

Her Riches 42

Chapter 42 Surprise

Gwendolyn maintained the calm smile on her face. "Okay."

She turned to Joaquin, whose face turned pale in embarrassment. "M-Ms. Shalders... I don't know how to dance Lover. I'm so sorry," he mumbled.

Gwendolyn did not say anything, nor did she intend to blame him.

The smug smile on Sheralyn's face grew wider as she mocked, "It seems like Mr. Joaquin can't help. you. What are you going to do now? Maybe no one here wants to dance with you! Oh no, this is so mortifying!"

Still, Gwendolyn stayed quiet and instead scanned the men present.

Charmed by her beauty, some noblemen were tempted to ask her to dance. However, since they were under the assumption that her gown was a fake, they stayed in their seats in the end for fear that they would be shamed on stage with her.

Two minutes passed by, and no one was willing to dance with Gwendolyn.

Seeing that, Sheralyn arched her eyebrows and grinned triumphantly.

Just as she was about to ridicule Gwendolyn again, a deep male voice sounded from the back of the crowd.

"Ms. Shalders, would you like to dance with me?"

Everyone turned around in the direction of the voice. Maverick had returned to the banquet hall at some point in time, and he was staring at Gwendolyn intently.

In actuality, he had never left the place and instead stayed in an inconspicuous spot for a while. Though he was not interested in being a part of the ladies' drama, he figured there might be some problems with Gwendolyn's dress since Natasha had finished dancing without any issues.

If he danced with Gwendolyn, he could help to discreetly cover her waist in case her dress burst open. That way, he could save her from humiliation.

While Maverick was acting out of good intentions, certain people did not agree with him.

"Mave..."

"Maverick!"

Natasha and Sheralyn uttered almost in unison.

"Maverick, how could you help her? You're Natasha's fiancé, yet you're helping Gwendolyn instead. What will people think of Natasha? Shouldn't you at least think for her sake?" Sheralyn protested emotionally.

Meanwhile, Natasha looked at Maverick with pitiful, red-rimmed eyes. She did not voice any complaints, but deep inside, she was extremely annoyed.

If Gwendolyn agrees to dance with him, how will I face everyone? I'm his fiancée, yet he didn't invite me to dance. Instead, he's risking his dignity to dance with her! Why is he doing this?

At that moment, Natasha was filled with burning hatred.

Maverick ignored the two ladies' objection and looked toward Gwendolyn again, signaling her to accept his invitation.

In response, Gwendolyn only glanced at him once before walking toward the stage. "Mr. Wright, I appreciate your kind offer, but no thanks. I would like to perform Lover' on my own," she announced indifferently.

"What? Has she gone mad?"

"She's going to perform such a difficult song on her own? And did you guys see her expression? She has no respect for Mr. Wright at all!"

"She's too ignorant. I can't wait to see her make a fool out of herself."

The guests burst into an uproar and discussed heatedly while surrounding Gwendolyn.

As Natasha secretly sighed in relief, Sheralyn smiled arrogantly. "At least you're sensible enough to reject him."

Naturally, Maverick was unhappy to be turned down. He returned to his seat without a word, his lips tightly pursed.

Since she refuses to accept my kindness, then this matter has nothing to do with me anymore.

As Gwendolyn stood on the stage, it seemed as if she couldn't hear the crowd's remarks about her.

When the song started, she got in the zone right away emanating a different aura than usual.

Noticing that she was about to begin performing, the guests quieted down to watch her in amusement.

Seconds ticked by, and the people who were waiting to see Gwendolyn embarrass herself widened their eyes in shock.

Under the spotlight, Gwendolyn twirled along with the music.

Her snow-white gown fluttered beautifully, making her look like a fairy under the starry sky.

Gwendolyn seemed to become one with the music as he showed off various sides to her. She looked elegant at one point and passionate at the other, and she flawlessly executed even the most difficult

moves.

She had rearranged the partner dance and perfectly transformed the choreography into a female solo

dance.

It was as if the song was made just for her.

“My goodness! How is she doing that?”

“This is the most wonderful ‘Lover’ performance I have ever seen!”

“I should have invited her to dance with me a while ago. She’s so beautiful! I’m missing out big time!”

The men who shied away from dancing with Gwendolyn earlier began sighing and lamenting about

their terrible choice.

How wonderful would it be if I could hold that slim waist hers!

While some people wallowed in regret, others exclaimed in amazement.

Everyone was immersed in Gwendolyn's performance.

Maverick stared at the dazzling presence on stage, a look of surprise fleeting across his dark eyes.

One would need at least seven years of foundation training and repeated practice to bring forth such an exemplary performance of the most difficult song in tango.

She was like a mysterious treasure box. Ever since they divorced, he had been constantly discovering new sides of her.

Just how many surprises does she have in store for me?

Aside from Maverick, Natasha was also stunned. Although she stood at the backmost corner of the stage where the spotlights couldn't reach her, she could clearly see the astounded faces of the guests.

Even Maverick, her most beloved man, had his gaze fixed on Gwendolyn all the time.

Upon realizing that, Natasha gritted her teeth with anger. Jealousy and resentment were written all over her twisted face.

Nonetheless, she calmed down in no time.

So what if she's the center of attention now? The more amazed the guests are now, the worse her downfall will be!

Soon, with the song entering its climax, the crowd held their breaths as they watched Gwendolyn spin gracefully on stage. Her movement was quick and continuous. If her dress gave out at this juncture, her

marvelous performance would be ruined.

By then, Gwendolyn had already made dozens of spins during the climax of the music.

While the guests were on edge, Natasha and Sheralyn could barely hide the evil excitement in their eyes.

Under the tense atmosphere, Gwendolyn came to a stop as the last note fell. She stood in her spot firmly and steadily, ending her dance with an elegant pose.

The performance was faultless and awe-inspiring. Unlike their initial expectation, no accidents happened.

After a moment of utter silence, the crowd erupted in thunderous applause.

Even as people showered Gwendolyn with cheers and compliments, she appeared calm and composed. It was as if this was just another day in her life.

Having watched Gwendolyn, everyone could see that Natasha's performance paled in comparison.

The guests who previously showed their support for Natasha could not even bother to spare her a glance at the moment. All they could think about was Gwendolyn's charming dance

However, the conclusion of Gwendolyn's performance presented a new problem.

Both ladies had finished dancing, but their dresses were both intact.

There was no telling who was wearing the authentic piece.