

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 8

Chapter 8 What an Ugly Copycat

"I..." Elise felt as if a bomb had exploded in her head. She had imagined the scenario of someone discovering what she really looked like, but she didn't expect it to happen so soon! What do I do now? she thought.

Matthew stared at Elise's face thoughtfully as several possibilities crossed his mind. It's her. Is she the real Elise? Did she change her appearance? Or is this what she looks like after doing so?

Elise was kind of creeped out by Matthew's stare. Nevertheless, she tried to keep calm. "Why don't we have a talk first, Young Master Matthew?"

"Okay."

"Well, please come in first." Elise opened the door with a soft sigh of relief.

Matthew put down the clothes in his hand while asking curiously, "Anyway, may I ask you a question before we talk?"

He doesn't mince his words. Great. I can save some effort talking to the smarter ones, Elise thought. "You want to ask me why I changed my appearance, right?" she asked. Seeing that Matthew nodded, she curled her lips and said slowly, "Because I hate the idea of an arranged marriage, that's why."

"It seems you and I have the same goal, Miss Sinclair."

"Oh?" Elise responded in confusion. Why would Matthew object to an arranged marriage that would do the Griffiths a lot of good? She didn't understand what was on his mind. But who cares? It's none of my business, she thought. Taking the opportunity, she said, "In that case, can you help me keep this a secret, Young Master Matthew? Don't worry. I won't let you do it for nothing. I'll help you once in return."

"You can't help me. No one can help me with what I want to do," Matthew replied in self-mockery. Nevertheless, he did her a favor, saying, "Okay, I promise you."

"Thanks."

Suddenly recalling that he was here to bring her clothes, Matthew pointed to the clothes on the table and said, "Be careful next time. There'd be no remedying the situation if someone else discovers what you really look like. For now, get changed. I'll be waiting for you outside. We'll be going downstairs together when you're done."

Elise thanked him again before taking the clothes into the room.

She looked at the clothes in her hand in utter disgust. Such a velvety dress wasn't her style at all, but she couldn't care less about this right now.

She put on the evening dress before looking smugly at herself in the mirror. Still, I look good in anything, she thought. Then, she opened the door lightly. When she saw no one else outside other than Matthew, she heaved a sigh of relief. "I have to go to the dressing room. Please wait for me a little longer."

Matthew saw her hair loosely pulled up in a bun and the pinkness showing through her flawlessly fair skin. For some reason, his heart fluttered for a moment. "Okay."

Elise speedily blackened her face in front of the mirror and then carefully drew a few moles on it. After that, she went downstairs with Matthew in satisfaction.

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The room burst into roaring laughter as soon as the pair came downstairs.

"Geez, what does this ugly monster mean by doing this? How could she have the gall to imitate Miss Lawson?"

"Yeah, that's right! The contrast makes her look even uglier than she was just now!"

Elise roughly figured out what had happened when she saw Ashlyn's dress.

Ashlyn said in a false display of kindness, "No, it's not like that. This is the first time Elise is attending such a grand party, so I picked her evening dress myself. She wasn't imitating me on purpose." Then, adding fuel to the fire, she said to Elise, "This is the best evening dress I've chosen for you. Too bad it doesn't match your style, though. I'll have one tailor-made for you next time."

What a conniving b*tch! Who's she putting up such a charade for? Who cares about this darn piece of clothing! Elise thought.

Seeing that Elise was silent, Katie felt like showing her who the boss was. "What an ugly copycat you are, Elise!"

Matthew frowned. He warned, "Please watch what you speak, Miss Moss."

Upon hearing this, Katie was instantly overcome with jealousy. Sounding even more arrogant, she taunted, "Country bumpkins like you are in a league of your own, huh? Did you put Young Master Matthew on some kind of magic drug? The Griffith siblings are out of your league, though, so don't get carried away by his kindness. Stop kidding yourself and hankering after something that'll never be yours. Know your place!"

Elise shot back with a sneer, "I've always known my place. You, on the other hand, in what capacity are you saying that to me, Miss Moss?"

