

## Chapter 41 Dance Battle

When Vivien finished speaking everyone was shocked.

Their impression towards to Lucinda took a turn for the worse.

Because he knew Lucinda's true identity, Dwayne was instantly irritated by Vivien's words. "Who do you think you are? How dare you speak ill of my date?"

Vivien faltered slightly. She was jealous and angry that Dwayne still stood up for Lucinda.

But because she couldn't afford to offend the Gordon family, she had to swallow her anger. "Mr. Gordon, you've been cheated by this woman. She's good at seducing men and deceiving them. After all, she tricked my grandfather!"

"Bullshit! Lucinda is not—"

The woman behind him suddenly pinched his arm. Dwayne immediately fell silent and turned around to look at Lucinda.

Frowning Lucinda shook her head meaningfully.

In the crowd, Nathaniel watched the scene unfold before him quietly. Catching the subtle interaction between his ex-wife and Dwayne, Nathaniel couldn't help but frown.

Dwayne took the hint from Lucinda and immediately dropped the subject.

Lucinda walked past him, looked straight at Vivien, and said with a smile, "It seems that you haven't learned your lesson. You still have the audacity to spread bullshit."

Vivien was so terrified by her icy gaze that her knees, which just recovered, almost buckled underneath her.

Considering that they were in a public place, Vivien believed Lucinda didn't



Frowning Lucinda shook her head meaningfully.

In the crowd, Nathaniel watched the scene unfold before him quietly. Catching the subtle interaction between his ex-wife and Dwayne, Nathaniel couldn't help but frown.

Dwayne took the hint from Lucinda and immediately dropped the subject.

Lucinda walked past him, looked straight at Vivien, and said with a smile, "It seems that you haven't learned your lesson. You still have the audacity to spread bullshit."

Vivien was so terrified by her icy gaze that her knees, which just recovered, almost buckled underneath her.

Considering that they were in a public place, Vivien believed Lucinda didn't dare to do anything rash. She then tried her best to act domineering and pointed an accusing finger at Lucinda.

"How dare you bring that up? You broke into my house and smashed my things just because you had a sugar daddy to support you and—"

"Vivien Roberts."

Amidst the crowd, Nathaniel called her name in a calm voice.

All the color drained from Vivien's face. Her brother had called her by her full name, which meant that he was really angry at her this time.

While she still wasn't reconciled, she had to change the subject quickly.

"Well, anyway, whatever you say doesn't change the fact that you're wearing a fake. Just admit it!"

Lucinda simply ignored her.

However, Eleanor suddenly took the microphone and said loudly, "Lucinda, if you really like the dress, I can give it to you after the banquet. Today is my big day, and I don't want to make a scene because of something as trivial as this. I'll ask the maid to find you another dress, okay?"

Her generous and kind-hearted words not only made her win the favor of the crowd, but it also affirmed the fact that Lucinda was wearing the fake.

Seeing this, Mario immediately winked at Presley meaningfully.

"Take this lady to the guest room and find her something she can change into," Presley said to the servants.

Two servants immediately stepped forward to take Lucinda, who was

still standing on the red carpet, away.

All the guests now believed that Lucinda was wearing a fake, so nobody stood out to object. On the contrary, they all looked at her with open disdain and disgust.

After all, one was the daughter of the Turner family, while the other was an orphan who grew up in a welfare house. The gap between their statuses was crystal clear. It was just obvious whose dress was fake.

"Wait."

Before the servants could even touch her, Lucinda finally spoke.

She smiled and looked at Eleanor on the stage calmly. "Miss Z's works aren't just pretty, but each piece's workmanship is very unique. No matter how authentic the fake one looks like, the difference lies in the details."

Eleanor narrowed her eyes at the other woman in confusion. "What're you trying to say?"

Lucinda still looked very dignified as she spoke, as though she hadn't been humiliated just now in front of all these people.

"Miss Turner, if you insist that the one you're wearing is authentic, do you dare to dance the 'Lover' with me?"

The "Lover" was the most difficult dance in tango. It showed every aspect of a woman—gentle, wild, or spoiled. The difficulty of this dance lay in matching the steps to the rhythm; once the dancer was distracted for even just a second, she'd no longer be able to catch up anymore.

Everyone was shell-shocked.

Was this woman out of her mind?

Who gave her the confidence to ask tonight's protagonist for a dance battle?

Wasn't she afraid she'd make a fool of herself?

Lucinda's point was this—the fake dress wouldn't survive a dance as intense as the Lover, because the quality wasn't as good as the authentic one.

It would be an unprecedented scandal in front of so many people!

However, to the guests who didn't know better, if Lucinda was willing to make a fool of herself, who were they to say no to the great show?

On stage, Eleanor locked eyes with Lucinda. She was also confused. How could Lucinda be so confident that the one she was wearing was real?

And when did Lucinda learn tango?

Tango was the dance of choice among the upper class, and Eleanor had just learnt it recently. "Lover" was way too difficult for her, and she could barely remember all the steps.

What if Lucinda danced better than her?!

Eleanor bit her lip uneasily.

Seeing that Eleanor didn't respond, Lucinda smiled. "Cat got your tongue, Miss Turner? Are you afraid?"

This was a direct provocation. If Eleanor didn't answer, she would be looked down upon and people would suspect that she hesitated because she was wearing the fake.

Vivien immediately rallied to Eleanor's side. "Don't worry, Eleanor. You can beat her! Teach her a lesson! That way, everyone will know that she's wearing the fake!"

Yes! How could she have forgotten?

Eleanor's eyes lit up. Lucinda was wearing the fake. No matter how well Lucinda danced, the dress would break. Humiliating Lucinda was practically guaranteed!

After thinking it over, Eleanor brought the microphone close to her lips and said confidently, "Lucinda, since you insist, we'll dance to entertain the guests."

As she spoke, she delicately lifted the hem of her dress and curtsied in front of everyone.

The guests nodded in approval. Obviously, they all thought highly of her.

In the end, Eleanor decided to dance first.

If Lucinda danced first, she'd definitely make a fool of herself. Everyone would be laughing at her and no one would be interested in enjoying Eleanor's beautiful dance anymore.

So it would be better for her to dance first to leave a good impression on

the audience.

Because the Lover was a dance for couples, Eleanor glanced in the direction of Nathaniel stood moments ago subconsciously.

But his seat was empty. Where could he have gone?

Eleanor couldn't just leave to look for him, not while all eyes were on her.

So she chose the most handsome man among those who volunteered and invited him to dance with her.

The music started and the two started to dance to the rhythm.

Although Eleanor's dance wasn't perfect, she had remembered the first half of the dance well. The guests kept in mind that tonight's party was held for her, so everyone applauded for her politely.

Hearing their applause, Eleanor thought that her performance amazed everyone, so she danced more dramatically.

However, she was waving her arms to the music when she heard a slight "hiss" from the inner side of her sleeve.

The sound was very low and was completely drowned by the music, but she heard it clearly.

Was her dress ripping?

Panic flashed across Eleanor's face.

How could it be possible?! Her dress was definitely the real deal! Was it because she stretched it too hard?

Sulking, she tried to make her movements smaller.

But because of her uneasiness, she missed the beat and stepped on her dance partner's foot!

Then there was dead silence.

Embarrassed, Eleanor withdrew her foot and stopped the dance before the song ended.

"I'm sorry, everyone. I just came back from abroad, and I only learned this dance two days ago. I'm afraid I've disappointed you all."

Vivien took her side immediately. "You just learned two days ago, yet you already danced so well! Don't be modest, Eleanor. You did great!"

Many guests chimed in and praised her, hoping to butter up to the Turner family.

Mario and Presley smiled and thanked them politely.

Eleanor breathed a sigh of relief. She had convinced herself that she had just danced too wildly now, which would've explained why her dress ripped. Otherwise, her dress couldn't be the fake one!

The song came to an abrupt end. Although her dance wasn't perfect, at least her dress was fine.

Then the crowd looked to Lucinda expectantly.

Vivien was the first to speak, taking pleasure in Lucinda's misfortune.

"Eleanor's done. It's your turn now!"

