

## Her Riches 1

### 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."

