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Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 190 - 191

Chapter 190, Coolest Girl in Town

Molly thought, *No one in the atelier could be so daring as to lay a finger on Mr. Griffith's designs. This woman must be either crazy or fearless to actually cut a dress that he has made!* As she was oblivious to a stunned Molly's thoughts, Elise explained breezily, "The inseam isn't going to work, at least not with this fabric. I'll have to change it, so could you bring over something thin like gambiered silk gauze from the storage later? Just three feet of it will do." Molly had yet to recover from her initial shock of seeing someone boldly mutilate Brendan's creation and she was presently staring at Elise in disbelief. "Is something the matter?" Elise pressed indifferently when she heard no response from the assistant. With that, Molly instantly snapped out of her daze and she was abruptly reminded of what Brendan had told her earlier. As she nodded profusely, she answered, "No, nothing at all! I'll get the fabric right away!" With that, she scurried out of the design studio. Now that the dress no longer had its former silhouette, Elise moved to the frontal section of its bodice and began to tweak it with needles and threads. By the time Molly returned with the roll of fabric, Elise was already done with the neckline of the dress. She took in the aftermath and was surprised to see that the dress looked better than it originally had.

"Miss Sinclair, I have the gambiered silk gauze you asked for," she announced tentatively. "Leave it aside for now," Elise responded as she kept the needles and threads before she reached for the scissors once more. After grabbing one section of the skirt in one hand, she swiftly cut it off. There was a finesse in her movements that Molly found mesmerizing and she did not dare to blink for fear that she would miss out on the slightest of details. "Can I have the ivory thread no.2 please?" Elise asked, breaking the silence that was otherwise filled by the sound of scissors on fabric. Molly quickly shook herself out of her reverie and passed the thread to Elise, who took it. Then, after she mapped out the lines, Elise started to sew.

Throughout the whole process, she hardly spoke a word, but she moved with a fluidity that seemed second nature to her. Molly had to take a break in between, but while she was in the lounge to get a glass of water, Brendan abruptly materialized next to her and asked, "How's it going in there?" His voice caused her to jump and she nearly choked on her water as she hurried to answer, "Everything's going pretty well. There's been no mishap whatsoever." However, he probed, "Do you think I'd ask you about the process? I'm asking about the dress! How is it?"

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Has it been destroyed beyond repair?" Molly couldn't understand why he would ask something as pointed as that. If she had to be honest, she had a distinct feeling that the dress would turn out better than it had been once Elise was done with the adjustments. Moreover, Elise had a unique way of sewing that belied the attention-to-detail she had for every stitch she made. Although Molly had been in this industry for a long time, she hadn't even encountered someone whose stitchwork could be compared to Elise. In fact, she was under the impression that Elise was a top fashion designer whom Brendan had hired, which was why she asked earnestly, "Where did you find Miss Sinclair, Mr. Griffith?"

Molly was only curious, but Brendan thought she was intimidated by Elise. As a result, he withheld the truth as he dismissed, "Oh, she's... just a friend. It doesn't matter; she's not a professional, so it won't be surprising if she ruined the dress." Affrontation registered on Molly's expression. *If Elise is doing so well without being a professional fashion designer, then where do I stand in this industry?* "Mr. Griffith, you might as well just stab me through the heart!" she exclaimed, looking wounded. He blinked at her in confusion. "Stab you through the heart? What are you talking about?"

She thought he was feigning innocence and drawled sourly, "Wow, Mr. Griffith, despite all my years of working as a fashion designer, I just realized that I can't even compete with a non-professional. I need a moment to calm down; excuse me while I nurse my injured pride to health." With that, she turned on her heels and marched out of the lounge, leaving Brendan shouting after her in bewilderment, "Hey, don't just walk off without explaining yourself!"

Alas, silence was all he received in return. He had a sudden realization that something was off and wondered whether Elise really had a skill or two up her sleeve. *So what if she does? Fashion design isn't like other fields; it takes time before one can fully perfect his or her techniques. What does Elise have that sets her apart?* At the thought of this, Brendan visibly brightened up. He didn't need to dwell on whether she had the skills or raw talent—at least not until she was done tweaking his original design for the dress. Meanwhile, Molly had returned to the design studio just as the silhouette of the dress was coming together under Elise's delicate handiwork.

When the dress was finally done, Molly gaped at it. Elise's design seemed to breathe new life into the dress; its refinement was as good as, if not, better than Brendan's craftsmanship. "Are you sure you're not a professional, Miss Sinclair?" Molly asked as her eyes widened. Elise pursed her lips thoughtfully before replying, "I guess you could say I'm an outsider to this industry." Molly was torn between laughing hysterically and breaking

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down in tears. *If an outsider like Elise could have such a Midas touch, what hope is there left for those in the industry like me?*

“Miss Sinclair, your talent in this is incredible,” she praised with genuine awe. After another glance at the dress, Elise added, “I’m almost done with the silhouette of the dress, but there’s one last detail I need to add. Will you help me?” Upon hearing this, Molly nodded keenly and the both of them started on the last bit of sewing and tweaking on the dress. Where Elise was working on the stitches, Molly helped her to press the fabric on the mannequin and their team spirit was evident.

It wasn’t until after the last stitch had been sewn into the dress that Elise rubbed her aching arm and announced, “We’re finally done.” Molly stretched luxuriously as well and quipped, “You really know your stuff, Miss Sinclair. I can’t believe you managed to do all the adjustments in a day!” Elise straightened her posture and massaged her numb legs before she looked at the wall clock to see that it was close to 10:00PM. “Have we been here this long?”

I didn’t know it was already so late at night.” She had only just said this when her stomach grumbled in protest, as though reminding her pointedly that she had skipped dinner. “It is getting rather late, Miss Sinclair. We can skedaddle now that we’re done with the dress.” Elise hummed in response. “Well then, should we grab a bite before we each head home?” Molly wanted to turn her down at first, but she didn’t want to miss out on the opportunity to hang out with a top-notch designer. As such, she accepted the invitation with haste and said, “That’s a great idea. I happen to know a nearby place that has recently opened and the food is decent. Let’s go.” With plans for supper in mind, both women draped a tarp over the finished dress and locked up the studio before they left.

They arrived at a nearby barbecue joint and as soon as they staked out a table, Molly ordered a few of her favorite dishes. “You can get whatever you like, Miss Sinclair. Dinner’s on me tonight,” she declared proudly, not wanting to come off as a Scrooge in front of Elise. Elise beamed at her. “In that case, I’ll take you up on your offer.” She took the menu and proceeded to order a couple of her own favorite dishes. Then, she handed the order chit to the owner of the barbecue joint.

“Do you drink, Miss Sinclair? Can’t spell barbecue without beer, you know.” She did miss the refreshing taste of beer and the enthusiasm that came with the idea of drinking a pint or two immediately seized her. “Sure, I’ll have a bottle.” Molly grinned and turned to inform the owner, “Hey, can we get two bottles of snow beer over here?” Upon seeing how at home Molly felt at the establishment, Elise couldn’t help asking, “Are you a regular here?”

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“Not really,” Molly began. “I’ve been here a couple times with my colleagues, though. The owner here cooks up a tasty barbecue. You’ll know what I mean after you take a bite later.” “Well, I guess I’ll find out for sure when the food comes.” As soon as Elise said this, her phone rang in her pocket. She fished it out to see Alexander’s name flashing on her screen and she quickly answered the call. “Where are you? You should be home by now.” His distinct and pleasant voice spoke on the other line, and upon hearing it, she replied, “I’m at a barbecue joint. Would you like to come over?”

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“Send me the coordinates and I’ll come over immediately.” After hanging up the phone, Molly asked, “Miss Sinclair, is it your boyfriend?” “It’s my fiancé,” Elise explained with a smile. The answer had left Molly completely dumbfounded because Elise looked less than 20 years old, but she already had a fiancé. “Miss Sinclair, can I take the liberty to ask how old you are?” With a raised eyebrow, Elise answered, “I will be exactly 18 years old in a month’s time.” A surprised Molly clarified, “Then, you should still be in school, right?” Elise nodded. “I’m in my senior year of high school now.”

Molly thought that Elise was remarkable at such a young age. Not only did she have an insanely good talent in design, she also had a romantic relationship. Thus, it made the 25-year-old and still single Molly extremely envious of Elise. “Miss Sinclair, you are really a role model for the women of our generation. Come, let me toast this glass of wine to you.” Molly held the glass of wine and clinked it with Elise’s before they drained it in one go.

Next, Elise complimented from the bottom of her heart, “You are also great! I can see that you have some talent in design, so you can try to create your own designs. Who knows, maybe you’ll reveal a new world.” Since it was Elise who said this, Molly was speechless with excitement. She hurriedly opened her bag and took out a stack of A4 paper from it. “Actually, I usually draw on my own when I have nothing to do, but I have never shown my designs to anyone. Miss Sinclair, why don’t you take a look for me and give me some pointers as well?” Once again, Elise nodded and replied, “I’m not sure if I can give any pointers, but I can help you to look at it, though.”

Then, she turned the stack of A4 paper, which was filled with Molly’s designs of clothes. It was exceptionally conservative and not bold enough, which made it look inexperienced although her works were interesting. After seriously reviewing the drawings, Elise

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commented, "Your designs are not bad, but not bold enough. If you use bolder elements, the effect will be very distinct." She removed one of the designs and added, "Consider this one and look at the design of your dress. The hemline can be increased by a tad bit, so as to achieve a slimming effect, and it will also look more three-dimensional.

Moreover, you can add a little trim at the hemline to avoid it from being too boring." Molly's eyes brightened as she listened to Elise's words. She no longer cared about the barbeque and quickly took out a pen from her pocket instead. Then, she began to modify the design and changed all the areas that Elise had pointed out. With that, her eyes lit up in pleasure. "Miss Sinclair, you're really great." Then, an excited Molly kissed her work several times. She had previously lacked confidence in her own work and couldn't get to the root of the problem.

However, now that Elise had brought up the issues in her work, Molly was suddenly enlightened and inspiration gushed into her mind like a spring. "Miss Sinclair, I suddenly thought of a brilliant idea. No, I have to record it first." So, she took the pen and began to seriously draw. Elise was aware that it was arduous for a designer to be inspired, so she didn't bother Molly and merely sat aside to eat her barbeque silently. Soon, Alexander came over and approached Elise. "Are you done?" She put down the barbeque in her hand, then looked at Molly next to her.

"It's no longer early. You should head home." Molly raised her eyes and only then noticed him next to her. For a moment, her eyes widened in shock. "A-Aren't you Alexander Griffith?" There was excitement in her tone as everyone in Athesea knew who Alexander was. He was the dream of thousands of girls, yet he turned out to be Elise's boyfriend. "Miss Sinclair, I'm not dreaming, right? He's your fiance?" Elise nodded. "Yes." Molly wasn't only admiring Elise; she was also envious of the woman. "Miss Sinclair, in that case, I'll take my leave first.

Thank you," she responded. Then, she waved at them both before fleeing the scene in a flash. After withdrawing her gaze, Elise suggested, "Let's go back too." However, Alexander didn't move, but merely looked at her, after which he took a tissue to wipe the corner of her mouth. "It's freezing and you're still out; remember to return home earlier in the future," he said. He removed his scarf and wrapped it around her neck before he held her hand. After that, they walked together toward the location of the car. As they walked side by side, they looked harmonious from behind.

"I have modified the outfit," Elise said. "Come with me to try it tomorrow." Alexander replied, "Sure." The next day, Brendan arrived at the design studio earlier; however, once he entered the office, he unexpectedly found someone even earlier than him. "Molly, why are you here

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ahead of time?" Molly raised her head and saw him before quickly greeted, "Good morning, Boss! I didn't have anything to do, so I decided to come over earlier."

However, he noticed that she was in the middle of drawing something and asked, "Are you drawing?" She rubbed her head in embarrassment and replied, "I'm just drawing casually; it doesn't matter." Upon hearing this, he didn't say anything else, but asked again, "How is Elise's outfit alteration coming along?" "Miss Sinclair has already modified it," she quickly answered. "It's now hanging in the room."

The moment Brendan heard Molly's answer, he was amazed that Elise could modify the outfit in just one day. Aside from being surprised, he was also curious as to how she was able to alter it in the end. Then, he asked Molly, "What do you think of her revised outfit?" She truthfully opined, "Boss, I think Miss Sinclair is exceptionally talented in design and I kind of admire her work." He thought that she was afraid to be honest because of Elise's status, so he didn't take her words seriously. "Okay then, let me know when they come over later." "Yes, boss." Elise and Alexander both arrived a short while later. Although Brendan was drawing at that moment, he was obviously a little distracted.

"Boss, Miss Sinclair and President Griffith are here." Brendan casually dropped the pen in his hand before he rose to his full height and walked out. "Alex, Elise." Alexander gave a slight nod. "I came to see the outfit." However, Brendan looked at Elise. "Elise has already modified it; why don't we let Elise head off to change into it?" Thus, she stood up and headed for the dressing room while Molly quickly took the initiative to help. "Miss Sinclair, let me help you." Elise returned the smile and thanked her, after which the two entered the dressing room together.

"Alex, you're pampering her." Brendan couldn't help but whisper; he was finding that Alexander was a little too indulgent with Elise. Alexander immediately responded, "I only have her as my wife, so who else should I spoil if not her? You?" When Brendan heard the reply, he was instantly silenced. "She is your sister-in-law, so try to help her more if she needs anything in the future," Alexander added before he shot Brendan a glance. "Don't bully her just because I'm not here."

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