

Her Riches 45

Chapter 45 Judgment That Goes Haywire.

Madelyn was about to question Natasha when Jerome and Maverick arrived at the scene together.

Instantly, Natasha turned to the reassuring familiarity of Maverick's presence for comfort. "Mave!" she wept.

The man glanced at her with his lips pursed. Not a single word left his mouth.

Under the dim yellow lighting, his expression was impenetrable.

Once Jerome had gotten a clear look at the remnant of wine and tears on his daughter's face, he asked, "What happened here?"

The surrounding guests described the earlier incident to him. While they were siding with Natasha with every sentence they said, they did consider the wrath of Joaquin. On top of that, there was Gwendolyn's stunning performance from earlier as well. As such, they did not make any remark that was out of line.

After listening to them for a while, Jerome had a rough idea of what had happened.

With a smile, he ushered the guests away and graciously asked that they continue partaking in food and drink. Then, he halfheartedly offered Natasha a few words of comfort before returning to the main banquet hall with everyone else.

Sobbing, Natasha held Maverick's arm. The way she acted like a damsel in distress would surely arouse pity in the onlookers' hearts. "Mave, don't blame Gwendolyn for this. She's probably in a bad mood because of our engagement."

However, Maverick lowered his head to look at her, then asked in an impassive tone. "What did you say to her just now?"

Natasha was taken aback by his question. When she raised her head and saw that he seemed upset, she hurriedly explained, "We're about to be engaged. All I wanted was her blessing. I never thought that she'd get angry and splash wine at me."

"Is that so?" The man furrowed his brows as his expression grew even colder.

Holding onto the sliver of hope that he would believe her, Natasha nodded and tightened her grip on his arm.

Almost instantly, Maverick withdrew his arm. "Tasha, seem to understand you less and less."

She was stumped for words.

It was the first time she had experienced such coldness from him. Did he see through my ruse?

At that moment, she dared not continue with her act. If Maverick had actually noticed anything, he would only be more put off if she proceeded with the cover-up.

"Mave, it's because Gwendolyn made fun of me using the ugly picture of me from my fiasco on the stage. I was enraged, so I tried to splash wine at her... I've not changed much, Mave. I'm still me." Natasha explained.

Maverick said nothing in response, allowing her to rattle on next to him.

Panic washed over Natasha when she did not get any reply from him. As a result, she began to weep once again

"Mave you're scaring me. You promised to make things official and to make up for all the things you owed me in the past Believe me. I didn't do it on purpose," she said.

The repeated mention of the past caused Maverick to frown subconsciously.

A trace of disgust welled up in his heart. It seemed that Natasha had been jumping at every opportunity to guilt-trip him with the past since she came back from abroad.

The woman before him was becoming further and further from the young girl in his memories.

She'd only left for three years. Could a person change so much in such a short span of time?

Madelyn overheard the conversation between them. Being a woman herself, she was well aware of and also disgusted by Natasha's actions. After rolling her eyes silently, she turned around to leave.

However, Maverick called out to her. "Mrs. Mossey, Tasha isn't in high spirits today. I think it might be best to let her retire early."

Madelyn dared not refuse. Wearing a benevolent smile, she went over and led Natasha away while holding the latter's arm gently.

It was only when Maverick was well out of her sight that Madelyn stopped smiling and discreetly pinched the younger woman's arm. "I expected nothing less from the daughter of a mistress! He's already gone, so stop acting. It makes my blood boil," she muttered.

In response, Natasha shot her a fierce glare.

"What are you looking at? Do you think I'm scared of you?" Madelyn viciously flung away Natasha's hand and headed toward the main banquet hall.

After leaving the Mossey residence, Joaquin and Gwendolyn parted ways.

Gwendolyn returned to Treyton's mansion on her own. After taking a bath, she put on a sheet mask and nibbled some fresh fruit, feeling very much at ease.

Suddenly, her phone rang

She glanced at the caller ID and answered the call without hesitation. "Thank you for tonight. If not for you. I might have made a fool of myself."

On the other end of the line, Ms Z let out a bark of laughter. "You're welcome! Only the bests are allowed to wear the clothes I make My First Snow fits you like a glove, as though it was made just for you. If that garment had ended up on Natasha's body, I'd have been terribly depressed

Gwendolyn smiled

Fortunately, Joaquin found out that something seemed off about the gown before they left for the banquet. It was only after Gwendolyn made a call to MsZ that she discovered it was a high-quality

imitation.

It was also fortunate that Natasha's figure was more rounded than hers, so she could not fit into the dress. Thanks to the alteration request she had made, Gwendolyn had the opportunity to get the real

First Snow back.

"Regardless, thank you for this. I'll treat you to a meal when you come back."

At that moment. Ms. Z was watching Joaquin's video of Gwendolyn dancing to "Lover." Smirking, she replied, "There's no need for that. If you can model for me again, I'll be overjoyed."

"Well, I'm not cheap. We'll revisit this topic when you can afford my hourly rates."

Ms. Z groaned dramatically. Then, she aggrievedly complained about Gwendolyn's heartlessness while also praising the latter's performance from that evening.

The two old friends who had not been in contact for a while chatted well into the night.

The next day, Gwendolyn woke up on time to get ready for work. She was in a good mood.

However, when she arrived at the company building, she realized that the passing employees all looked at her with oddly complicated expressions.

Though it puzzled her, she did not take it seriously and headed into her office.

The second the employees on the same floor saw her go in, they immediately huddled together and exchanged gossip in muted voices.

One said, "Say, could the rumors online be true? But our new director seems too frank to be that sort of person."

"Of course, it's true! I've long sensed that something was off about her," retorted another employee, who had very thick makeup on. "I know she isn't a good person. As for you, I doubt you can tell, given that your judgment goes completely haywire when it comes to good-looking people. I doubt you'd still help her if she were unattractive!"

"Hey, who are you insulting here?"

"You, obviously!"

Cough! Cough!

The huddled group had nearly started to bicker when they suddenly heard someone clear their throat. In a split second, they all went back to their cubicles.

Gwendolyn had come out of her office to get a drink

When Joanne saw that her superior was about to make her own coffee, her expression changed, and she rushed over to help. “Ms. Shalders, I’m so sorry about this. I was about to make you a cup of coffee and bring it to you.”

“It’s fine,” Gwendolyn replied.

Everyone was on tenterhooks as they sat in their seats. They would occasionally peek at the pantry, wondering if Gwendolyn heard their earlier conversation and how much she heard if so.

When Gwendolyn was done, she brought her coffee to her office. Her expression was bland, devoid of emotion.

No sooner had she sat down than Joanne walked in.

The worry on the latter’s face was genuine. “Ms. Shalders, did you hear what they said just now?”

Gwendolyn grunted mildly in response, her face as impassive as ever.

“I suppose... You’ve already seen what’s trending online?”

What is trending?

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Seeing the look of skepticism on Gwendolyn’s face, Joanne hurriedly explained, “Last night, someone posted a video online, and it’s of you splashing wine at Ms. Mossey during the Mossey family’s banquet. This morning, another person broke the news that you were the mistress who got in the way of Mr. Wright and Ms. Mossey’s relationship. The internet is in an uproar now.”

Gwendolyn, who was busy on her computer, suddenly stopped typing.

Joanne immediately fished out her phone and showed the post to her.

Gwendolyn sped through the video and noticed that it had been edited. The only thing that remained was her splashing wine at Natasha, looking undeniably arrogant.

The angry comments were quite a sight to behold.

Is Natasha trying to court death for calling me a mistress who got in the way of her relationship with Maverick?