

Her Riches 87

Chapter 87 Instantly Defeated

Excitement swirled in Sheralyn's eyes when she heard this.

She seemed to already be feeling the exhilaration of getting her revenge and simply could not wait to see the miserable end of that wretched person.

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn was led by a maid to the banquet hall's dressing room backstage. The wheelchair-bound Inez quietly slipped away from the guests and tagged along.

"Ms. Shalders, these casual wear have been selected based on your size. Please feel free to choose from them," informed the maid respectfully as she pointed to the five sets of clothes that were laid out on

the table.

Gwendolyn was just about to pick a random set of clothes when Inez pushed open the door and made her way into the dressing room.

"I'll take over from here. The rest of you can go on out," Inez instructed.

"Understood."

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The maids hurried out of the room and closed the door behind them, leaving only Gwendolyn and Inez in the dressing room.

Wearing a serious expression on her countenance, Inez pushed her wheelchair toward the window and opened it.

“This is the second floor. Climb along the water pipe to make your way down. There should be a small path on the right. Make your way down the path for thirty meters, and you’ll find the side entrance. The door isn’t locked. I had someone discreetly open a small gap, and the security guards have already been sent away.”

“Are you... asking me to run away?” Gwendolyn couldn’t help but laugh.

“Of course. Why else would I tell you all that?”

Inez maneuvered her wheelchair and approached Gwendolyn with an annoyed expression before pulling the latter toward the window.

“Do you really wish to fight Sorest? He has been undefeated ever since he rose to fame. Besides, it’s obvious that the Wright family is setting you up. If you really go through with this, it won’t end well for you.”

Gwendolyn looked at Inez, who was wearing a serious expression on her face. Knowing Inez was sincerely planning all this for her, Gwendolyn couldn’t quite describe the strange feeling in her heart.

After all, they had only known each other for less than half a month.

Inez noticed Gwendolyn’s silence as well as the latter’s peculiar expression. At that, she quickly added, “Don’t feel burdened. I’m not doing this just for you. If anything happens to you, the Mossey family would be held primarily responsible, so please leave quickly. I’ll go explain the situation to the rest of the people in the hall.”

Nevertheless, Gwendolyn remained rooted to her spot as a smile tugged on her lips. Her eyes flashed with a gleam of light as she spoke. “I won’t leave, and besides, why are you so sure I’ll lose?”

The arrogance in her tone was evident, yet Inez was captivated by the glimmer in her eyes.

For a moment, she actually wanted to see Gwendolyn defeating Sorest.

Just as Inez was lost in her thoughts, Gwendolyn had already picked out a set of clothes and went into the cubicle to change.

In the hall, everyone was absent-mindedly watching the performances. They were all waiting for the highlight of the night.

Sheralyn was growing impatient, constantly checking on the time.

“Why isn’t that b*tch here yet? Could it be that she’s chickened out?” she mumbled to herself while scanning her surroundings.

All of a sudden, a realization seemed to dawn upon Sheralyn. “Where’s Inez? She can’t be helping that b*tch escape, right?”

Frida, who was standing beside her, had on a serious expression. Even so, she did not utter a word.

On the other hand, Samantha was not the least bit frazzled. “What is there to be concerned about? She agreed to this herself. Besides, the Mosseys allowed her to get a change of clothes. If she escapes, we’ll just hold them accountable. Let’s see where the Mosseys would stand in high society if that happens.”

A sinister glint flickered in her eyes as she spoke.

“Just wait and see! If the Mosseys dare to help her escape and come up with an excuse for it, I’ll definitely humiliate them to the point they won’t be able to lift their heads!”

Three performances had passed, and the audience below the stage could hardly wait.

Sorest’s expression darkened significantly as his patience was wearing thin.

Seeing this, Sheralyn stood up and took the initiative to ask Madelyn, “Mrs. Mossey, is she not done changing yet? Don’t tell me she was merely boasting and has decided to make a run for it.”

Madelyn's expression stiffened, but she quickly forced a smile to ease the awkwardness.

After glancing at the backstage area several times and noticing no movement, she was left with no choice but to relay the "speech" Inez had prepared for her.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Shalders. It seems that she has--"

Before Madelyn could finish her sentence, she was interrupted by Gwendolyn, who emerged from backstage. "I'm right here. What's with the rush?" the latter said to Sheralyn."

Sheralyn gave a cold snort and rolled her eyes. novelbin

Eager to witness the downfall of the cocky Gwendolyn, Sheralyn hurriedly urged, "Now that you're done changing, let us hurry up and begin!"

The audience immediately fell silent.

Many of them were waiting to see Gwendolyn get a taste of her own medicine after her arrogant remarks earlier.

There were also several children from wealthy and affluent families who coveted Gwendolyn's gorgeous physique, which was visible even through her simple sportswear. They sighed at the sight of

such a delicate yet sexy beauty but lamented her sharp tongue, which often offended others.

Under the watchful eyes and different intentions of the guests, Soresst and Gwendolyn entered the stage from opposite sides.

"Don't cry and accuse me of bullying you if you lose okay, little girl?" Soresst cast her mocking glance. and the crowd instantly burst into laughter, thinking that Gwendolyn was overestimating herself.

Only Treyton remained sitting while sipping his red wine, his actions exuding elegance and nobility. As usual, his expression was indifferent.

Upon catching a glimpse of Treyton's expression, Sheralyn couldn't help but be delighted. Treyton's definitely sick of that wench now. He doesn't even care about her well-being! Doesn't this mean I have a chance?

While Sheralyn was admiring Treyton's handsome visage, the tension on stage had intensified. Gwendolyn frowned at Sorest's words and demanded, "Enough chatter. Let's begin."

As soon as her words fell, Gwendolyn made a swift and strong move.

Before the audience could even react, Sorest was struck squarely in the chest, causing him to stagger half a step backward.

The audience fell into pin-drop silence as they observed the scene with disbelief.

It ended... just like that?

Sorest was instantly defeated before the non-experts could even process Gwendolyn's movements.

Sorest himself was taken aback as well. Although he could see Gwendolyn sending a kick his way, he was already struck before he could even react.

Nevertheless, he could not admit defeat in front of such a huge audience. It was embarrassing to acknowledge the fact that he could not beat a delicate young girl, after all. How could he possibly survive in this circle if he admitted he had lost?

With that thought in mind, he patted the dust off himself and snorted lightly. "You're quite skilled, young lady. I've already given you a headstart. Now, let's get serious."

Everyone believed Sorest's words and praised him for being a gentleman.

It was no surprise, for it was hard to fathom that such a thin, slender, and weak-looking woman could win against Sorest. The only plausible explanation was that he had gone easy on her.

Drawing from his experience in the first round, Sorest composed himself to focus his attention. Then, he took the initiative to strike first, mustering all of his strength to attack Gwendolyn.

Gwendolyn did not budge. It wasn't until the man got dangerously close that she turned sideways and dodged his attack.

Sorest was taken aback. How did she manage to dodge the attack?

Despite that, he continued to attack her, even going so far as to wish he had more strength.

The two combatants traded blows, entangled in a brawl. Their movements were so fast that only experts could see what they were doing, while the others struggled to catch up.

In the beginning, some of the audience didn't have high hopes for Gwendolyn. However, seeing that the two were evenly matched, they couldn't help but look at her with newfound respect. They even changed sides, hoping for her to win.

Meanwhile, Treyton's expression turned increasingly solemn.

As Gwendolyn's older brother, he knew very well the extent of his sister's abilities. If the fight dragged on, turning it into a battle of endurance, she would undoubtedly lose.

Gwendolyn, too, knew that continuing like this wasn't a solution, but she was struggling to find Sorest's weakness.

On the other hand, Sorest felt increasingly anxious and flustered, having been unable to secure victory after such a long time. Moreover, support for Gwendolyn was growing, and he could even hear the audience's cheers for her.

This resulted in his attacks becoming more ruthless as the battle went on.

Alas, the more flustered one was, the more easily their flaws would be exposed.

Gwendolyn seized the opportunity and deftly dodged his attacks. Then, she made her counterattack using all of her might.

Sorest was unable to dodge in time and took a hit straight to the nose. After letting out a grunt in agony, he fell to the ground.

Gwendolyn stood steadily on the stage, peering down at her opponent. The corner of her lips curled into a smile as she said to him, "You've lost again."

Evidently, she was emphasizing the fact that he had not lost once but twice.

Sorest felt extremely insulted by the woman's words and was about to climb to his feet when all of a sudden, he felt a warm sensation in his nose.