

Her Riches 11

Chapter 11 Not Worthy Enough

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

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

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

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

Their eyes met.

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

He never knew how beautiful his ex-wife was.

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

Maverick found himself lost in her eyes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gwendolyn narrowed her eyes as well.

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

When their eyes met again, sparks were flying.

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

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

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

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

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

Maverick tried to go after her, but Treyton towed him away to talk to some other CEOs.

Although Natasha and Sheralyn could not hear what Gwendolyn and Maverick had said, they could see the "loving" look Gwendolyn and Maverick had shared.

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

In contrast, Natasha was tearing up.

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

As she spoke, she began sobbing.

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

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

Nonetheless, not only did Natasha not stop sobbing, but she even started hiccupping. She looked like the epitome of misery.

“But, Sheralyn, what else can I do?”

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

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

“Sheralyn, what are you planning to do?”

At that, Sheralyn inched toward her ear and whispered.

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

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

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

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

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