

Chapter 42 Who's Wearing The Fake

"Okay," Lucinda said calmly.

She turned to look at Dwayne, only to see the embarrassed look on his face. He whispered dejectedly, "Actually, I don't know how to dance the 'Lover'. I'm so sorry."

Lucinda didn't say anything nor did she blame him.

Vivien's smile widened. "It seems that even Mr. Gordon can't help you now. What will you do? I doubt anyone is willing to dance with you! How embarrassing!"

Lucinda still didn't say anything. She looked around the crowd expectantly.

Some of the young men present were tempted to dance with Dwayne's beautiful date, but they gave up because they were afraid that they'd make a fool of themselves because they believed that Lucinda was wearing the fake.

Two minutes later, no one stepped forward to dance with Lucinda.

Vivien smiled so smugly.

She was about to mock Lucinda some more when a deep, masculine voice suddenly sounded from behind the crowd.

"Miss Ross, care for a dance?"

The crowd looked in the direction of the voice and were stunned. It was none other than Nathaniel, who had returned to the banquet hall just now, staring at Lucinda intently.

In fact, he never left. He just hid in a quiet corner for a while. He didn't want to participate in the small battle between the two women.

However, since Eleanor had finished dancing without a hitch, it meant that Lucinda's dress had to be the fake.

If he could be her dance partner, he could quietly catch any wire that broke during the dance so that she wouldn't make a fool of herself.

He thought he was doing it out of kindness, but someone didn't think so.

"Nate?"

"Brother!"

Eleanor and Vivien cried out simultaneously.

Vivien was worked up. "Why the hell are you helping her? You're Eleanor's fiance! You didn't help Eleanor, but you're willing to help this woman? What will others think of Eleanor? Think about your fiancee!"

Eleanor's eyes welled up with tears, but she didn't complain. She just looked at him pitifully, but in fact, she was gnashing her teeth with hatred on the inside.

If Lucinda really agreed, Eleanor would be so humiliated!

He had invited Lucinda to dance with him even though it would embarrass him. But he didn't invite Eleanor—his own fiancee.

Why?!

The hatred that had been brewing in Eleanor's heart suddenly reached the peak.

Ignoring the two girls' complaints, Nathaniel looked at Lucinda again, hinting at her to accept his invitation.

Lucinda cast a sidelong glance at him and walked straight to the stage. "Thank you for your kind offer, Mr. Roberts, but there's no need. I can dance by myself."

"What?! Is she crazy?"

"The 'Lover' is so difficult. How could she dance it alone? And is it just me or did it sound like she doesn't respect Mr. Roberts at all?"



"What an ungrateful girl! I can't wait to see her make a fool out of herself!"

"Truly!"

The guests broke into an uproar, badmouthing the rude Lucinda.

Eleanor, on the other hand, was relieved.

Vivien also sneered. "Good, you're not stupid."

Being rejected, Nathaniel's expression darkened. He pursed his lips and sat back in his seat without saying anything more.

Since that woman didn't appreciate his kindness, then she couldn't blame him when things went south.

Lucinda, who was onstage, didn't seem to hear the skeptical voices from the audience.

As the music began, she focused on the dance, and her aura suddenly changed.

Seeing that she was about to start, the guests all fell silent and watched her with baited breath.

One second, two seconds...

Time passed and nothing bad happened.

Instead, the people who had been waiting to see Lucinda embarrass herself were all stunned.

Lucinda danced with the music without missing a single beat.

The snow-white dress made her look like a fairy prancing about in the dark night.

She seemed to become one with music. Her dance steps were sometimes gorgeous and elegant, and other times, they were passionate and wild. She even danced the most difficult cross steps, spinning and jumping perfectly to the beat.

It should've been a duet, but she adapted the dance and made it look like it was meant to be a female solo performance.



In fact, the "Lover" seemed to have been choreographed specifically for her.

"Oh, my God! How is she doing that?!"

"This is the best 'Lover' performance I've ever seen!"

"If only I had invited her to dance with me. She's so beautiful! I regret everything!"

The men who didn't want to stand up and dance with Lucinda just now all sighed and howled with regret.

If only they could hold her slender waist...

Some sulked while others watched in awe.

All the guests were enjoying Lucinda's dance, captivated by her every movement.

Nathaniel was no exception. He stared at the girl onstage. She looked like a graceful and elegant swan. His deep-set eyes showed hints of awe and surprise.

It was impossible to perform such a dance so perfectly without years of practice.

Ever since the divorce, she had become more and more like a mysterious but tempting treasure.

How many surprises was she keeping from him?

Eleanor was also shocked. She was standing at the back corner of the stage, just outside the spotlight.

She could clearly see the astonished expressions of the guests. Even her beloved Nathaniel stared at Lucinda from beginning to end.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. She gritted her teeth, no longer able to conceal the ferocious jealousy and unwillingness on her face.

But she quickly consoled herself.



It didn't matter! None of it mattered.

The more Lucinda danced, the more miserable she would be later!

As the dance approached its climax, the guests held their breaths as Lucinda picked up speed. Such an intense step would definitely rip her dress, and then this beautiful dance would be ruined!

But Lucinda did countless pirouettes with the music, never missing a beat.

Eleanor and Vivien's eyes were full of both jealousy and excitement.

The crowd also watched with bated breath.

Just as the tension reached its peak, Lucinda stopped spinning at the end of the song and stood firmly on the stage, posing beautifully.

The dress looked fine—perfect even.

There was no wardrobe malfunction.

The dance was marvelous, and Lucinda had executed it wonderfully.

Everyone was silent at first.

Then, they burst into thunderous applause.

Despite being bombarded with compliments and flirty whistling, Lucinda remained as calm as usual.

There was a strong contrast between the way the audience reacted to her performance and that of Eleanor's.

The guests who had supported Eleanor earlier now didn't even want to look at her. They were busy reminiscing Lucinda's beautiful dance.

However, with the end of the dance battle, there was still a problem.

The two of them had both finished dancing but neither of their dresses was broken.

Then who was wearing the fake?