

The Ex and Her Riches Chapter 1 - 10

Chapter 1 Let Us Get a Divorce

It was night, but Gwendolyn Shalders' sleep was fitful.

She felt as though someone was crushing her to the point that she was close to suffocating.

Worse still, the sound of deep and rapid breathing persisted right next to her ear.

On the heels of that, a sharp stabbing pain came from the most intimate part of her.

Realization dawned upon her, and her eyes popped open in horror. At once, she was greeted by a vague silhouette of a man propped above her.

"Is it... you, Maverick?"

A soft grunt then escaped the man who reeked of alcohol. Following that, he mauled her again and again without saying anything else.

Nonetheless, the familiar voice had Gwendolyn breathe a sigh of relief. As the man continued thrusting into her, the desire within her gradually grew. In the end, seductive moans inexorably tumbled out of her mouth.

Soon, the man's motions grew increasingly forceful. Gritting her teeth, Gwendolyn endured the pain. She was lost in the blissful atmosphere, feeling as though she was walking on air.

They had been married for three years, and Maverick Wright was finally willing to bed her.

Due to the fact that she was foisted on him by his grandfather, Declan Wright, he had never spared her a glance throughout the years.

Therefore, she was over the moon that he had entered her room this time, no matter the reason.

Two hours later, with a deep groan, Maverick collapsed onto her in utter exhaustion. The moonlight outside the floor-to-ceiling windows illuminated his perfect figure.

As Gwendolyn listened to his rapid heartbeat, she found it all too realistic yet also incredibly dreamlike.

If this is truly a dream, I never want to wake up!

She wrapped her arms around his neck with a lovesick look in her eyes, panting slightly after the bout of rigorous exercise. "Maverick... Maverick, I really—"

Before she could utter the word "love," she heard the man muttering a name in a low and hoarse voice.

“Tasha...”

When she heard that, she froze on the spot.

Her heart clenched in agony, and all the blood in her body ran cold.

Tasha was Natasha Mossey’s nickname, and she was Maverick’s first crush who had been abroad in the past few years because of Declan.

But yesterday, she returned to the country.

That aside, she sent Gwendolyn a provocative text that read: I’m back, Gwendolyn, and there’s no longer a place for you in the Wright family! Mave and I are childhood sweethearts. Do you think you can take my place in just a few years? Scram! Go back to the orphanage, for that’s where you belong! You’ve got no idea how much he loves me, huh? Even if he’s lying in your bed, he’ll undoubtedly call out my name! You’re only worthy of being my replacement. It must be a bitter feeling, huh, Gwendolyn?

At that time, Gwendolyn denied it.

Her replacement? I’m the granddaughter-in-law chosen by Old Mr. Wright, the rightful Mrs. Wright! I’m myself and no one’s replacement!

Nonetheless, right then, she could still hear Maverick calling out Natasha’s name. The mocking text messages kept replaying in her mind, proof of her delusions in the past.

Without warning, tears uncontrollably streamed down her face. She clenched her fists, her entire body trembling from the repression of her emotions.

All these years, I’ve been cautious and obedient to the point of subservience. I even quit my job and devoted everything to being a good wife to him. His mother and sister at the Wright residence have an opinion about my background, snobs in every sense of the word, thus repeatedly making life difficult for me and humiliating me. Yet, I put up with it all because I didn’t want to give him any trouble. Had I not lowered myself enough to gain his love? Why must he trample all over the last bits of my dignity?

That night was extraordinarily long for her.

She stayed up the entire night, sleeping nary a wink.

Early the next morning, Maverick was awakened by the glaring sunlight from outside the floor-to-ceiling windows.

He massaged his temples. As soon as he opened his eyes, he saw Gwendolyn sitting before the dressing table with her back to him.

Suddenly, the absurd events from the night before flashed across his mind. Understanding dawned upon him, and his ebony eyes constricted while the temperature around him slowly plummeted.

Despite having her back to him, Gwendolyn could distinctly sense the hostility emanating from him.

She continued applying skincare product nonchalantly when suddenly, Maverick grabbed her wrist hard and yanked her up.

Consequently, the skincare product in her hand fell to the ground. The glass bottle shattered into a thousand pieces, and white paste spilled everywhere.

Snapping her head up, she glared at the man. Yet, her heart inevitably jolted when she met the man's furious and repulsed gaze.

“Did you think you could become Mrs. Wright for real by using such a despicable method of drugging me so that I'd bed you?”

Towering over her, Maverick scowled at her while he clenched his jaw. Instead of dropping his hold on her, he gripped her increasingly tighter.

The savage expression on his face rendered his handsome countenance ghastly beyond words.

Drugging him?

All pale, Gwendolyn let out a bark of laughter. “Such is the kind of woman I am in your eyes?”

In response, Maverick's lips curved into a derisory smirk, even as intense repugnance blazed in his eyes.

“Back then, didn't you also fool Grandpa with some trick so that I was forced to marry you? Why are you feigning innocence now? An inherently shameless woman like you isn't even worthy of carrying Tasha's slippers!”

Inherently shameless? Feigning innocence? Hah! It turns out that I'm actually this loathsome to him. As for using a tactic such as drugging him, I would've done it ages ago if I so wanted to. Why would I have waited until now? Verily, he doesn't understand me at all! How ironic! I sacrificed everything in the past three years, but it all amounted to nothing! In this case, there's no longer any need for me to stick it out.

Enduring the pain radiating off the wrist in his grasp, Gwendolyn gritted her teeth and exerted strength, shaking his hand off hard.

Then, she held her head up high, her voice resolute.

“Let's get a divorce, Maverick.”

Chapter 2 Your Thirty Billion

“What?”

Maverick frowned, seemingly never having expected her to propose a divorce. She had just drugged me last night. What stunt is she up to now, this early in the morning?

“Have you lost your d*mn mind?”

At that, Gwendolyn merely stared at him coldly. She was far shorter than the man, but her aura right then was wholly comparable to him.

“Haven’t you long since dreamed of getting a divorce? Seeing that it was your grandfather who coerced you into marrying me back then, no one can stop you from marrying Natasha anymore now that he’s no longer here. Don’t you want to give her a rightful status?”

Pursing his lips, Maverick scrutinized her closely.

Would she really be so kind as to give up her status?

At her solemn gaze and the fact that she didn’t seem to be lying, he snorted softly, his voice frosty. “I hope you don’t regret it.”

Gwendolyn sneered. Never had I been so determined about something!

“The only thing I regret is marrying you back then.”

After saying that, she spun on her heel and left, looking all resolved and blithe.

Maverick’s eyes remained fixated on her back for a long time.

In the past, she had always been gentle and docile before me, putting on an act of fragility. Today, however, she’s surprisingly steely. Could it be that I had really accused her wrongly about the incident last night? But who else could it be if not

her?

Both of them went to City Hall that very morning, one after the other.

Dressed in old and ugly clothes bought from the side of the street, Gwendolyn made a stark contrast with Maverick, who wore a high-end black suit from Prada, as they stood together. As such, they attracted much attention from those around them.

Nevertheless, she wasn't at all bothered. All she wanted was for the entire farce to end as soon as possible.

In a brief ten minutes, their miserable marriage finally drew to an end.

Gazing at the eyesore of a divorce certificate in her hand, Gwendolyn plunged into a trance for a moment.

“You're on your own henceforth.”

Out of the blue, a dispassionate voice drifted into her ears. By the time she lifted her head, the man had disappeared into thin air without dissuading her from getting a divorce or even taking a final glance at her. It was as though he had never been in her life.

“Well, I suppose this is for the best.”

She shook her head with a chuckle.

Since he's callous enough, we'll be mere strangers the next time we meet again.

Corralling her thoughts, she walked to the side of the road.

Unexpectedly, a limited-edition black Bentley came to a stop in front of her.

The car door swung open, upon which a middle-aged man with graying hair headed toward her under the escort of four bodyguards.

When Gwendolyn made out his countenance, she jerked her chin up a fraction. In a flash, she was seemingly imbued with an innate sense of regality. “How

well-informed of Dad. I've just gotten a divorce, and you've already come knocking on my door."

The butler, Leif, wore an ingratiating smile on his face. He bowed deeply to her before venturing, "Ms. Harris, your three-year pact with Mr. Harris is up."

Pausing, he glanced at the divorce certificate in Gwendolyn's hand.

Then, he continued in feigned regret, "It looks like you failed to have Maverick Wright fall in love with you. In that case, you should honor your promise and return to Salinsburgh to inherit the family business."

Gwendolyn's brows furrowed, and she fell silent for a long time.

When she was fifteen years old, someone sabotaged her and caused her to lose her memories. Ultimately, she ended up at Fairlake Orphanage. Thereafter, she saved Declan by coincidence and was taken back to the Wright residence. It wasn't until she had come of age that Maverick was ordered to marry her.

An accident transpired on the night of her wedding with Maverick, and she happened to recover her memories. Ironically, she was head over heels in love with Maverick then and declined to follow Leif back. In the end, she made a three-year pact with her father.

Casting my mind back on it now, these three years have really been wasted on a man who doesn't love me!

"Mr. Harris misses you greatly. Come back with me, Ms. Harris. Don't be angry at Mr. Harris anymore, for he—"

Alas, Gwendolyn cut him off.

At the mention of the past, her expression turned all the icier. "Leif, he has got that woman by his side, and the Harris family doesn't lack an insignificant figure like me. I've still got something important to do in Fairlake, so I'm not returning."

She had been furtively investigating the culprit who made her suffer from amnesia and caused her to end up in Fairlake in the past two years, only to learn that the person might be part of Harris Group. Unfortunately, she hadn't any idea yet who exactly it was.

With the enemy in hiding and me out in the open at present, I'll be in great danger if I return to the Harris family. Furthermore, I don't want to go back and face that woman every day!

In response, Leif sighed. "Indeed, Mr. Harris was right. You're still harboring a grudge against him, unwilling to go home easily."

While saying that, he respectfully took out a supreme Centurion Card. "Here's your bank card. There's still thirty billion in it, not a cent less."

Subsequently, he waved a hand at the bodyguards behind him. One of them swiftly handed a new contract to Gwendolyn.

Chapter 3 From Rags to Riches

"Mr. Harris said you can stay for the time being, but you must accept the management rights of Angle Corporation, a subsidiary of Harris Group in Fairlake. On top of that, the company's profits this year must be five percent more than last year's. He also said you can refuse, but things might end badly for Wright Construction Group if you do so."

Upon hearing that, Gwendolyn gritted her teeth in utter frustration.

Before Declan passed away, she once promised him that she would help to look after Wright Construction Group. Thus, she couldn't allow anything to happen to the company.

This time, Dad is clearly using my weakness against me. However, he isn't blackmailing me into going home but is forcing me into taking over Angle

Corporation. What exactly is his motive?

“Fine, I’ll do as he says!”

Taking the pen, Gwendolyn signed her name with a flourish before accepting the supreme Centurion Card with thirty billion in it.

At the sight of the gold surface of the card, she shook her head in amusement.

A few minutes ago, I was so poor that I only had ten on me, not even enough to take a taxi. Is this then considered going from rags to riches? Because of my pact with Dad previously, my bank card and account were frozen. Additionally, I had to conceal my real identity, or it’d be a breach of contract. Maverick’s mother and sister had an affinity for the rich and climbing the social ladder, so they never showed me any respect. I wonder what their expressions would be if they were to learn that I’m actually Gwendolyn Shalders Harris, the youngest daughter of the Harris family, the wealthiest family in the country, and a megarich woman with a net worth of hundreds of millions. I still remember when a good friend of mine from the orphanage was dying, back before I regained my memories. I went on my knees and prostrated myself before my mother-in-law, begging her to lend me some money. She arrogantly whipped out a platinum card, but she didn’t give it to me. Instead, she boasted, “Guess how much money is in here. A million. You’ve never seen so much money in your life, huh? But I’d rather use it to buy dog food than lend you a single cent! Do you know why? Because that destitute friend of yours is even lowlier than a dog, in my eyes.” At that time, I merely balled my hands into fists as a flash of derision flittered across my eyes. Well, if there’s a chance, I’d really like to teach those two haughty women a lesson and vent my wrath for once!

While she was deep in thought, someone grabbed her wrist from the back.

She turned around, only to be greeted by the sight of none other than her mother-in-law, Frida Landers.

Frida had her nose in the air, her expression disdainful and disapproving. Behind her were a few well-to-do ladies with shopping bags in hand. From the look of things, they had just finished shopping.

Surreptitiously putting the Centurion Card into her bag, Gwendolyn questioned indifferently, “Is something the matter?”

Frida was stunned at first, seemingly never having expected her attitude to be so blasé when she had previously always acted like a wimp before her.

“Who allowed you to come out and embarrass me? Have you done all the household chores? And have you cooked lunch? If my precious son were to go hungry, I’d skin you alive! Also, look at the scraps you’re wearing! You’ve been married into the family for a few years now, yet you still appear impoverished. How shameful! Hurry up and go home!”

To her surprise, Gwendolyn reacted as though she had heard the biggest joke in the century.

“I’m shameful? After I married into the Wright family, you deliberately dismissed all the help in the mansion and forced me to quit my job to do the laundry and cook for your son, being a virtuous wife. I did all that, but were you ever satisfied? No, you merely went even further. You framed me for stealing your jewelry, thereby withholding the shares Old Mr. Wright left me. Moreover, you forced me to my knees and had me kneel outdoors as punishment while it was raining heavily. Have you forgotten all that?”

Following her words, the well-to-do ladies behind Frida clicked their tongues.

We’ve always known that she treats her daughter-in-law horribly, but we never

imagined that she actually went that far!

Seeing that things weren't quite right between the two women, they all made excuses to leave.

“W-What nonsense are you spouting?”

Several times, Frida wanted to cut Gwendolyn off, but the latter's rapid-fire speech gave her no opportunity to interrupt.

Gwendolyn proceeded to jerk her chin up imperiously, the look in her eyes razor-sharp.

“You know full well whether I'm spouting nonsense. I tolerated you in the past, but if you dare provoke me again in the future, I'll settle the score with you for all past grievances doubly!”

Chapter 4 How Fast You Change Your Tune

Frida was completely staggered by Gwendolyn's imposing aura.

Is this still my meek daughter-in-law?

“Oh, I understand now! You were merely putting on an act in the past!”

Growing increasingly incensed as she mulled over the latter's change, Frida gritted her teeth and threatened, “I'm never going to let this incident today slide! I'll tell Maverick about it and have him divorce you! This time, I'm going to kick you out of the family even if you beg me on your knees!”

However, Gwendolyn merely sneered with a contemptuous expression on her face.

“Ah, I forgot to tell you this earlier. Just ten minutes ago, I'd already gotten divorced from Maverick. From now on, I'll never again take a single step into the Wright residence even if you beg me on your knees.”

Divorced? And a while ago, at that? How could that be? This bumpkin had been shamelessly clinging to the Wright family in the past, yet she has finally given up? Eyeing her retreating back dubiously, Frida gave Maverick a call right then and there to verify that piece of news.

“Have you really gotten divorced, Maverick?”

Maverick grunted in affirmation, but a frown then marred his countenance. “Who told you when it had just been finalized a moment ago?”

“Who else could it be? I bumped into Gwendolyn, and that b*tch even raised her voice at me!”

Fury still stained Frida’s face, but she promptly broke into a wide grin at the thought that the couple had truly gotten divorced. She even started crowing, “This is great! You’ve finally gotten a divorce! How could a woman of unknown origins from an orphanage be worthy of my precious son? She should’ve buzzed off long ago...”

Maverick pressed his lips into a thin line, his mood entirely different from Frida’s excitement.

In fact, an inexplicable trace of irritation and guilt swamped him.

Previously, he thought that Gwendolyn wouldn’t easily agree to a divorce. He even prepared a settlement of three million and a mansion in advance. Yet, she was the one who proposed it. On top of that, she didn’t even ask for a cent in compensation.

Now that she’s divorced without any money and family by her side, how will she survive in the future? Oh well, she’ll come and seek me out when she’s at the end of her rope.

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn took a taxi back to the little mansion belonging to her and Maverick that housed her bitterness and agony for the past three years.

The memories were far too heavy, so much so that she didn’t want to recall them anymore.

She walked past the garden in front of the courtyard and headed upstairs right away to pack her luggage. When she had done so, she didn’t want to tarry in the mansion for even a second longer.

Alas, a beautiful figure in the living room turned around and looked at her no sooner had she gone downstairs.

It was Natasha in a snow-white dress, smiling innocently. “It’s been a long time, Gwendolyn.”

Gwendolyn was startled momentarily, seemingly never having expected to see the woman there.

We’d just gotten divorced, yet Maverick had already given her the key to the mansion? So, he’s allowing her to move in just like that? It seems that he really loves this first crush of his.

A sense of repulsion flooded Gwendolyn. Nonetheless, she elegantly descended the stairs with a smile.

At the sight of her poise, Natasha's expression froze imperceptibly. But in the next heartbeat, she continued beaming.

"It's only been a few years, but your aura is increasingly more like that of the mistress of the Wright family. Oh, sorry, it was a slip of the tongue." Clapping a hand over her mouth, Natasha gave an awkward chuckle before lamenting, "I forgot that you're already divorced from Mave, so you're no longer Mrs. Wright." Despite knowing that the woman was there to assert her dominance over her, Gwendolyn wasn't the least bit angry. The smile on her face remained as airy as ever.

"Maverick Wright is a man I'm already sick of. But since you love other people's rejects, I'll hand him to you. Anyhow, don't get too hasty, or it'll make you look like a third-party eager to intervene in someone else's relationship."

Her remark had Natasha's smile quickly turning chilly and her expression contorting into a hideous mask.

"Mave and I love each other deeply. If it weren't for you back then, we would've been together ages ago. You're the third party who should be disdained by all!"

At that, Gwendolyn cast her a mocking look. "Very soon, you'll know who exactly the third party is."

Having said that, she circled around Natasha, not planning to tarry any longer. Just when she was about to leave, the latter grabbed her wrist.

She glanced over her shoulder, only to see Natasha looking all pitiful. Her eyes were red-rimmed like a rabbit, and it was as though she had suffered a great grievance.

"I'm sorry, Gwendolyn. I've always regarded you as my best friend. This time, I only came to visit you. I meant well. I didn't know that you both had gotten divorced. I really didn't mean anything else. Please don't be angry with me, okay?"

"Oh, how fast you change your tune!"

That sweet-sounding speech had Gwendolyn snort a bark of laughter. She was just about to shake Natasha off when, with a shriek of pain, the latter collapsed onto the ground weakly in concert with her movement.

From the back, it would look as though she had shoved Natasha hard.

Heh! How intriguing!

Gwendolyn watched the entire self-directed show coldly. If I'm right, Maverick must have happened to come back just this moment and is presently standing at the door, witnessing the whole scene.

Sure enough, the man's enraged bellow abruptly rang out behind her.
"What are you doing?"

Chapter 5 Give You an Epic Gift

Striding into the living room on his long legs, Maverick went over to Natasha and helped her up at once.

Then, he turned his eyes to Gwendolyn, his gaze brimming with grimness and disappointment. "I initially thought you'd behave after our divorce, but I never expected you to still resort to such a despicable tactic. It makes me sick. I had actually planned to transfer this mansion to your name, but from the looks of things, that's no longer necessary."

"Don't blame Gwendolyn, Mave. She only pushed me accidentally because I made her mad. It was my fault, so admonish me instead."

Natasha leaned against his chest with guilt written all over her face, her sobs pitiable and heartbreaking. When she stole a glance at Gwendolyn out of the corner of her eye, however, her gaze carried a hint of pride and triumph.

A layer of frost blanketed Maverick's face, and he said to Gwendolyn in a commanding tone, "Apologize to Tasha immediately, right this moment."

Tsk-tsk, he wants me to apologize to her?

A spark of anger flickered within Gwendolyn.

Alternating her gaze between the loving couple, she beamed from ear to ear. Then, she gently tugged at Natasha, who was in Maverick's arms.

I thought she'd be livid and argue, but unexpectedly, she's still smiling?

Puzzlement showed on Natasha's face. Not quite comprehending Gwendolyn's exact plan, she was momentarily dazed, allowing the latter to pull her over.

Slap!

"Ahh!"

A shriek far more piercing than the one earlier split the air. With a hand cradling her swollen face, Natasha fell onto the ground hard.

Gwendolyn put all her strength into the slap, so much so that her palm was a touch numb. Hence, the pain Natasha endured this time was definitely excruciating.

Even then, Gwendolyn wore a smile on her face, and it was surprisingly detached to boot. She didn't look at all like the instigator who hit someone.

As she stared down at Natasha on the ground, her voice was incredibly gentle. “Since you claimed that I picked on you, how could I have helped you affirm my misdeed if I hadn’t slapped you?”

With tears shimmering in her eyes, Natasha sat on the ground feebly, whimpering softly.

Meanwhile, Maverick had never expected Gwendolyn to have the guts to get physical right before him. Thus, he forgot to help Natasha up immediately.

Wearing a dark look on his face, he glowered at Gwendolyn threateningly. “Not only did you fail to apologize, but you even took things further! Are you testing my limit?”

“You’re regarding yourself too highly, Mr. Wright.”

Gwendolyn waved a hand profusely, the grin on her face growing increasingly wider.

“We were once married, so I’ll give you an epic gift before I leave.”

While speaking, she took out a thick stack of paper from her bag and tossed it at the man’s face.

Countless pieces of white paper fluttered in the air.

Maverick reached out and snagged one, only to see a copy of a text message filled with insults and taunts, sounding arrogant beyond words. When his eyes scanned over the sender’s unidentified phone number, shock inundated him.

Flipping it over, he saw proof of the truth behind the incident of him being drugged the night before. The evidence was solid, and it all pointed to Natasha as the culprit.

In a flash, his brows knitted together. He swung his eyes at Natasha on the ground, a terrifying look in them.

Coincidentally, Natasha had just finished skimming through the contents of the paper. Her face drained of all color.

Indeed, she was the one who had someone spike Maverick’s wine. In fact, she even phoned the man and told him to go to the hotel to look for her. Little did she expect that the driver would mistakenly send him back to the mansion, and her plan would end up benefitting Gwendolyn.

Hopping mad, she texted Gwendolyn to rub salt into her wound.

Regretfully, never had she imagined that Gwendolyn would dare confront her openly in such a manner.

Oh God, what would Maverick think of me?

Without waiting for her to justify herself, Gwendolyn had already picked up her packed suitcase. Before leaving, she took one last look at the man she once loved deeply.

“Remember this, Maverick Wright—I’m not the one who’s divorced and abandoned. Instead, it’s you! I don’t want you anymore, nor is the Wright family worthy of me!”

Chapter 6 My Divorce Compensation

Hearing Gwendolyn’s remark, Maverick frowned. When did I say that I wanted to abandon her? And why would she think so?

Bewilderment deluged him. Just as he was going to chase after her and talk things out, someone clutched at the hem of his suit pants from behind.

On the ground, Natasha lifted her face, looking all piteous.

Sobbing softly, she rationalized, “Mave... I’m sorry. I was just afraid... I was afraid that you would’ve really fallen in love with Gwendolyn in the three years I’ve been away. I was scared that you wouldn’t want me anymore...”

With his brows still creased together, Maverick looked down at her. The instant he glimpsed her slightly swollen cheek, his gaze softened. Ultimately, he reached out and helped her up, his voice turning gentle.

“I’ve said that I’ll give you a status. A divorce was merely a matter of time. This time, you were too impatient.”

Grasping his sleeve, Natasha pouted forlornly. “It was all my fault, but I didn’t mean to hurt anyone. I just used the wrong method. Mave... please forgive me!”

Upon receiving no further response from the man, she leaned against him weakly and tentatively bared an expanse of her fair shoulder.

Maverick’s gaze darkened, and he almost instinctively pushed her away.

“Mave!”

The red tinge to Natasha’s eyes deepened a shade, and she fixated her eyes on him resentfully.

Does he really harbor such great aversion toward me now? Argh! How unfair!

Why is it that Gwendolyn bagged him last night, but I can’t even draw close to him or test the waters?

“That’s enough.”

Maverick gripped her hand. Narrowing his chilly eyes a fraction, he studied her with such a look in them that she was as though a stranger to him.

“Tasha, I never thought you would also resort to such methods and make those derisive comments. You were pure and innocent in the past.”

Taken aback, Natasha realized that she had truly angered the man this time. He’s a man with strong principles and a line that can’t be crossed. Once I cross it, he’ll only hate me all the more!

“No, that’s not it! I’m sorry. I’ve realized my mistakes; it was just a moment of recklessness. I’ll never do it again in the future. Even if it’s only because I once saved you all those years ago, please give me a chance to repent, Mave.”

At the mention of the incident many years ago, her bright and determined gaze flashed across Maverick’s mind.

She was merely a tiny thing back then, but she stepped out and protected me. Oh well!

The look in his eyes gradually turned tender. “Let’s forget about this matter. However, don’t do it again in the future.”

At once, relief suffused Natasha. No sooner had she planned to act coquettish with him than he held his hand out to her with his palm facing up.

“Hand me the key.”

Her expression froze, and she made to fib, but Maverick cut her off, saying, “I know Noah gave you the key to the mansion without my permission. Return it to me.”

Noah Lidson was his assistant, who had worked for him for many years.

Seeing that he had hit the nail on the head, Natasha had no choice but to hand the key back to Maverick begrudgingly.

“Don’t come to this mansion again in the future. I’ll arrange a place for you as soon as possible. You must be tired today, so go back to the hotel and rest.”

Without giving her any chance to argue, Maverick ordered the driver to send her back.

It wasn’t until after she had left that Noah, who stood in the garden, cautiously entered the living room. He stopped in front of Maverick, waiting for the lecture to begin.

Maverick swung his ebony eyes on the man, his voice icy. “You have no right to make decisions on my behalf. You’re gone if there’s a second time.”

“Understood.”

Maverick then yanked at his tie before taking a puff of his cigarette. Alas, the look in Gwendolyn’s eyes before she left popped into his mind.

It was both glacial and piercing.

Could it be that she was so resolute about getting a divorce because I accused her wrongly? Never mind that, but she even put up a tough front, not even asking me for a single cent. Does she really think she can survive without money?

He didn't want to think about her at all, but he felt his heart become dreadfully heavy. Some emotion started consuming him, and it made him exceedingly ill at ease. "Send some men to search for Gwendolyn and notify me immediately when she's found. Also, transfer ownership of this mansion to her as my divorce compensation."

"Understood."

In the meantime, Gwendolyn had found Angle Corporation's address on the internet. Lugging her suitcase along, she hailed a taxi and headed over right away. Since she had agreed to manage the company, she decided to make a trip over for a look and complete the handover posthaste.

Upon arriving at the company, she went up to the receptionist and declared, "Please notify your current CEO that I'd like to see him."

The receptionist's expression stiffened on the spot, and she scrutinized Gwendolyn from head to toe.

Although she's quite pretty, her whole outfit costs less than two hundred. On top of that, she demanded to see the CEO right off the bat. How brazen!

"Do you have an appointment?"

In response, Gwendolyn shook her head. "No."

Hearing that, the receptionist almost burst into laughter. "You haven't got an appointment, yet you dare come to Angle and kick up a fuss? I guess nowadays, any Tom, Dick, and Harry have the guts to throw their weight around without knowing their place!"

The harsh and insulting words had a frown marring Gwendolyn's countenance. "Is this how you usually greet clients?"

Chapter 7 Will She Still Have a Job

The receptionist studied Gwendolyn again and ascertained that she didn't resemble a socialite. Instead, she appeared more like a scarlet woman who was there to garner benefits with her looks.

“How are you a client? Worse still, you asked to see the CEO right off the bat. Do you know that Angle’s CEO has a net worth of hundreds of millions? He’s someone a wench like you can never dream of bagging!”

Having been called a “wench,” Gwendolyn almost gave a bark of laughter in her towering fury.

Based on my net worth, I’m probably way above the CEO of Angle Corporation.

What a snob!

Not in the mood to yak with such a wretched employee, she put on a stern expression. “Give your superior a call and say that I’ve arrived. If he refuses to see me, I’ll bear the consequences.”

The receptionist wanted to continue snubbing Gwendolyn, but the latter’s sharp gaze that carried a bone-deep chill petrified her so much that she swallowed the words on the tip of her tongue.

“Remember what you said! All consequences will be on you!”

Snorting, the receptionist narrated the turn of events to her superior with much embellishment. Throughout it all, her gaze on Gwendolyn grew increasingly arrogant.

Truth be told, she couldn’t wait to see the latter being thrown out by security.

Unfortunately, things didn’t go as she wished.

Her smile gradually froze, and utter astonishment blanketed her features.

Judging from her expression, Gwendolyn could more or less guess what was being said on the phone.

Sneering, Gwendolyn questioned, “Which floor?”

“The top floor, l-level 27...”

After obtaining the exact floor number, Gwendolyn took the elevator with her

suitcase in tow without a backward glance.

The receptionist gaped at her back, wholly floored.

Whoa! Who exactly is she that the CEO's assistant, Mr. Holtzer, spoke of her so deferentially? Could it be that she's... the CEO's lover? No, I've got to tell everyone this shocking piece of gossip!

Meanwhile, no one stopped Gwendolyn when she arrived on the top floor.

The instant she pushed open the door to the CEO's office, the man sitting on the couch stood up and walked toward her.

He was dressed in a dark blue suit, looking regal and dignified. When his eyes fell on Gwendolyn, even his eyes danced with joy.

"It's been a long time, Kiddo. Congratulations on your divorce."

As he spoke, his baritone voice brimmed with indulgence.

"Treyton?"

In a heartbeat, Gwendolyn's eyes turned red-rimmed, surprise flooding her. Never had she imagined that the current CEO of Angle Corporation would turn out to be her third eldest brother, Treyton Harris.

Instantly flinging her suitcase away, she rushed forward and hugged Treyton.

"Did you miss me, Treyton?"

She buried her head in his chest.

It's been six years since we last saw each other, but she's still the same little girl who loves acting cute with me.

Treyton stroked her hair smilingly, gripped by the urge to give her all the best things in the world.

"I'm glad you've finally gotten a divorce. What gives the Wright family the right to pick on the beloved heiress of Harris Group and our little princess?"

Noticing that her brother's expression had gone icy, Gwendolyn hurriedly changed the subject.

“Treyton, I signed an agreement with Dad. He wants me to boost Angle's profits by five percent compared to the previous year! You've got to help me!”

She spread her fingers in a figure of five and exaggeratedly brandished it before Treyton.

Treyton led her to the couch before replying, “An increment of five percent is indeed a tad difficult for you, but Dad has also forbidden me from helping you to cheat. As such, I can only help you with the executions. The decisions must be yours alone.”

At once, Gwendolyn's face fell.

Gah! Treyton is a man who holds the survival of over half the entertainment industry in the palm of his hands. He can shake up the entire industry with a flick of his finger, and his entertainment companies have even expanded abroad. A mere phone call from him could have the profits of this production company, Angle, soar by ten percent. Yet, Dad had even rightly predicted that I was going to cheat! This is no different from backing me into a dead-end!

At the sight of her long face, Treyton pinched her soft cheeks while chuckling.

“Silly girl! It's good for you to have more practice. Since you're here, I should be stepping down as the interim CEO.”

“No, don't be in a hurry to do that,” Gwendolyn objected.

Her protest had bemusement swamping Treyton. “Why?”

Gwendolyn rubbed her chin, looking as though she was deep in contemplation.

A moment later, she threw her brother a wink. “I've got a great suggestion. Why don't you hear me out, Treyton?”

Fixing his gaze on her sly expression, Treyton plunged into a trance.

An hour later, the two of them reached a consensus.

Within five minutes, everyone in Angle Corporation received an urgent notice.

Apparently, the company would soon have a mysterious talent director.

Chapter 8 Kept Hidden Away for Years

An uproar erupted in the building.

Right as Jade, the receptionist, said in the group chat that she had just welcomed a woman who seemed like Treyton's lover, a talent director joined the company.

Hence, the people began wondering if the talent director was Treyton's lover.

What they did not know was that their company had changed ownership.

Nevertheless, Gwendolyn saw her visit as a secret visit.

First of all, she had never dabbled in the behind-the-scenes part of the entertainment industry, so she was not familiar with the processes involved. Thus, she needed Treyton to walk her through everything properly.

Secondly, she was not familiar with the employees of the company. Sneaking into their ranks and becoming their coworker would allow her to know what was going on as quickly and as in-depth as possible. She would then be able to weed out the bad ones later on.

Right as the people were whispering their speculations to each other, Jade, the receptionist working on the ground floor of Angle, was ogling Elisha Holtzer, the assistant.

Oh my gosh, Elisha is so handsome! Is he smiling at me?

Jade forced down the excitement blooming in her chest before tucking a strand of hair behind her ear and flashing him a smile she assumed was pretty.

“Mr. Holtzer, may I know what I can help you with?”

Jade's heart was in her mouth as she thought, Elisha's looking at me in such an intense way. Is he going to invite me out on a date?

In the next second, Elisha's expression turned cold, and he mercilessly said, "You've been fired. Now pack up and leave!"

"What?"

Jade's heart sank to the bottom of her stomach immediately.

Oh no. I just lost my job! Who did I cross?

Then, a thought popped into the tearful Jade's mind, and she stiffened.

Could it be that woman from earlier?

Fury and resentment crossed Jade's face, and she hastily made a call.

Treyton dragged Gwendolyn for a makeover.

She was going to attend a banquet later in the evening, and the guests at the event were all socialites and members of the upper-class society.

Soon, it was evening.

An upscale banquet was about to begin in Fairlake's seven-star hotel, The East.

Socialites and CEOs of companies were gathered by the hotel entrance, engaging in small talk.

All of a sudden, a Lamborghini arrived at the entrance.

Then, Maverick led his female companion, Natasha Mossey, out of the car. The man exuded elegance and commanded attention, while the woman was gentle and attractive.

The crowd began talking louder when the duo appeared.

"Wow, Mr. Wright's handsome. Who's the woman beside him? She's charming!"

"Don't you think that the two of them seem like a match made in heaven? I'm so jealous!"

“Is she the wife he has kept hidden from the public eye for three years? This is so sweet!”

Natasha lifted her chin proudly when she sensed the envious gazes of the others. She was the illegitimate child of the Mossey family, and she had been looked down upon by the socialites who thought that they were above all others since she was young.

But did that matter?

Maverick was destined to marry her, and she was going to be someone admired by others in upscale events like this.

In fact, she was going to be the number-one socialite in Fairlake in the near future.

“Wow, that’s Mr. Harris of Angle!”

Right as Natasha was enjoying the attention on her, another commotion broke out. The next thing she saw was a globally limited edition Rolls-Royce Dawn slowing down before her.

Treyton was the first to come out of the car. The tall man of a hundred and eighty-eight centimeters instantly made the socialites around him gasp when he raked his gaze across them.

He then smiled and turned around before reaching out to the other person in the car.

He’s famous for keeping his distance from the opposite sex, but he brought a female companion with him this time?

Curious, the people began craning their necks to look inside the car.

What greeted them first was a pair of slender, fair legs. On her feet was a pair of expensive black diamond heels, and in the next second, they saw a woman with a great figure in a custom-made black mermaid gown stepping out of the car.

When the woman raised her head, the breaths of the crowd were taken away.

She was stunning—her beauty was so out of this world that people would not dare to come close to her for fear of making her mortal.

In the meantime, Natasha, who was standing right in front of the duo, was shocked to her core.

Treyton's companion is...

“Gwendolyn?”

Chapter 9 Cuckolded

Upon hearing her name, Gwendolyn turned toward Natasha expressionlessly.

She had guessed that Maverick and Natasha would be at the event, but ever since Maverick asked for her apology back at the mansion, Gwendolyn had already given up on him.

Now, to her, Maverick was no one but a man who meant little to her—he was just her ex-husband.

A polite smile then grew on Gwendolyn's lips before she hooked her arm around Treyton's and walked over to greet Natasha.

At that, Natasha subconsciously turned to look at Maverick.

Maverick's gaze was fixed on Gwendolyn as well. It seemed like he was bewildered, too, but the look in his eyes was a dark one.

He did feel a little guilty about what happened in the day.

However, he was in disbelief at how she had a complete makeover and was with another man a few hours after the incident.

Still, he had to admit that the Gwendolyn of that moment was ravishing to the point his heart was skipping beats.

He never knew that his wife could be that gorgeous in their three years of marriage.

Could it be that Treyton's her new man? We just divorced this morning, but she already has another man by her side? What the h*ll is with that speed?

Maverick was confounded, and the look he had in his dark eyes only turned colder. It was a precursor to his eventual angry outburst.

Therefore, he kept glaring at Gwendolyn as she walked over to him with Treyton, waiting for her to give him a good explanation.

Yet, right as they were about to reach him, they turned and started exchanging pleasantries with the CEO of Wundor.

In other words, they were paying him no mind at all.

Treyton's hostile to me too?

Maverick's expression was getting darker and darker while Natasha was tensing up. She had prepared to hurl words of provocation just a moment ago, but Gwendolyn had ignored her, so she had no choice but to swallow those words back down.

Maverick's little sister, Sheralyn, was at the banquet too. She was initially having champagne in the hall, and she only came over upon hearing the commotion at the entrance.

She then walked over to Natasha and gently nudged the latter's shoulder. "Natasha, how did that b*tch get in here?"

Natasha's eyes lit up when she saw Sheralyn, and she whispered, "Do you know about this, Sheralyn? Gwendolyn and Mave got divorced this morning. Who would have thought she would find another man to back her so quickly? She has my blessings for that."

Sheralyn scowled.

"Blessings my foot!"

Sheralyn then shot a resentful glare at Gwendolyn, who was socializing with Treyton. “I can’t believe she got another man to take her to a high-end place like this right after getting divorced in the morning. That b*tch must have cheated before she even got a divorce from my brother. How dare she cuckold him? I’m going to skin her alive!”

Sheralyn was quick-tempered, and immediately, she stormed toward Gwendolyn. Natasha pretended to fail to stop Sheralyn as a small smile sneakily appeared on her lips.

“Sir!” Sheralyn cried out.

Treyton turned around.

When Sheralyn took in his appearance, she froze. There’s actually a man in Fairlake who’s on par with my brother in terms of looks?

At that very moment, Sheralyn’s jealousy and wrath toward Gwendolyn reached their peak.

“You are?”

Treyton glanced at her indifferently.

With a smile, Gwendolyn leaned closer to Treyton’s ear and explained, “She used to be my sister-in-law, and she’s the most conceited person in the Wright family.”

Hearing that, Treyton’s expression turned icier.

Even though Gwendolyn had leaned in to talk to Treyton, she was not whispering at all. Hence, Sheralyn heard everything the other woman said, and the intimate way Treyton and Gwendolyn were interacting only fueled her anger.

Still, a handsome man was standing before her, so she schooled her features and pretended to give Treyton a bit of advice out of the kindness of her heart.

“Sir, don’t be fooled by this woman. She was married before! Also, she’s no

socialite. She's just a liar who grew up in an orphanage. She's a scheming woman who even used to be in a relationship with my grandpa. She— Ah!”

A shriek was heard along with the sound of a slap.

The entire hall fell silent.

Sheralyn held her cheek and widened her eyes at Gwendolyn.

“You hit me?”

Chapter 10 Toyed by A Woman

“That is correct. It's because you speak foul words.” Gwendolyn nonchalantly rubbed her palm before mockingly continuing, “It looks like the Wright family doesn't educate their children well. The daughter of the Wrights only knows how to speak disgusting nonsense. Also, so what if I was married? Are there any rules stating that those who were married are banned from attending the event? Are you telling me that your brother never married before? You were trying to ruin my reputation with what you just said, and I can sue you for that.”

“You—”

Sheralyn was livid. She had just been slapped and insulted in public; both she and her family had just been shamed.

Most importantly, the one who hit her was Gwendolyn, the woman who she could bully without suffering any consequences in the past.

It was utterly humiliating.

“B*tch, I'm going to kill you!”

With that, Sheralyn dashed over, baring her teeth as she reached out to grab Gwendolyn's hair.

At that, Treyton quickly pulled Gwendolyn into his arms and spun her around.

At the same time, Maverick rushed toward them.

With a frown on his face, he stared at Sheralyn and questioned, “How long do you plan to keep up with this foolish act? Apologize now.”

“Maverick, I’m your sister! This b*tch just hit me, yet not only are you not going to teach her a lesson for that, but you’re even siding with her and asking me to apologize?”

By then, Maverick looked positively furious. He warned, “I have eyes; I know who’s in the wrong and who’s not. I will only say this one last time: Apologize now.”

Sheralyn deflated.

But she still felt that there was nothing wrong with her cursing at Gwendolyn. She just wanted everyone to find out Gwendolyn’s true nature.

What have I done wrong?

The more she thought about it, the more upset she became. Right as she parted her lips to argue, Natasha hugged her.

“Sheralyn, Mave’s really angry now. He’s doing this for your sake too. He can’t let Gwendolyn sue you, right? We’re smart girls, and we know when to go forward and when to not. We still have a long way to go, okay?” Natasha whispered, emphasizing the last sentence.

Sheralyn finally calmed down and muttered, “Sorry.”

Then, her face turned bright red, and she fled the scene. Natasha cast a reassuring look at Maverick before hurrying after Sheralyn.

The commotion was over, at last.

Even though the people’s gossiping nature had been awakened by what Sheralyn said earlier, they all knew that neither Treyton nor Maverick were people they could afford to cross.

Hence, the previous atmosphere returned to the banquet, for no one dared to discuss what had just happened.

As Treyton stared in the direction Sheralyn ran off to, he frowned and asked, “Are you going to let her go so easily? Do you want me to find someone and discreetly give her a beating in revenge?”

A laugh escaped Gwendolyn, and she nudged his shoulder. “What revenge? I’m not angry at all. She’s only spouting rubbish. Unlike her, I got a good deal slapping her earlier.”

Treyton was speechless.

Why am I suddenly getting the feeling that my dear princess is a fierce lady?

Meanwhile, Maverick, who was socializing with the others after the commotion, kept looking in Gwendolyn’s direction from the corner of his eyes. When he saw her smiling sweetly at Treyton, a wave of annoyance washed over him.

However, he had no idea why he felt that way. He guessed it was because it was his first time getting toyed with by a woman.

Dozens of minutes later, Natasha returned to the hall with Sheralyn.

It seemed like Sheralyn had touched up on her makeup, for the red mark on her left cheek had been covered up. When she came back, she quietly and meekly stood behind Maverick with Natasha.

It was only once in a while she shot a vicious glare at Gwendolyn.

Midway through the banquet, the dance began. Many CEOs started dancing with their female companions on the dance floor.

Natasha was excited. She was looking forward to Maverick holding her hand and inviting her to dance.

Indeed, right as she thought about that, Maverick stood up.

The excitement in Natasha's eyes turned visible. She could almost imagine how she was going to be in the spotlight on the dance floor.

Yet, in the next second, Maverick picked up his glass of red wine and headed to the next table.