

## **Her Riches 41**

### Chapter 41 A Challenge

After Sheralyn said that, everyone was shocked.

Instantly, they looked at Gwendolyn oddly.

As Joaquin knew Gwendolyn's identity, he was instantly infuriated. "Who do you think you are? You have no right to speak nonsense about my companion!"

When Sheralyn saw Joaquin still taking Gwendolyn's side even under such circumstances, she was pissed and jealous at the same time.

Nevertheless, she did not dare to offend the fiery Joaquin. Suppressing her anger, she said, "Mr. Joaquin, you're being fooled by this woman. She's very good at pretending to be innocent and seducing men. My grandpa was totally deceived by her before this!"

"Shut your trap! Gwendolyn is--"

Joaquin stopped mid-sentence and turned around when he felt Gwendolyn pinching his arm hard. She frowned at him, shaking her head with an unreadable look in her eyes.

Maverick, who remained silent among the crowd all this time, saw the two's discreet interaction clearly. Instinctively, he furrowed his eyebrows.

Having received Gwendolyn's signal, Joaquin kept mum.

Gwendolyn walked past him and stared straight at Sheralyn with a smile. "It seems like you didn't learn. your lesson last time since you still have the energy to gossip about others."

Her gaze sent chills running down Sheralyn's spine.

Since they were in public and standing far apart from each other, Sheralyn figured Gwendolyn wouldn't dare to do anything extreme. She mustered her courage and accused, "Bold of you to mention that! You acted so brazenly last time just because you have a sugar daddy. Not only did you barge into my house and make a huge mess, but you"

"Sheralyn Wright."

Just then, Maverick's calm voice sounded, calling Sheralyn's name.

Upon hearing that, Sheralyn shuddered. Whenever Maverick called her by her full name, it meant that he was really mad.

Though she was unwilling to give in, she had no choice but to gloss over the previous incident and get back to the topic.

"Anyway, you are wearing a counterfeit. Rather than getting humiliated later, you'd better just admit it now!"

Gwendolyn did not say a word in response.

On the stage, Natasha took the microphone and chimed in, "Gwendolyn, if you really like Ms. Z's First Snow, I can gift it to you afterward. Today is my special day, and I don't want any conflict to arise because of this matter. I'll ask the housekeeper to help you change into something else, all right?"

Not only did she put herself in a good light with her kind and generous words, but she also subtly confirmed that Gwendolyn's outfit was indeed a counterfeit.

Immediately, Jerome shot Madelyn a look.

Madelyn summoned the housekeepers right away and instructed, "Hurry and lead the guest to the

guest room.”

Two housekeepers stepped forward and headed toward the red carpet to lead Gwendolyn away.

At that moment, every guest present believed that Gwendolyn was wearing a high-quality counterfeit. Nobody spoke up for her, and they all looked at her with disdain and disgust.

After all, Natasha was the Mossey family’s daughter, while Gwendolyn grew up in the orphanage. With the huge gap between their status, there was no doubt who was wearing the authentic dress.

“Wait,” Gwendolyn finally piped up when the housekeepers approached her.

She curled her lips upward and looked at Natasha tenderly. “Ms. Z’s gowns usually have a great fit, and every piece of clothing she designs has unique stitching. No matter how well-made a counterfeit is, they can only imitate her gown’s fit but not the stitching.”

Her words confused Natasha. “What are you trying to say?”

As Gwendolyn smiled again, the poise she gave off seemed innate.

“You insist that you are wearing the authentic piece. Since that’s the case, would you dare to compete with me and dance to ‘Lover?’”

“Lover” was a song that could show off the various sides of a woman-gentleness, wildness, and willfulness. Due to its complicated steps and constant tempo changes, it was the most challenging

song for tango dancers to perform. Once they got distracted, it would be difficult for them to find the beat again.

Thus, everyone was staggered to hear Gwendolyn.

Is this woman crazy? Where did she get the confidence to challenge Natasha? Hasn't she gotten enough humiliation for the day?

After the high-intensity choreography of "Lover," the counterfeit gown would surely fall apart due to its sloppy stitching.

That would be terribly embarrassing for the wearer, considering the number of people watching.

Nonetheless, since Gwendolyn volunteered, the crowd was eager to see what would happen.

Feeling bewildered, Natasha met Gwendolyn's eyes with a frown.

How is she so sure that she's wearing the authentic dress? Besides, when did she learn tango?

Tango was considered a dance of the upper-class circle. Even Natasha herself had just mastered it. She could barely remember the dance steps of "Lover" because of how difficult it was.

What if she really knows how to dance and dances better than me?

Natasha felt uneasy.

Noticing her silence, Gwendolyn grinned and added, "What's the matter, Ms. Mossey? Are you scared?"

She was obviously provoking Natasha. If Natasha did not accept the proposition, people would certainly look down on her and even find her fishy.

At that moment, Sheralyn stepped forward and expressed her support for Natasha. "Don't be scared, Natasha. Compete with her! Since she's the one who brought it up, let her dance first and fulfill her wish to be a disgrace in public!"

Natasha's eyes lit up at that. Right! I almost forgot. Gwendolyn is wearing a fake. Regardless of how good she could be at dancing, her gown will fall apart, and she will be humiliated.

After thinking it through, Natasha spoke into the microphone. "Since you insist, I guess we can entertain our guests today with our performance."

With that, she held the hem of her gown and curtsied at the crowd with an elegant smile.

Evidently impressed by her behavior, the guests had high hopes for her.

In the end, Natasha decided to go first.

There's no doubt Gwendolyn will make a fool out of herself. If she dances first, no one will be interested to focus on my wonderful performance! It will be better if I go before her. That way, I will be in the spotlight.

As "Lover" was a partner dance, Natasha instinctively look

in

Bowever, his seat was empty, and he was nowhere

to "Verick's direction.

Natasha couldn't possibly run outside to look for him in front of so many people, so she could only pick the most good-looking male partner from the noblemen who invited her to dance.

The music soon sounded, and the duo began swaying to the beat.

Even though Natasha's dancing wasn't exactly spectar, she knew most of the steps. Most

importantly, the guests cheered her on enthusiastically, taking into consideration the fact that she was the main character of the banquet.

Natasha was elated at their reactions. Assuming that they were impressed by her performance, she began dancing more passionately.

Yet as she followed the rhythm and lifted her arm for a certain move, a rip sounded from the inner side of her arm.

The small sound was drowned out by the music, but as the wearer of the gown, Natasha heard it clearly. Panic filled her at that instant.

Did my gown burst? How is that possible? My gown is definitely authentic. Is it because of my movement? Was it too big?

With that in mind, she toned down her movements.

Due to her nervousness, she missed a beat and mistakenly stretched her right foot forward, stepping on her partner.

An awkward silence fell over the place.

Natasha retracted her foot stiffly and ended the performance in advance.

“I’m sorry that you all had to see that. It hasn’t been long since I returned to the country. I only began learning this dance two days ago, so my performance wasn’t good.”

“You’ve only been learning it for two days, yet you can already dance so well. There’s no need to be modest, Natasha. You did great!” Sheralyn encouraged.

Out of respect for the Mossey family, the other guests began praising Natasha as well.

Jerome and Madelyn immediately responded with humble smiles.

At that, Natasha heaved a sigh of relief. She was now even more certain that the small rip was caused by her sudden movement. There was no way her dress was a counterfeit.

While her performance was mediocre, she at least managed to wrap it up without any malfunctions.

Following that, people started to study Gwendolyn with even stranger looks.

wardrobe

With a look of wicked anticipation, Sheralyn prompted, “Natasha has finished dancing. It’s your turn now, Gwendolyn!”