

Her Riches 40

Chapter 40 The Counterfeit

At eight in the evening, the guests had all arrived at the Mossey residence. Other than the Mossey family's relatives, those who came were all people from the upper-class society.

Madelyn was quietly standing beside Jerome, smiling and greeting the guests every once in a while.

However, she was not at all happy. Her daughter was still in a coma, but Jerome was already trying to bring his illegitimate daughter into the family and even forced her to take Natasha as her own daughter. She was livid.

Yet, she knew that the only way to prevent the Mossey family from going to ruins was to listen to Jerome, for they did not have a son, and her only daughter was currently unconscious.

Therefore, no matter how averse she was to the situation, she had to pretend as though she adored.

Natasha.

"Look! It's Ms. Natasha!" someone cried out, and everyone in the hall instantly turned to look at the second floor, where the spotlight was aimed at

Natasha had delicate makeup and an elegant smile on her face. Her haute couture dress only made her look even more poised.

Every step she took as she came down the stairs was filled with grace.

The crowd immediately cheered and clapped, surrounding the new future heiress of the family.

One of the rich ladies said to Madelyn, "Mrs. Mossey, you're blessed. Even your younger daughter is wonderful. Moreover, her fiancé is Wright Construction Group's CEO. How jealous you make others!"

Another rich woman quickly chimed in to curry favor with Madelyn. "That's right. Mr. Wright's young, handsome, and capable. They're truly a match made in heaven. You're so lucky, Mrs. Mossey!"

"No, no, of course not. I'm not as lucky as you-the two of you have both a son and a daughter." Madelyn uttered smilingly as she discreetly clenched her fists.

Said CEO of Wright Construction Group was currently sitting in silence, his face devoid of expression.

Even though he did not say a word, the noble way he carried himself made it difficult for others around him to ignore his presence.

In the meantime, Natasha was reveling in everyone's gazes of admiration and jealousy. Their envy and attention boosted her ego.

Moreover, many young men from wealthy families had their gazes fixed on her ever since she appeared.

Natasha noticed their gazes too, and she deliberately took her time walking down the stairs.

However, midway down, another commotion occurred among the crowd.

Someone yelled, "Mr. Joaquin's here!"

Everyone whipped their heads to look at the entrance

The young and handsome Joaquin strode down the red carpet and into the building while holding hands with his female companion. As he was both a celebrity and the youngest son of the Zipper family, his appearance made the crowd even more excited.

Then, they noticed the woman by his side-Gwendolyn.

Her white dress made her fair skin glow even more, and although her makeup was light, it was surprisingly a perfect match for her dress of that day.

When she approached the crowd, she seemed like an elegant angel descending from heaven.

The crowd gasped in awe, and no one paid any more attention to Natasha.

Natasha, who was still halfway down the stairs, had never expected Gwendolyn's appearance to instantly draw everyone's attention away from her.

At present, she stood awkwardly on the stairs while everyone ignored her, unsure whether it would be better for her to head back upstairs or to continue her miserable way down. Anger flooded her veins. and almost suffocated her.

What shocked her even more was the fact that Gwendolyn still looked fetching despite wearing a counterfeit dress.

I spent the whole afternoon on this makeup, but it's no match for light makeup like hers? Why? Which part of me is worse than this b*tch?

Furious, Natasha gritted her teeth, but she quickly recomposed herself and cleared her throat in an attempt to salvage the situation.

One of the guests who was standing close to her turned around and noticed something amiss.

She yelled, "Look! Mr. Joaquin's companion is wearing the same haute couture dress as Ms. Natasha!"

"You're right! The one who looks lousier should be embarrassed... Mr. Joaquin's companion is breathtaking. I've totally forgotten how Ms. Natasha looks today."

The guests began looking back and forth, sizing Gwendolyn and Natasha up.

Gwendolyn's confidence and charm made Natasha seem mediocre at best, unfortunately. She was utterly defeated by Gwendolyn.

Natasha nearly burst a blood vessel when she realized how things had turned out.

This is not what I wanted!

Soon, another person noticed something else that was off.

"Isn't that dress a work by a famous overseas designer, Ms. Z? That's First Snow, isn't it?"

"Oh my, it really is Ms. Z's First Snow!"

"But Ms. Z only makes one dress for each design. It's hard to get your hands on one of her works even if you're rich, so why are there two First Snows here today?"

"Who's the one wearing the counterfeit?"

The crowd gasped, pushing the discussion to its climax.

The existence of two identical dresses meant that one had to be a counterfeit product.

When Natasha saw that things were going back on the right track, she sighed in relief.

Meanwhile, Jerome and

Madelyn

“ere astonished.

+25 Bonus

They never expected such an incident to happen when the banquet was progressing smoothly.

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The guests chattered away, and chaos

soon ensued in the hall.

They were all from wealthy families, and they all despised counterfeits of high-end products.

Fearing that the situation might get ugly and spiral out of control, Madelyn walked over to the stage where the microphone was positioned.

“My sincerest apologies for this to have happened today. I’m surprised, too, but let me explain things to you. The dress that my daughter is wearing cost thirty million, and I had it shipped over after calling Ms. Z myself. So, there is no way the dress is fake.”

Once again, the people began discussing with each other.

“Thirty million for a dress?”

“Looks like the Mossey couple really does love their youngest daughter!”

Then, they once again turned to look at Natasha in envy.

Noticing their gazes, Natasha steadily walked over to the stage and stood beside Madelyn.

A courteous smile then emerged on her face as she showed the crowd how a socialite from the Mossey family should behave.

Everyone in the room believed Madelyn's explanation, so they were certain that the dress Gwendolyn was wearing was a counterfeit.

Joaquin took a step forward to shield Gwendolyn from the burning, malicious gazes directed at her.

He then turned to Madelyn and snorted. "Mrs. Mossey, are you trying to say that the dress my companion is wearing is a counterfeit?"

Madelyn was rendered speechless.

Jerome panicked.

What do we do? If we say that Mr. Joaquin's companion is wearing a counterfeit, the Zipper family's going to be humiliated. If that happens, the Zippers are bound to make things difficult for us in our future collaborations. But if I say that Natasha is wearing a counterfeit dress, our family's reputation will suffer, and we'll have a hard time retaining our position in the upper-class social circle from then on.

Regardless of what he chose to do, the Mossey family was going to suffer losses. Jerome was stumped. He never thought that the banquet would end up like this.

Right as everyone was whispering to each other and guessing which dress was the counterfeit, Sheralyn

abruptly stood up.

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

Joaquin truthfully replied, "No."

“Then that sounds about right. You must have been tricked by her, Mr. Joaquin.”

Sheralyn grinned before turning to the guests and explaining, “I’m sure no one here knows who this woman is. She’s an orphan who my grandpa brought back from the orphanage. Her name is Gwendolyn Shalders. Even back when she was still living at my place, she loved to steal. If it weren’t for my mother’s kind heart, we would have kicked her out a long time ago. How can someone as immoral as her get her hands on one of Ms. Z’s dresses? In other words, what she’s wearing is definitely a counterfeit!”