

Her Riches 43

Chapter 43 Arm Candy

Whispers could be heard among the crowd once more. Some of them even looked up First Snow online in an attempt to spot differences between both garments.

Natasha, standing at the corner of the stage, was overwhelmed with bewilderment.

That b*tch is already done performing, yet her gown is still fine. How's that possible? I'm certain that her garment is a fake! Why? Where did things go wrong?

Even though she knew she had been outshined by Gwendolyn as well as had her thunder stolen. Natasha still could not accept the reality.

Thus, she ran toward Gwendolyn to see what kind of sorcery the latter had done on the counterfeit.

garment.

Natasha had just gotten midway across the stage, barely even able to touch Gwendolyn, when a loud tearing sound echoed throughout the room. Due to her vigorous movements, the seam of the dress. she was wearing had ripped from her waistline to her hip..

Given that there was no background music playing at the venue, the ripping sound was loud and penetrating. In a split second, all eyes were riveted on Natasha.

By the time she reacted to cover the tear in her dress with her hands, it had been too late.

The long split in the seam of her gown's waistline ran from under her arm to her hip, leaving her crotch area exposed. The pink underclothes she wore were exposed under the spotlight for everyone

to see.

Natasha's face was deathly pale as panic washed over her.

She subconsciously squatted down in an effort to cover herself, but it was to no avail. Her posture only served to make the tear worse.

As such, her pink underwear could be seen clearly by everyone below the stage as well.

It was truly a sight to behold.

Immediately afterward, peals of laughter erupted from the crowd as they all noticed she was wearing matching undergarments.

Sneers and derision surrounded her.

"Haha! The Mossey family has really put on a good show this time!"

"Well, isn't this shocking! The Mossey family's second daughter is wearing a high-quality imitation dress to a banquet! She has to be the first person to be this confident about it!"

"I know, right? She even offended Mr. Joaquin's companion. Where did she get the audacity from?"

"This is hilarious! It's one thing to dance horribly like an eyesore, but she's wearing fakes too? Does the Mossey family think we're blind?"

The ridicule and doubt in their voices sounded very sharp.

Prior to that, those people had sung Natasha's praises to get into the Mossey family's good graces. Yet, the very group jumped at the opportunity to trample on her.

When Natasha heard those scornful voices mocking her mercilessly, she let out a sharp cry.

Tears welled up in her eyes. Even though she looked a sorry sight, nobody took pity on her.

“No! That’s not true! How can this be a high-quality imitation? This is impossible!”

Natasha repeatedly shook her head in disbelief.

Suddenly, a flash of bright light blinded her.

She absentmindedly looked in the direction of the flash, only to see Gwendolyn, who was standing on the stage with her, taking pictures of her in her worst state.

How dare she take such ugly pictures of me in front of everyone?

Gwendolyn was less than a meter away from Natasha. The snow-white gown that she wore sparkled under the spotlight, giving her a regal bearing. When she turned to look at the latter, an icy and haughty grin was etched onto her face.

This b*tch has no right to be this arrogant!

At that point, Natasha’s fury prevailed over her sanity, and she immediately rushed toward Gwendolyn, shouting. “It was you, wasn’t it? You’re the one responsible! Why did you do this? You are so wicked!”

Upon realizing things were getting out of hand, Jerome hurriedly gestured to Madelyn, who was still struggling to fathom how she had spent thirty million on a high-quality imitation, to hold Natasha

back.

Only then did Madelyn return to her senses and bring two housekeepers with her.

However, the fight would likely be over by the time they approached.

Striding forward with his long legs, Maverick made his way onto the stage and planted himself firmly between the two women.

When Natasha saw him, she felt like she had crawled out of a desert and into an oasis.

Without so much care toward her current appearance she flung herself at him and lamented, "Mave, you have to believe me! She set me up! It has to be her." With a sharp cry and shaking hands, she pointed at Gwendolyn and continued, "My family spent thirty million on First Snow! How can it possibly be a fake? She must've swapped them out while I wasn't looking!"

Maverick listened to her outburst quietly, but his inscrutable gaze was directed at Gwendolyn the

whole time.

Jerome quickly held the microphone and tried to pour oil on troubled waters. "I apologize for the commotion, everyone. I think my daughter is a little emotional tonight. I will have my wife bring her to her room and calm her down before she makes another appearance. Regarding the imitation of First Snow, we are as puzzled as you are. The thirty million in payment was indeed credited to Ms. Z's account. This information can be verified, but we have no idea how things turned out this way. I'll be sure to look into this thoroughly and give everyone a much-needed explanation."

As he spoke, he gave a slight bow at the audience before shooting Madelyn a harsh glare. "Get moving!"

His wife nodded repeatedly and motioned for the housekeepers to bring Natasha upstairs by force.

The hubbub still did not die down even when Natasha's cries could no longer be heard.

Jerome swept his gaze across the crowd, feeling even more dissatisfied with Natasha's behavior.

He thought that accepting his illegitimate daughter into the Mossey family could save Mossey Group. To his dismay, his decision turned out to be a disaster.

Natasha made an exhibition of herself the moment she arrived!

At that moment, he was beside himself with regret.

There were no longer any spotlights directed at the stage. Since the guests were also busy discussing Natasha's "accident," their attention on Gwendolyn gradually waned.

Gwendolyn turned around and prepared to walk off the stage, but out of the corner of her eye, she glimpsed that a certain someone had had his gaze pinned on her the entire time.

Maverick's thin lips were tightly pressed together. It was hard to tell if he was angry or just pensive.

Gwendolyn was not happy at being stared at thus. With her arms crossed, she flashed him a meaningful smile and asked, "What's the matter? Are you upset that your fiancée's thunder was stolen? Are you trying to get it back?"

Maverick was still looking at her unblinkingly, giving her the once-over. The emotion in his eyes suddenly became impenetrable.

Gwendolyn could not understand the meaning behind his gaze, nor did she have an interest in finding.

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She was just about to leave when she heard him ask, "How are you feeling?"

There was a hint of concern in his deep voice.

Gwendolyn was not used to hearing him speak in that way.

“What could possibly happen to me? I’m doing very well after watching such a spectacular show of someone being hoisted by their own petard.”

As soon as she finished speaking, she retracted her gaze and left the stage to look for Joaquin.

Even though she had turned around, Gwendolyn could still feel someone’s gaze boring right into her back. The ceriness from it prompted her to pick up her pace subconsciously.

With Natasha away and Jerome entertaining the guests very well, soon, nobody was interested in gossiping anymore.

After all, they were guests in someone else’s residence. It was not prudent to be so forthcoming about such an embarrassing affair.

Barely an hour had passed when the atmosphere at the banquet gradually returned to normal.

Due to the incident, Joaquin turned into Gwendolyn’s admirer. Leaning close to her, he looked at her with star-struck eyes and said, “My Queen, are you lacking in arm candy? A man like me is soft, gentle, and the most obedient. Won’t you consider me once more?”

Maverick, who was socializing among the crowd, stood not too far away from them. As of then, he was quietly observing the interaction between Joaquin and Gwendolyn.

When he heard what Joaquin had said, his expression darkened considerably.

Using a finger, Gwendolyn pushed joaquin away in disgust. “Go and find someone else to play with. I’m not interested in a brat like you who isn’t even of marriageable age.”

Maverick’s expression then relaxed, and he continued to mingle with the other CEOs present.

Joaquin, on the other hand, died a little on the inside.

He snorted angrily twice and exclaimed. "I don't care. If you're still not married when I become of marriageable age in a few years, I'll definitely wed you"

Seeing that he was in high spirits, Gwendolyn could only smile in resignation and shake her head.

When Jerome noticed that the situation was finally under control, he decided to draw everyone's attention to the real reason why the banquet was held. He walked onto the stage with the microphone. and said, "I'm thrilled that everyone's here to attend my daughter's welcome party. Apart from the general merrymaking, I've invited you all over because I have an announcement to make! It is very important to Mossey Group.