

The Ex and Her Riches Chapter 11 - 20

Chapter 11 Not Worthy Enough

Gwendolyn was listening to the music and enjoying the chocolate mousse made by a Ferropenian chef who held seven Michelin stars.

All of a sudden, a man's large hand appeared in her line of sight.

"Miss, may I know if I can have the honor to invite you to a dance?"

Gwendolyn raised her head, and when she was greeted by Maverick's permanently-icy face, she lost her appetite.

Their eyes met.

Maverick's heart skipped a beat. It was his first time studying Gwendolyn's face in such close proximity. He finally realized how the features on her brilliant face were all in the perfect positions and in perfect sizes.

He never knew how beautiful his ex-wife was.

Her eyes, especially. It was as if stars had been placed in them. It made her look lively and strong with a hint of stubbornness.

Maverick found himself lost in her eyes.

Furthermore, it felt as if he had seen those eyes somewhere else before.

While he was lost in his thoughts, Gwendolyn smiled tauntingly as disdain crept into her eyes. "Sorry, Mr. Wright. You're not worthy enough to dance with me."

The people who passed by the table were taken aback by Gwendolyn's response.

She's too arrogant! Did she just say that the top man in Fairlake isn't... worthy enough for her?

Maverick narrowed his eyes almost immediately, and the thoughts of the sense of familiarity were cast aside.

Nevertheless, he continued to reach out for her and replied with a smile that did not reach his eyes, "It's just a dance. You can't possibly be afraid, can you, Ms. Shalders?"

Gwendolyn narrowed her eyes as well.

Does he not know how to take no as an answer? How can he be such a douchebag? Does he not understand what I just said to him?

When their eyes met again, sparks were flying.

At the growing tension in the air, Treyton stood up, his lips curled.

“Gwendolyn’s my female companion, so why would you insist on taking her away from me, Mr. Wright?”

He then slowly pushed Maverick’s hand away before glancing at the side. “Mr. Wright, perhaps it’d be better for you to invite your partner to dance instead? She’ll be jealous otherwise.”

Yet, Maverick merely stood there, not moving an inch.

Irritated, Gwendolyn whispered something to Treyton before leaving the hall to take a stroll in the hotel’s garden instead.

Maverick tried to go after her, but Treyton towed him away to talk to some other CEOs. Although Natasha and Sheralyn could not hear what Gwendolyn and Maverick had said, they could see the “loving” look Gwendolyn and Maverick had shared.

Thus, Sheralyn glared at Gwendolyn and hissed, “They’ve already gotten a divorce, but that b*tch is still clinging to my brother!”

In contrast, Natasha was tearing up.

“Gwendolyn... Maybe she really does like Mave. If Mave did grow feelings for her throughout those three years, then I... I’ll step out of this and let them be together instead.”

As she spoke, she began sobbing.

Sheralyn panicked when she heard that Natasha was going to give up on her brother.

“Natasha, don’t! How can you give up? You’re the only sister-in-law I approve of. That b*tch! I hate her so much! As long as I’m around, I’ll never let her join the Wright family ever again!”

Nonetheless, not only did Natasha not stop sobbing, but she even started hiccupping. She

looked like the epitome of misery.

“But, Sheralyn, what else can I do?”

Sheralyn gave Natasha a long look as she gritted her teeth before turning to glance in the direction Gwendolyn had left. After a while of contemplation, an idea formed in her head.

“Natasha, leave this to me. I’ll make sure that that wench’s reputation is destroyed. That way, she’ll never have the right to compete for Maverick with you.”

“Sheralyn, what are you planning to do?”

At that, Sheralyn inched toward her ear and whispered.

Natasha blinked. “Can this... really work?”

“You’ll be seeing the fantastic results soon!”

With that said, Sheralyn grinned wickedly and strode toward the garden.

Once she was gone, Natasha dropped her miserable look as a tinge of delight danced across her eyes.

Sheralyn’s dumb and easy to manipulate. She stepped into my trap so quickly. I hope she won’t let me down.

Chapter 12 Leaving Fairlake

In the garden, Gwendolyn was standing next to the fountain and getting some fresh air with her arms folded. If I didn’t come out for some fresh air, I might have actually suffocated from the disgusting atmosphere inside.

“Gwendolyn!” Suddenly, a piercing voice rang out from behind her.

Gwendolyn then turned around to see Sheralyn walking toward her haughtily.

“What’s up? Are you looking for more slaps? Wasn’t the one before painful enough?”

Gwendolyn taunted while looking away indifferently.

Sheralyn was infuriated by those words, and she wanted nothing more than to tear Gwendolyn apart. Nevertheless, for the sake of her plan, she had to clench her fists and

endure it.

Sheralyn then whipped out a bank card from her Louis Vuitton bag and handed it to Gwendolyn. In a sympathetic tone, she said, “There’s three hundred thousand in here. As long as you can promise not to appear in front of my brother again and leave Fairlake for good, the money is all yours.”

Gwendolyn furrowed her brows and glanced at the bank card in Sheralyn’s hand with an odd look. Three hundred thousand? That’s peanuts! Does she seriously think that’s enough to send me away?

Sheralyn noticed the change in Gwendolyn’s expression, so she thought the latter was tempted. Overjoyed, Sheralyn said, “Since you were raised in an orphanage, I think it’s safe to say you’ve never seen that much money in your life. Unlike you, I usually spend that much within a week. I think you need the money more than I do. I remember you asking for money from my mom back then, but she didn’t lend it to you. Isn’t this great news for you? With the money available on the card, you’ll be able to buy anything you want. Well? Do you want it or not?”

At that moment, Sheralyn’s eyes were gleaming with excitement. Take the money! Take it!

Sheralyn was full of confidence because she knew that back when Gwendolyn was in the Wright residence, Frida would withhold Gwendolyn’s allowance. That was why Gwendolyn could never afford branded clothing when she stayed in the Wright residence. Since she’s so poor, she’s surely going to accept my money. Once she accepts it, I’ll tell everyone my money was stolen. After that, I’m going to apprehend her before getting the police to lock her up. Upon getting her locked up, I’ll bribe the officers in the detention center and get people to beat her up. If she has a criminal record of theft, she will never get back on her feet in life!

With that thought in mind, Sheralyn could barely conceal the excitement in her eyes.

“Take the money. It was my mistake just now, and I’m offering you my apology. This

time around, I'm sincere. I know you're strapped for cash. Just take it."

Gwendolyn tilted her head and sized Sheralyn up. Right away, she knew what Sheralyn was up to. In response, Gwendolyn merely shook her head mockingly.

She then took out her phone to send Elisha a text saying: When I came in the car just now, I left my Centurion Card in my bag. Go to the bank and withdraw a million for me, will you? I'm in the garden. Be quick.

Approximately two seconds later, she received a reply: Got it! I'll be there in two minutes!

Upon getting the reply, Gwendolyn casually sat down on the platform of the fountain. Sheralyn was annoyed when she saw that Gwendolyn was ignoring her. "Hey! Did you even hear what I said?"

Gwendolyn rubbed her temples languidly and answered, "Give me a few minutes, will you?"

"What?" Sheralyn was baffled. "What are you waiting for? I know Treyton is all over you at the moment, but he's merely toying with you. Did you really think a rich, handsome, and influential man like Treyton would actually want to marry you?"

As Sheralyn tried to influence Gwendolyn, Elisha arrived with a black suitcase. While bowing respectfully to Gwendolyn, Elisha passed the suitcase to Gwendolyn and said, "Here you go."

Sheralyn was dumbfounded when she saw a stranger appearing out of nowhere.

On the other hand, Gwendolyn rose to her feet, took the suitcase from Elisha, and smiled gleefully at Sheralyn.

A cold glint flashed across Gwendolyn's eyes when she uttered, "Since you've already said so much, it's my turn to speak."

Chapter 13 Triple

Sheralyn was utterly baffled by Gwendolyn's smile.

As for Gwendolyn, she opened the suitcase, grabbed a stack of cash, and threw it at Sheralyn's face.

Sheralyn was still in a daze when she saw something being thrown at her before feeling the pain in her face. In the next second, a whole suitcase of cash was thrown over her head, and banknotes were raining down on her. Consequently, the floor was littered with banknotes.

Sheralyn was stunned.

Seeing that, Gwendolyn smirked. "Here's a million. As long as you're willing to leave the Wright family and change your last name, the money is all yours. Well? Do you want it or not? This is a few times more than what you offered me!"

"You!" Sheralyn was livid. As she began heaving, her eyes were filled with rage. How dare *this b*tch* throw money at my face! *On top of that, she even used my words against me!*

"You're nothing but a used b*tch! How dare you flaunt the money you made by sleeping with men! Argh! I'm going to kill you!" Sheralyn gritted her teeth and dashed toward Gwendolyn in a rage.

Elisha immediately stood in front of Gwendolyn, but she pushed him aside instead.

Since no one was standing in her way, Sheralyn quickly reached out to grab Gwendolyn's hair. Before Sheralyn could reach her hair, Gwendolyn swiftly held the former's hand and locked it behind her

back.

Refusing to accept defeat, Sheralyn raised her other hand and took a swing at Gwendolyn's face. Alas, Gwendolyn managed to pin her other hand as well. With both her hands locked behind her back, Sheralyn was unable to move.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye.

Gwendolyn's movements were swift, and she was calm and unruffled.

In actual fact, all the children from the Harris family had to go through physical training. If they were to fight, they could easily defeat five people on their own. Since Gwendolyn was a girl, she was never strong enough to fight against her brothers. Therefore, her father specifically let her train in jiu-jitsu.

When she was twelve, she had already received her black belt. It was just that she had been tolerating the Wright family that she never used her fighting skills on anyone. *Ha!*
Did Sheralyn really think she

could take on me?

By the time Sheralyn realized she had been restrained, she couldn't accept it. In retaliation, she started screaming at the top of her lungs and cursing at Gwendolyn.

“Ah! B*tch! I'm going to kill you! I'll turn you into ashes! You're nothing but a sleazy b*tch!”

Sheralyn was swearing and shouting endlessly.

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Hearing that, Gwendolyn frowned and stated, “It seems like I need to wash those profanities out of your mouth.”

With that, Gwendolyn's gaze turned vicious, and with one hand holding both Sheralyn's arms, Gwendolyn grabbed the back of the latter's neck with the other hand. In the next moment, Gwendolyn shoved Sheralyn's face against one of the water pumps in the fountain.

Sheralyn struggled with all her might, but no matter what she did, she couldn't shake off Gwendolyn's grip. When did this b*tch get *so* strong?

The water from the fountain splashed all over her face, and the more she struggled, the more the water got into her nose. At that point, she started choking and coughing, and she was on the verge of blacking out.

Noticing that Sheralyn was no longer struggling, Gwendolyn wanted to let go of Sheralyn. Right before she could do that, she heard someone shouting from behind her.

“Stop right there!”

Gwendolyn turned her head and met Maverick's furious gaze.

Gwendolyn then let go of Sheralyn at once, and Sheralyn ended up slumping on the ground. Upon seeing that, Natasha instantly ran toward Sheralyn to help her up. However, she missed and they both ended up on the ground.

At the moment, Sheralyn's makeup was a mess, her hair was drenched, and her eyeliner was smudged. Looking like an ugly duckling, she sat there coughing violently.

On the other hand, Gwendolyn was calmly standing there with her arms crossed. Her hair and makeup remained perfect, and she looked exceptionally elegant.

Due to how loud Sheralyn had shouted before, numerous people went to the garden to see what was going on.

While most were stunned by the sight of banknotes all over the ground, some were discreetly picking up banknotes to keep for themselves.

Out of sympathy, everyone assumed that Gwendolyn was the bully, and they were all staring at her and waiting for her to explain herself.

Naturally, Maverick was no exception.

With a grim expression, he stared at Gwendolyn and questioned, “What on earth happened here?”

Chapter 14 Jealousy

Gwendolyn stretched her gorgeous neck while gazing at Sheralyn. “Why don’t you ask her?”

With her face reddened due to the coughing, Sheralyn could only point at Gwendolyn angrily without being able to utter a single word.

Upon seeing that, Natasha looked at Gwendolyn in disappointment and uttered in a heartbroken tone, “Gwendolyn, no matter what, Sheralyn is considered half a sister to you. Although what she said at the entrance of the hotel wasn’t pleasant to hear, she had already apologized to you. How could you be so vengeful? She’s just a girl. You were so kind back then, Gwendolyn. How did you change so much?”

Those words implied that Gwendolyn was merely taking revenge.

Hearing that, Sheralyn nodded fervently while coughing and sobbing at the same time, looking extremely aggrieved.

Right then, the crowd started whispering among themselves. Since the victim was the daughter of the Wright family, everyone was inclined to side with Sheralyn and oppose Gwendolyn.

Instead of saying anything, Maverick simply gazed at Gwendolyn intently the entire time.

As a result, Gwendolyn was feeling uncomfortable, so she snorted. “No one knows your sister’s personality better than you do. Do you really think I was taking my revenge on her?”

In response, he pursed his lips and kept mum. At the same time, there was an indecipherable look in his eyes.

Gwendolyn then smiled mockingly and realized how absurd her words sounded. All these years, Maverick has never *believed my words once. Why should I care if he believes me now?* Explaining myself to him is just a waste of *time*.

Holding that thought, Gwendolyn wanted to turn around and leave. However, a few socialites, who were Sheralyn’s friends, stepped forward and stopped Gwendolyn.

“Hold it! Who says you’re allowed to leave? You’ve just assaulted someone!”

“Exactly. You ought to explain yourself to Sheralyn before leaving.”

Gwendolyn scoffed and was about to defend herself. Right then, she saw Treyton pushing his way through the crowd and walking up to her.

When those socialites saw Treyton, their eyes lit up, and they wanted to make things worse for Gwendolyn.

“Mr. Harris, are you seeing this? This woman is vicious and disgusting!”

“That’s right, Mr. Harris. You must seek justice for SHERALYN. Furthermore, a woman like her doesn’t even deserve you.”

Treyton was expressionless when he loosened his tie and took off his jacket.

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loving manner.

“It’s late. Don’t catch a cold,” Treyton said.

Not only was the crowd stunned by what they saw, but they also stopped bad-mouthing Gwendolyn.

Immediately, the socialites were overwhelmed by envy, and all they could think about was tearing Gwendolyn to shreds.

Treyton then acted as if no one else was around and put his arm over Gwendolyn’s shoulders. “It’s getting late. Let’s head home.”

Gwendolyn nodded in response.

The moment the two of them turned around, Natasha grumbled, “Mr. Harris, the truth is that she was bullying SHERALYN. Are you seriously still backing her up?”

Treyton turned on his heel and met Maverick’s gaze. “Our Kiddo never starts a fuss. If others didn’t mess with her, she would never bother others. If you aren’t convinced, Mr. Wright, perhaps you should check the hotel’s surveillance cameras. We’re also willing to get the police involved to get to the bottom of this.”

The way he addressed her sounded affectionate and intimate.

Hence, Maverick was stumped when he heard that. They *seem close*. *Could* it be that they had already known each other before *the divorce*?

While clenching his fists, Maverick stared at Gwendolyn, who was in Treyton's arms, and asked sternly, "Did you wrong me?"

His words shocked the crowd at the scene. *Why did Mr. Wright sound a bit jealous?*

Hearing that, Gwendolyn found those words amusing. She turned to look at Maverick and answered, "Throughout those three years of marriage, I've never wronged you. Perhaps I should be the one asking you that question."

With that, Gwendolyn shot Natasha a mocking glance before leaving The East alongside Treyton.

The crowd went into an uproar as soon as they heard that.

Chapter 15 Elegant

Gosh! That's some shocking news! According to the rumors, Maverick had a wife of three years that no one knew about. *Who* would've known that the woman would turn out to be Treyton's partner tonight? Judging by the conversation they had and the fact that Gwendolyn had thrown a glance at Natasha, it seems there is more to it!

Right then, the crowd started looking at Natasha differently.

Upon seeing what was happening. Natasha panicked. Who would've known that I would shoot myself in the foot! *Now*, everyone's going to wonder if I was a mistress!

Noah, Maverick's assistant, immediately stepped forward to clean up the mess by explaining, "Please don't misunderstand the situation, everyone. Mr. Wright had already divorced Ms. Shalders. Only now is he dating Ms. Mossey. For the Wright family's sake, please keep what happened tonight to yourselves."

Upon getting some further explanations, the crowd finally dispersed.

By then, Sheralyn had regained some of her energy. She got up from the ground and gripped Maverick's sleeve.

With her smudged and comical-looking eyeliner, she gritted her teeth in resentment and snapped, "Maverick, you must help me. That b*tch bullied me and embarrassed the Wright family. You must teach her a lesson!"

"Mave, Sheralyn was wronged big time. What are you going to do about Gwendolyn?"
Natasha chimed

1. in.

With his solemn gaze, he glanced at both of the ladies and said, "Since you insist, let's check out the surveillance footage."

With that said, he spun on his heel and left.

A flash of anxiety flittered across Sheralyn's face, and she instinctively glanced at a surveillance camera on the lamppost in the garden. *There shouldn't be a problem because it's going to show that I was bullied.*

With that in mind, she and Natasha followed after Maverick.

Before Gwendolyn left, she had said a few words to the manager of The East. Hence, the manager greeted Maverick and the other two respectfully when they showed up. After

bringing them to the surveillance room, the manager threw a glance at Sheralyn's messed-up makeup.

Sheralyn felt offended, so she fumed, "What are you looking at? Even with my makeup smudged, I still look more elegant than you peasants!"

Hearing that, the manager dashed away unhappily. *Let's see if you can afford to keep up with that arrogance of yours!*

In the surveillance room, the trio was going through the surveillance footage.

Only then did Sheralyn find out that the surveillance footage had an audio recording.

When she heard herself cursing in the footage and assaulting Gwendolyn before getting countered by Gwendolyn, her face turned pale.

On the other hand, Maverick's face was turning grimmer and grimmer.

His gaze was so intimidating that Sheralyn immediately covered the moment she caught a glimpse of it. "Maverick, please hear me out..."

Maverick ignored her and turned to leave.

"Maverick!" Sheralyn chased after him and uttered in dissatisfaction, "Although my words were harsh, I didn't harbor ill intentions! Besides, didn't you see her submerging my face in the fountain? I didn't even lay a finger on her!"

In response, Maverick's face flushed with rage. "Sheralyn, unlike everyone else, I know you. You should know why you pretended to give her money better than anyone else."

All of a sudden, Sheralyn's face was as pale as a sheet. Feeling bitter, she then burst into tears once again. "I was just trying to teach her a lesson! I can't stand to watch her

messing around with you and seducing another man at the same time! I was looking out for you!”

Maverick went silent as his expression darkened.

Sheralyn thought he was wavering, and it delighted her. *I should continue striking while the iron is hot.*

“Didn’t you see the intimate interactions between her and Mr. Harris? They must’ve been seeing each other before the divorce! You should teach that slt a lesson, Maverick!”

Sheralyn paused before adding, “Why don’t we take full advantage of what happened this time around? We should edit the audio recording from the surveillance footage and upload it onto the internet. Everyone’s going to scorn her, and her reputation will go down the drain! What do you think, Maverick?”

Chapter 16 I Want Her Dead

Maverick’s face darkened utterly. He looked at Sheralyn in disappointment and fury, then remarked, “You’re absolutely ridiculous.”

Pulling her hand off his sleeve, he ordered, “You’re grounded from today onward. Without my permission, you can’t go anywhere. Do proper self–reflection on your actions!”

With that, he left with Natasha.

Sheralyn wanted to go after him but was stopped by Noah. All she could do was wail and beg for

mercy.

In the end, she was forcefully dragged back into the Wright residence.

Enraged, she began smashing things as soon as she got home, making a massive racket in her room.

The loud noises awoke Frida, who dashed to Sheralyn's room to check out the situation.

“My dear daughter, what happened? Didn't you go to attend the banquet? What's with the mess?”

“Mom!” Sheralyn's sobs filled the air as she pounced into Frida's embrace.

Then, she gave her mother an exaggerated account of everything that had happened at the banquet. “Mom, you have to seek justice for me! Maverick is so biased. Not only did he not punish that b*tch, but he also grounded me! You must avenge me!”

Distressed by Sheralyn's cries, Frida patted her back to calm her down.

“How do you want me to help you?” she asked.

Malice surfaced in Sheralyn's eyes. “I want her dead!”

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn temporarily relocated to Treyton's mansion since she had yet to find a place.

When Flora, the housekeeper, saw Gwendolyn, she was so overwhelmed with excitement and glee that she made a fuss over the latter, exclaiming about how the young woman had grown up, carrying her luggage to the bedroom and cleaning the room for her.

Initially, Gwendolyn wanted to help out, but Treyton made her sit on the couch.

“Kiddo, you're starting work tomorrow. What are your plans?” he asked.

“It’ll be as what we discussed earlier. You’ll continue to be the CEO and handle all of the company’s affairs while I learn the ropes.”

Treyton contemplated quietly for a moment before replying, “All right. Since you don’t want people to find out about your relationship with me, I won’t be sending you to the office after tomorrow. I got you a limited edition Maserati MC77. It’s a design you will like.”

“MC77 is too expensive.” Gwendolyn shook her head and requested firmly, “A cheap car will be sufficient since I’ll only use it to commute to and from work. If you really want to get me a car, you can

give me a Volkswagen Santana.”

He furrowed his brows. “That isn’t good enough for you.”

Crinkling her eyes in a smile, she held Treyton’s arm and said in an adorable tone, “Treyton, it’s fine. I don’t plan on revealing my identity yet.”

The person from the Harris family who sabotaged me has gone radio silent since I lost my memory and ended up in Fairlake. I reckon they’ve yet to know that I’ve been at the Wright residence for the past few years. It’d be too dangerous to reveal my identity before I find out who that person is.

As an intelligent man, Treyton could roughly guess her reservations.

“My place has top-notch security, so you can live here without worry. Nobody will bother you here,” he assured her.

He seemed to have thought of something as he added, “Oh, right. Asher has been flying to other countries every day recently, and Kieran’s hospital has just accepted a patient

with a rare illness. Both of them are swamped right now. The news of your divorce delighted them greatly, and they bought you a small gift. I reckon the gift will arrive in a few days.”

Gwendolyn pouted in disdain. “How can you guys be so elated over my divorce?”

Despite that, she was curious about the gift. While Kieran was one of the best surgeons with a master’s degree in medicine, Asher was a pilot in command who owned corporations worldwide and had considerable influence on both sides of the law.

Since the two of them had gotten the gift for her, it must be priceless.

Noticing how she was swiveling her eyes animatedly, Treyton chuckled and booped her on the nose dotingly before heading upstairs to shower.

At midnight, Maverick returned to his mansion after he sent Natasha back to the hotel.

The sight of a pitch-black and empty living room was what greeted him when he opened the door.

Without Gwendolyn, who always welcomed him home, the mansion felt incredibly bleak.

Unknown emotions swirled in his heart.

Having turned on the lights, he sat on the couch and lit a cigarette as he listened to Noah’s report.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Wright. I didn’t manage to find out Ms. Shalders’ whereabouts. After she left the hotel, she seemed to have vanished into thin air. There are signal interferences with both her phone and account. Our people have tried many different methods, but we still failed to crack them,” Noah explained.

Maverick took a puff of the cigarette as his expression darkened.

*Vanished into thin air? My subordinates are all elite hackers, yet they failed to locate her?
Is someone helping her to hide?*

Chapter 17 Still Care About Your Ex

Maverick then proceeded to guess if Gwendolyn's disappearance was related to Treyton.

With his brows furrowed, he instructed coldly, "Continue searching. Send some people to investigate Treyton too. Report back to me once you find her."

"Yes, sir."

Noah nodded, but there was a look of defiance on his face.

Perplexed to see that he was still standing there, Maverick asked, "Why aren't you leaving? Do you have something to tell me?"

Noah was in a dilemma for a moment because he knew his following words would enrage his boss. Nevertheless, he could not help it.

"You're starting to clude me, Mr. Wright. You and Ms. Shalders are already divorced, yet you still care about her so much and are giving the cold shoulder to Ms. Mossey, the person you should actually have concern for. Just what exactly is on your mind?"

Maverick's gaze darkened. He picked up the glass ashtray from the table and threw it toward the spot beside Noah's feet.

"Get lost," he snarled.

Noah then left, not ignorant enough to linger.

Maverick lit two more cigarettes after that. His expression, enveloped by the curtain of cigarette smoke, seemed inscrutable.

Feeling a little hungry, he rose to his feet and walked to the fridge.

Once he opened the fridge door, he found that the fridge was stocked with a wide variety of fruits and vegetables that he liked.

He stood transfixed for a long while.

All of a sudden, he vaguely recalled that Gwendolyn's expectant gaze was what first caught his eyes every time he returned home for the past three years.

She would come up to him smilingly and hand him a pair of slippers before saying, "You're home. It must have been a long day for you. You're starving, aren't you? I made dinner."

However, he had never cast a glance at her, always mocking the warm dinner she had prepared before returning to his room.

It was a *thankless and arduous* task, *yet that silly woman still did it every day*.

At that thought, Maverick let out a chuckle.

For some strange reason, he felt like tasting the dishes she made.

Out of nowhere, the last sentence Gwendolyn said to him before she left the banquet that evening rang

in his ears.

"Throughout those three years of marriage, I've never wronged you."

If she has never wronged me, what *is going on* between *Treyton* and *her, then*?

A strange feeling arose in Maverick's heart the second he realized he had been thinking about Gwendolyn nonstop, and he quickly closed the fridge door. Then, he headed upstairs to shower and sleep.

Angle Corporation's lobby was crowded with people the following morning.

The employees stood in a few rows as they waited for their CEO to arrive, all the while exchanging curious looks with each other.

Half an hour later, Treyton appeared at the entrance of the lobby with Gwendolyn, who specifically picked out an attire consisting of a white blazer and pencil skirt for that day.

Her hair was tied in a high ponytail, making her look sensual yet gracious and capable.

Following her appearance, the crowd erupted in an uproar.

It was because the scene of Treyton and Gwendolyn walking through the entrance together was a sight for sore eyes.

Treyton made his way to the middle of the lobby and announced solemnly, "This is our new talent director, Gwendolyn Shalders, who will be working with us from today onward."

Everyone broke out in a massive round of applause.

In acknowledgment of the warm welcome, Gwendolyn politely nodded with a smile.

Then, Treyton briefly gave arrangements for the short-term objectives before allowing everyone except the team of managers to return to work.

“Suzanna, Gwendolyn is new here. She’s unfamiliar with our company’s operations, so please guide her.” he instructed.

Suzanna was the leader of the team of managers, a woman with a head of brown wavy hair. Although her makeup looked flamboyant, she was a beauty with a great figure.

Upon hearing Treyton’s words, she nodded fervently and smiled enthusiastically. “Don’t worry, Mr. Harris. I’ll do my best to guide her!”

However, the smile on her face instantly disappeared after he left. “Gwendolyn, please follow me,” she said, shooting Gwendolyn a glance.

Coincidentally, Gwendolyn was looking at Suzanna, so the inconspicuous hint of disgust in the latter’s eyes was perceived by her.

It seems that Suzanna doesn’t like me!

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“Ms. Kleppen, please refer to me as Ms. Shalders,” Gwendolyn said.

Suzanna’s throat tightened, and her attitude immediately turned respectful.

The entire morning, Gwendolyn stayed in her office to familiarize herself with the company’s operations. Suzanna would bring in new stacks of documents every few minutes, building a mountain of papers on her desk.

A pucker formed between Gwendolyn’s brows as she stared at the pile of documents.

“Isn’t our department only in charge of the managers and artists? Why are there so many documents?”

Suzanna snickered and said, “These are only the basic information. There are more after you finish going through this pile.”

There, she paused and looked at Gwendolyn mockingly. “It seems that you’re not familiar with our job scope, Ms. Shalders.”

Gwendolyn nodded unabashedly. “Indeed, it’s my first time working in such a position.”

Suzanna’s eyes widened in shock.

She was the most qualified person in the department to be promoted to director after the position became vacant following the departure of the previous director. However, the company suddenly hired some eye candy to fill the position, causing her colleagues to make fun of her behind her back.

There was no way she could let that slide.

When her gaze landed on Gwendolyn’s gorgeous face once again, jealousy and resentment filled her eyes.

“How did a dead loss like you, who has no prior experience and academic qualification, get into Angle Corporation? Who did you sleep with to get this position?” Suzanna demanded.

Chapter 18 Toy with Me

With her brows still furrowed, Gwendolyn shot Suzanna a glare. “Please watch your mouth, Ms. Kleppen. Mr. Harris assigned me to this position personally. If you’re dissatisfied with his decision, you can speak with him about it.”

Rendered speechless by her response, Suzanna could only stare at her furiously.

Gwendolyn remained unfazed and took a sip of her coffee with a smile. “I’m indeed inexperienced, but I’m afraid you don’t have the right to doubt my academic qualification.”

That evoked a chuckle from Suzanna, who crossed her arms and shot Gwendolyn a mocking look. “Oh? Which diploma mill did you graduate from? Have you gotten your bachelor’s degree? In Angle Corporation, a postgraduate degree is a minimum requirement for one to take up the position of manager or above. Are you qualified?”

“I didn’t attend university, though I earned a doctorate from the University of Marsingfill at fourteen years old by validating a theory because I was too free back then. I wonder if that’s a diploma mill?” Gwendolyn nonchalantly uttered as if it was a casual conversation concerning an unimportant topic. Despite that, Suzanna stared at her in bewilderment. A look of disbelief was seen on the former’s face. She was awarded a doctorate *from the University of Marsingfill when she was only fourteen years old. Is she even human? If the University of Marsingfill is considered a diploma mill, what does that make my alma mater, then?*

Suzanna’s expression turned grim, yet she still tried her best to maintain her composure. “So what if you’ve got a doctorate from the University of Marsingfill? Working experience is the most important in this industry. It’s hard to say if you can secure this position, Ms. Shalders,” she claimed, her tone cynical.

After saying those words, she sashayed her way out of Gwendolyn’s office.

“Stop right there,” Gwendolyn called out to her.

“What else can I do for you, Ms. Shalders?”

Gwendolyn looked at Suzanna aloofly. Arching a brow, she said smilingly, “There’s no need to concern yourself about whether I can secure this position. This pile of documents is mixed with five-year-old annulled information from several other departments. Please remove them and sort out the correct documents for me, Ms. Kleppen.”

Suzanna’s eyes popped in shock. *H–How did she find out? Before I came in, I specially selected some extremely complicated documents, and part of them is even in Sylvonican. It’s impossible for a newbie to understand them.*

Although she found it unbelievable, she still stepped forward to take the documents.

“Also…” Gwendolyn called out to Suzanna again.

As the latter was slightly annoyed, she gritted her teeth and glared at her.

“What is it, Ms. Shalders?”

Gwendolyn stared at Suzanna for a while before flashing her a meaningful smile, “Here’s a final reminder to you—I’m the director, so please be respectful toward me”

Suzanna’s face turned as black as thunder, then she slammed the door and stormed off.

Gwendolyn could not help chuckling while shaking her head. I’ve learned such antics ever since I was a teenager. She’s a hundred years too early to play tricks with me.

Meanwhile, in the CEO’s office of Wright Construction Group, Maverick had just finished a meeting when Noah pushed the door open and walked in before handing him a stack of documents,

“Mr. Wright, Ms. Shalders has been located. Through investigating Angle Corporation, our people discovered that she suddenly joined Angle Corporation yesterday, and it

seems... that her position is quite significant. Today's her first day of work," the assistant reported.

His words caused Maverick's face to turn grim to the point that it was frightening.

She wasted no time in divorcing and *joining* a new company. Has Treyton become her sugar daddy? So is this what she meant *by* having never wronged me? How dare she claim she didn't cheat on *me* while we were still married?

At that thought, his dark eyes blazed with rage. That was when he shockingly realized he had been cuckolded by her,

She's *the first* to *have* the guts *to toy* with me!

"Send me the address of Angle Corporation," Maverick demanded.

"Huh?" Noah fell into a momentary daze before finally making sense of his words. "Will do, Mr. Wright."

Gwendolyn, who was familiarizing herself with the documents in her office, sneezed several times all of a sudden.

Is someone badmouthing me? I bet it's Sheralyn who got tricked badly by me yesterday.

Shortly after, she dismissed her thoughts and focused on her work.

It only took her a day to remember all the details of the documents, a task that would have taken other people three days to complete. When Suzanna noticed Gwendolyn could get off work on time, she was so infuriated that she broke her lipstick.

Gwendolyn massaged her sore shoulders as she took the elevator down to the parking lot.

However, she soon found herself in the face of a problem. *Uh... I came with Treyton this morning. My new car had just been parked in the parking lot in the afternoon, but he forgot to tell me where the spot was. How am I supposed to find it?*

Chapter 19 Poorer Than Me

Gwendolyn tried to locate her car by pressing the unlock button on the car key on each level of the parking lot.

Twenty minutes later, she finally found her new car.

While looking at the turquoise-painted car, she rubbed her chin and tutted. Although *this car is an old model*, it is pleasant *to look* at and practical. Most importantly, its color is... flashy! *I like it!*

She could not wait to drive the new car.

Suddenly, a woman's shrill voice was heard from behind her. "Oh my, isn't this our amazing Ms. Shalders? Let me see what car you drive."

Smiling, Suzanna shuffled close to take a look. After checking out Gwendolyn's car, she curled her lips in disdain. "I thought it would be some fancy car, but it turned out to be a mere Volkswagen Santana. Why didn't you buy a good car to reward yourself when you've become a director, Ms. Shalders?"

However, Gwendolyn was not at all bothered by her comment. "Car is just for transportation. Its practicality is what matters to me," she replied with a smile.

Suzanna rolled her eyes in response. *Practicality, my foot. It sounds impressive and all, but I bet it's just an excuse. At the end of the day, it's merely because she's poor.*

At that point, her ego was boosted, causing the frustration she received from Gwendolyn in the morning to dissipate. *Anyway, at least this b*tch is poorer than me!*

She flicked her wavy hair before stepping forward to hold Gwendolyn's arm as if they were close to each other. "Ms. Shalders, I just got a new car recently. Would you mind checking it out for me?"

Without waiting for Gwendolyn's reply, she brought her to a parking space nearby.

Gwendolyn tilted her head and saw a roadster—the BMW Z4. At first glance, the design looked good. However, it was not practical to commute by it. That car was wholly for showing off.

When Suzanna noticed Gwendolyn did not take more than a glance at the car and appeared disdainful, she let out a cold snort. "Ms. Shalders, this is probably your first time seeing this type of sports car, right? It is BMW's latest model this year, the Z70. Even the most basic specs cost one and a half million. I've spent a significant sum to purchase it," she scoffed.

Upon hearing that, Gwendolyn knitted her brows. *How could this car be Z70?*

Having caught the change in Gwendolyn's expression, Suzanna assumed her remark had agitated her, so she lifted her chin proudly. "No offense, but you ought not to drive a shabby car since you're a director. Celebrities will often come back to visit an entertainment company like Angle Corporation. Your cheap car is a dishonor to our company."

Gwendolyn sneered as she shook her head. With her light makeup and red lips, she appeared even more alluring when she smiled.

“I’m laughing at your dumbness. You can’t even differentiate between a Z4 and a 270, yet you’re still showing off here.”

Gwendolyn’s words dumbfounded Suzanna, who stared back at her with a stern expression.

Gwendolyn walked toward the back of Suzanna’s BMW before grabbing the latter’s hand to touch the exhaust pipe.

“What are you doing?” Suzanna yelled.

Then, Gwendolyn raised Suzanna’s hand before the latter’s eyes. “Take a close look at it. The stain on the exhaust pipe is old. If it’s new, they won’t be in this color.”

Suzanna hurriedly took out a wet tissue to clean her hand. “What do you mean by that?” she questioned in disbelief.

“I guess you’re really dumb.” Gwendolyn snorted and explained, “This car is not a Z70. It’s an old model from three years ago, the Z4. Besides, it’s a used car with the most basic specs, which costs at most three hundred fifty thousand. If you don’t believe me, you can find out by getting a professional appraiser to examine the car.”

Suzanna’s eyes popped in shock, yet she shook her head. “No way! It can’t possibly be a secondhand Z4! You’re speaking ill of my car on purpose because you’re jealous of me. Do you think I’ll fall for your trick?”

Upon hearing Suzanna’s response, Gwendolyn felt that the former was hopeless. Seriously? I can’t believe she still thinks *I’m* talking *nonsense*.

“Judging from your words, I suppose you didn’t buy this car yourself. Am I right?” she uttered.

There, she paused for a moment. As though she thought of something, she queried in a serious tone, “Suzanna, which executive from our company did you sleep with?”

The color drained from Suzanna’s face in an instant, but she soon pushed Gwendolyn away lividly.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. You’re ridiculous!” Immediately afterward, she drove off.

As Gwendolyn watched Suzanna leave in a hurry, she became even more convinced that her guess was correct. At that, she narrowed her eyes. *How could such a corrupted higher-up exist in the company? If I find out who it is, he’s going to be sorry!*

Then, she withdrew her gaze and turned around to return to her Volkswagen Santana.

Just as she opened the car door, a large hand with slender and bony fingers pressed on it.

The familiar, deep yet cold voice of a man rang out from behind her. “Why didn’t he buy you a good

car?”

Chapter 20 The Provoker and The One Being Provoked

Gwendolyn subconsciously furrowed her brows when she heard that voice.

The instant she looked over her shoulder, she met Maverick’s obsidian eyes,

“May I know why you are here at Angle Corporation’s underground parking lot, Mr. Wright?” she queried.

The man quirked his lips into a half-smile. “I’m here to talk business with Mr. Harris. What’s the matter? Is there a regulation stating that I’m not allowed here?”

His remark evoked a laugh from Gwendolyn.

What *sort of weak excuse* is that?

“Wright Construction Group’s main line of business is property construction, which is quite unrelated to the entertainment industry, I must say. Unless you are here to promote your property to our company’s artists?”

Undeterred by his presence, she looked Maverick straight in the eye, not bothering to mask the mockery in her gaze.

The look in her eyes annoyed him, and his face hardened instantly. A beat later, he grabbed her shoulders and pushed her backward, pinning her against the car door. With that, Gwendolyn was enveloped in his arms.

“What are you doing?” she demanded, finding herself unable to move as his knees were pressed against her thighs.

This *is* such an *awkward* position...

The close-to-zero distance between them and the suggestive atmosphere made Gwendolyn flush involuntarily.

As she struggled to free herself, she gave Maverick a deadly stare.

“What’s wrong with you, Maverick Wright? Have you lost your mind?”

His dark eyes were riveted to her. It was as if he was looking at his prey which was unwilling to comply.

“What’s up with this new car of yours? Especially the color—green? You’re acting all arrogant now that Treyton is your backer, huh? Are you doing this on purpose to cow me?” he snarled.

What’s wrong with the *color green*? What kind of color discrimination is that?

Despite her inward grumble, Gwendolyn did not speak a word.

“You forced me to divorce you because of him, but it looks like he’s not treating you any better.” Maverick’s eyes were filled with sarcasm.

What the heck? Did *he* purposefully make a trip here to interrogate me because he thought I wanted a divorce to *be*

together with Treyton? This *is* utterly ridiculous!

Shooting him an odd look, she said, “Mr. Wright, I think you got it wrong. We divorced because you didn’t love me, and I was tired of putting effort into maintaining this marriage one-sidedly. It has nothing to do with anyone. However...”

She paused briefly before continuing in a provocative tone, “Mr. Harris is indeed wonderful! He’s more patient, more outstanding, and more handsome than you! You can’t even be compared to a strand of his hair!”

Sounds familiar? This is how you used to belittle *me*!

The veins on Maverick’s forehead bulged as he became increasingly furious. Gripping her chin upward violently, he thundered. “Are you provoking me on purpose? You want me to do you right here and

now?”

Gwendolyn was equally livid.

I am your ex–wife! Do you not know what that means? It means that *my* matters are *none* of *your* business anymore! What right does *this* jerk have *to be* angry and threaten me?

“Maverick Wright, I repeat, get out of my way!”

Even so, Maverick did not budge one bit.

That had her boiling with rage. *So I can’t talk nicely to you, huh? Okay, I’ll have to pull out my trump card, then!*

She swiftly struck out at him, intending to take him down using jiu–jitsu.

However, she did not expect him to move faster than her.

Huh? Gwendolyn was stunned by Maverick’s reaction.

In a flash, he had single–handedly grabbed both her hands, raised them, and pressed them against the roof of her car.

Furthermore, he was way stronger than her, rendering it impossible for her to free herself from his grip.

“Maverick Wright!”

Enraged, Gwendolyn screamed his name at the top of her lungs. Her entire face was turning red with

anger.

A smug smile played about Maverick's lips as his dark eyes sparkled with the thrill of getting back at her. It seemed that he enjoyed watching how exasperated and helpless she looked.

Gwendolyn had a fierce facial expression akin to that of a lion cub when she was outraged. She looked enchanting and beautiful as she resentfully bit her crimson lip with a defiant look in her bright eyes.

Maverick could not help but recall the night in which he was drugged. Amid his daze, he had met her eyes and thought they resembled the young Natasha's

It was at that moment that he became truly aroused.

Come to think of it, that night actually *felt exceptionally wonderful...*

His lower body became increasingly warm as he slowly reminisced about that night's pleasures.

Gwendolyn could clearly feel Maverick's body, which was in close contact with her, gradually stiffening. A particular part of his body felt—warm, and it was pressing against her abdomen.

“Maverick, you're a sick pervert! Sick scumbag! If you don't let me go this instant, I'll take you down with me!”

Her sudden taunt interrupted Maverick's train of thought.

He regained his senses and flashed her a wicked smirk. “I haven't done anything, and I'm already branded as a sick pervert? It looks like I must do something to live up to my reputation!”

An intimate tension flowed between them, and it seemed like a single movement from either of them would trigger something massive.

After Maverick said those words, his gaze landed on Gwendolyn's lips. All of a sudden, he bent over, pressing his lips hard against hers. There was a hint of aggression in his eyes, and he seemed determined to punish her for her utterances.

Gwendolyn's eyes bulged as an overwhelming sense of humiliation washed over her.

“What are the two of you doing?”