

Her Riches 39

Chapter 39 Missing Out

After her meal at the cafeteria. Gwendolyn went back to her office to work.

+25 Bonus

Despite everything that had happened, her earlier thoughts about the Mossey family were merely speculations with no proof. She couldn't be bothered to spend time looking for proof.

However, she would not remain indifferent toward the matter if Natasha were to come and mess with her.

During late afternoon, Joaquin called.

The moment she picked up the call, Joaquin uttered in a sweet voice, "Gwendolyn, are you free tonight?"

Gwendolyn continued typing away on her keyboard as she curtly answered, "No."

Joaquin pouted and went on about the reason he called. "There's a Mossey family event I have to attend tonight. I've already worked for seven to eight days consecutively. You've got to give me a break, right?"

"Sure."

Joaquin was taken aback by her swift response. Tentatively, he asked, "Then may I invite you to be my female companion for tonight's event?"

Gwendolyn pursed her lips and looked away for a brief moment, seemingly mulling over something.

A beat later, she said, "Okay."

She ended the call right after giving an affirmative response.

On the other end of the line, Joaquin could only lament under his breath about how aloof and heartless Gwendolyn was.

Gwendolyn wasn't planning on attending the event, but since Joaquin had invited her, she decided to go take a look.

Half an hour later, Joanne knocked on the door and entered. She then put an exquisitely-wrapped gift box onto Gwendolyn's desk.

"Ms. Shalders, someone delivered this here saying that it's for you."

"All right. You can go back to work."

Once Joanne was gone, Gwendolyn stood up to open the box.

It was a dress, and its style was of her preference. Joaquin's quite enthusiastic about this. He even bought me a dress.

Chuckling quietly, she shook her head and put the dress back into the box before returning to her work.

When working hours were over, most of the employees started packing in preparation to head home. Gwendolyn urged those who liked working overtime to head home as well. Only when most people in

the office were gone did Gwendolyn finally take the elevator down.

Joaquin, who drove a silver-gray Maybach, had been waiting for Gwendolyn by the entrance of Angle's building for a while.

When he saw a lone figure walking out of the building he instinctively stole a glance at it.

The person was none other than Gwendolyn, and that single glance at her was enough to mesmerize him so much that he could not bring himself to tear his eyes away from her.

The snow-white dress accentuated her beauty, making her appear far more charming than usual. She was even prettier than those popular actresses on television.

Unfortunately, Gwendolyn was not interested in becoming a celebrity.

Joaquin clicked his tongue in appreciation before jogging toward her with a smile. Reaching out for her hand like a gentleman, he then said respectfully, "Your Majesty, it is my honor to be able to attend the banquet with you."

Gwendolyn snorted and smacked his head. "Don't be cheeky."

Joaquin held his head and muttered miserably. "But I'm telling the truth..."

When he saw Gwendolyn walking toward the car, he hastily opened the door for her and continued admiring her beautiful features. "Gwendolyn, you've got a good eye. You look stunning in this dress."

Gwendolyn froze in her tracks.

Then, she turned to give him a confused look. "Weren't you the one who picked this and sent it to me?"

Puzzled by her question, Joaquin soon felt a wave of awkwardness wash over him. "I wanted to pick a dress for you, but I was so busy with filming I forgot about it."

Gwendolyn's expression turned grim.

The box that contained the dress didn't have a name on it, and she had assumed that it was Joaquin who gifted her the dress because she had just talked on the phone with him.

Hm... This is getting interesting.

Thinking that Gwendolyn was angry with him, Joaquin meekly asked, "What's the matter, Gwendolyn?"

Gwendolyn did not respond to that. She curled her rosy lips and said, "Come on. If we're late, we'll miss out on the show."

Meanwhile, Natasha was still doing her makeup in the dressing room on the second floor of the Mossey residence. She had been making preparations since noon, for she had to make sure that she was going to be the center of attention that night.

Sheralyn was sitting beside her, rambling on. "If not for your invitation letter, I have no idea how long my brother's going to keep me grounded. You know, those old ones at the Wright residence are keeping such a close eye on me. I was rotting in my own room!"

Natasha smiled and consoled, "But here you are now outside! I doubt Mave's going to keep you locked up anymore."

"Who knows, really? My brother has a heart made of stone. He's very stubborn." Sheralyn's frown deepened as she continued complaining, "You too. What are you busy with lately? You're not even picking up my calls. I was starting to wonder if you've betrayed me."

Natasha's expression froze. Then, she held Sheralyn's hand and said affectionately, "How can I possibly do that to you? I've always thought of you as my best friend. I'd be upset if you think of me in that way."

Sheralyn believed it when she saw how sincere Natasha looked. “It was just a passing thought. Don’t take it to heart. Still, I have to congratulate you. You can join our family as the Mossey family’s daughter in the future. That way, you’re an even better match for Maverick.”

For a second, the look in Natasha’s eyes turned icy, but when Sheralyn turned toward her, she put on a gentle smile again.

Sheralyn did not notice that, and she continued talking.

“Speaking of which, now that you’re the Mosseys’ daughter and the future heiress of the Mossey family, you have an impressive status. How can that bitch Gwendolyn compete against you?”

Natasha was thrilled and honored to hear those words!

Right as she was about to play her usual pretentious role, a noise sounded at the doorway of the room.

It sounded as if something had fallen.

The two women shared a look before standing up and walking over to open the door.

As it turned out, the maid who had come to deliver the dress had accidentally knocked into the cleaner’s cart. Everything had fallen to the ground, and the maid was helping the cleaner pick things

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Sheralyn pinched her nose in disgust. “Gosh, what happened? This is revolting.”

The cleaner fearfully apologized, “I’m sorry, Ms. Natasha. We’ll be done soon, and we won’t dirty your doorstep.”

Natasha furrowed her brows in aversion, but she could not simply start berating the two because Sheralyn was still around. Hence, she squeezed out a smile and said, "It's fine. It's not a big deal. There are plenty of guests here today, so do clean up as quickly as you can."

Then, turning to the maid, she said, "Bring in the tailored clothes now so that we won't be late."

"Of course."

With that, the maid quickly picked up the unscathed gift box and entered the dressing room.

When the box was opened, they were greeted by the sight of a white haute couture dress.

Sheralyn was astounded by its beauty. "Wow, this dress is amazing. This is the work of a certain famous designer abroad, right? You're indeed the star of the banquet tonight, Natasha. Your parents dote on you so much. I'm jealous!"

Sheralyn's praises made Natasha gleeful, but she maintained a humble smile on her face. "It's nothing. really. Sheralyn, you're the one who is the apple of your parents' eyes."

The two of them continued singing praises of each other. Sheralyn even took a few photos of them to post on her Twitter with the caption: Bestie's welcome party today. She looks phenomenal!

Sheralyn's fans were quick to flood the comment section as they praised the two women's beauty.

Sheralyn, who had not gone out for a while, was beaming proudly after seeing the comments.

Meanwhile, Natasha was thinking of ways to get Sheralyn out of the room while keeping a polite smile on her face. "Sheralyn, can you take a look at the number of guests outside? Let me know if the banquet is about to start."

"Sure!"

Once Sheralyn was gone, Natasha hastily made a call.

“How are things on that b*tch’s side? Everything’s going to go smoothly tonight, right?”

Eloise sounded confident as she said, “Yes, my men’s keeping an eye on her. Things are going to go smoothly. Just you watch.”

Natasha could finally be at ease upon hearing her words.

She could not suppress the growing excitement in her at the thought of how things were going to play out in a while.

Tonight, I’m going to use that b*tch as my stepping stone and become the number-one socialite in Fairlake!