

Her Riches 10

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.