come about quite quickly. "I think you'll need to give me some more time to complete this sketch."

As she spoke, she had already impatiently grabbed a pencil and started on her sketch.

Meanwhile, Alexander didn't seem to be in a hurry, so he took a seat next to her and waited silently. Neither of them spoke a word in that cramped little room and there was only the sound of her pencil scratching against the paper.

Brendan watched the whole scene by the door and he couldn't seem to contain the smile on his face. Shortly after that, he spoke softly and instructed his personal assistant. "Let the person on the night watch know not to disturb them."

"Sure, Mr. Griffith." Subsequently, Brendan turned around and walked out of the office.

The office was brightly lit up though the night had fallen. As soon as Elise completed her final stroke on the sketch, she unconsciously stretched her back. "It's finally completed!"

Just then, she turned around to look at Alexander. He was still seated cross-legged at the same position and he had a magazine in his hand. However, he hadn't flipped the page for quite a while now.

She then took a closer look and realized that he had, in fact, fallen asleep.

And so, she quickly took a blanket and quietly went over to place it on him. She was just about to go and shut the door but the next minute, a pair of warm hands inched toward her and Alexander hugged her waist. "Have you completed the sketch?"

Meanwhile, Elise was slightly caught by surprise as his hoarse voice rang out lazily. She hastily replied, "Yes, I've completed it. We can head home now."

However, Alexander tightened his grip on her. "Let me hug you for a bit more."

In the end, Elise had no choice but to stand there without moving as she gave him free rein to hug her. After quite some time, all of the lights in the office suddenly flicked off and both of them became enveloped in darkness.

"What's going on? Why did the lights suddenly go out?" Elise asked frantically. However, Alexander comforted her, "I guess it must be the timer and the lights get cut off at a certain time. I'll turn my flashlight on. Let's head home."

As he said that, he reached for his cell phone but despite pressing on it for quite some time, nothing happened.

"My battery's flat."

Upon hearing that, Elise rummaged for her phone and switched on the flashlight. Instantly, there was a glimmer of light in the room.

"Let's go."

She walked in front of him and he trailed along behind but upon reaching the entrance to the office, they realized that the door was locked from the outside and there was no way of opening the door.

Just then, she shoved hard on the door but it was to no avail. "What's going on? Why is the door locked?"

Alexander was quite confused too, so he shone the flashlight toward the door and realized that it had been bolted from the outside.

Furthermore, there came the sounds of some footsteps shuffling by the corridor. Hence, Alexander frowned and hollered, "Who's there? Who is it outside?"

The people by the door were frightened out of their wits to hear someone inside and there was a sound of something dropping from their hands and then spilling all over the ground.

"What are you doing? Hurry up and splash it on the walls!"

Several people spoke to each other and they quickly splashed the contents of the cans in their hands all over the surroundings. At that point, the air around them reeked strongly of gasoline.

"Who's there? Open the door right now!" Alexander yelled out but soon after that, there was a stinging smell that hit his nostrils.

"It's gasoline."

By then, Elise had caught a whiff too. "Oh no! We need to get out of here!" However, as soon as she said that, flames emerged from the window behind her and the whole room was lit up in red.

"This is arson," she said with a panicked expression as she quickly covered up her nose and mouth.

"Let's go. We need to leave right now!"

However, the door was locked from the outside and the flames that came from the window were seemingly engulfing them.

Alexander shielded Elise by his side and moved with her in the direction that was currently away from the fire. "Follow me and keep silent."

He took out his cell phone to make a call as he said that. However, the whole office was full of flammable objects and the gasoline fueled the flames too, so the fire became out of control very quickly. They did not even have time to react.

The billowing dark smoke enveloped both of them and Elise coughed uncontrollably from inhaling it. She felt terribly suffocated at that point. Meanwhile, Alexander hit at the door non-stop with a metal rod that he had found, but it barely made a dent.

At that point, the people outside saw that the office was in flames, so one of them took out his phone and dialed a number. "Miss Lawson, we've set fire to the place according to your instructions. However, I think I heard someone inside earlier. Are you sure that's fine?"

At that moment, Ashlyn had a sinister look on her face and she couldn't even care less about that. How dare Brendan insult me that way? Well, if he refuses to give me a chance, there's nothing much to care about! Let's see what he'll do with a burnt office!

"It's fine! No one would still be there at such a godforsaken hour of the night! Just set the place alight and leave! You don't need to bother with anything else after that."

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 218

[/ Bring Your A Game, Mr](#)

Chapter 218 She Was About to Turn Eighteen

After hanging up, the men exchanged looks with each other and their gazes met for a short moment. However, they separated and left soon after that. As for Elise and Alexander, who were stuck in the burning building, they felt quite suffocated by the billowing smoke.

Elise was significantly affected and she started to feel her world spinning in front of her. Though they were safe from the flames at the moment, the amount of carbon monoxide that they had taken in was significant too.

"Hang in there! I'm about to break this door!" Alexander practically used all of his might to smash the door while comforting Elise at the same time.

However, in the next instance, she felt quite weak and collapsed to the ground in a heap.

Just then, Alexander was so frantic that he managed to kick open the door with all of his might. Then, he rushed out of the burning building with Elise in his arms.

...



Upon regaining consciousness once again, Elise found a snowy-white environment in front of her eyes. The smell of antiseptic was a strong reminder to her that she was currently alive.

She frowned slightly and moved her elbows slightly. She was just about to get up when both of her hands were suddenly held tightly in place.

“Don’t move. You just woke up but you need more rest.”

She lifted her head and suddenly became aware of Alexander’s presence next to her. He looked quite haggard just then.

“Are you fine? I thought we were in the fiery building earlier?”

He quickly comforted her, “It’s alright. Everything’s fine. We’re safe now.”

Upon hearing that, Elise heaved a sigh of relief but at the same time, she found it quite strange. “Why did the place catch fire all of a sudden?”

At her words, Elise realized that Alexander’s expression had darkened significantly, which was why she pressed on, “Did someone intentionally set the place on fire? Don’t keep things from me. I heard footsteps outside last night.”

Indeed, Alexander had intended to keep this from Elise to avoid her from fretting about it. At that point, however, he had to tell her the truth. “Yes, you’re right. It was arson. This didn’t happen by chance. This is attempted murder and the police are involved, so they will figure out who is the perpetrator. I’m quite sure that we will get the results soon enough, so don’t worry too much about it. Your main priority right now is to rest and allow your body to recover from this ordeal.”

Despite his words, Elise felt that this incident was perhaps not as simple as it seemed. Arson was a criminal offense, after all. However, Alexander seemed quite reluctant to continue this topic, so she ended up keeping her words to herself.

At that moment, there was a knock at the door. Shortly after that, Brendan walked into the room with a somber expression.

He had his work cut out for him following the fiery destruction of his office. After all, all of the work designs were burned to a crisp and there were quite a few urgent contracts ongoing, so he was quite burdened at the moment. However, he couldn’t seem to focus on anything else right now.

“Alexander, Elise.”

Upon hearing that, Alexander lifted his head and shot Brendan a look. They had a strong brotherly bond, which was they mutually understood each other with just a single look.

Just then, Brendan pursed his lips and spoke up “Alexander, the men who set the fire have been identified and the police are working hard to capture them. However, the person behind all of this...”

At that point, he seemed to become quite cautious.

On the other hand, Alexander directly instructed, “I don’t care who it is. I won’t budge on this at all! Just think about it—if Elise and I hadn’t been lucky enough to escape from the place, can you imagine the consequences?”

Regardless, the answer was quite evident.

At that point, Brendan fully understood his words. “I understand, Alexander. I’ll definitely deal with this properly; I won’t let the perpetrator find a way out and get away with this.”

As he spoke, he looked toward Elise. “Elise, take a good rest. I’ll be more at ease with Alexander here by your side. I’ve got something else to attend to, so I’ll be on my way now.”

Elise, however, didn’t quite understand the conversation between the two siblings but she asked anyway, “There’s really no need to hide anything from me. You can be frank. After all, I’m one of the victims so I have the right to know too.”

Upon hearing that, Brendan couldn’t quite figure out how to put it in words and he glanced at Alexander.

Meanwhile, Alexander reached out and held Elise’s hands tightly in his. “It was Ashlyn. She was the one who instructed those men to set the place on fire.”

Elise’s expression darkened instantly when she heard the name. “It’s her again!” She gritted her teeth as she spit out those words and she silently clenched her fists tightly. This time, I won’t give her a chance to get away with it! She must pay for this!

“How do you plan to deal with this?”

Elise asked in a cold voice, to which Alexander replied definitively, “Of course we’ll hand it over to the police. Arson is a criminal offense, so she won’t be able to get away from imprisonment.”

Nonetheless, Elise was not content with merely such an outcome.

“What if I can get hold of some more incriminating evidence on her? Does that mean we can put her behind bars for good?”

Unbeknownst to Elise, her suggestion was exactly the same as Brendan and Alexander’s actual intentions. In fact, they had intended to collect more evidence on Ashlyn so that she could be put behind bars longer.

"Elise, you can hand me any evidence that you have. I won't let you down and I'll make sure that she rots in prison."

However, she calmly responded, "I'll hand you the evidence later. This time, I won't give her a chance to get away with this!"

Elise meant what she said and this was the first time ever that she was so serious about something. As soon as Brendan and Alexander left the room, she immediately dialed Jamie's number.

On the other end of the line, Jamie was hopping mad when he heard what had taken place. "What?! Boss, did that b\*tch actually do that?! Are you alright? How are you feeling right now?"

"I'm fine. You just need to follow my instructions and collect incriminating evidence on her. Then, send all the information to the police."

Upon hearing that, Jamie reassured her, "Don't worry, Boss! I'll definitely teach her a lesson!"

As he was still quite enraged after hanging up the phone, he quickly started uncovering evidence on Ashlyn.

Meanwhile, Brendan suddenly found himself exceptionally busy after his office was destroyed by the fire. He had a lot of prior contracts to handle and finish off properly, so work came to a standstill for the time being.

As for Elise, though she experienced some minor carbon monoxide poisoning, it was fortunate that she had been sent to the hospital in time. Hence, she was fit to be discharged after staying at the hospital for a couple of days, with Alexander by her side of course.

The next time she heard the news of Ashlyn was from the newspapers. 'Ashlyn Lawson from the Lawson Group has been taken into custody under the suspicion of an attempted murder offense.'

Meanwhile, Elise nonchalantly glanced at the heading but she didn't even bat an eyelid.

After being discharged from the hospital, Alexander sent Elise back to school.

"Don't worry about handing in your draft to Brendan for the time being. He's not in a rush for it. You should pay more attention to your studies, though. It's nearly time for your final exams."

Just then, Elise smiled impishly and stuck her tongue out. "Alright, alright! Why do I get the feeling that you're becoming more and more long-winded with each passing day?"

She spoke while she unbuckled her seatbelt. "You don't need to come pick me up after school. I'll go back with Danny."

Alexander affirmed with a grunt and watched on as she walked off. Then, he drove off slowly. Although they didn't get to spend too much time together lately, they were evidently closer than before. Just then, Alexander casually swept a look at the calendar in his car, and he recalled that Elise was about to turn eighteen soon.

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 219

[/ Bring Your A Game, Mr](#)  
Chapter 219 Recovering Her Lost Memories

As soon as Elise entered the classroom, Jacinda saw her right away. Unlike before, the latter instantly took a book and covered her face in an attempt to diminish her presence, all the while hoping fervently that the other girl would not notice her.

The incident with Ashlyn had been a huge lesson for Jacinda. She had also realized that she should try and avoid Elise as much as possible and not cross her path at school.

Besides, Jacinda had also taken the initiative to apologize to Elise. "Elise, I made a lot of mistakes in the past. I shouldn't have spread rumors about you among our classmates and destroy your reputation. I sincerely apologize for finding fault with you all this while. I'm sorry."

Meanwhile, Elise was busy with her homework and she frowned upon hearing Jacinda's words. Then, she gradually lifted her head and glanced at Jacinda, who was standing in front of her.

"Is this a trick?" Elise retorted, to which Jacinda immediately denied, "No, it's not. I truly want to apologize to you. We're classmates after all, so I really hope that we can get along peacefully."

However, Elise ignored Jacinda and continued to work on her homework, which made the latter remain on tenterhooks.

"Elise, can you say something, please? I can't stand it and I'm quite frightened when you ignore me," Jacinda said with a whimper and it seemed that she was about to burst into tears the next minute.

Elise, on the other hand, felt quite bothered by the commotion by her ears so she stopped writing. "If you don't have anything else to do, then you should go and do some worksheets. Stop focusing on me. I'm generally clear cut on my likes and dislikes so I'm warning you to stop bothering me!"

As soon as Jacinda heard Elise's words, she finally felt at ease. It's great that Elise hasn't taken everything to heart. From now on, I must stay away from her and not

bother her. With that in mind, Jacinda went back to her seat mindfully and started to work on her worksheet.

Elise noticed Jacinda walk off but she decided to ignore it. After completing her worksheet, she instinctively turned her head and murmured, "Mikayla, let's..."

Before Elise could finish her sentence, she suddenly caught herself. Coming back to her senses, she stared at Mikayla's empty seat and heaved a sigh. Mikayla has been gone for quite some time now, but I'm still not used to things without her. I wonder how she's doing overseas. Just then, she felt slightly dejected as she pondered over the situation. Mikayla's the first friend I made in school but right now, I don't even know what's going on in her life.

Resigned, Elise heaved a sigh. Subsequently, she shifted her gaze and continued to work on her worksheet, but she seemed to have lost all of her motivation.

In the afternoon after school had ended, Elise walked out of school by herself along the walkway. As soon as she reached the entrance, she heard a loud honk and soon after that, her cell phone, which was in her pocket, rang. "Elise, it's me, Jack! I'm here and I'm slightly to the left in front of you. Get in the car." Elise turned to look in that direction as soon as she heard his words and indeed, she saw Jack's car.

Slightly perplexed, she made her way toward him anyway and knocked on his window. "What's up?"

Meanwhile, Jack scanned his surroundings before turning to her. "What are you waiting for? Get inside! We won't be able to leave this place if my fans realize and swarm us!"

And so, Elise had no choice but to enter the backseat of the car before shutting the door.

Instantly after that, he started the ignition and drove off.

"So, what's going on exactly?" she asked. However, Jack maintained a secretive look. "I can't tell you anything yet, but I'll tell you when we get there."

Meanwhile, Elise was totally in the dark regarding his intentions so she gave up and stopped asking. She took out a worksheet from her bag and started on it with a focused look in her eyes.

As for Jack, he noticed that she didn't even give a response after such a prolonged period, so he took a look at her through the rearview mirror. He was caught by surprise upon glancing at her and he couldn't help mentioning, "I finally realize why you're so good in your studies. I guess even the top students need to put in effort."

Elise retorted without even lifting her head, "Don't tell me that you no longer have to put in any effort just because you're now a superstar?"

There are always going to be talented people in this world. Without putting in any effort, the only end result would be being replaced by the up-and-coming new talents.

“We’re not exactly making an effort in the same direction.”

“That’s true. After all, it’s quite easy to be an idol but it’s tough to maintain the popularity and exalted status of one.”

Jack did agree with what she said but today, he wasn’t here to talk about this. In fact, he was on a mission to complete a task on behalf of someone else.

“Elise, aren’t you curious about where we’re headed?”

Upon hearing that, she pursed her lips and replied, “I am curious, but will you tell me?”

Meanwhile, Jack shook his head in response. He had promised not to reveal a single thing until they arrived at the destination.

“See—even if I’m curious, you wouldn’t reveal anything anyway. Why would I let you have the pleasure of goading me, then? I might as well take the time to complete a couple of worksheets.”

Her logical thinking managed to render Jack speechless for the time being.

Nonetheless, it was quite lucky that they were about to arrive at their destination, so their topic came to a halt. Jack brought Elise to a familiar spot and after parking the car, she finally came to her senses and stopped writing immediately.

“Why did you bring me here?”

Jack shrugged in response. “What else could it be? She wants to see you.”

As soon as Elise heard him mention a girl, she was quite excited. “Do you mean Mikayla?! Is she back?”

Jack responded with a grunt. “She’s inside and she has been pestering me to see you, so I brought you to her.”

Just then, Elise couldn’t contain herself and as soon as the car came to a halt, she immediately opened the door to get out. “Has she recalled something? Does she remember me?” The glimmer in his eyes dimmed slightly as soon as the words left her mouth.

Meanwhile, Jack opened the car door and got out. Then, he looked at Elise’s silhouette and said, “She hasn’t recalled anything, but she remembers you.”

He said this while he walked over to stand in front of Elise. "That's why when you see her later on, I hope that you can help me trigger her memory."

Jack had an earnest expression as he said this and Elise could somehow sense a slightly different emotion coming from him.

However, that emotion seemed to dissipate very quickly as Jack managed to mask his feelings before she could even clearly identify anything.

In the end, the two of them made their way toward Mikayla's house. At that moment, Mikayla was already waiting for them on the balcony upstairs and she beamed widely as soon as she saw them walk in. Mikayla then called out, "Elise!"

Meanwhile, Elise felt surreal upon hearing the familiar voice and she lifted her head to look at Mikayla. As soon as she saw the other girl, she smiled prettily. "Mikayla!"

At that moment, Mikayla ran down the stairs in a hurry and rushed in front of Elise.

Somehow, Mikayla had Elise on her mind the whole time the former was overseas. Truth was, Mikayla had an unshakeable feeling that she must be very closely linked to Elise and that their friendship must have been like an unbreakable bond, which was why she had disregarded her family members' objections and returned to the country to seek Elise out. Mikayla intended to get Elise to help her with recovering her lost memories.

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 220

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Chapter 220 Your Dream Will Come True One Day

"Elise!" Mikayla said her name with a smile.

The familiar feeling gave rise to a hint of happiness that bubbled up inside Elise.

"You guys are finally here. Let's head in." Mikayla held Elise's arm, just like how she had always done.

Elise wasn't used to her warm treatment, probably because they hadn't met for a long time.

"Are you alright?" Elise asked, to which Mikayla replied as she let out a chuckle. "I'm fine."

Other than losing her memory from a certain period of time, the latter was totally fine.

Meanwhile, Jack, who was following them from behind, felt relieved upon hearing Mikayla and Elise's conversation. It had been a long time since he last saw a genuine smile on Mikayla's face.

She seemed to turn into a different person when she saw Elise.

"Elise, come here and have a seat. What do you want to eat? I'll have the maids prepare them for you," Mikayla offered, treating the other girl warmly.

Elise sat down and replied, "Anything will do. I'm not picky."

And so, Mikayla instructed the maids to prepare something before she loquaciously chatted with Elise about all the things that had happened recently. They seemed close, just like how they had been in the past, which made Elise feel that the familiar sense seemed to have returned.

Thereafter, Mikayla led Elise to her storeroom, where she kept all her precious, memorable things that she had collected up until now since she was little.

She found the album that she had previously treasured.

"Look at these! I used to collect a lot of CDs and posters of a singer named H. Did I really like her? Why don't I remember it at all?"

Upon hearing that, Elise immediately paused in her actions. Raising her eyes to look at Mikayla, she murmured, "Don't you remember that I once gave you her limited-edition album?"

Mikayla shook her head to show that she couldn't remember about this. However, she looked around and found the two limited-edition albums. "Do you mean these?"

Elise hummed in response. At least Mikayla still has a bit of her past memories.

"After listening to this CD, I found that she has a distinct voice and the style of her songs is rather unique. I would love to listen to her live if I have the chance."

When Jack, who was standing off to one side, heard what Mikayla said, he chimed in, "She has left the entertainment industry for many years, so you won't be able to see her perform live anymore. However, she helped me write a new song some time ago. She's the composer of my new song. Would you like to listen to it?"

Mikayla was surprised to hear that. "Really? Which means that these limited-edition albums that I currently own are actually quite precious, right?"

"You should be glad. There are plenty of her fans out there who would be envious of you."



Jack's confirmation put a bright smile on Mikayla's face. "I have to keep these albums carefully, then. Although I don't find her special now, it seems that I used to adore her a lot back then."

On the other hand, Elise just smiled. "Just store them properly."

Mikayla immediately kept the CDs away, thereafter playing with an old guitar that seemed to contain some stories of the past.

"Did I play the guitar?" As she spoke, she reached out and fiddled the strings twice, making a rather strange twang.

Nonetheless, the next second, Elise took the old guitar from her and put it on her lap. Looking at Mikayla, she asked, "Would you like to listen to some songs?"

Surprised, Mikayla nodded, while Jack turned to Elise and asked, "I didn't know that you could play the guitar."

Elise smiled and didn't say anything. Instead, she slowly plucked the strings.

A classical song resounded in the tiny space. Although Mikayla had lost her memories, she started humming along upon hearing the familiar song.

After the song, Elise wiped the guitar and stated, "This is a good guitar; it's a waste to leave it here to gather dust."

However, Jack was once again astonished by Elise. He had never expected that she could play guitar, let alone be so skillful in it. It was simply too surprising, and the way she played was somewhat similar to H's playing.

"Elise, you play the guitar well!" Jack praised her sincerely, and Mikayla couldn't help but give her a thumbs-up as well. "For some reason, memories about H suddenly appeared in my head when I was listening to you play. Although they were just fragments of certain images, they seemed to be imprinted in my head."

"Oh—what did you recall?" Elise asked. However, Mikayla shook her head, so the former comforted her. "No worries. Take your time. You will remember everything one day."

"Speaking of which, are you coming back to school?" Elise asked, to which Mikayla nodded and answered, "I left the school too suddenly, so I skipped all the procedures, but it also saved me the effort now. I think I will be able to return to school next week."

"That's great!"

In the end, Elise accompanied Mikayla for a long time and she was unwilling to leave even when it was late at night. It was only after Jack repetitively urged for her to leave that she reluctantly left Mikayla's house.

On their way back, Jack couldn't hold back his curiosity and asked, "When did you learn to play the guitar? Why haven't I heard you mention this?"

Elise tilted her head to look at him before she replied, "It was a long time ago and I hadn't played for quite some time, so I think my skills are a little rusty."

"Not at all! I can tell that you can play guitar very well," he sincerely commented. He was especially impressed by Elise's ability to imitate other people's playing style as the way she played was very similar to that of H.

"I reckon that you adore H as well. I have long been wanting to meet H, but I couldn't find a suitable opportunity and she seems to not want to meet me." Jack seemed distressed at the mention of this.

The incident that involved his new song had caused him to be indebted to H, so he had been pondering on how to repay her help. In fact, his manager had been contacting H but had failed to ask her out for a meeting. H was surely as mysterious as rumor had it.

However, Elise asked with her brows furrowed, "Is there any reason why you want to meet H?"

"Nothing special. I just wanted to speak to an experienced senior in the industry." Jack casually answered before he asked, "I can tell that you are also H's fan, so I'll definitely ask for H's signature on your behalf if I meet her someday."

Meanwhile, she was at a loss for words. A speechless Elise then scratched her ear and tactfully rejected his kind offer. "There's... no need."

Oblivious to the underlying meaning in her words, Jack continued, "It's fine if you don't want H's signature. Perhaps I could bring you along and meet her in person."

Upon hearing that, Elise asked, "Do you really wish to meet her that much?"

Jack smiled and replied in a serious manner, "To be honest, I didn't really want to at first, but she's just too mysterious. You know how human nature works—the more mysterious something is, the more we want to find out about it, which is why I really want to know what kind of person she is under all the mystery. That's all."

Amused by his statement, Elise chuckled. "I think that your dream will come true one day."