

Chapter 40 Who's Wearing The Fake

At eight o'clock in the evening, guests started to gather in the Turner family's villa, all of whom were from the upper class.

Mario Turner, the patriarch of the Turner family, entertained and greeted everyone. His wife, Presley, stood quietly beside him, smiling at the guests hospitably.

But on the inside, she was not happy at all. Her daughter Jennifer was still in a coma, yet Mario couldn't wait to bring his illegitimate daughter in and publicly claimed that she was their daughter. Presley almost went crazy from anger.

But she also knew the stakes. The Turner family didn't have a son, and her only daughter was lying unconscious in the hospital. She didn't want their family to collapse, so she could only obey Mario's wishes.

Therefore, no matter how sad or angry Presley was, she had to pretend to love Eleanor.

"Look! It's Miss Turner!"


Someone suddenly shouted from the crowd. All eyes shifted towards the spotlight, which was shining on the second floor.

Wearing exquisite makeup and a charming smile on her face, Eleanor looked stunning in her elegant dress.

She gracefully descended the stairs, like a real princess.

The crowd immediately broke into applause, welcoming her warmly.

One of the guests held Presley's hand and said, "Mrs. Turner, you are so lucky. Your second daughters is so beautiful, and

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she's about to marry the CEO of the Roberts Group. We are so jealous!"

Another lady chimed in, "Yeah, Mr. Roberts is so handsome, young, and promising. They make a perfect match. Mrs. Turner, you are so lucky!"

"No, no—I'm actually jealous of you two. You both have sons and daughters, which is a true blessing from God!" Clenching her hands tightly, Presley forced a smile.

At this moment, Nathaniel was sitting expressionlessly on the sofa.

Although he wasn't saying anything, he attracted a lot of attention.

Feeling the flattery and envious looks from the crowd, Eleanor thoroughly enjoyed the attention.

There were many rich young men present. Since she appeared, their eyes had been fixed on her.

Eleanor also noticed that, so she walked slowly on purpose while she made her way down the stairs.

However, she had just made it halfway down the steps when the crowd suddenly started to stir.

Someone shouted, "Dwayne's coming!"

Everyone shifted their gaze away from the stairs and turned to look to the door again.

The young and handsome star, Dwayne, together with his female companion, approached the villa from the end of the red carpet. Because he was a big star and the son of Gordon family, his appearance caused quite the stir.

But even more eye-catching was his date.

Lucinda looked gorgeous in her white gown. Her makeup today was very light and elegant, but it went perfectly with the dress.

She walked elegantly and gracefully—like a true innocent angel.

The crowd were captivated by her beauty, and Eleanor was completely forgotten behind them.

Eleanor hadn't even made it downstairs yet. She didn't expect that Lucinda would steal the limelight the second she appeared.

Now she was stuck on the stairs and no one paid attention to her at all. She was so angry that she almost popped a blood vessel on the spot.

What angered her even more was that Lucinda would be so stunning even though she was wearing a knock-off designer dress.

Eleanor had spent the entire afternoon working on her make-up, but she still couldn't compare to that bitch, who was barely wearing any.

(Why?!

How come this bitch kept ruining her life?!

Eleanor was so angry that she gritted her teeth, but she managed to cover her mouth and coughed to cover up her anger.

One of the guests glanced at her. He immediately noticed something and shouted, "Look! Dwayne's date is wearing the same dress as Miss Turner!"

"OMG! You're right! I literally didn't notice it until you said it! Dwayne's plus one is so gorgeous that she completely outshone Miss Turner!"

The guests' eyes darted between the two women excitedly.

Lucinda looked relaxed and unrestrained and she exuded a noble air, whereas Eleanor was just dull in comparison.

Eleanor nearly went crazy from anger.

This wasn't what she wanted!

Soon, someone from the crowd noticed another thing.

"This dress is designed by Miss Z, a well-known haute couture designer from abroad! I think it was called 'First Snow?'"

"Ah! Yes! It really is Miss Z's 'First Snow!'"

"But this dress is haute couture. It's so hard to get your hands on this piece, no matter how much money you have. What're the odds that two ladies were able to wear this same dress tonight?"

"That means one of them is a fake! A cheap knock-off! Who's wearing the fake one?"

The crowd burst into an uproar.

The two dresses looked exactly the same, which meant that one of them had to be a fake!

Seeing that things were finally back on track, Eleanor breathed a sigh of relief.

Mario and Presley exchanged shocked glances.

They didn't expect that their banquet would turn out like this. Everyone was making a fuss about a damn dress!

The guests had different opinions and they started to bicker. Tension suddenly rose in the Turner family home.

After all, everyone present was from the upper echelons of society—they all despised fakes the most.

Afraid that things would go out of control, Presley hurried to the microphone.

"I'm sorry for the confusion today. I was also surprised, but I want to clear the air. The dress my daughter's wearing was brought by plane after I called Miss Z yesterday. I bought it for thirty million dollars. It can't be fake."

The crowd gasped collectively.

Thirty million dollars for one dress?!

It seemed that the Turner couple really loved their younger daughter.

The guests all looked at Eleanor enviously again.

Now that the spotlight was pointed back at her, Eleanor walked steadily to the center of the room and stood next to Presley.

She smiled politely at the crowd, showing her manners as the daughter of the Turner family.

Thanks to Presley's announcement, everyone believed that the dress on Lucinda was fake.

Seeing the disdainful glances pointed at Lucinda, Dwayne stepped forward to protect her.

Then he looked at Presley and sneered, "Mrs. Turner, do you really think I'd let my date wear a fake?"

Presley was speechless.

And all the color drained from Mario's face.

What could they do?

If they accused that Dwayne's date was wearing a fake, the Gordon family would be humiliated. Consequently, they'd make things difficult for the Turner family in the future.

But if he said that theirs was a fake, then their own reputation would be ruined.

They were caught between a rock and a hard place. No matter what they did, the Turner family would lose. Mario gritted his teeth anxiously. He didn't expect that something like this would happen at their banquet.

Everyone was at a loss. Not knowing who was telling the truth,

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the crowd started whispering amongst each other.

Just then, Vivien suddenly stepped forward.

"Did you buy the dress for her yourself, Mr. Gordon?"

Dwayne didn't lie. "No."

"Then she could've lied to you about the dress."

Vivien smiled proudly, turning towards the crowd with flourish.
"I'm sure no one knows this woman, so allow me to introduce her. She's just an orphan my grandfather adopted from the welfare house. Her name is Lucinda Ross.

"She used to steal things when she lived with us in our house. If it weren't for my mother's kindness, she would've been driven out. How could she afford a Miss Z's dress? It has to be a fake!"