

## **Her Riches 101**

### Chapter 101 More Anxious Than Gwendolyn

Complex emotions were pooling in Maverick's eyes.

+5 Bonus

After pondering for a while, he uttered in a tone that was even more firm, "We must return to Fairlake tomorrow!"

Nico didn't respond, gritting his teeth. Suddenly, he made up his mind. He took advantage of Maverick's current state and struck his palm toward the back of the latter's head.

With a grunt, Maverick fainted on the spot.

The other subordinates were scared to death after seeing the scene. "Nico, do you have a death wish? Once Boss wakes up, he'll definitely not let you off the hook!"

With a firm gaze, Nico obediently knelt beside Maverick's legs.

"Boss is a reckless person. If I don't stop him, he'll surely want to return to Fairlake, even if he were to crawl there. He's seriously injured and has a fever right now. I can't let him risk his life like this. Even if he wants to beat me to death after gaining consciousness, I'll let him do so!"

Upon hearing that, everyone sighed helplessly and said nothing in the end.

Two days later, inside the CEO's office of Wright Construction Group, a sharp sound of things being thrown in the room could be heard even with the door closed.

Samantha glanced at the shattered pieces of the coffee cup on the floor and gently comforted, "Aunt Frida, please calm down. We were definitely tricked by Amryn Real Estate this time. They paid such a

large sum of advance payment for the goods they ordered from Oceanic Constructions. We didn't expect all of them to be defective products."

"You couldn't even take down such a small company. How on earth do you handle tasks!" Frida fumed angrily.

What she was even more enraged about was Samantha had spent 500 million in cash only to end up with a bunch of practically unusable defective products. Besides that, the main reason that led to this consequence was that the contract seemed to have been premeditated in which the type of goods was ambiguously mentioned on it. Although Samantha had checked the contract several times before signing, she still failed to discover the flaw. As a result, she couldn't use the contract to argue with Oceanic Constructions, letting the defective goods go to waste in her hands.

"A whopping 500 million down the drain! If any issues arise in the company's other projects, the company will face difficulties in cash turnover!"

Although Frida wasn't good at running a business, she was still quite quick-witted when it came to losses.

Samantha knew she was at fault, so she could only apologize to Frida obediently in a partially coquettish attitude. "I'm sorry, Aunt Frida. I let my guard down this time. Rest assured; I'll do my best to make an – amend for this loss. Please put faith in me once more. Although I messed up this time, I've still done a lot

for the company before. Please think about my good qualities."

Samantha was telling the truth. Before this incident, she had managed all the company's affairs quite efficiently.

Frida's rage faded away a lot. "Fine. Whatever means you use. Just hurry up and make up for this deficit."

"All right, Aunt Frida. Don't worry," Samantha replied.

She walked out of the offer with a calm expression. Later, her face suddenly became solemn

Whatever means, huh? This is the only option, then!

1 Borus

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn sat in her car in the garage of Amryn Real Estate. She recently went to an auto shop to modify her Volkswagen Passat's windows. Not only did the new windows provide privacy by blocking the view from outside, but they also offered soundproofing to prevent eavesdropping.

Yulia leisurely walked over. Before getting into the car, she ensured no one was around.

"Boss, Samantha took on tons of projects and collected the corresponding advance payments to cover the losses in the contract she signed with Oceanic Constructions," Yulia reported.

"Should I admire how courageous Samantha is for taking on so many projects? She studied abroad before. though... I can now confirm she's someone with knowledge without practical experience. She gets flustered easily when encountering even the slightest problem. Her approach of taking in new funding to cover the debts will only lead her to more serious matters."

Gwendolyn pursed her lips, pondering for a moment before continuing to ask, "How is the progress that I asked you to acquire all the scattered shares of Wright Construction Group at high prices recently?"

"Here. Take a look," Yulia uttered.

She handed the organized documents to Gwendolyn and stated, "In order to avoid suspicion, we acquired the shares in a few amounts at one time, Over the past two days, we've transferred a total of 15% of the shares to your name."

Gwendolyn focused on reading the documents.

Yulia continued to say, "Now, in Wright Construction Group's holdings, Maverick owns 40% of the shares, making him the largest shareholder, CEO, and head of the business group. As for the other 45%, the 15% is held by one of the relatives of the Wright family, Dexter Wright, Maverick's uncle."

Gwendolyn frowned and shook her head. "No, we can't acquire that 15% of the shares. Dexter is a sly old fox with high vigilance. We should try our best not to alert him."

Yulia suggested, "Then that leaves the 10% and 20% of the shares Sheralyn and Frida own. If we can acquire both of their shares, your total stake would be 5% more than Maverick's, making you the largest shareholder with the most say in Wright Construction Group. However..."

She paused for a moment, looking a bit worried. "Getting shares from Sheralyn and Frida won't be easy. They won't just hand them over. Boss, do you have any idea for this plan?"

Gwendolyn lowered her head in deep thought as if something had come to her mind. She slightly curved her lips into a smile. "Don't worry. Someone else is more anxious than us right now!"

Just as Gwendolyn said, Samantha was indeed anxious now. She had just taken on a large number of projects and received a ton of down payments. Because of that, she ordered the employees to finish the old projects as soon as possible. She also took money from the old projects' material costs to barely cover the owed amount in the Oceanic Constructions contract.

Consequently, the next day, a construction site made headlines due to issues with the quality of materials. The building, which was scheduled to be completed within the month, suddenly collapsed,

and it even affected the neighboring buildings.

That meant the demolition and reconstruction were necessary. In turn, the project was required to provide more funds than the losses incurred by Oceanic Constry

During this period, she had secretly pocketed a lot of money through various small projects for her spending. Yet, now that the company was riddled with debts, she didn't have enough cash to cover such a massive deficit

Frida, too, always asked Samantha about the deficit, giving off an air of complete distrust toward the latter.

Samantha sat in her office, feeling incredibly anxious.

Just as she was thinking about a solution, the office phone on the desk rang

It was Frida who made the call from the CEO's office.

Samantha had no choice but to force herself to smile as she picked up the phone. "Aunt Frida, is there anything I can do for you?"

Frida, on the other end of the line, seemed a bit unhappy. "Samantha, why didn't you come to me and report your work today? Did something go wrong again?"

Samantha was taken aback and quickly pleased Frida, uttering stammeringly. "No, Aunt Frida. If there are any issues, I'll definitely discuss them with you right away. It's just that I've been quite busy lately, so I

haven't had the chance to report to you. Just give me a few more hours. I'll come to you after I finish checking all the projects."

"Okay."

Frida hung up the phone after responding flatly.

Samantha clenched her fists, feeling incredibly restless inside.

Didn't she say she trusted me the most? If she does put faith in me, why does she still interrogate me every day? I suspect she's just trying to win my loyalty to work for her with these worthless lies all this while! If that's the case, she can't blame me for doing this!

Samantha's gaze gradually grew sinister, and she quickly arranged for someone to twist the truth of the construction accident.

A few hours later, she gathered the documents and went to find Frida.

As soon as she pushed the door open, she rushed to Frida's desk. "Aunt Frida, there's bad news!"

"What's the matter?" Frida questioned.

"We actually had an old project, Balmoral Grand, collapsed half a month ago, and it was quite a serious accident. However, the person in charge of the project was afraid of taking responsibility, so they kept it hidden. If it weren't for me thoroughly investigating today, I'm afraid this matter would remain undiscovered!" Samantha answered.

"There's such a thing?" Frida was shocked and quickly flipped through the documents.

Samantha took in Frida's reaction and continued, "The amount of money needed for this remedial project is huge, and there are other ongoing projects that also require a lot of funding. If we can't keep

up with the capital flow, all projects will be forced to stop, leading the company to face a semi-bankruptcy crisis!"

Frida slumped into the boss's chair, feeling disheartened.

Oh no. It's over! Could it be that the efforts of several generations of the Wright family destroyed so quickly in my hands...

"If my husband and Old Mr. Wright were still alive, they would be so angry that they'd strangle me!"  
Frida

mumbled.

Her hands trembled with fear. Suddenly, she had an idea. She grabbed her phone. "No. I can't just let matters be! I must find my precious son to take control of the situation immediately!"

Samantha firmly grabbed Frida's hand to halt the latter's plan. "Aunt Frida, we don't even know where Maverick is now. Even if we do, I'm afraid it'll be too late for him to solve everything. If we don't cover this huge deficit in time, the crisis of Wright Construction Group will only become more severe."

"Then... what should we do?" Frida queried.

Samantha's lips curled up slightly. A sinister glint flashed in her eyes. "I have a plan!"

## Chapter 102 The Reason You Like Me

"What's the solution?"

Samantha gently held her hand to soothe her, then took the phone from her hand to quietly place it aside.

Take advantage of the fact that Wright Construction Group hasn't completely fallen into crisis yet. You should sell your shares at a high price!"

"No way!" Frida's eyes widened. "I absolutely cannot sell my shares! I need it for my retirement. Besides, if I sell my shares, I'll lose my say in Wright Construction Group! I will definitely not sell it!"

Samantha sighed and continued to reassure her, "Aunt Frida, you're confused. If Wright Construction Group really can't survive this crisis, your shares will be worthless. And don't worry; selling the shares is only temporary!"

Frida was feeling a bit hesitant.

"Temporary?"

Samantha saw that she had piqued Frida's interest and continued, "I'll try my best to find a reliable buyer overseas. Once we get this funding and complete all our ongoing projects, we'll be able to earn the money back and buy back the shares. Aunt Frida, just think of it as temporarily leaving the shares in the buyer's hands. Once this crisis is over and Maverick returns, he'll definitely be happy to see that you've managed the company so well."

Frida didn't speak as she was lost in thought for a long time.

Samantha wanted to seize the opportunity to persuade Frida. "Aunt Frida..."

However, the latter raised her hand to stop Samantha. "Samantha, this is no small matter. Please allow me to think about it some more."

Samantha was a bit displeased, but it wasn't appropriate for her to say anything else. If she pushed Frida too hard, her motive would easily be noticed.

"All right, Aunt Frida, but don't take too long to think about it. We can't afford to delay this matter."

After she finished speaking, she turned around and left.

Frida sat alone in her office, feeling the immense pressure from being in her position for the first time.

This decision could be said to have cost her half her life.

No matter whether it was the company or the shares, she didn't want to give them up.

Yet, she felt that Samantha made a valid point. The only option left for her to save the company was to sell her shares. However, if she chose to keep her shares, the shares would become meaningless once the company went under.

With reddened eyes, she sat quietly for half an hour before calling Samantha. "Go ahead and sell it."



Samantha suppressed the ecstasy in her heart and said solemnly, "Aunt Frida, don't worry. I will make sure there are no mistakes in this matter."

The next morning, Samantha found a buyer.

She brought Frida to the agreed-upon location to sign the contract. The buyer's name was Toidi, and both she and her company were based overseas. Therefore, this time they were signing an electronic contract

online.

While on the way, Frida dawdled down the street.

Samantha noticed her hesitation and reassured her, "Don't worry, Aunt Frida. Toidi is the heiress of a huge corporation with a net worth of hundreds of billions I pulled some strings to find such a reliable buyer. She has also promised me that she won't easily resell the shares. If you want to buy back the shares after you've recouped your funds in the future, she's willing to sell you back the shares."

Frida was a bit skeptical. "Is there really such a good thing and such a foolish person? What's her motive for doing this?"

Samantha laughed. "She really doesn't need the money. She just wants to move back to her homeland, so she buys the shares to pave the way. Don't worry. There won't be any problems."

Frida followed her in skeptically.

However, after reading the contract, Frida was furious!

"Didn't we agree to sell only the twenty percent of shares I own? Why did you include Sheralyn's ten percent shares and the Wright residence in the deal? I won't sign it! I absolutely won't sign it!"

Samantha gently patted her back to soothe her.

“Aunt Frida, if we don’t do this, considering the current critical situation Wright Construction Group is in, your twenty percent share alone is not enough to fill this huge gap! Besides, she said that the house. wouldn’t be sold as it’s just temporarily used as collateral. You can still live in that villa. Once the project is completed and the money is earned back, you can buy it all back, right?”

Although what Samantha said is true, but...

“But this price is way too low!”

Frida pointed at the contract, her heart aching. “Only eight billion eight hundred million for all three? Previously, just my twenty percent share alone would have been worth more than this!”

“Oh, Aunt Frida! With her wealth and influence, she must have looked into Wright Construction Group’s

background. Given the current on Wright Construction Group is in, this is already the best offer.

You shouldn’t hesitate anymore! Aunt Frida...”

“All right, then.”

Samantha spent a long time persuading and cajoling Frida until she finally got the latter to sign the share transfer agreement, reluctantly hand over the property deed for the Wright residence, and sign the mortgage contract.

After everything was settled, Frida looked frustrated and said, “Now that the funding issue is resolved, you need to be more attentive during this period. Make sure to properly fix any existing problems and closely follow up on other projects. Don’t let the workers cut corners and cause any more quality issues. Help me buy back my shares as soon as possible!”

“Roger that. Aunt Frida. Don’t worry. I’ll handle everything properly and efficiently.”

Samantha clung to Frida's arm like a kid, her face beaming with uncontrollable joy.

The two of them laughed and got into the car, driving away.

However, as soon as they left, Gwendolyn, who was sitting in her office in Angle, received a text message.

The text message had only one word: Succeeded.

She breathed a sigh of relief.

In just three days, the Wright family would experience a tremendous change!

She was filled with anticipation.

Just as she was thinking, there was a knock on the office door, and Sherman walked in right after that.

Unlike his usual gentle and refined demeanor, he was wearing a grim expression with a frown.

Before Gwendolyn could ask him anything, he walked straight to the guest chair opposite her and sat down, separated from her by an office desk.

"What's wrong?" Gwendolyn asked, feeling puzzled.

"I didn't expect you to enter the real estate business because of him." His face was gloomy, and there was even a hint of desolation in his

eyes.

I can't believe he found out so quickly. Come to think of it, although the Ferguson family may not be as powerful as the Harris family, they are still a prestigious family, so it'll be easy for him to investigate.

However, Gwendolyn didn't intend to hide it from him either.

"Exactly."

Seeing her actually admit it with an unbelievably calm expression, Sherman felt really frustrated.

"Why? If you look around, you'll find that there's someone better waiting for you. Can't you just-

"Are you talking about you?" Gwendolyn interrupted him, her calm eyes meeting his gaze.

Sherman's face turned slightly red.

He mustered up the courage to confess his feelings, but Gwendolyn spoke before he could. "You should know, though, that it's impossible for us to be together. Even Joaquin stands a better chance than you."

Sherman's heart sank, and a hint of hurt could be seen in his eyes.

"I don't understand. Why?" He pondered, "Is it because of Eloise? She was indeed wrong before, but she has been grounded lately and behaving herself. She knows her mistake, and she won't pick on you again in the future."

Gwendolyn shook her head with a smile. "I've known for many years that you like me, but your is merely due to the discontentment of not being able to have me."

Sherman didn't speak, while his charming eyes slightly reddened as he gazed at her.

Gwendolyn continued, "You are gentle, humble, and treat everyone with kindness, but you have one flaw -you turn a blind eye to the flaws of someone close to you! You know how badly Eloise treated me

back then, but you didn't mention it at all these days."

Sherman choked up, but he couldn't help feeling resentful. "What about Maverick? His sister and mother were once cruel to you too. Isn't he turning a blind eye to that too?"

## Chapter 103 Take Over Wright Construction Group

After a brief silence, Gwendolyn smiled and said, "Everyone eventually has to pay the price for their action, and Maverick is no exception."

Upon hearing that, Sherman finally breathed a sigh of relief.

She will seek revenge on Maverick for past grievances, but she didn't mention taking vengeance on me because of Eloise. In the end, she still cares about me, doesn't she? Now, she's just mad at me because of Eloise, so I still have a chance!

Having figured it out, Sherman stood up happily. "Gwendolyn, don't worry. I'll change, and I'm willing to wait. As long as you turn around, I'll always be here."

After he finished speaking, he left..

Gwendolyn pressed her palm against her forehead, her face filled with exasperation.

It seems he still hasn't fully understood what I meant. Forget it; I'll explain it when there's a chance in the future.

In the following days, Samantha constantly claimed that she was visiting various construction sites and barely spent any time at the office. She did not go to the office to report on her work progress.

If Frida called her and asked her, she would say she was busy.

Frida was displeased by her attitude.

If it weren't for the fact that Frida needed people to help her, she would have exploded long ago.

Just as she was thinking, the phone rang. It was a call from Sheralyn.

"Hello, my girl, what's wrong?"

On the other end of the phone, Sheralyn sounded extremely dissatisfied, and she was full of complaints.

"Why has my allowance decreased so much recently? It's so embarrassing that when I went shopping with the two socialites from the Xenos family, my card showed insufficient balance. How am I supposed to survive in my social circle now?"

Frida felt a bit guilty.

She had given all her money to Samantha to invest in various projects, so she had no choice but to secretly reduce Sheralyn's pocket money.

"Mom! You used to say that daughters should be raised in wealth. How can you treat me like this now?"

Frida had no choice but to comfort Sheralyn with the things Samantha had previously said to her.

"Sweetheart, the company has been facing some financial difficulties recently, and I'm left with no choice. Once everything gets better, I'll double your allowance and buy you anything you want!"

"I also want the full set of limited edition skincare products from Lancome's pre-sale!"

"All right, all right. We'll buy them all!"

After hanging up the phone, Frida thought of Samantha.

The latter hadn't returned to the company to report her progress for a few days, nor had she made any phone calls. Frida had a hunch that her niece was hiding something from her.

Unable to put her mind at ease, Frida decided to give Samantha a call personally.

Just as she opened her phone's contact list, the door was suddenly pushed open forcefully by her assistant,

Leslie.

Frida was annoyed and glared at her angrily. "Don't you know that you should knock before entering?"

Leslie couldn't care less about all that and anxiously said. "Mrs. Wright, we have a problem! The construction team from Linderson Constructions is causing trouble at our doorstep, and they've blocked the entrance to the building!"

"What?"

Frida thumped the table and stood up in shock. "How dare they be so arrogant! What are the security guards doing?"

"There are too many people. The entire construction team of over a hundred people is gathered downstairs. They said the agreed-upon payment for the project hadn't been transferred to their account yet, and the person in charge was even fired by Ms. Lane for poor supervision! Now they're leaderless, wielding construction tools as weapons and demanding an explanation from you!"

The payment hasn't been transferred to their account? Where is my money, then? What on earth is Samantha up to?

An extremely bad assumption crossed her mind, and Frida's face turned pale with fright.

She couldn't believe Samantha would do this to her. After all, Samantha was her niece!

To verify her assumption, she nervously dialed Samantha's phone number.

The call went through.

The ringtone was heard, but the sound grew closer and stronger.

It seemed as if it came from outside the door.

Leslie, who was standing nearby, noticed it too. Seeing that the door wasn't fully closed, she was about to open it completely when a pair of slender hands opened it from the outside.

Samantha's makeup was exquisite, and she wore a strikingly colorful cocktail dress. Behind her followed a man dressed like a lawyer.

Seeing that she was unhurried and even deliberately dressed up, Frida thought it was clear that she had come prepared.

Leslie sensed that the mood was off and quietly sneaked away.

Inside the office, Frida was shocked that her eyes were bloodshot.

Samantha was amused by her expression.

"Aunt Frida, did you miss me so much after just a few days of not seeing me?"



Frida clenched her teeth, still holding onto a glimmer of hope. "Samantha, why haven't you sent the additional payment to the construction team of Linderson Constructions? What have you been doing these past two days?"

Didn't you just guess it right, Aunt Frida?"

She smiled and walked over to sit in the guest chair opposite Frida. "That's right; I didn't use a single

penny

of that eight billion eight hundred million on the company. I've asked the finance department to quietly transfer it all to my account. By the way, at least Half of the people in the company are now on my side."

"You! How dare you!"

Such a huge amount of money is actually taken by her! She can even make more than half of the company's staff take her side! Could it be that she has planned it all along?

Frida was so angry that her heart ached, and she painfully slid into the chair. "How could Louis condone your shameless behavior? Or did you hide it from him?"

Samantha sneered, "Aunt Frida, did you forget that my father is the one in charge at home? But on this matter, he still supports me. Do you think just because you married into the Wright family, you can act all high and mighty when you come back to your parent's home? Do you think he doesn't dislike you?"

Frida's family background wasn't the best, but it was her campus romance and her impressive academic achievements as a top finance student that gave her the opportunity to marry into the Wright

family.

Frida's brother, Louis Landers, wasn't as fortunate. He fell in love with the heiress of the Lane family, but due to their difference in social status, he had no choice but to marry into the Lane family. As a result, even his children couldn't carry his last name.

Frida was furious as she clutched her chest tightly with both hands to help herself catch her breath, barely managing to alleviate the suffocating feeling.

"You've embezzled so much money from Wright Construction Group. What on earth are you trying to do?"

Samantha smiled faintly and raised her hand to signal the lawyer to come forward.

The lawyer, facing Frida's skeptical gaze, placed a contract on the office desk.

Frida took it and opened it, only to exclaim, "Samantha! You're actually planning to devour Wright Construction Group!"

"Why would you phrase it that way?"

Samantha chuckled and continued, "Aunt Frida, let me make myself clear. I'm willing to pay ten billion for the management rights of Wright Construction Group. You don't know how to run a business, and I think Wright Construction Group would be better off in my hands."

Ten billion?

Frida gritted her teeth. It seemed to her that the Lane family indeed supported this matter. On top of the eight billion eight hundred million, they had given Samantha an additional one billion two hundred million.

Oh my goodness! These are my relatives from my parent's family! My own brother and niece!

Frida was so angry that she couldn't speak. After calming down for a while, she finally said through gritted teeth. "You wish! Wright Construction Group is a joint-stock company! My son is the largest shareholder! If you want to buy Wright Construction Group, you should ask him!"

"I've sent people to look for Maverick, but he's been missing for so long that he's probably dead out there. Dexter, that sly old fox, was also sent away by me. Tsk, tsk. So only you, the person in charge's mother, can help me out."

"You!" Frida exclaimed in anguish.

Only now did she clearly see Samantha's step-by-step plan. First, she was lured into selling her shares and mortgaging her house. After obtaining a huge amount of funds, Samantha brought down Wright Construction Group and got it transferred to her name.

Seeing that Frida remained silent, Samantha became a bit impatient. "Aunt Frida, dragging this on won't help. Just make it snappy and sign it! After Wright Construction Group merges with Lane Group, its status will only improve!"

Frida was filled with immense despair.

Is Wright Construction Group really going to meet its end at my hands?

She bit her lower lip until it bled while her trembling hand reached for the pen.

Suddenly, a cold and arrogant voice sounded from outside the door.

"Ms. Lane, you get too excited too early. You should have asked me before trying to buy Wright Construction Group!"

Upon hearing this extremely familiar voice, both Frida and Samantha were taken aback!

Chapter 104 Someone You Can Never Mess With

As the two women looked in the direction of the voice at the door, Gwendolyn appeared in a stunning black satin gown with a smirk, looking indescribably gorgeous,

Two handsome and well-built bodyguards followed closely behind her, exuding an imposing presence.

Upon seeing her, Samantha was filled with hatred, gritting her teeth in anger. The humiliation of being given a slap in the face in public at the last banquet was still fresh in her memory.

“This is Wright Construction Group. What brings you here?” Samantha asked.

Gwendolyn walked over to Samantha and said, “With such a major issue happening in the company, whereby someone is trying to help Lane Group take over Wright Construction Group from the inside, of course, I should come and take charge of the situation.”

“Take charge of the situation? You?”

Samantha burst into laughter.

“You’re already divorced from Maverick and no longer a part of the Wright family. The shares that Old Mr. Wright gave you were taken away by Aunt Frida. What right have to speak here? Get out!”

to you

As she spoke, Samantha couldn’t help but glance at the bodyguards behind Gwendolyn. For now, I can’t do anything about this despicable woman. But once I take control of Wright Construction Group, I’ll make that wretched woman’s life a living hell!

Frida was also very dissatisfied. Did Gwendolyn come here just to make fun of me?

“Let’s see who should be the one to get out of here.”

Gwendolyn's face was adorned with a smile, completely unfazed by Samantha's words. She walked straight to the guest sofa, took a seat, and gently clapped her hands.

A few seconds later, Yulia emerged from the corridor.

Upon seeing Yulia, Frida pointed at the two of them in disbelief. "You two! You really do know each other! You must be the one messing with the bidding of the land on the western outskirts of the city!"

I knew it!

At that time, she suspected there was something wrong with Gwendolyn. The Zipper family had no interest in that piece of land, so she did not understand why Gwendolyn was there.

So it turns out that Mr. Joaquin was just a decoy, and her real goal is to help Amryn Real Estate win the bid!

Samantha didn't go that day and didn't know what had happened. She stood with her hands in her pockets, looking back and forth between the two sides.

Yulia acted as if she hadn't heard Frida's words and proceeded to show the materials in her hands to everyone.

"Take a good look at this. This is the share register of Wright Construction Group. Mr. Wright holds forty percent of the shares, while my boss, Ms. Shalders, holds forty-five percent, making her the largest shareholder of Wright Construction Group. Now that Mr. Wright has gone missing, Ms. Shalders, as the

largest shareholder, should naturally become the person in charge of the group. Ms. Lane, if you want to buy the company, you must, of course, ask Ms. Shalders if she agrees."

Yulia's words contained too much information.

Frida and Samantha both took a long time to digest it.

Gwendolyn is actually Yulia's boss? So, does it mean she is the mysterious boss behind Amryn Real Estate? She even holds a forty-five percent stake in Wright Construction Group. How could this be possible? Frida suddenly thought of something and quickly stood up, reaching out to tug on Samantha's arm.

"Didn't you say you sold my and Sheralyn's shares to a foreign buyer? Why does she still hold so many shares? Samantha, you ungrateful wretch, give me a reasonable explanation!"

Samantha was completely baffled. She pushed Frida away and looked at Gwendolyn. "How is this possible? I specifically asked someone to find a foreign buyer. Toidi is a billionaire, so there's no way she would give her shares to you..."

She suddenly stopped midsentence.

Toidi? Idiot! When spelled backward, the name is like calling mean idiot! So, was the image of a wealthy woman worth billions created just to gain my trust? Was it all fabricated on purpose?

"You lied to me! There's no person called Toidi. It's you! All of this was planned by you, wasn't it?"

Ever since the piece of land in the western outskirts of the city was snatched away from Wright Construction Group by Amryn Real Estate, every move Samantha made was accurately predicted by Gwendolyn, who even prepared countermeasures in advance!

She thought she had it in the bag, but little did she know there was a dark horse waiting in the wings. The true hunter turned out to be someone she could never have thought of-Gwendolyn!

Gwendolyn, sitting leisurely on the sofa, poured herself a cup of coffee. She brought it to her nose and took a gentle whiff but didn't take a sip.

After putting down the coffee cup, she smiled and said, "You caught on pretty quickly, so you're not too foolish."

Samantha stared at her face, carefully examining her from head to toe for the first time.

She noticed that every move the latter made exuded an unparalleled air of pride and elegance.

It was not easy to fake one's temperament.

Moreover, Treyton and Joaquin were both more than willing to protect and please her. Even Rory, her apprentice, held her in high esteem.

One by one, these big shots revolved around her, and she could easily take out eight billion eight hundred million to purchase shares in Wright Construction Group.

How could an orphan from an orphanage possibly accomplish all these things?

Fear gradually filled Samantha's eyes. "Who exactly are you?"

Gwendolyn looked up and met her gaze, the corner of her mouth curling up slightly in a hint of mockery.

"I am someone you can never mess with."

Samantha was intimidated by her imposing aura, feeling waves of uneasiness in her heart.

Frida listened to their conversation, feeling bewildered.

Gwendolyn continued, "As the current major shareholder and person in charge of Wright Construction Group, I can tell you clearly that you're dreaming if you want to acquire Wright Construction Group with ten billion. As for the eight billion eight hundred million, you better hold onto it for now. I will take into account all old scores and settle them with you!"

Does she mean her next target is Lane Group?

Samantha swallowed hard and mustered up her courage to reply, "Just you wait! No matter who you are, Lane Group won't be easily taken advantage of!"

After saying that, she sheepishly ran out of the office.

She had to go back and thoroughly investigate this matter. Only by understanding the background of Gwendolyn could she muster the confidence to fight her to the end.

Seeing that his employer had left, the lawyer picked up the transfer contract from the table and followed

suit.

Left alone and helpless, Frida slumped in her chair. Upon learning about Gwendolyn's high status, she shook her head and sighed with tears streaming down her face.

"Who would have thought this would happen? Old Mr. Wright probably had no idea what kind of person he had brought home six years ago. After keeping everyone in the dark for so many years, you turned traitor and took over Wright Construction Group! What kind of karma is this!"

She suddenly remembered that not long ago, Gwendolyn had come to their door and threatened to make the Wright family go bankrupt!

At first, she didn't take it seriously. But now that she found out the shares were sold to Gwendolyn by the sneaky Samantha, she realized that the Wright residence had also fallen into Gwendolyn's hands.

She lost her shares, her money, and even the Wright residence. She was left with nothing.

The Wright family is really going downhill!



Frida was both angry and tearful, pounding her chest and stomping her feet.

Gwendolyn enjoyed the look of despair on Frida's face. "In the three years since I married into the Wright family, you've always been so high and mighty. Have you forgotten you were once just a child from an ordinary family after being the wife of a wealthy man for a long time?"

Frida glared at her fiercely. "Don't think that just because you're a big shot, I'll be afraid of you! It was you who hid the truth from me in the first place. An orphan from an orphanage is never good enough for my son! Stop trying to put me down!"

Gwendolyn didn't say anything as she just shook her head and laughed, feeling that Frida's way of thinking was beyond redemption.

Chapter 105 Never Remarrying In This Lifetime

Gwendolyn could not help but laugh when she heard that.

"If it weren't for me, Wright Construction Group might have been renamed to Lane Construction Group. Yet, you're trying to provoke me instead of thanking me?"

"What do you mean?"

It was still no different from giving the Wright Construction Group to an outsider by having it given to her.

Frida was puzzled for a moment before she seemed to realize something. She softened her tone and asked. "Could it be that... you want to remarry my son?"

If Gwendolyn were to remarry Maverick, she would then still be considered a member of the Wright family, and with that, Wright Construction Group would naturally still belong to the Wright family.

Gwendolyn's gaze gradually turned cold. She retorted, "It would be impossible for me to remarry. Not chance in this lifetime." Her tone was stern as she replied, leaving no room for discussion about this matter.

After all, Maverick did not deserve to have her hand in marriage again.

"So, what exactly are you trying to do?" Frida could not understand.

"Out of respect for Old Mr. Wright, I will not make changes to the company's general policy, and I will keep the group's name as Wright Construction Group. You could also buy back the Wright Construction Group from me if you have the ability."

"What are you trying to..."

Frida was at a loss for words even though she was cursing Gwendolyn to be struck by lightning just now. She never expected that Gwendolyn would do that much for Declan, despite Gwendolyn having already obtained Wright Construction Group.

Gwendolyn paid no attention to her surprised expression. She looked at Yulia, who was standing quietly at the side, and instructed, "Have someone to calm down the construction team who is causing a commotion downstairs. Also, remove Samantha's spies from all departments within two days."

"All right."

Yulia immediately headed off to make the arrangements.

Gwendolyn then looked around the CEO's office before she instructed the bodyguard, "Throw away all the old things in this office and replace them with new ones, including the chairs and paintings. Don't miss any single one."

The bodyguards sprang into action right away. They began moving items under Frida's astonished gaze.

The first thing that was getting thrown away was the chair that Frida was sitting on right under her buttocks.

Hence, Frida had no other choice but to stand.

Faced with the predicament of ending up with nothing in the future, she had to let go of her airs of being

a wealthy wife and previous mother-in-law. Frida spoke with a somewhat ingratiating tone.

“Gwendolyn, considering our past relationship as in-laws, could you please return the villa of the Wright family to me? You surely would not want to see Sheralyn and me live on the streets, would you?”

Responding to Frida’s words with a gentle smile, Gwendolyn answered, “You can have it, of course, as long as you redeem it back with money.”

Her words left Frida stuck in a difficult position. “You knew all my money was taken by that scoundrel Samantha. Why would I have any money left...”

Gwendolyn then responded, “I won’t return it to you just like that. However, I can offer you a great place to stay instead.”

Frida was perplexed.

Although she did not believe that Gwendolyn would really be so kind-hearted, she had no other option but to trust the latter for now.

Following that, Gwendolyn brought Frida out of Wright Construction Group and headed straight to the Wright residence.

“What are you doing?” Frida felt even more confused.

In turn, Gwendolyn flashed a smile as she answered, "You'll find out soon enough."

She called out all of the housekeepers in the entire villa, then had them stand in several rows at the garden's open space.

"All of you must have already heard the news about Wright Construction Group, I believe."

Hearing her words, the housekeepers lowered their heads while exchanging glances with one another. Gwendolyn continued, "From now on, Frida and Sheralyn will no longer be the owners of this villa but the lowest-ranking housekeepers!"

As soon as these words were spoken, the housekeepers began to whisper among themselves.

Frida's face turned pale immediately. She scowled at Gwendolyn. "You! How could you!"

Gwendolyn ignored her accusing glare and continued to give orders. "From now on, anyone who has ever been bullied by them can instruct them to do anything. If they cannot do the work according to the instructions, you may report them to me at any time."

With that, the voices from the crowd of housekeepers grew louder.

Frida's expression changed drastically. She would rather die if she had to allow these lowly people to climb over her head and bully her as they please in the future.

"Gwendolyn, you've gone too far!"

Gwendolyn turned around and met her murderous glare. With a sneer, she uttered, "I can let both of you continue to live in the Wright residence, but you should know very well that there's no such thing as a free lunch in this world."

That was the fact, indeed. Frida did not have any words to retort to that, but she knew it would be a

humiliation to her!

She would never allow any possibility for that to happen!

Gwendolyn clearly knew that Frida would not back down easily.

“You were arrogant and overbearing before and even offended your maternal family. Since Lane Group failed their scheme this time, they must be holding a lot of grudges. If you go to seek refuge with your brother, Louis, do you think he might take advantage of your situation and make your life even more difficult than it is now?”

Frida bit her lower lip and was rendered speechless because Gwendolyn guessed it right.

“Other than me, you do not have other option.”

Gwendolyn smiled and continued. “I can allow you and Sheralyn to stay at the Wright residence as housekeepers. You would not need to worry about meals, and you would even be given the compensation you deserve. Once you’ve saved enough money, you can come to me to buy back the villa anytime. So, it’s up to you to choose-living in a villa or under a bridge.”

Frida clenched her fist so tightly that her entire arm was trembling.

With no news about her son’s whereabouts and that both she and her daughter were now penniless, Sheralyn would surely break down if they had to live under a bridge.

However, if these housekeepers could walk all over them in the future, Sheralyn would likely not be able to accept that either.

How should I choose...

Frida was caught in a dilemma for a long time.

On the other hand, Gwendolyn was not in a hurry. She gave Frida plenty of time to think.

“All right, I agree to that.”

Upon hearing the answer, Gwendolyn curled her lips into a delighted beam. She then turned to look at Hannah, who was the highest-ranking maid, and ordered, “Starting from today, you will be in charge of this villa. Remember, Frida and Sheralyn are no longer the owners of the villa, so you don’t need to fear them as you did before.”

Hannah was surprised by the honor. “All right, Ms. Shalders. From now on, you are the one and only owner of this villa!”

Gwendolyn nodded in satisfaction. Just then, her phone suddenly chimed with a text message notification. After taking a glance, the twinkle in her eyes grew even brighter. Without further ado, she turned away and left the Wright residence.

As soon as she left, the group of housekeepers shot angry glares at Frida with despised looks.

Feeling intimidated by their oppressive feeling. Frida gulped as she clarified, “Don’t just listen to anything she ordered. The land you’re standing on still belongs to the Wrights. It won’t be long before I take it

back!”

If it were in the past, her words might have had some deterrent effect. However, the group of people

standing in front of her now had been displeased with her for a long time. How could they possibly miss this opportunity to deal with her?

Hannah snickered. "Bring it up when you can actually get it back. At least for now, you have to listen to us!"

group of people instantly grabbed onto Frida and was about to drag her away.

"What are you trying to do? Are you rebelling against me?" Frida screamed out in fear as she struggled with all her might.

Hannah then explained. "Sorry to say this, Mrs. Wright, but only the master of the house is entitled to stay in the bedroom. As you are now a low-ranking housekeeper, you are only allowed to sleep in the basement."

The basement is filthy, messy, and cold, with no air conditioning or heated floors. There is even no bed. How can anyone sleep there?

"I don't want to! Let me go!"

Unfortunately, Frida's strength was no match for the experienced housekeepers who always did the chores. She was forcibly dragged to the basement.

In addition, Hannah also mentioned that if Frida did not behave, she would be locked up and not be given food. Furthermore, she would only be let out when she learned to be obedient.

The group of housekeepers felt delighted as they listened to Frida incessantly banging on the basement door and continued to make a ruckus.

All of a sudden, one of them remembered that they were missing someone. "Sheralyn is still sleeping in her room on the second floor. Let's wake her up now! She used to love to berate us, so let's give her a taste of her own medicine and see how she likes being humiliated!"

"Good idea! We'll look for Sheralyn! Let's teach her a lesson!"

The group of people cheered while they moved away as if they were having a long-repressed wild party.

In the afternoon, Maverick, who was still yet to recover from the waist injury, finally managed to completely shake off the relentless pursuit of that group of people. He had successfully arrived at Fairlake.

Due to going through the cycle of searching for people, hiding, getting drenched in the rain, and getting injured for a few days continuously, he had become extremely pale.

Unlike his previous handsome and distinct appearance, this paleness added a touch of enchanting charm to him.

Once Maverick returned to Fairlake, the first thing he did was go back to his place and take a hot shower. He then changed into a clean suit which made him look impeccably elegant once again.

His phone was turned off to prevent the battery life from being used up since there was no signal while he

was in the mountains.

To his surprise, the call history bombarded his phone the moment he turned on the device.

All the calls were from Zachary.

Maverick dialed back, and the other end picked up almost instantly, sounding extremely anxious.

“Maverick, you finally answered the phone! If you still do not return to Fairlake by now, I might even think that you are dead!”

Maverick frowned and questioned, “What’s wrong?”



Come back to Wright Construction Group quickly! Something major has happened!”

## Chapter 106 A Thoughtful Little Gift She Prepared

After hanging up the phone, Maverick instructed Nico and the others to return to their respective positions and await further orders. Meanwhile, he hurriedly made his way to Wright Construction Group.

It was about time to clock out, and there were only a few people left in the company. He made his way smoothly into the building and went straight to the CEO’s office on the top floor.

Upon opening the door, he noticed the entire room had been redecorated.

Unlike the black and white style he used to favor, the sofa was now green, and even the tablecloth on the coffee table was green.

He instinctively frowned as he hated this color.

In front of the desk, a slender figure was sitting with her back toward him.

“Mr. Wright, long time no see!”

As if she heard him enter, the woman turned her chair and radiantly smiled when she looked at him.

“Are you surprised to see me sitting in your seat? Did you expect this?”

Maverick pursed his thin lips and stared unwaveringly at the woman before him.

After not seeing her for half a month, her face seemed even more beautiful. Her skin was delicate and flawless, and her red lips were always bold and unrestrained whenever she smiled. However, all that remained in her eyes was coldness.

He had been searching for her for so long, and she now appeared before him unharmed. He thought he would be overjoyed but realized he couldn't even muster a smile.

While Maverick was observing Gwendolyn, she was also sizing him up..

It had been a while since they last saw each other, and he seemed to have lost weight. She wondered what he had been through during this time.

Seeing him staring at her with a gloomy expression, Gwendolyn smirked with a hint of sarcasm. "You must be disappointed to see that I not only survived but also caused the Wright family to go bankrupt and became the person in control of Wright Construction Group, right?"

Maverick remained silent, his darkened eyes fixed on her.

Gwendolyn felt annoyed under the intensity of his gaze.

Despite losing everything, he could still put on an appearance of composure and grandeur.

However, she was determined to shatter his prideful facade.

"In fact, it's not just that. Your beloved fiancée, Natasha, and that lackey, Noah, have both been sent to rot in jail by me. Now even the Wright residence is mine."

She propped her chin on her hand while her elbow rested on the desk. Her delicate face lifted slightly as she smiled audaciously and locked eyes with the motionless man standing not far away.

Beneath this innocent and enchanting expression lays an extremely wicked heart.

Maverick's face turned cold, his expression grave.

He had spent over half a month searching for her in the mountains from Fairlake to Lightspring.

And how did she repay him?

-She had Treyton bring Asher's men to hunt him down and meticulously orchestrate the downfall of the Wright family.

It was simply outrageous!

"Why?"

His voice was slightly hoarse due to a fever he had had a few days ago as he spoke, and his deep black eyes. brimmed with anger.

Gwendolyn's expression turned cold in an instant.

He didn't say anything when she mentioned the downfall of the Wright family.

It seemed that only Natasha, whom he cherished, could elicit a different reaction from him.

"You know exactly what you've done."

Maverick was baffled, yet his eyes still glimmered with anger.

Ignoring the anger in his eyes, Gwendolyn recalled the surprise gift she had prepared for him, and a smile once again adorned her red lips.

“To celebrate your return, apart from the Wright family’s downfall, I’ve specially prepared a surprise gift just for you!”

She calmly retrieved an agreement from the drawer and lightly pushed it in Maverick’s direction with her slender fingertips.

Maverick stepped forward and opened the agreement before carefully reading through it.

The contents were unbelievably absurd!

He chuckled, a hint of irony playing on his pale lips. “What makes you think I would sign this?”

Gwendolyn leisurely took a sip of her coffee..

“I was a full-time wife in the Wright family for three years. Now, if you serve as my personal butler for a full year, I’ll return both Wright Construction Group and the Wright residence to you. Isn’t this at profitable deal? Or do you think you’re incapable of fulfilling the role?”

Maverick sneered, “I don’t need a year to regain control of Wright Construction Group.”

Gwendolyn applauded. “Well said. I certainly believe you have the capability. But your mother and sister have already signed employment contracts. Don’t you care about their well-being?”

His face suddenly turned icy and stern.

“I can’t believe you used them as leverage against me. Don’t you think that’s despicable?”

Both of them exuded strong, unyielding auras. They were evenly matched.

“Why should I adhere to morals dealing with unreasonable people like you and your family? You’re the one who didn’t properly assess your position and mistakenly believes you have the qualifications to

negotiate terms with me. Besides signing this agreement, you have no other choice because this is the debt you've accumulated over three years!"

Debts?

His past indifference had hurt her.

His disregard had led to her being mistreated by Frida and Sheralyn for years. Also, what happened with Natasha...

Maverick fell silent.

Back then, he had thought Natasha was the little girl who had saved him years ago.

Natasha wanted him to be her protector, and he became one.

Natasha wanted a status, to be the legitimate Mrs. Wright, and he gave her that too.

Regarding this, he really owed Gwendolyn.

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He had wanted to divorce her early on but held on because of Declan. He reluctantly dragged it out and wasted three years of her youth.

"All right, I'll sign it."

His well-defined fingers took the pen from the desk, and he signed his name at the bottom right corner of the agreement without hesitation.

He thought it would end there.

However, Gwendolyn pulled out a beautifully wrapped small gift box from the drawer, her eyes curving into a smile. "This is also for you. Would you like to open it and have a look?"

Maverick hesitantly took the gift and opened the lid. Inside laid a syringe about the size of his pinky finger.

The syringe was filled with an unknown transparent substance.

It was obviously not something good.

Seeing his furrowed brow, Gwendolyn explained, "I know you're skilled in martial arts, and I can't defeat you. So I have to be cautious."

Indeed, it wasn't something good!

Maverick's expression grew even more serious as he stared intently at the tiny syringe.

Gwendolyn seemed to understand what he was thinking. "Don't worry. It's not poison. It will only weaken your physical strength for two months, making you unable to defeat me. It won't affect you in doing normal household chores and tasks. It may sting a little during the injection, but you'll have to self-administer it every two months."

She spoke as if she was describing an ordinary matter.

The smile on her face seemed as if she were discussing what to have for dinner.

She completely disregarded Maverick's increasingly cold and icy expression.

+5 Bonus

hint of danger sparked in Maverick's dark eyes. "Since you know you can't defeat me, are you not afraid of provoking me? Should I take action against you right now?"

Gwendolyn waved her hand nonchalantly.

"You're in my territory, and if you make any moves, the building's security guards will storm in. I know you're strong and capable of effortlessly handling ten opponents. But what about twenty? Or thirty?"

She paused, her lips curling up into a wicked smile. "Would you like to give it a try?"

Maverick remained silent.

Their eyes locked, sparks flying between them. Neither of them was willing to back down an inch.

"Once your strength wanes and you get knocked down, I will still have someone inject the syringe into your body. Don't forget. You've already signed the agreement. You have to obey me. The choice is yours. Do you want to be forcibly injected by me or maintain your dignity and do it yourself? I'll leave the decision to you."

Chapter 107 Be Good And Call Me Master

Maverick laughed sarcastically.

This so-called right of choosing actually did not offer any real options to be chosen at all.

As he had been standing for a long time, the wound on his waist split open, and blood oozed out of it. The pain caused him to feel dizzy.

The innermost white shirt was stained with blood and stuck to the wotind, making him feel very uncomfortable.

Fortunately, the black suit jacket concealed the blood, so Gwendolyn did not notice at all.

Maverick bit his thin and crimson lips tightly and strived to steady his breath, making it difficult for others to notice anything unusual. Alright, it's just one year. I can endure it!

He picked up the syringe and rolled up his suit jacket and shirt sleeve, aiming at the spot on his arm. He injected the syringe into his arm fiercely as if he was venting out his emotions.

Gwendolyn watched in silence. Noticing how Maverick was torturing himself with so much force, she furrowed her eyebrows.

How arrogant. Gwendolyn heard that the pain from the injection was rather unbearable, so she wanted to see how long the man could maintain his pride.

In just a few seconds, the small thumb-sized tube of drug was completely emptied.

Plop!

The sound of a syringe falling to the ground was emitted.

Maverick bit his lips tightly. The bite on his lower lip had left a row of bloody marks, and intense pain rushed through his entire body. Soon, cold sweat drenched his forehead.

Every part of his body ached painfully, and with an existing injury on the waist, the immense pain lasted for almost two minutes before it gradually subsided.

However, what came afterward was a sense of fatigue as if it seeped deep into his bones.

Maverick felt exhausted that he could not even stand steadily. He fell to the ground weakly like a fallen leaf in the wind.



When he closed his eyes, there was a brief buzzing sound in his ears.

As soon as the buzzing sensation ended, a woman's crisp and pleasant voice entered his ears. "When you first get this injection, the reaction you will get might be quite intense. Bear with it for a while."

Maverick hung his head weakly and pursed his thin pale lips lightly together.

As he closed his eyes, his long eyelashes trembled slightly as if he was enduring some immense pain.

After the pain eased down slightly, the sound of high heels could be heard as it approached him.

Gwendolyn glanced down at Maverick and then crouched down, forcefully lifting the latter's chin up to observe him closely.

Unlike his previous looks with a domineering and masculine demeanor, his handsome face at this moment was pale, and his sickly appearance made one want to tease him.

As Maverick slowly opened his eyes, a hint of vulnerability, which was barely noticeable, appeared in his once overbearing dark pupils.

How rare indeed! Gwendolyn admired the man's delicate and frail appearance, like that of a sickly beauty. With a satisfied smile, she said, "Good boy. How about you try to call me 'Master'?"

The teasing words made Maverick very displeased, and a strong sense of humiliation welled up in his mind.

He glared at Gwendolyn angrily and used all his strength to break free from her hand, stubbornly turning his face away.

He seemed like a furious tiger that had been provoked.

Gwendolyn stopped teasing him and did not continue to push him any

further.

He had been arrogant for the first half of his life, so it was quite normal for him not to be able to get used to the current situation in a short time.

It would need time to guide and teach him slowly, and Gwendolyn had the patience to do that.

Then, Gwendolyn got up, no longer paying attention to Maverick, who was feeling weak on the floor. She gave him time to adjust to the drug on his own.

She returned to her desk and began to settle her work.

Now, in addition to handling trivial matters of Angle, she also had to deal with the matters of Wright Construction Group that she had recently taken over.

Wright Construction Group was nearly ruined by Samantha, a toxic employee within the company. Because of that, almost all of the core employees had to be replaced.

It seemed Gwendolyn would be kept busy every day for a while.

The sky outside the floor-to-ceiling window gradually darkened, and before Gwendolyn knew it, she had been busy until eight o'clock in the evening.

The office was very quiet except for the sound of her typing on the keyboard.

She closed her laptop and rubbed the back of her sore neck. Suddenly, she realized that more than an hour had passed. Why hadn't I heard any sound from Maverick? What tricks is he playing?

She walked around the office desk to take a look. The man was lying on his side on the floor, and his long legs were slightly bent. His eyes were tightly closed, and his eyebrows furrowed together as if he was experiencing immense pain even in his sleep.

Gwendolyn was a bit skeptical and called out to him. "Maverick, stop pretending and get up quickly now."

The man's eyebrows furrowed even tighter, showing no response.

Gwendolyn felt weird. His state... It doesn't seem quite right.

Although the man's reaction to the injection was very strong at first, the pain only lasted for half an hour.

Unless Gwendolyn frowned, reaching out to remove Maverick's suit jacket, and she accidentally brushed her hand against his waist.

The man let out a grunt in pain.

The frown on Gwendolyn's face deepened even more. Is there an injury on his waist?

As Gwendolyn was about to continue removing his coat, a pair of big hands abruptly gripped her wrist.

Maverick had woken up.

Despite the throbbing pain in his head, which made him feel dizzy, his hands reacted subconsciously. "What are you doing?"

Gwendolyn withdrew her hand, but she did not answer his questions. She asked in an indifferent tone. "Are you hurt?"

"It's already healed," Maverick replied.

Both of their tones were very indifferent.

After that sentence, there was a long period of silence.

Gwendolyn was just casually asking that question and only showing concern for her little servant boy. If he doesn't appreciate my concern, then let it be.

"Since you're feeling fine and have enough rest, let's get up and get going." After Gwendolyn finished speaking, she picked up her bag without looking back and pushed the door open to leave.

"Where to?" Maverick asked.

Gwendolyn replied, "If you don't keep up with me soon, you'll have to go home barefoot later."

Go home? This sentence left Maverick in a trance for a few seconds.

Looking up. Gwendolyn had already walked quite a distance away.

After more than an hour of rest, Maverick's physical condition had improved. He quickly got up from the floor and caught up with Gwendolyn's pace.

Gwendolyn took Maverick back to Bay Villa, the place that carried three years of unpleasant memories. When she first agreed to accept Maverick's villa, she did so with the mentality that it would be a waste if she did not accept it. After all, who would have a problem with accepting such a valuable asset?

Who would have guessed that she would walk back into the villa again one day.

They were still the same even after so many years.

However, their roles had switched, and so was their state of mind.

Gwendolyn stood in front of the villa and was not in a hurry to go in. Instead, she looked at Maverick and said. "From now on, you will be the only servant here. You must prepare three meals a day before I return, regardless of whether I would eat or come back. You must have the meals ready and have them set on the table."

She added, "When I'm not at home, clean the entire house thoroughly and make sure it's spotless. When I come home from work every day, you must be standing at the door to greet me. Have my shippers ready and say. You've worked hard today?"

The more she talked about it, the smile on Gwendolyn's face grew deeper

Meanwhile. Maverick's expression grew increasingly unpleasant, and his face darkened to the point that it almost blended into the night.

All the tasks mentioned were clearly not what a man should do. It was obvious that Gwendolyn did that out of malicious revenge.

She's humiliating me! "You're trampling on my dignity. Maverick's voice was low, and he was almost gritting his teeth.

Gwendolyn chuckled, "What else do you think a servant is supposed to do? Do you expect me to provide with food for free? You should have thought about this when you signed the agreement. Do you want to go back on your word now? Well, I'm sorry, but it's too late."

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Maverick's face darkened, and his hawk-like sharp eyes fixated on her.

Gwendolyn was amused by his expression. Did he think we were till in the past?

Now, no matter how fierce Maverick's expression was, he was just like a husky with its teeth pulled out in her eyes.

"You consider this humiliation? Do you think women are supposed to take care of household chores, do laundry, and the cooking? But when a man does them, it's called trampling on his dignity?"

She scoffed and continued. "Well, I insist on breaking the norms! Whatever I did three years ago, you're not allowed to miss any single one of them!"

## Chapter 108 I Am Your Master

So, are these all the things she has done in the past three years? Maverick was left speechless instantly

He knew that Frida was rather mean towards Gwendolyn. Could it be that Frida had deliberately dismissed the villa's housekeepers in the past and left all the household chores to Gwendolyn alone?

At that time, every time Maverick came home from work, he could see that the house was clean and tidy, with steaming hot meals prepared, but he never paid attention to the details.

Due to his repulsion of Declan's insistence on him marrying Gwendolyn, he would always choose to ignore her presence subconsciously. Moreover, he would even make a few sarcastic remarks at her whenever he was in a bad mood...

Gwendolyn noticed that Maverick was in a daze, so she waved her hand in front of his eyes before she continued, "However, you should be mentally prepared for it. With one year offsetting to three, the tasks you'll need to accomplish will also double."

Maverick shook his head and let out a cold laugh. She is adamant to give it all back to me.

Gwendolyn walked ahead, not noticing the man's expression. Then, she remembered something and said, "Oh, that's right. I forgot to buy a washing machine, so you have to hand wash and put up the

laundry from now on. Some clothes were made from different materials and needed to be washed separately, so don't mix them up."

Maverick stared at her back and mercilessly exposed her lousy excuse. "Are you the type to do something like that? I remember when the property was transferred to you, a woman named Joanne was running around and replacing all the furniture and appliances in the entire house."

After being exposed, Gwendolyn turned around and gave Maverick a cold stare, not intending to cover her lies up.

Maverick was right. Gwendolyn had intentionally donated the washing machine to the orphanage.

The children in the orphanage needed the washing machine more than Maverick.

The two of them entered the hall side by side in silence.

Gwendolyn fumbled slightly along the wall and instantly turned on the light. This was an action guided by her muscle memory.

The living room was brightly lit. The house maintained its original structure, but the furniture and the matching style were no longer in the black-and-white tones like the past.

Gwendolyn headed straight for the kitchen with Maverick quietly following behind her.

Upon entering the kitchen, she took a thick book out from the cabinet and handed it to Maverick.

"Here's a cookbook. From now on, you must prepare each meal according to the recipes in this book. Each meal should consist of one meat dish, one vegetable dish, and one soup. You must make different dishes every day with no repetition."

Maverick took the book and roughly flipped through two pages.

Seeing that he did not object, Gwendolyn glanced at the time. It was already half past eight, and she had not eaten dinner yet.

“Let’s start tonight with your cooking. Let me know when it’s ready. As for the room for your sleeping arrangements, you can choose any room on the second floor but not the third floor.”

After she finished speaking, she went upstairs to her study. There was still a pile of documents from the office to be read, so she had to work overtime.

Maverick watched her figure disappear from the staircase, and only then did he let out the breath he had been holding. The pain was so intense that he arched his back, barely managing to steady himself by leaning on the table.

The bloodstains on the white shirt had long since dried up. The shirt was stuck to the wound and couldn’t peel off.

After wetting the shirt with hot water, he applied a warm towel to compress it for a few minutes before carefully separating it from the skin bit by bit.

To avoid being discovered by Gwendolyn, he quickly took off his shirt and washed away the bloodstains.

If it were before, Maverick would probably wring the clothes until it was almost dry. Nevertheless, due to the injection today, he had become too tired just after wringing it half dry.

not to leave Since there was no other choice, he could only put on the damp shirt that was just dry enough. water droplets on the floor and then wore his original dark-colored suit jacket over it. If one did not look closely, it should not be noticeable.

After doing all of these, he felt as if he had used up all his energy and was too exhausted.

The special drug was indeed effective.



He had not even started cooking dinner, and half an hour had already been wasted. Maverick had no choice but to grit his teeth and start studying the cookbook.

Opening the refrigerator, he found all kinds of fresh vegetables and meats in their freshest condition.

It was very clear that everything that happened today had been planned by Gwendolyn in advance. Maverick's gaze darkened, but it was unclear what he was thinking.

At the study upstairs, Gwendolyn sat in front of the computer with full concentration.

The girl groups talent show she created had already progressed until the third season, and its popularity and trending topics on the internet remain consistently popular.

As for her friend Jennifer from the orphanage, she seemed to be unaffected since returning to continue recording for the show after recovering from her injury. She quickly got into the groove and consistently ranked within the top fifteen. If everything went well, she should be able to make it to the finals without any issues.

Everything seemed to be moving in a good direction.

After watching the talent show, she called Hannah at the Wright residence.

Hannah said, "I arranged for the two of them to mop the floor tonight, but Sheralyn was making a big fuss, even cursing at you. I locked them back in the basement. Did I do the right thing?"

Gwendolyn spoke seriously, "No problem. Since they've become housekeepers, restrain them by what is required of a housekeeper. If they don't listen to the instructions, punish them accordingly. However, there's one thing you need to take note of: Make sure to discipline the male housekeepers at the Wright residence well. They must not have any dirty thoughts!"

Hannah replied, "Yes, Ms. Shalders. Please be rest assured, I will definitely handle everything properly and well."

Hannah was still incessantly assuring from the other side of the phone. The window remained open, and Gwendolyn suddenly caught a whiff of a burned smell in the air. It seems like... It's coming from downstairs?

She hung up the phone in a panic and dashed downstairs, only to find the kitchen filled with thick, black smoke.

Maverick tried to fan away the smoke while coughing from inhaling the smoke.

Gwendolyn was speechless. "You are supposed to cook a meal but look what you have done. Are you trying to burn the house down?"

She covered her nose and mouth as she entered the kitchen. She turned off the stove and switched on the smoke extractor and ventilation fan.

After quite a while, the suffocating smell finally dissipated just slightly.

She pointed at the charred, coal-like black object in the pan and asked, "What is this supposed to be?"

Maverick honestly answered, "Pork ribs,"

Gwendolyn took another glance. Oh, my. This is such an eyesore!

She asked, "Did you put a catty of barbecue sauce on this? It's burned too! Not even a cookbook can save you from cooking anything now. How terrible are your cooking skills?"

Maverick expressed innocently, "I just followed the cookbook. It said to simmer on low heat for an hour and a half, but I thought that was too slow. So, I figured that using higher heat would be faster. That's why..."

Gwendolyn asked, "So, you thought you would not fail by doing that?"

Maverick did not respond. How come it feels like her words are not only about the dish but also seem to be criticizing me indirectly?

Gwendolyn's face was sullen, and she sighed before continuing to ask, "Do you really expect me to have this for dinner?"

Maverick replied, "I have also grilled some vegetables."

Gwendolyn asked again, "Where's the dish?"

Maverick led her to the dining table.

Although the grilled vegetables may appear bland, the color looked normal and they appeared to be cooked, which should be edible.

Gwendolyn sighed. Alright, I'll just have to make do with this meal.

Seeing that Gwendolyn wanted to have a taste, Maverick helped her pull out a dining chair and went to the kitchen to get a set of cutlery for her.

Gwendolyn watched his figure strangely as the latter entered and exited the kitchen. Just an hour ago, he felt humiliated and uncomfortable because he had to do the chores, and now he had adapted to the job that quickly?

On the other hand, Maverick stood quietly to the side after completing all those tasks, behaving so well that it was almost unbelievable.

Is he a little too attentive? Gwendolyn felt that his behavior was strange.

ange.

Hence, she picked up a piece of grilled vegetable, but she caught a glimpse of an almost imperceptible gleam shining in the other's eyes. Hmm... Something's definitely not right.

She furrowed her eyebrows almost inaudibly and brought the grilled vegetable to her lips, ready to take a bite.

The man gently raised his eyebrows, seemingly anticipating something.

However, when Gwendolyn looked over, the other's face returned to his cold and icy expression.

6

Gwendolyn put down her fork and playfully curled her lips. She said, "You eat first."

Maverick lowered his head. "I dare not."

Although bowing his head, his attitude was not respectful. Gwendolyn thought that Maverick's behavior was indeed all just an act.

She smiled slyly, and her sharp gaze swept toward him, leaving no room for discussion in her tone. "Now, in this villa, I am the master, and you are the servant. Therefore, this is an order. Come here now and sit. down!"

Chapter 109 No Dinner For You Tonight

If Maverick kept refusing, it would become obvious that something was fishy.

Maverick went to the kitchen with a cold expression on his face and brought out a new set of cutlery.

Ender Gwendolyn's intense fierce gaze, he picked up a piece of grilled vegetable and stuffed it into his mouth without hesitation, chewing emotionlessly for a moment before swallowing it.

The whole set of actions went smoothly, like moving clouds and flowing water.

Maverick replied, "It tastes just like regular grilled vegetables. Want to give it a try?"

Gwendolyn propped her chin with one hand and pointed at the plate of vegetables with the other. She whispered in a devilish tone, "Finish this entire plate."

Maverick's expression changed slightly, and then he smiled. "You said that you're the master here, so this is made for you. How could I eat it?"

Gwendolyn did not feel like wasting time talking nonsense with him. "If you don't eat, I'll get the bodyguards to help you with it."

4

"You!" Maverick's dark eyes narrowed, and he stared at her without flinching. "Are you trying to use your power to suppress me?"

Gwendolyn did not deny it. "Exactly. When dealing with a disobedient servant, one must take firm measures. So, do you want to eat by yourself, or should I have them come in and feed you?"

Another multiple-choice question without a choice.

Maverick's face darkened gradually under her gaze.

Maverick's pride and hostility all these years had been ground by the woman before him four times in just a few hours this afternoon. How detestable and despicable!

However, just as Gwendolyn was staring at him, she smiled with her eyes curved, which looked innocent, like there was no such thing as using power to oppress others.

It made his anger seem overly petty.

It was impossible for him to refuse.

Maverick picked up the fork again and reached for the plate of grilled vegetables on the table. He didn't even realize that his arm was slightly trembling.

He held his breath and stuffed a large piece of vegetable into his mouth. It was incredibly difficult to swallow down the food as his entire mouth seemed to reject the bizarre taste.

In order to teach Gwendolyn a lesson and vent his frustration, he almost added a big amount of every bottle of seasonings with inconspicuous color.

Who would have guessed that she would be so cautious, and not eat a single bite? That half-smile expression on her face seemed to tell him that she had already seen through his trick.

Maverick refused to give up, so he tried to maintain a calm demeanor as he tasted the dish. However, as soon as he took a bite of the dish, his stomach felt sick.

Unable to hold it in any longer, he rushed to the kitchen and threw up violently.

Gwendolyn laughed while clapping her hands, greatly admiring Maverick's endurance as he managed to take three bites of the food before spitting it out. Trying to torture me with this little trick? Just how childish is this man?

Gwendolyn said, "Mr. Wright, it's not right to waste food. As a punishment, you're not allowed to have dinner tonight."

Maverick had vomited until his stomach was empty, but he still could not help but continue to retch.

Gwendolyn's words had reached him, but he did not feel like responding.

Even stomach acid had been vomited out, leaving a burning sensation in Maverick's throat. If she doesn't allow me to eat, then so be it.

He might choose not to eat, but Gwendolyn still needed to.

After the hideous episode, it was already past nine o'clock, and Gwendolyn was indeed feeling a bit hungry.

With Maverick's cooking skills, there was no hope for him to prepare dinner for tonight.

Therefore, she decided to cook a simple bowl of pasta for herself.

The pot on the stove was already burned, so Gwendolyn had no choice but to take out another pot from the cabinet.

She boiled some water and added the pasta. She was apt in what she was doing.

Maverick just stood quietly by the door, watching her.

Seeing her serious and calm figure, Maverick's mind was in a daze.

If time could rewind to the day we got married three years ago and start over again, would everything become different? If I hadn't agreed to divorce her back then, and we just lived a simple and ordinary life together, things might turn out fine too...

His thoughts came to an abrupt halt, and he laughed at himself mockingly. If Gwendolyn knew what he was thinking, given her personality, she would probably say, "You wish, id ot! Do you even deserve to remarry me?"

He was just a servant who signed a contract and was truly undeserving to do that.

As he was thinking, Gwendolyn had already prepared a delicious bowl of spaghetti Bolognese.

There was only one bowl of spaghetti, with no extra sauce left.

In fact, not a single drop was left in the pot.

What a heartless woman. She really would punish me for not getting dinner ready without any hesitation. Maverick felt quite awkward, but seeing Gwendolyn enjoying her meal, there was nothing he could do there. He decided to go upstairs to the guest room on the first floor and tidy up a room for himself to stay

1.

"Stop right there." Gwendolyn called out to him, "Come here. Stand in front of me and watch me until I

finish rating

Maverick, stood in position as she requested with a cold expression on bir face

At first, he did not understand her meaning until the aroma of the pasta invaded his nostrils mercilessly.

The pasta smells so good.



She's really enjoying her meal too.

Maverick's Adam's apple rolled slightly, yet his face remained stern, standing there like a doorkeeper.

The impact of the smell was very strong. After he vomited, his stomach was almost completely emptied.

At this moment, letting him "appreciate" how she was eating was nothing less than cruel torture.

Maverick finally understood the wicked thoughts Gwendolyn had in wanting to torment him.

After finishing the bowl of spaghetti Bolognese, Gwendolyn felt full. She elegantly wiped her mouth with a napkin and looked at the man standing before her, whose face was as dark as coal.

"Remember to clean the kitchen thoroughly before going to bed It should look exactly as it was before you started using it, and don't even think about slacking off." After she finished speaking, she stood up and prepared to go upstairs.

However, her gaze caught sight of the man's unusually white shirt.

Gwendolyn furrowed her eyebrows and walked over, gently lifting up the collar of his shirt. There was a faint hint of pink on it. Why does it look like bloodstains?

Maverick noticed her eyes narrowing dangerously and quickly explained, "It's blood from the pork ribs. It accidentally stuck on my shirt while I was cleaning the ribs."

Gwendolyn did not believe it at all. With a forceful twist, her hand felt the wet water stains. She looked up again, scrutinizing Maverick.

Then, she showed him the water stains on her hands.

Maverick said without blinking an eye, "I washed it because it got dirty."

Gwendolyn watched him lie with a straight face as she could not understand what was going on.

Why hide it when you're clearly injured? Does he think that I might not only be unsympathetic but rub salt in his wounds instead? Haha.

However, it was true that if she were really being pushed to the limit, she could not guarantee that she would not do that.

Since the man did not want to say more, Gwendolyn also decided not to ask further and turned around to head upstairs.

As she passed by the cabinet in the living room's partition, she stopped in her tracks and took out the first-aid kit from the inside, placing it in an obvious spot. Then, she returned to her room without looking back.

Upon seeing her movements, Maverick's pupils quivered slightly.

Has she guessed that I am injured, or... she knew all along? Does the group Asher sent to kill me have anything to do with her? Who is she anyway? How many more secrets about her that I am not aware of?"

Maverick looked upstairs with his mind filled with doubts and concerns. His deep, dark eyes looked like they were planning something, but it was unclear what he was pondering.

Gwendolyn went upstairs and took a long shower. Just as she finished, she heard a knock on the door.

Only two people were living in the villa, so it was obvious who that was. Gwendolyn could only quickly change into her pajamas.

The sound of door knocking continued, and the noise was quite disturbing. Then, Gwendolyn went to open the door with an unfriendly expression. "What is it?"

Maverick who was standing outside the door was taken aback. It seemed he had not expected her to change her outfit so quickly.

Gwendolyn was wearing pink cartoon pajamas with her hair wet, and her face without makeup made her skin appear even more fragile as if it could be broken with just a touch. Her tiny mouth was pinkish, but her eyes were glaring at him with displeasure.

This scene is surprisingly... a bit adorable? Maverick lowered his gaze and let go of those inexplicable thoughts that had entered his mind. He said, "All my luggage is at Sky Villa, where I was staying before, so

Like to go out and get them."

Gwendolyn frowned almost imperceptibly and subconsciously glanced at the time.

It was already eleven o'clock at night.

## Chapter 110 A Plot

"You are not allowed to go," Gwendolyn said in a firm tone before moving to shut the door.

"Wait a minute, ouch..." Maverick instinctively reached his hand out to block the door and winced in pain. His face twisted and his forehead broke out in cold sweat.

Gwendolyn was startled. "Are you out of your mind? How can you stop a door with your

hands?"

Eww... There are a lot of nerves in the fingers, so this has to hurt a lot.

Maverick covered his reddened right hand and felt sorry for himself. "Can you at least let me finish speaking now that I'm injured? We might have signed an agreement, but you can't take away my basic rights. Don't you think..."

Gwendolyn interrupted him and said, "Speak in plain language."

"I want to go back to Sky Villa," he said without hesitation, with his eyebrows slightly furrowed.

In the past, this expression would intimidate anyone who saw it.

However, due to the injection of the special drug, his skin color remained a shade paler than usual, exuding a sickly impression with a sense of fragility to it that was rather aesthetically pleasing to the eyes.

Despite his height of one hundred and eighty-eight centimeters, he did not give much of an intimidating presence. Instead, he resembled a big hound that was pretending to be a sheep.

Gwendolyn felt a twinge of sympathy at first when she saw his injured hand, but instantly changed her mind once she heard what he said.

Huh! Do you think you can play me with a self-inflicted wound and use my sympathy against me? Just wait until tomorrow!

"No way. Go to bed now. I will have the bodyguard pack and send it over tomorrow morning," Gwendolyn rejected him.

"Hey..." Maverick wanted to argue, but the only response he got was the heavy sound of the door slamming shut.

"What a heartless and merciless woman," he muttered as his expression instantly darkened.

He turned and headed down the stairs. He went straight to the first floor, intending to go to the front door

and assess the situation.

As soon as he stepped out of the living room, two bodyguards suddenly emerged from the shadows even before he had a chance to set foot in the garden.

“You are not allowed to go out at night. Mr. Wright. Please go back,” warned one of the bodyguards. Maverick’s expression darkened further, and he was left with no choice but to turn around and return to his room.

Since the bodyguard could monitor his actions at any time, it was clear that Gwendolyn was wary of him.

He glanced at his phone and saw a missed call from Nico. After deleting the call history, he decided to turn off his phone.

He had been spending sleepless nights searching for people in the mountains for several days and was even injured. On top of that, he had to cook and do other household chores earlier that day, leaving him completely drained.

As soon as he lay down in bed, he quickly drifted off to sleep.

Sometime later, he was suddenly awakened by the chirping of birds outside the window.

He jolted awake in the darkness.

He recognized that it was his unique secret code with Nico.

He quickly got out of bed and walked towards the window. Suddenly, the overhead chandelier made a clicking sound and turned on.

When he turned around, he saw Gwendolyn leaning against the door with a faint smile on her lips.

Maverick stood still and stared at her. D'mn! I have become so numb to the surrounding after injecting the drug.

He did not even notice it when she entered the room.

Gwendolyn continued to smile as her sharp gaze fixed on him.

"Are you not sleeping yet?" Gwendolyn asked.

Maverick forced a smile. "I am feeling a little hungry and can't seem to sleep, so I am thinking of heading to the kitchen."

"Is the kitchen located outside the window?" Gwendolyn asked with amusement. "Are you planning to jump from the second floor to get something to eat?"

She noticed something was wrong when she heard the chirping of a bird.

After all, she had set up top-grade security for the yard, so not even a fly could get in, let alone a bird. Maverick remained silent, as he could not think of a good reason to argue with her.

She did not bother with exposing his lies and simply said. "It is already one in the morning. I suggest that you get some sleep. You will need to wake up at six tomorrow to make breakfast. Do not try anything, or you won't be allowed to eat for the whole day."

With that, she turned around and went back to the third floor.

After the delay, Nico did not make any more noises as he had likely noticed that something went wrong, Maverick closed the curtains and decided to look for another opportunity to contact Nico.

The next morning, Maverick got up on time according to Gwendolyn's instructions and saw the bodyguards rushing around as they carried something into the living room from outside.

He walked over and found that they were carrying his belongings into the house.

Wow, they are being delivered so early?

"Mr. Wright, please pack and move these things upstairs before Ms. Shalders wakes up. Ms. Shalders does

not like to see her house in a mess, and she will be unhappy if she sees all these laying around, the bodyguards said with a slightly gloating tone as they pointed to the stack of paper boxes that were piled up as high as a person when they saw Maverick coming over.

Maverick did not say anything as he knew the bodyguards were deliberately trying to provoke him.

With his current strength, he knew he would be exhausted halfway through carrying all the boxes, and it would take a considerable amount of time to finish the task on top of preparing breakfast before Gwendolyn woke up.

Seeing how Maverick was not moving, the bodyguards looked at him tauntingly and hinted, "Mr. Wright, a man should never admit to his lack of ability, but if you really can't do it, you can also ask us for help."

Maverick's eyes narrowed coldly, and he immediately began to move the boxes.

By the time Gwendolyn's emerged from her room, she found Maverick drenched in sweat with his white shirt clinging to his body, revealing his well-defined muscles.

Although she always knew that he had an attractive physique, it no longer interested her.

"Is breakfast ready?" she asked.

"I have one last box to bring up. Please give me a moment," Maverick gritted out as if any distraction would intensify the fatigue he was feeling.

Gwendolyn nodded and headed downstairs to the living room.

Suddenly, she noticed that the first-aid kit she had taken out of the cabinet last night was nowhere to be found.

Without a flicker of emotion, she averted her gaze and settled into the sofa to watch the morning dramas.

After about ten minutes, Maverick took a refreshing shower and changed into a clean outfit before heading downstairs.

As he passed by Gwendolyn, he did not bother sparing a glance at her and went straight to the kitchen.

Gwendolyn assumed that he had not started cooking yet and walked over to him.

To her bewilderment, she saw Maverick carrying two plates of warm food out and putting them on the dining table, before heading back to the kitchen to fetch another dish and some cutleries.

She froze in place and felt slightly surprised by the sight of him rushing in and out.

In just one night, Maverick had adapted to all the arrangements she made. Not only did he move heavy objects, but also cooked breakfast. Besides, he managed to arrange his time so well that he solved the problems she presented swiftly.

Gwendolyn had a sneaking suspicion. This man is anything but ordinary. He is also hiding something.

Just as she was absorbed in her thoughts, Maverick arranged the cutleries and stood silently to the side, waiting for her to take a seat.



“Why is he acting so obedient all of a sudden? Is he hiding something?” Gwendolyn observed his meek demeanor and wondered.

Despite her doubts, she sat down and started eating her breakfast without saying a word.

“The oatmeal was too runny, and the bacon was under seasoned,” Gwendolyn commented inwardly.

Since it was still edible compared to last night’s dinner, Gwendolyn did not deliberately make things difficult for him.

She put down her fork after only a few bites, and Maverick tactfully cleared the table and started doing the dishes.

There was plenty of time left, so Gwendolyn sat back down on the sofa, snacked on some fruit, and watched a drama.

Meanwhile, she couldn’t help but occasionally cast a glance at Maverick, who was on his hands and knees, cleaning the floor. Her appetite and mood were greater than ever.

In the past, Frida deliberately made things difficult for Gwendolyn by not allowing any mops in the villa, insisting that cleaning the floors by hand was more effective.

She would never know that one day, her beloved son, whom she was so proud of, would be crouching at the feet of the woman she despised most to scrub the floor.

The pleasure of retribution surged through Gwendolyn as she grinned and languidly savored a cherry. Just as she was lost in the moment, her phone buzzed. It was a call from Yulia.

“Boss, Dexter is causing a scene at your office. He is demanding to see you and won’t leave until he does,” Yulia informed Gwendolyn urgently over the phone.