

Her Riches 111

Chapter 111 Is His Death Related to Her

After a few seconds of silence, Gwendolyn finally said, "Alright, I understand."

I thought Samantha kicked that cunning old fox Dexter out of town. How did he come back so quickly? Gwendolyn thought and subconsciously glanced at Maverick, who was still wiping the floor.

With broad shoulders, a narrow waist, and wearing a white shirt and black pants, Maverick looked oddly at peace.

His quick adaptation from being Fairlake's leading CEO to a servant boy made Gwendolyn wonder if he had gone through similar experiences before or been subjected to inhuman treatment in the past.

Despite the fact that he was being humiliated, he still exuded an air of nobility, as if it were ingrained in his bones.

Gwendolyn noticed that because of his tall stature, he had to crouch and kneel to wipe the floor. He seemed to be sweating again after only a short while, and there was a faint bite mark on his thin lips.

It looks like this pose isn't just making him feel tired. He seems to be in pain around the waist Gwendolyn mumbled inwardly.

"Stop cleaning for now. You can continue later when we come back. Come with me to the company." Gwendolyn walked up and said in a flat tone.

When she turned her head, she caught sight of Maverick sighing a breath of relief, as if he was liberated. When he stood up, he placed a hand on his back to support his lower right back and quietly rubbed his knee.

Gwendolyn said nothing and withdrew her gaze gently, before taking the lead to walk out of the door. Maverick followed her silently and got into the car. Soon, they arrived at Wright Construction Group.

The door was left slightly ajar, as they approached the CEO's office, and Dexter's furious voice could be heard through the gap.

"Call and find out where she is. Get her to come over here to see me! The Wright family isn't extinct yet. Since when a divorced woman like her can get to run the show?" Dexter shouted angrily.

Gwendolyn stood at the door and listened for a moment, before turning to Maverick and asked, "Do you know what to do when we go in?"

Maverick nodded and answered, "Tell the truth."

Gwendolyn was content with the response and retracted her gaze. She pushed the door open, stepped inside, and gazed at the person sitting on the visitor's sofa.

"Mr. Wright, it is been a long time since we last spoke, and it seems like your explosive temper has not waned at all. I can see why Old Mr. Wright did not feel comfortable entrusting Wright Construction Group to you," Gwendolyn said with a hint of sarcasm.

With her words, Gwendolyn had delivered a direct hit that put salt in Dexter's wounds. He had long felt indignant about not being valued by Declan, so his expression instantly darkened with fury at her words.

"Have you no respect for your elders?" Dexter asked angrily.

"Well, polite and courteous elders certainly deserve respect, but are you one of them?" Gwendolyn sat

calmly on the sofa across from him. Her face remained expressionless with the exception of the sneer playing on her lips.

"How dare you?" Dexter snapped at her, his lips trembling with anger.

Though the two were seated, Gwendolyn's casual demeanor left Dexter feeling inferior.

Dexter was about to continue lecturing her when he caught a glimpse of a familiar figure standing next to her out of the corner of his eye.

Upon closer examination, he realized it was Maverick, who had been missing for quite some time.

“When did you return, Maverick? Since you are back, why did you allow this woman to take over Wright Construction Group?” Dexter queried.

“Uncle Dexter, I only came back yesterday afternoon, and everything was already settled by then,” Maverick stated plainly with any emotion.

“Stop with this it is all settled’ nonsense!” Dexter spat out in anger.

“You hold forty percent of the shares that your grandfather gave you, and you have been running Wright Construction Group for years. You have considerable power among the shareholders. How could you allow this woman to take away the position of the company’s leader?” Dexter’s frustration boiled over as he slammed his hand on the coffee table and shouted.

“Uncle Dexter, all the other small shares of the company have been purchased by her, except for your fifteen percent, so she’s now the biggest shareholder of Wright Construction Group,” Maverick explained.

“What?” Dexter asked as he was confused.

Dexter could not help but notice the difference between Maverick’s explanation and the story Samantha had told him.

Yulia, who was standing next to him, astutely placed the company’s share register on the coffee table. After examining it closely, Dexter’s expression darkened.

He was not in Fairlake yesterday, so it would make sense for Gwendolyn to take charge if Maverick was not around. However, he had been coveting the position of the top executive for so many years that he refused to let an outsider take over so easily.

He shifted his gaze back to Maverick who stood there and said, "What are you standing there for? Come and sit down. You are the second largest shareholder of the company, after all."

Gwendolyn also glanced at Maverick.

Maverick kept his lips tightly shut without saying anything and lowered his head like a once prideful lion that had its claws removed.

"I speak for him as he is my housekeeper now. He only gets to stand since his master is talking to a guest." Gwendolyn was rather satisfied with Maverick's obedience and turned to Dexter with a smile.

Dexter could not believe what he heard and gaped. His eyes shifted back and forth between the two as he tried to process what Gwendolyn had just said.

As soon as he realized the situation, he was incensed. "You stupid fool! Did you sign a contract to sell yourself? Acting all meek and obedient in front of a woman, with your head bowed and agreeing to

everything, you've brought dishonor upon the Wright family!" Dexter exclaimed in anger.

Dexter was a man of traditional values, and on top of that, Maverick was the only child the Wright family had raised with such high hopes.

Despite his initial reluctance to let Maverick take over as the head of Wright Construction Group. Dexter eventually relented, knowing that Maverick had the ability to lead the company to great success. Indeed, under Maverick's leadership, the company had reached new heights, which had enabled Dexter to live quite comfortably off of his share dividends. However, Maverick had ended up being wrapped around at woman's fingers.

“Today, I will teach you a lesson on behalf of your grandfather and my brother!” Dexter shouted angrily as he rushed forward and slapped Maverick hard across his face.

Maverick remained motionless and did not move an eyebrow as Dexter charged towards him.

There was a crisp sound of a “snap”.

Maverick emitted a muffled grunt as his left cheek became visibly swollen, with blood starting to trickle from the corners of his mouth.

The strength of the slap overwhelmed his weakened physical condition, and he instantly lost balance.

Gwendolyn quickly caught him as he fell.

However, Dexter was not done venting his anger yet. He lifted his palm again, ready to deliver another slap.

“This is not the Wright family’s meeting room, nor is it your company. If you want to hit someone, go back and do it there. Don’t try to act tough in front of me.” Gwendolyn grabbed his hand and pushed him back hard.

The bodyguards at the side intervened swiftly and forced Dexter back onto the couch.

Maverick regained his balance and wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth with a calm expression. He did not even flinch when Dexter rushed up to him. His deep black gaze was unreadable as though he was planning something.

Gwendolyn was a little angry when she saw Maverick’s pitiful state.

“In case you did not know, the Wright residence is no longer the exclusive property of the Wright family. The traditional and rigid rules in the meeting room should be done away with!” Gwendolyn cast a venomous glare at Dexter and jeered.

“Did this woman take over the Wright residence as well?” Dexter asked.

Dexter felt frustrated and exasperated. Then, he thought of Frida, and looked at Maverick’s indifferent expression, before pointing and cursing at him.

“Do you realize that you are abetting the wicked? I left Fairlake a few days ago because I found evidence that suggests this woman is involved in your grandfather’s death!” Dexter said.

Upon hearing that, Maverick finally lifted his gaze and focused on Dexter.

“This woman was responsible for my father’s death! And now she is scheming to take over the Wright family’s business. She is a cunning and vicious woman! We cannot let such a woman stay!” Dexter gnashed

his teeth as he spoke.

He gave Maverick a pointed look.

“Do not be indecisive, or you will pay the price. Maverick, you must make up your mind soon, Dexter warned.

Chapter 112 The Drama Between Two Men

After saying his piece in front of Gwendolyn, Dexter let out a deep sigh, put his hands behind his back, and walked out of the CEO’s office angrily without looking back.

As soon as he left Wright Construction Group, his worried expression transformed into laughter of joy.

Meanwhile, in the office, Gwendolyn turned on her heel and made her way over to Maverick. She saw the swell around the corner of his mouth and a clear thumbprint on the left side of his face.

How dare Dexter beat up such an adorable face?

I'm going to get rid of that old fox sooner or later!

"Does it hurt?" Gwendolyn asked as she pinched his chin, examining his wound.

Without showing any sign of pain or anger, Maverick kept quiet with a serene expression on his face as if he was not the one who had been slapped.

Gwendolyn's anger grew as she saw Maverick's indifferent expression, so she viciously pinched the soft flesh on his left cheek.

Maverick scowled, grimacing in pain and attempting to dodge her grasp.

Finally, he is showing some kind of emotion. I thought he was immune to pain. Gwendolyn mused inwardly.

"So

you do feel pain. Why didn't you dodge when Dexter hit you earlier, then? Don't tell me you were too slow to react!" Gwendolyn questioned with a disapproving tone.

Gwendolyn wondered how many slaps Maverick could have handled before falling had she not come to his defense.

Maverick pursed his lips and retorted, "Where were you on the day Grandpa died?"

As Gwendolyn locked gazes with him, she marveled at how dark his eyes were.

Does he believe Dexter's words and suspect that I killed Declan?

"I was with Old Mr. Wright. I was the last person he saw before he died." Gwendolyn answered truthfully.

"What did he say to you?" Maverick continued asking.

Gwendolyn remained silent for a moment.

Before he passed away. Declan asked her to help maintain the Wright Construction Group. He also told Gwendolyn that Maverick had a proud temperament, but was also a loyal man deep down. If Maverick discovered Gwendolyn's good qualities and fell in love with her, he would be willing to give her everything. He made Gwendolyn promise to take care of Maverick and never divorce him.

However, she had failed to keep that promise. After trying to warm Maverick's stone-cold heart for three years, she no longer cared. Therefore, protecting Wright Construction Group was the only thing she could do to honor her promise to Declan.

Maverick noticed that she was lost in her thoughts, and narrowed his eyes before asking again, "What did he say exactly?"

Gwendolyn took a seat on the sofa once again, her eyes regaining their usual coldness.

"No comment," Gwendolyn said indifferently.

Her tone was slightly taunting as she uttered those words.

A flash of anger flickered in Maverick's eyes.

"What? Do you also think I was the one who killed Old Mr. Wright?" she continued with a smile.

Maverick paused for a moment, before answering seriously, "No, you wouldn't."

He wasn't a fool. I guess he's not completely dim-witted.

Her anger had subsided somewhat. Then, she looked up and saw Maverick standing there stiffly, looking rather uncomfortable with the left side of his face swollen, which detracted from his previously charming

appearance.

His temperament may be flawed and in need of guidance, but this pretty boy is still easy on the eyes. It won't be acceptable if he gets hurt.

Gwendolyn reached under the coffee table and retrieved a spare first-aid kit, before pushing it toward Maverick. "You look terrible. There are ice cubes in the small fridge at that corner over there. Take some and apply them to your face."

"Alright," Maverick replied.

Without any objection, Maverick fetched the ice from the small fridge in the corner, and sat down on the sofa, skillfully applying the medicine.

Gwendolyn walked up to her desk and began working on her tasks.

The bodyguard and Yulia took the hint and exited the room, closing the door behind them.

The only sounds in the office were the clicking of the keyboard and the occasional sound Maverick made while applying medicine to his wounds, creating an eerie atmosphere.

Neither of them was willing to break the silence, and the tense ambiance lasted for almost an hour and a half until Yulia knocked on the door again.

“Ms. Shalders, Mr. Ferguson has arrived,” Yulia reported.

Why is Sherman here?

She considered it for a moment and said. “Let him in.

Maverick, who was sitting on the sofa, suddenly scowled.

Mr. Ferguson? Which Mr. Ferguson is that? Is he another man she’s newly acquainted with?

Maverick stood up just as Sherman pushed the door open.

Even though they were quite far apart, they noticed each other’s presence right away.

Seeing each other as rivals, they were both instantly consumed by jealousy.

“Well, look who it is. The heir to the Ferguson family in Salinsburgh. My apologies for not recognizing you sooner.” Maverick spoke first with a smirk.

Upon seeing him, Sherman felt a surge of anger in his heart.

Sherman had intended to dissuade Gwendolyn from signing the agreement with Maverick, and he did not expect her to bring Maverick into the company so brazenly. After all, they were at Wright Construction Group.

Sherman’s expression darkened as he approached Maverick. “Gwendolyn has divorced you, and the one- unrealistic year agreement she signed with you is just for you to repay your debt. You must not have any thoughts about her because of this. Don’t you agree, Mr. Wright?” Sherman whispered.

His expression was gentle, yet his tone was threatening.

Maverick paused when he heard Sherman mentioning the agreement. Does he know about the agreement? It seems that he has a rather close relationship with Gwendolyn.

"I wonder what gives you the right to warn me, Mr. Ferguson?" Maverick asked sarcastically.

"She is single now, and I am pursuing her. I believe she will soon agree to be with me, so I am warning you as her future boyfriend," Sherman retorted.

"You are trying to show your dominance already, Mr. Ferguson, but it sounds like she has not even agreed to be with you yet," Maverick countered.

"What difference does it make? At least I have a chance, whereas you will never have one!" Sherman said with a scowl.

Maverick was instantly rendered speechless.

Gwendolyn rubbed her temples as the two men in front of her traded insults and resentful glares. Once again, her office had turned into a battlefield.

Here I thought only women cause drama. Why are these two guys causing drama as well?

The two men were still engaged in a heated debate in front of the couch.

"Even if you are unwilling to admit it, you cannot deny the fact that I was her former husband, and I was closer to her than you ever were!" Maverick declared.

He enunciated the last four words slowly as he shot Sherman a pointed look.

"How many years have you known her? How well do you know her? I grew up with her since we were kids, so I know her better than you do!" Sherman exclaimed in a loud, furious tone.

Maverick's pupils contracted and his brows furrowed even tighter at Sherman's words.

"That is enough!" Gwendolyn intervened as she could no longer stand their bickering. All she wanted was for them to leave her office as soon as possible.

She turned her gaze at Sherman. "What brings you here today, Sherman?"

Sherman originally intended to persuade her to terminate the agreement with Maverick, but he knew better than to mention that in front of Maverick.

In the end, he used work as an excuse. "It is about the film studio. I went to Angle to look for were not there, so I came here when I found out that you are at Wright Construction Group"

Sherman had brought up a matter of work.

you. but you

Gwendolyn turned to Maverick. "You have not visited your mom and Sheralyn since yesterday afternoon, have you? I will have the bodyguard take you to the Wright residence to visit them, and you can calm them down so they stop causing trouble."

Is she deliberately sending me away? Is she choosing Sherman over me?

Maverick was annoyed and refused, "No way!"

Gwendolyn did not care whether he was willing to leave and directly called for the bodyguards to come in and take him away.

As they brushed by each other, Sherman fixed his gaze on Maverick's left cheek, which was still somewhat swollen, and grinned tauntingly, as though he had emerged as the winner of their altercation.

Maverick left the office with a dark expression, took the elevator down, and was shoved into the car by the bodyguards.

Nevertheless, his jealousy towards Sherman had dissipated and he was preoccupied with the last words that Sherman had uttered.

Maverick could not help but recall the time when Treyton said something similar to intentionally agitate him.

He did not think much of it at the time, and thought Treyton said it just to make him mad but looking back, he could not help but feel that something was not right.

Chapter 113 Solidify Your Relationship

In Gwendolyn's records, there was only a single mention of an orphanage when she was fifteen years old. Yet, the young masters of the two powerful and influential families in Salinsburgh claimed to have known her since childhood.

Could she also come from one of the major families in Salinsburgh? But why did she end up at Fairlake Orphanage and coincidentally saved Declan?

Not long after she married him, she suddenly initiated a divorce. While he was away, she swiftly seized control of the Wright family's power and claimed their residence as her own, even going as far as to send Asher's men to kill him.

Could it be that everything was premeditated from the very beginning?

If that is the case, is her so-called debt just an act?

Is her insistence that he pay her back for three years of her youth merely an attempt to dispel suspicion and provoke his guilt?

Maverick's dark eyes grew serious as the doubts in his heart deepened.

Maverick was lost in thought. Before he knew it, the car had arrived at the entrance of the Wright residence.

Maverick wanted to go in by himself, so he turned to the two bodyguards and said, "You two, wait at the door. I'll enter and have a quick look. I'll be out shortly after exchanging a few words."

The bodyguard's expression was resolute. "I'm sorry, but Ms. Shalders has instructed us to not move a step from you and protect you at all times. Mr. Wright, please don't make our job difficult."

To not move a step from me? Gwendolyn really is guarding against me cautiously.

"Alright, you may come along, but when I engage in conversation with my mother and Sheralyn, can you kindly maintain a bit of distance and refrain from eavesdropping on our conversation?" Maverick requested.

The two bodyguards exchanged glances and nodded in agreement.

Due to Frida's seniority and her personal experience of hardships during her childhood, she understood the value of persevering through difficulties. As a result, Hannah and the other housekeepers did not deliberately make things difficult for her. On the other hand, Sheralyn was young and impetuous and had been resistant to Hannah's orders. Consequently, Frida and Sheralyn were assigned different tasks.

Sheralyn was assigned to clean the toilets, even having to scrub the dirty ones in the servants' quarters.

Since she was closer, Maverick decided to visit her first.

Upon receiving the news, the housekeeper promptly released Sheralyn from her duties ahead of schedule and arranged for her to wait for Maverick in the hallway.

Sheralyn, dressed as a maid, had red-rimmed eyes, suggesting that she had been crying for an extended period of time.

The moment she saw Maverick, she rushed over to embrace him as if she had seen her savior, seeking comfort in his embrace.

“Maverick! You’re finally back! Are you here to rescue me? Please take me away. The Wright residence has become a living hell for me. I don’t want to stay here for even a second longer.”

She tried to drag Maverick to the door, but he didn’t budge an inch.

She was completely baffled.

The bodyguard beside Maverick explained, “He is now Ms. Shalders’ personal butler. He can’t save you. He’s just here to check on you.”

“What? He’s her personal butler?” Sheralyn was utterly shocked as she felt her hope crumbling.

She couldn’t accept the revelation. “Maverick, how could you give in to her? You’re my brother! You’re the backbone of the Wright family! Why would you do this...”

The bodyguards wanted to say something, but Maverick glared at them fiercely. Sensing the cue, the bodyguards sealed their lips and distanced themselves by two meters.

Only after the bodyguards left did Maverick speak softly, “Sheralyn, please stay calm for a while longer. I’ll figure something out.”

Sheralyn broke down in tears, exclaiming, “What can you possibly do? You’re nothing more than her housekeeper now, just like my mother and me. What difference does it make in our statuses?”

She paused, suddenly thinking of something, and a wicked expression slowly formed on her face.

"I understand now, Maverick! Do you have frequent opportunities to be alone with her? If so, Maverick, you must find a chance to eliminate her. She has caused me so much harm, and we cannot coexist!"

Maverick looked at Sheralyn's current state. She was completely blinded by hatred, and he deduced that no matter how much he tried to reason with her, she would not listen.

After reminding her once again to lie low, Maverick turned around and made his way to check on Frida.

Sheralyn, being persistent, was still shouting from behind, "Maverick! Remember this! You must kill her! I want her dead!"

The two bodyguards' expressions changed slightly.

Maverick noticed the expressions on their faces but didn't say anything. Instead, he made his way to Frida without looking back.

Frida was found in the backyard, diligently clearing away weeds.

Seeing her son safe and sound in front of her, Frida felt the overwhelming joy of regaining what was lost. Embracing Maverick, she cried and tenderly asked how he was doing while comforting him.

"Good to have you back, Maverick. You've lost so much weight lately. Haven't you been eating well? Your face looks pale too. Are you sick? I know things haven't been easy with Gwendolyn around, but you must take care of yourself. Otherwise, it will break my heart."

Frida gently caressed Maverick's face. Although the swelling had subsided, she still noticed something was amiss.

"What happened to your left cheek? Who hit you? Was it Gwendolyn?"

Maverick held her hand and said, "No, it was Uncle Dexter."

“How dare that old man, Dexter, lay a hand on you? Once the Wright family’s crisis is resolved, I’ll make sure to teach him a lesson!”

She was visibly annoyed.

However, Frida couldn’t help but wonder if Gwendolyn still cared for her son since she hadn’t harmed him.

She quickly surveyed her surroundings and saw that the two bodyguards were engaged in their own conversation at a distance, oblivious to their interaction. Leaning in close to Maverick’s ear, she whispered, “Maverick, Gwendolyn is not an ordinary woman. She has orchestrated everything flawlessly, from Natasha’s imprisonment to the downfall of the Wright family. Samantha had her suspicions about Gwendolyn’s true identity, but she never revealed anything in the end. I believe there’s something extraordinary about Gwendolyn’s background.”

Maverick’s eyebrows furrowed as he quietly listened to Frida.

“Maverick, you must seize the opportunity to thoroughly investigate her identity. If she turns out to be the daughter of a prominent family, make sure to treat her with attentiveness and strive to remarry her. If all else fails, consider finding a way for her to bear your child, as it would solidify your relationship with her.”

Frida initially married into the Wright family using this tactic.

Although Maverick was a man, she believed it was acceptable for him to utilize his appealing appearance to accomplish the objective.

Maverick’s expression grew darker as he promptly removed Frida’s hand from his face.

“Exploiting someone’s vulnerability? If I were to do such a thing, what kind of man would I be? Please don’t ever say such things again.”

Frida remained unconvinced. “What’s the harm? If you manage to remarry her, I promise I won’t cause

any

trouble for her. If she truly is from a prestigious family, I wouldn't mind serving her!"

"You're being unreasonable!" Maverick exclaimed coldly, and with that, he turned around and departed, leaving his mother behind.

Frida watched his retreating figure, stomping her foot in anger.

How come this child didn't inherit my fine qualities?

Seeing their conversation had come to an end, the two bodyguards resumed their close proximity to Maverick.

Maverick wore a solemn expression as he slowly walked past the lobby on the first floor.

The Wright residence was his best chance. Once he returned to Bay Villa, it would be difficult to contact Nico.

With that thought, he clutched his stomach, feigning discomfort. "I need to use the restroom. Please wait here, I'll be back soon."

The two bodyguards remained unwavering, continuing to shadow Maverick closely, to the extent that they contemplated accompanying him into the restroom.

Maverick stood at the restroom door, stopping the two individuals just in time.

"This is a private residence, and each floor has only one restroom with a single toilet bowl. Are you

you find that genuinely planning to stand in front of me and watch me while I use the restroom? Don't weird?"

Chapter 114 Investigate Her Identity Thoroughly

Upon hearing this, the bodyguards hesitated.

They could almost imagine the unpleasant odor of him doing the business. Oh, no....

However, if they didn't go in and keep an eye on Maverick, allowing him to escape, they would face challenges in explaining the situation to Gwendolyn.

While the two were caught in a double bind, Maverick, wearing a sly smile, added, "In order to ensure safety, all the restroom windows in the Wright residence are sealed. If you don't believe me, you can go and verify it yourselves."

As he spoke, he entered the restroom and made an attempt to open the window right in front of the bodyguards.

After that, the bodyguards personally tested the window, only to confirm that it was indeed sealed. They thoroughly inspected the entire restroom and found nothing significant except a small ventilation duct on the ceiling. The duct was very small and didn't seem like it could serve as an escape route.

Seeing them hesitate, Maverick spoke up again, "I'm suffering from an upset stomach, and I might need about fifteen minutes. I apologize for the inconvenience."

The two of them agreed.

"Then you only have fifteen minutes. If you haven't emerged by then, we will barge in straightaway and won't be concerned about what you're doing inside."

Maverick nodded, and the bodyguard turned around and left, standing guard at the door.

He gently locked the door behind him, quickly stepped onto the sink, and opened the ventilation duct on the ceiling.

In fact, during the initial design of this ventilation duct, an escape route was discreetly incorporated for the sake of any emergencies.

From the exterior, the duct appeared deceptively small. However, upon closer examination, one would notice half a brick's length of the duct was cleverly concealed behind the metal mesh, making it challenging to detect at first glance.

Once inside, two distinct passages awaited. One led to the villa's rooftop while the other led to the back door.

When he entered the Wright residence, he heard an unusual bird call emanating from above. So, he decided to take the passage leading to the rooftop.

However, despite the ventilation duct being spacious enough to accommodate him, it was still a tight fit. With his towering height of one hundred and eighty-eight centimeters, he had no choice but to move forward by bending his knees. Halfway through the arduous journey, exhaustion began to set in, and his waist injury started to throb.

However, with only fifteen minutes left, he had to grit his teeth and endure the pain while quickening his

pace.

As he finally opened the rooftop ventilation, Nico, who was hiding in the shadows, spotted him and immediately ran over to help him.

Seeing that Maverick's body was already drenched in a cold sweat and how his hands were trembling, despite having only crawled through a short distance; Nico immediately sensed something was amiss. "Boss, there's something not right. Even if your waist injury hasn't fully healed, it shouldn't be this exhausting, right?"

“I was injected with the improved version of the 023 special drugs.”

“What?”

Nico shuddered. “Did Ms. Shalders give you the injection? She’s really ruthless.”

Maverick remained silent, his dark eyes bearing an enigmatic depth, and his expression inscrutable.

Although Gwendolyn hadn’t disclosed the drug’s name, he recognized the effects from his prior encounters with the 023 special drug during wartime interrogations. However, the version administered by Gwendolyn was an adjusted prescription with reduced potency.

Nico was agitated. “Boss, since you’re already out, let’s leave the place. We don’t need to put up. Our men are all waiting outside, ready for your command.”

Maverick had a determined attitude.

with her.

“She holds a secret, possibly connected to the Wright family. I intend to remain by her side to uncover any pertinent clues. Time is running short, so I’ll keep it brief.”

Nico nodded.

Maverick continued, sharing all the doubts he had previously with Nico.

“Get in touch with Zachary. I have a hunch that Gwendolyn may have ties to one of the four prominent families in Salinsburgh. Given the attention and importance Sherman and Treyton place on her, we can exclude the Harris and Ferguson families. The Jenson family is highly unlikely to be tied to her too. Therefore, concentrate your investigation on the Newton family. Look for any girls who vanished or

went missing approximately six years ago, aligning with the timeline when Gwendolyn went missing. Report all findings to me promptly.”

“All right.”

Nico thought for a moment before he asked, “So, did you believe it when Mr. Wright said that Ms. Shalders is responsible for the death of Old Mr. Wright?”

Maverick’s eyes narrowed slightly, a glint of danger flickering in his dark pupils.

“I believe it, yet I also have doubts. That cunning fox. Dexter, is attempting to incite a fierce conflict between Gwendolyn and me, all for his own gain. However, Gwendolyn’s true identity is undeniably complex, which is why I must look into this matter.”

“But...”

Nico took a moment to reflect before speaking his thoughts. “If Ms. Shalders is orchestrating all of this intentionally, the likelihood of her being the daughter of a prominent family seems slim. Is it possible that she’s actually a spy sent by a family who has discovered your location? Judging by her abilities, she appears to be a highly skilled agent who can hide her true identity very well.”

If she were really a spy, then it would be difficult to uncover who she actually is...

Maverick contemplated for a moment. “That’s why we need to be prepared for both possibilities. If the truly is a daughter of a prominent family, perhaps all of this is mere coincidence, and my suspicions are unfounded. Tonight, I will seek an opportunity to test her further. Additionally, I have arranged for you to visit two individuals in prison...”

After Maverick finished his sentence, Nina nodded respectfully. “All right, Boss.”

“All right, you can go now.”

“Boss...”

As time was running out, Maverick turned to leave, but Nico called out to him, his expression hesitant.

“Speak.”

“Didn’t you suspect before that Ms. Shalders was the girl who saved you years ago?”

Maverick’s dark eyes narrowed, his tone indifferent as he responded, “But she denied it. It’s possible that I have made a mistake and she isn’t the one. We can’t jump to conclusions until we have thoroughly investigated her identity and her past.”

Ever since Maverick detected Noah’s unusual attitude toward Nansha, he feigned ignorance and let Noah conduct the investigation while also discreetly assigning Zachary to look into the matter as well.

It was confirmed that Natasha had indeed visited Saffron Street on that day. However, the timeline indicated that her visit occurred after the incident when he was rescued by the girl.

Over the span of more than a decade, Natasha deceived Maverick by claiming that he owed her for saving his life. She took advantage of his sense of responsibility as a man and created a whole mess of

problems. He had originally intended to confront her and settle the score, but since Gwendolyn had already sent her to prison, he decided to let her rot in there.

But if the girl who saved him back then was truly Gwendolyn...

A complex blend of emotions swirled within Maverick’s heart, and it was hard to tell what he was feeling from the depths of his dark eyes.

If so, he owed her more than the three years of toxic marriage she went through.

Meanwhile, at the entrance of the restroom on the first floor.

The bodyguards, Elven and Quinton Harris, were getting a bit impatient.

Quinton leaned against the door, straining his ears to catch any sounds from inside. Surprisingly, there was absolute silence. "Elven, it doesn't seem like there's anyone in there. Could this kid have actually managed to escape?"

Elven checked his watch and noticed that exactly fifteen minutes had passed.

Elven knocked on the door. "Mr. Wright, it has been fifteen minutes. Are you finished? I hope you're not constipated, aren't you?"

He then proceeded to knock three times in a row.

There was still no sign of movement.

Elven's face paled as he swiftly tried to twist the doorknob, only to realize that it had been locked from the other side.

"Oh no! Quinton, kick the door!"

Quinton quickly followed Elven's command, stepping back two steps before launching a forceful kick at the lock. The locked handle was instantly damaged by the powerful impact.

The two of them took a look inside.

Maverick stood calmly, adjusting his belt with elegant and natural movements.

Upon seeing the two people forcefully break through the door, his face turned a bit cold and stern, clearly displeased.

“Isn’t it rather inappropriate for the two of you to break something on your very first visit to the Wright residence?”

The two bodyguards meticulously surveyed the restroom, their eyes fixed on Maverick with caution. “This is now Ms. Shalders’ property. If any damage occurs, we’ll take responsibility and offer our apologies. However, why didn’t you respond when we knocked just now since you were inside?”

Chapter 115 Are You Going To Kneel

Maverick’s expression remained calm and composed as he said indifferently. “I prefer not to talk while I’m attending to my personal needs.”

Elven and Quinton were taken aback by this statement.

Could he be... It was only fifteen minutes. Did he take the time to jerk off while using the restroom? Isn’t the time a bit too short for a man?

Their gazes instinctively shifted downward from Maverick’s face.

Seeing their astonished expressions, Maverick’s face grew increasingly stern. F*ck, that was what he meant. when he said he wanted to use the bathroom.

But since he had been misunderstood anyway, Maverick saw no point in trying to explain himself. Instead, he simply walked to the sink and began to wash his hands with his usual graceful demeanor.

The two bodyguards watched him washing his hands.

Well, every man understands what this gesture means. Why should men make things difficult for each other?

Elven and Quinton were completely convinced by his nonsense.

After leaving the Wright residence, they escorted Maverick back to the car and drove him back to Bay Villa.

Upon arriving at the villa, Elven and Quinton informed Maverick before they discreetly positioned themselves in the shadows again. "Mr. Wright, we have approximately four hours before Ms. Shalders

returns. Despite your absence earlier today, there are still household chores that need to be completed. before she comes home."

"I know." Maverick maintained his stoic demeanor as he spoke and pushed the door open, stepping into the villa.

Gwendolyn finally got off work an hour later than usual.

Wright Construction Group had been facing significant challenges as a result of Frida and Samantha's extravagant spending. The company was grappling with numerous unresolved issues, and its stock market performance had declined significantly.

Gwendolyn had to put in extra effort in order to restore Wright Construction Group to its former glory within a short timeframe so that she could settle the score with Lane Group as soon as possible.

Upon returning to Bay Villa, she didn't rush inside. Instead, she summoned Elven and Quinton who were hiding in the shadows.

"Ms. Shalders," the two of them respectfully greeted, before starting their report. "Mr. Wright didn't display any unusual behavior today."

Gwendolyn didn't believe it. "Is he really that well-behaved? Are you sure you never let him out of your sight?"

Both of them said in unison. "Yes."

“Tell me everything he said to Frida and Sheralyn today, without leaving out a single word”

The two exchanged glances and began to report.

After listening to their report, Gwendolyn’s expression remained composed. “All right. Thank you for your update. You may go now.”

After gaining a general understanding of the situation, Gwendolyn gracefully made her way through the front yard garden to the living room.

The living room was brightly lit, and there was a faint aroma of food in the air.

In the kitchen, Maverick heard some noise and stepped out to find Gwendolyn entering the living room. Without a word, he swiftly retrieved her slippers from the shoe cabinet and placed them neatly in front of

her feet.

“Welcome home.”

Gwendolyn stood quietly at the door, observing him. Although he spoke with a somewhat reluctant tone, and his expression was icy cold as if she owed him three million dollars, he had completed all his assigned tasks. After a long day of work, Gwendolyn was too tired and couldn’t be bothered to continue nitpicking

at him.

After humming a reply, she turned her head and walked upstairs.

Maverick said. “The meal is ready. Let’s eat before you go upstairs.”

Gwendolyn's gaze fell upon the steaming dishes served on the dinner table. She suddenly recalled Maverick's past mockery and ridicule when she had diligently waited for him to return home for dinner

last time. Instantly, her face grew colder with each passing moment.

"Go ahead and eat, I've already eaten."

With that, she tried to leave again. Maverick stepped forward, a peculiar expression adorning his face. "You've already eaten? Who did you eat with? Treyton or Joaquin?"

Thinking about the encounter she had earlier that day, a slight frown appeared on Maverick's face. "It was Sherman, wasn't it? After discussing work, you two went to have dinner together?"

Gwendolyn frowned.

This tone and this expression... Why does he look like a wife who is suspicious of her husband who comes home late?

"Maverick, know your place. You're just my housekeeper now, so you have no right to question who I dine with."

After she finished speaking, she walked past him and went upstairs.

As he watched her figure gradually disappear into the stairwell, Maverick's demeanor underwent a drastic shift. An intense and sinister aura emanated from him, filling the air with an unsettling energy.

As he contemplated the test tonight, Maverick's gaze shifted toward the fruit knife nestled within the fruit basket on the coffee table. His expression became inscrutable.

It was three in the morning.

The entire villa was enveloped in deep slumber, as this was the time when people were in their deepest stage of sleep

The silvery moonlight spilled through the window, painting delicate patterns of light upon the sleeping man in the bed.

However, in the next moment, the man's eyes snapped open with full alertness. There was no trace of sleepiness in his deep, dark pupils.

He turned over and sat up, quietly leaving the room. He then reached the first floor and retrieved the fruit knife from the basket. After that, he went up to the third floor....

That night. Gwendolyn had a rather restless sleep.

She kept having this unsettling sensation that something was watching her from the shadows.

This feeling... Why is it so similar to the night before the divorce?

Startled by a sudden realization, Gwendolyn's eyes snapped open, and an alarming gust of wind suddenly brushed past her ears.

Without a second thought, she instinctively reached out and tightly gripped the blade. The sharp blade cut through her palm, and the crimson droplets cascaded down her arm, staining the pristine bedsheets.

Ignoring the pain, she quickly sat up. After assessing the distance between herself and the attacker, she swung her uninjured left hand, and soon her palm connected with a resounding slap against the man's face.

"Um..."

The slap landed squarely on the man's face. He let out a muffled grunt and fell to the ground, his grip on the knife handle loosening.

Gwendolyn hardly needed to guess the attacker's identity. In the entire villa, aside from Maverick, no one else would dare to flash a knife at her.

She threw the fruit knife aside and quickly turned on the table lamp to take a look.

As expected, it was Maverick.

She couldn't contain her anger. "Do you have a death wish? Do you truly believe that with your current strength, you can actually succeed in killing me?"

Maverick wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth with effort. As he looked up, his eyes fixated on the vivid red blood staining the bedsheets and Gwendolyn's hands.

Is this woman foolish? She actually tried to grab the blade with her hand!

He suddenly felt a bit guilty and didn't speak.

Gwendolyn noticed his bewildered expression and shot him a fierce glare. "What are you daydreaming about? Go fetch the first-aid kit immediately!"

"All right..."

Maverick quickly rose from the ground and swiftly made his way downstairs to retrieve the first-aid kit.

As he stepped out of the room, he came to a clear realization about something.

A well-trained spy should have been alerted the moment he entered the room. Despite Gwendolyn's timely reaction, he realized that she wasn't quick enough to avoid his attack.

In fact, Maverick's actions tonight were merely a test. If Gwendolyn had reacted quickly enough and attempted to harm him, he would have immediately sent a secret signal to notify Nico and the others who were lying in ambush outside.

If there was no reaction from Gwendolyn, he had planned to stop the knife just before it pierced her skin.

But this foolish woman...

He sighed. It seemed highly unlikely for Gwendolyn to be a spy. In that case, her series of retaliations against the Wright family must have been a coincidence.

Maverick's guilt deepened as he placed a hand to his lips, making a birdcall signal for retreat. Then, he

pace up the stairs. quickened his

In the room, Gwendolyn's gaze turned icy cold as she watched him enter the room again.

When he came closer, she finally spoke, her voice carried a somler tone. "Kneel now!"

Maverick hesitated for two seconds, his face reflecting his resistance,

While he acknowledged his wrongdoing, he was not willing to let her trample his dignity on the ground.

"A true man stands firm in the face of poverty and adversity, and remains unbowed by force and power! He kneels only to the heavens, the earth, and his parents, but never to anyone else."

"Fine, you don't want to kneel, huh? Seems like you enjoy being watched. I guess I'll have to call the bodyguards in to assist you," Gwendolyn said coldly, reaching out to press the alarm button by the bedside.

As soon as the words were spoken, a muffled thud resounded.

It was the sound of Maverick's kneecaps hitting the floor.

Maverick spoke with his chin held high. "But I'm the kind

Chapter 116 Your Apology Came Too Late

Gwendolyn was initially furious, but his witty response almost made her laugh in spite of herself.

His proud yet submissive expression, as if to convey, "I may have kneeled, but my resolve remains unyielding." made her snort. She scolded, "What are you waiting for? Apply the medicine now!"

Maverick quickly opened the first-aid kit and began to apply medicine to the wound on her palm. carefully.

The cut wasn't too deep, but it stretched almost across the entire palm.

Her once fair and delicate hand now appeared somewhat menacing due to the long, deep wound etched across it.

Maverick was suddenly overcome with a pang of guilt, and his movements while applying the medicine. became gentler and more cautious.

Gwendolyn looked coldly at the man kneeling obediently at her feet and asked with curiosity, "Since you know that you can't possibly kill me, why did you still engage in such a foolish act?"

Maverick kept his head down, tightly pursing his lips without speaking.

Was it to aid Sheralyn in seeking revenge, or did you genuinely believe Dexter's words that I was responsible for the death of Old Mr. Wright?"

Maverick remained silent as he focused on applying the medicine for her.

Gwendolyn fixed her gaze on him, thoughtfully organizing her thoughts for once. "I couldn't have killed Old Mr. Wright. He was already battling cancer, so it was unnecessary for me to go to such lengths.

You must be aware of this fact as well. So, was it all for Sheralyn's sake?"

The man responded to her question with silence once more.

Gwendolyn firmly hooked the man's chin with her uninjured left hand, forcing him to lift his head and meet her unwavering gaze.

"You should know my personality by now. Sheralyn might be happy that my hand got injured, but you'll have to pay the price. Is it worth it for you to do this?"

Maverick's eyes grew slightly red at that. "It's not worth it. That's why I deeply regret my actions."

Gwendolyn lowered her gaze to meet his, her sharp eyes keenly noting the traces of redness around his eyes. Well, he certainly looks sincere.

She wondered if Maverick was indeed feeling guilty because of her injured hand or if it was just part of his

act.

Her eyes darted around and met his swollen right cheek.

"Great, now the slaps on both sides of your face have created a perfect symmetry." She paused for a moment before continuing with a determined tone, "Do you remember not long ago when you cornered me in the ladies' room? I warned you then that one day you would find yourself kneeling before me and facing the consequences. Little did I know that day would arrive so soon."

A Maverick listened to her teasing tone, he felt a surge of annoyance. He forcefully pulled himself away

from her and resumed applying the medicine with his head lowered.

Despite his irritation, his movements remained precise and gentle, ensuring that he didn't cause her any further discomfort. He skillfully wrapped the wound with a bandage.

Gwendolyn watched his skilled movements and tentatively asked. "As the precious son of the Wright family, you must have been pampered since childhood, right? If you ever got even the slightest burp or scrape, Frida would surely be heartbroken. How come you're so proficient in applying medicine and bandaging wounds?"

Maverick paused for a moment. He wore a natural expression as he began to explain. "When I was younger, I had a mischievous streak, and I often ended up getting hurt. Over time, I learned how to take care of my own injuries."

Gwendolyn knew he was just humoring her and hiding something, but she didn't bother to ask any further.

The room fell silent for a moment.

The atmosphere was eerily quiet.

After gently applying the medicine, Maverick tactfully remained kneeling, choosing not to get up,

Gwendolyn gave him a cold glance, her eyes narrowing as she looked at the bloodstains on the bed. "Tonight, you will wash the entire set of bedding by hand. Wash it in the backyard. You are not allowed to sleep until it is done."

"All right," Maverick replied, hardly hesitated.

His eyes lowered. He looked so obedient that Gwendolyn found it almost unbelievable.

However, her anger simmered within her as she thought about the audacity of his actions. How dare he sneaks into my room with a knife? This man is so good at hiding.

Every time Maverick acted obedient, Gwendolyn couldn't shake off the feeling that he was holding back some mischief.

She was very annoyed and was determined to slowly wear away all the dignity and pride of this man.

"There's no way I can sleep now!" With that, she walked toward the door.

Maverick quickly grabbed her wrist. "Where are you going?"

"I'm staying with Mr. Harris for a few nights." Her tone was indifferent.

"Don't go!" he blurted out subconsciously.

After receiving Gwendolyn's angry glare, Maverick quickly softened his tone as he said, "I mean, it's quite late, and it might not be appropriate for you to disturb him at this hour. It's better to go to him at a more suitable time and in a more appropriate setting."

He hated Treyton, and Treyton hated him as well.

Perhaps his action stemmed from his inherent possessiveness as a man. Although he knew he had no to stop her, he felt a pang of jealousy and couldn't accept the idea of Gwendolyn seeking out Treyton.

"Let go"

As Gwendolyn took a determined step forward, Maverick matched her movement, his knees pressing against the floor, and he tightened his grip on her wrist.

“Don’t go! I’m sorry I shouldn’t have hurt you. It won’t happen again. Don’t go to Treyton.

Gwendolyn cast a curious glance back at him.

She had known him for so many years, and this was the first time she had heard him apologize.

He had failed to apologize upon discovering that Natasha had falsely accused her of drugging her.

Even after realizing that he owed her a debt for three years, he didn’t offer an apology.

Furthermore, even after hurting her with a knife, he only expressed regret without extending a formal apology.

Only now you think of apologizing. Haha!

“Your apology came too late. I don’t accept it. Get lost!” she roared in anger and shook off his hand.

Maverick’s physical condition was not as good as before, and she easily flipped him onto the ground

Gwendolyn didn’t spare him another glance. She turned around and left the villa without looking back.

Maverick didn’t chase after her.

He sat on the ground, lost in thought for a moment,

Only when the sound of a car engine starting reached his ears did he rise and make his way to the window to look outside.

A few bodyguards followed Gwendolyn and got into the car.

Two minutes later, the peaceful night was shattered by the roaring engines of two cars.

After Gwendolyn departed, an eerie silence enveloped the entire villa.

Maverick quickly snapped out of his slightly jealous mood and looked around Gwendolyn's room.

She left, taking all her bodyguards with her. Could there be any clues in her room that could verify her true identity?

Since it was uncertain if Gwendolyn would return halfway through her journey, Maverick understood that now was the best moment to conduct a search and look for any potential clues in her room.

Maverick stared intently out the window, his eyes filled with a mix of emotions.

Right then, two hundred meters ahead of Bay Villa, as the two cars approached an intersection, they came

to a halt.

Gwendolyn sat in silence in the car, waiting patiently.

The surroundings were incredibly tranquil, so quiet that one could hear their own heartbeat,

Gwendolyn fixed her gaze straight ahead. Her face was devoid of any expression as she was lost in her own thoughts.

About half an hour went by.

She called the bodyguard who was hiding and observing from a concealed spot in the villa.

“Did he touch anything in my room after I left?”

The bodyguard responded, “He replaced your bedding with a fresh set of sheets and a duvet cover. He took the soiled ones to the backyard for washing, but he hasn’t completed the task yet. It appears that he’s struggling to wring out the heavy, wet duvet cover.”

“Besides changing the duvet cover, did he touch anything else in the room?”

The bodyguard thought for a moment before replying, “No. When you left, he just stood by the window and stared out for a while.”

Gwendolyn pursed her lips, deep in thought.

She wondered why he didn’t take the chance of her leaving the villa to make his move.

When he went to get the first-aid kit just now, she clearly heard the birds chirping again.

She couldn’t help but wonder what his true intentions were. His peculiar actions and behavior often left her feeling suspicious and uncertain.

Did he sign the agreement so quickly back then just to repay the debt?

Chapter 117 Face The Consequences For Hurting Her

Gwendolyn fell silent for a moment before continuing her instructions. “Keep an eye on him. Also. Quinton, stay behind and guard the villa. Make sure he doesn’t leave the house for the next few days. He needs to clean up the house and does his share of the chores”

Understood.” Quinton replied

He opened the car door and got out of the car, watching as the two vehicles drove off in the direction of Teryton's villa.

The next morning, Treyton saw Gwendolyn sitting in the restaurant, enjoying the breakfast that Flora had prepared. Only then did he realize she had returned to the villa.

He intended to walk over and tease her a bit, but he suddenly noticed something strange. She was using her left hand to hold the spoon to eat.

Her right hand hung naturally at her side, not on the dining table.

Treyton circled her and sat down next to her at the dining table. Just then, he noticed her right hand was wrapped in a bandage.

"Kiddo, what happened to your hand?" he asked.

Gwendolyn nonchalantly continued eating her oatmeal. "It's nothing. I just got bitten by a dog."

Hearing that, Treyton felt his heart ache. "What kind of dumb dog dares to bite my precious little sister? I'll take care of it for you!"

"It's just a useless big wolfhound. I can handle it," she replied.

Treyton wanted to ask more, but Gwendolyn had already put down her spoon and finished her breakfast. "Treyton. I'm heading to Wright Construction Group now, and then I have to go to Angle Corporation in the afternoon. I won't disturb your meal further."

"All right, be safe," Treyton replied.

After Gwendolyn left, Treyton called Elven in.

He sat on the dining chair, his face cold and stern as he glared at Elven. "What exactly happened to Gwendolyn's hand?"

Elven lowered his head, trembling as he spoke. "It's just like Ms. Shalders said. She was bitten... by a dog.

"Elven, you know the consequences of lying to me. She's living well in Bay Villa, so where did the dog come from? It must be Maverick, that dog, right?"

"You've already figured it out, so why do you ask me?" Elven felt wronged getting scolded by Treyton.

It was initially just speculation, but it had been confirmed. Treyton was furious. "That d'mn guy! It was a mistake to let Asher spare his life last time. How dare he hurt my sister? I'll make him pay with his life!"

Pulling out his phone, he was about to make a call, but Elven quickly intervened.

"Mr. Harris, please calm down. Ms. Shalders is 'n datormined.

Narrowing his eyes, Treyton pondered for a moment. "Kiddo can slowly torture him to death, but if he harms Kiddo, he must suffer greatly!"

He called Elven to come closer and whispered a few instructions to him. "Do you understand?" he added.

"Yes, Mr. Harris!" Elven replied.

For the past two days, Gwendolyn had been constantly running back and forth between Angle Corporation and Wright Construction Group.

With Thanksgiving approaching, the talent show had stopped recording for a day, giving the girls a day off.

Gwendolyn was planning to head back to Treyton's villa early to have a nice dinner with her brother. As she was tidying up her desk, her assistant, Joanne, burst into the room in a panic.

"Ms. Shalders, we have a problem! The person in charge of the talent show base said Jennifer has gone missing again!"

Gwendolyn's expression turned very serious. Who could it be this time? Samantha?

She immediately drove to the base with Joanne and checked all the surveillance footage.

This time, the situation was quite different from the last. Jennifer hadn't even left the base. Hence, she should still be there somewhere rather than being kidnapped.

The staff at the base searched almost every corner of the place. Yet, they couldn't find her. It was as if she had vanished into thin air.

At that instance, the remaining staff and contestants were all on edge.

Nevertheless, Gwendolyn never believed in ghosts or supernatural things.

Unless, someone is trying to deceive us!

She called all the contestants who hadn't gone home for Thanksgiving into her office and questioned the one by one.

"I don't know anything. I'm not in the same dorm as her, and I've never seen her."

"She doesn't usually talk to us. She seems to get along better with the other girls in her dorm. Maybe you should ask them. I don't know anything."

After questioning everyone, it seemed like no one was telling the truth. Gwendolyn did not find out anything.

As such, she had no choice but to seek help from Charmaine, who had just been eliminated in the previous episode.

Charmaine said, "I didn't get enough votes, so I've already been eliminated. How would I know what happened? But I can tell you that Samantha never came to me. This doesn't seem like something she would do. However, I do know that Sylvia Lindsay used to bully her when the cameras weren't rolling. They have a bad relationship. Maybe you could start there."

Sylvia?

Gwendolyn narrowed her eyes and responded, "All right"

She immediately asked the person in charge to investigate Sylvia's departure record and found out that she had just left this morning. Half an hour after she left, they received news of Jennifer's disappearance.

Could this be a bullying incident?

Without delay, Gwendolyn found a reason to summon Sylvia back to the base.

Upon arrival, Sylvia was forcefully taken to the conference room.

Gwendolyn sat in the main seat of the conference room, her cold gaze staring at Sylvia, startling the latter.

"Who are you? Who gives you the right to restrict my personal freedom and bring me here?" Sylvia asked.

Gwendolyn flashed a charming smile and responded, "I am the talent director of Angle Corporation and the planner of this show."

After hearing Gwendolyn's statement, Sylvia sneered, "Do you know who I am? I'm under the protection. of Yvette Faraday, the rich heiress of this base! How dare you treat me like this? One call from me, and you'll get fired from Angle Corporation right away!"

"Want to give it a try? You can't get me fired from Angle Corporation with one phone call, but I can get. you disqualified from the competition with just one call."

Upon hearing that, Sylvia fell silent.

She had struggled through the first phase to reach this point. With her current ranking, she had a chance to debut. Thus, she couldn't afford to be eliminated at this critical moment.

Fearful of losing everything, she didn't dare to gamble with Gwendolyn.

Seeing her wavering, Gwendolyn began to question, "Where is Jennifer?" "I... I locked her in that small, secluded restroom on the east side."

The moment they found Jennifer, she was soaking wet, curled up on the ground, and shivering. Her voice had become hoarse from screaming for help for too long.

Gwendolyn was beyond infuriated. First, she had the staff take Jennifer to the base's medical room for treatment. Then, she made Sylvia apologize to Jennifer.

As Jennifer slowly woke up, she saw Sylvia gnashing her teeth and kneeling by her bedside.

"I'm sorry! I shouldn't have bullied you!"

Hearing Sylvia's agitated tone, Jennifer turned her face away, ignoring the former entirely.

Gwendolyn glanced at Sylvia on the ground and said with a sarcastic smirk, "It seems your apology isn't sincere enough. She doesn't forgive you."

Sylvia panicked, and her eyes immediately welled up with tears. "I'm sorry, Jennifer. I really know I was wrong now. I just wanted to tease you, and I didn't mean to hurt you. Please forgive me. I've made it through the preliminary rounds to get here. I don't want to be disqualified!"

After Jennifer heard Sylvia's last sentence, her eyes darkened slightly as she let out a sigh. "Forget it. I

forgive you. Just get lost."

Sylvia was overjoyed as she glanced at the cold and confident Gwendolyn next to her.

"You heard her. She said she won't hold it against me anymore!"

Gwendolyn hummed in agreement. Still, she turned to instruct the person in charge to arrange for Sylvia's disqualification.

The latter was dumbfounded. "Why? You promised that as long as I apologized to her, you would let me go!"

"She forgave you, but you caused her to lose her voice. We don't know if it will affect her performance during next week's competition, so I definitely won't forgive you!"

"Why?" Sylvia protested.

"Not all apologies are worth forgiving! And I am the one who calls the shots here!"

Chapter 118 Stand Up For Her

Gwendolyn had been feeling troubled and upset these past few days, and now Sylvia only added to her problems.

Sylvia was dragged out while she was crying.

The room finally quieted down. Gwendolyn sat beside Jennifer's bed, carefully peeling an apple for her.

Jennifer stared at her intently and smiled with relief. "It's been so many years since we last met, and you've changed so much. You're very determined in handling things now. I really like that."

"You can actually do it too."

Jennifer's eyes darkened. "No. I'm not the same. I'm different from all the other trainees here. Behind them are either companies or wealthy families, but I only have myself."

Gwendolyn put down the apple and held her hand. "You managed to stand out from a hundred trainees all by yourself and made it to the finals step by step. Don't you think you're amazing?"

"But I'm only ranked fifteenth. I can't debut. Sylvia told me that the debut slots have already been filled by major companies through under-the-table deals. I don't stand a chance."

Gwendolyn burst into laughter.

That was her company, and she organized the event. She had specifically instructed her staff not to accept any bribes or reserve spots. No one would know better than her.

Jennifer was not bad-looking. Although she was not bedazzling at first glance, she was always pleasing to the eyes.

She was a lovely and innocent girl.

With such a look and talent, Jennifer had the potential to go a long way in the entertainment industry.

Regardless of whether it was for the sake of friendship or the company's interests, she decided to support Jennifer wholeheartedly.

"Don't worry. There will never be any predetermined outcomes in my show. As long as you work hard, you'll have a chance. Moreover, even if you don't successfully debut this time, I'll make sure you sign with Angle Corporation as an S-level artist."

Jennifer's eyes glistened with tears.

She bit her lip in disbelief and held her tears from rolling down her cheeks.

Gwendolyn gently patted her head. "This time, go all out and strive toward your goal with everything you've got."

"Thank you, Gwendolyn... Even though you never told me who you are, I know you're an amazing woman." Jennifer hugged her, feeling touched.

"If any trainees bully you in the future, confront them directly! The more you show weakness, the more they'll take advantage of you. Only when you stand up for yourself will they fear you. Don't be afraid. I'll have your back from now on!"

Jennifer hugged her tightly, feeling her heart grow stronger.

After Gwendolyn left that night, Jennifer was cornered in the restroom by Yvette and her two lackeys as soon as she stepped out of the medical room.

Since it was the Thanksgiving holiday, there were no cameras filming at the base, and it was even more unlikely for there to be surveillance in a place like a restroom.

Upon learning that Sylvia had been inexplicably disqualified, Yvette hurried back to the base, intending to teach Jennifer a lesson and make sure she wouldn't dare to tattletale again.

Jennifer was forced into a corner, shivering with fear. Suddenly, Gwendolyn's words from earlier in the day flashed through her mind.

She gritted her teeth, picked up the dirty mop from the corner, and waved it threateningly at the three people.

"Listen well, Yvette. I used to give in to you in the past, but from now on, don't even think about laying a finger on me!"

"Okay! Let's play a game, then. We'll see if you can beat the three of us all at once!"

The four ladies quickly got into a fight, with continuous shrieks filling the chaotic restroom.

Gwendolyn found out about it the next morning.

Yvette, with a bruised and swollen face, had been severely beaten. She threatened to hire a lawyer and sue Jennifer for causing her physical injury.

Joanne, who was at the side, said, "Three against one and she still couldn't win, yet she has the nerve to play the victim."

Gwendolyn laughed. "I'll leave this matter to you. Whether Yvette wants to hire a lawyer or use any other tricks, we'll deal with her by giving Jennifer full support."

"No problem, Ms. Shalders!"

Gwendolyn had been busy with work for a few days while someone hadn't been idle either.

Gwendolyn hadn't returned to Bay Villa for three consecutive days.

Maverick couldn't figure out what was bothering him, but he felt really annoyed.

As soon as he closed his eyes, the image of Gwendolyn and Treyton being alone together would appear before him.

Whenever he thought of that scene, it would make him feel uncomfortable all over as if something was just not right.

He could not wrap his head around it.

He used to think that he liked Natasha, but later, he realized that his feelings for her were merely a man's sense of responsibility and brotherly care for a younger sister.

Gwendolyn, however, was different. She could always evoke a myriad of emotions in him like anger, surprise, heartache, and guilt.

It seemed that she was a special existence in his heart.

Although his mind was in turmoil, he hadn't been idle these past few days.

He had pretended to leave the house to lure the hidden bodyguards out to stop him. Besides, he had managed to find the hiding spots of the two bodyguards left at the villa and figured out their routines. If Gwendolyn did not return tonight, it would be a great opportunity to meet Nico.

He sat on the couch, deep in thought, Suddenly, the large door connecting the living room to the garden swung open.

Thinking that Gwendolyn had returned, Maverick got up, intending to greet her.

To his surprise, it wasn't Gwendolyn who entered but Elven.

Elven walked in with three men as tall as him following closely behind him. They entered with an imposing presence, staring at Maverick with hostile looks.

Maverick felt a hint of danger. He looked at Elven and asked calmly. "What do you want?"

As soon as he finished speaking, the three menacing men behind Elven suddenly approached him.

Two of them walked up behind him and restrained his shoulders.

4

Another man walked up to him and raised his hand viciously, ready to slap his cheek that had just recovered a couple of days ago.

Elven quickly intervened, "Mr. Harris said not to hit his face! With his current frail body, how many blows can he withstand? Don't hurt his face and disfigure him."

Mr. Harris?

Maverick narrowed his eyes slightly and sneered, "I wonder what I have done that offended Mr. Harris. Did he tell you to whack me?"

Elven mimicked Treyton's cold tone and said, "You may not have offended Mr. Harris, but you hurt Ms. Shalders. Mr. Harris will definitely want you to be punished!"

Ha! Is Treyton feeling sad for Gwendolyn and wanting to stand up for her?

Maverick felt quite strange.

“So, this is just Mr. Harris’ idea and not Gwendolyn’s?”

Elven fell silent for a moment.

“Is there any difference? As a servant who signed an agreement with Ms. Shalders, you shouldn’t have had any ill intentions! But not only did you sneak into her room late at night, you also caused her harm. Do you think you deserve to be punished?”

Although he did not intend to hurt Gwendolyn in this matter, her injury was indeed caused by him.

He should take responsibility for that.

Moreover, judging by the attitude of the men Treyton had brought with him, it seemed that things would not end well today.

“Tell them to let go of me I’ll accept whatever punishment that is necessary”

“Great! You’re really courageous, Mr. Wright”

Elven cast a meaningful glance at the two men restraining Maverick, and they let him go.

“The punishment is quite simple. Considering your current physical condition, Mr. Harris decided to give you only a hundred cane strikes as a warning. How does that sound? It’s not too difficult for

Elven pulled out two canes as thick as his index finger and stared at him with a grin.

Treyton had planned to use a horsewhip at first.

you.

However, that thing could pierce the thick skin of a tough horse, let alone Maverick, who had been injected with a special drug and was extremely vulnerable. They were afraid that if he couldn't withstand after a few hits, it would be difficult for them to explain to Gwendolyn.

However, a cane was quite different. It was not easy for it to cause someone to bleed profusely, but it could make them suffer unbearable pain, especially the next day when the wounds would swell and become inflamed.

That was torturing.

Maverick was well aware of that, too. The corner of his lips curled into a sarcastic smile.

"It's quite simple indeed. Mr. Harris is truly magnanimous."

Chapter 119 Cunning

Elven detected the sarcasm in his words and responded with a smile, "Mr. Wright, I apologize."

Maverick hummed lightly and found himself walking toward the wall. Facing the wall, he placed both hands on it for support.

As soon as he stood up, a cane whipped through the air like a gust of wind.

The blow landed directly and mercilessly on his straightened back, producing a crisp sound.

"Ugh..."

Maverick gritted his teeth, his hands instinctively clenching into tight fists.

Before he could even recover from the pain brought by the first stroke, the second and third blows quickly followed. They mercilessly hit his back without giving him a chance to catch his breath.

Indeed, it hurt.

Due to the injection of a special drug, his physical constitution had weakened and his skin had become thinner. Thus, his sense of pain intensified.

The 023 special drug was originally designed to treat prisoners of war who had committed grave mistakes. Once injected, the individual would be unable to resist. The pain experienced during interrogation and punishment would be intensified. This would ultimately lead to extreme physical and mental torment.

Never did he expect that one day the 023 drug, albeit an adjusted prescription, would be used to torment him.

It was ironic, indeed.

The intense pain from the cane striking his back snapped him back to reality.

After just over twenty strokes, it was obvious that several bruises had appeared underneath the white shirt.

With sheer determination, Maverick held his breath to avoid making any humiliating cries. He bit down on his lower lip so hard that it left a row of bloody marks. Cold sweat covered his forehead, while the veins in his arms bulged prominently.

By the fortieth stroke, his arms, which were propped against the wall, began to tremble uncontrollably.

By the seventieth stroke, his back was in so much pain that it had almost gone numb. His skin was more fragile than before. Several spots on his back had been whipped open, leaving scattered bloodstains on his white shirt.

He began to feel rather light-headed and unsteady. His legs, originally slender and straight, started to tremble uncontrollably.

Elven watched from the side. He could not help but admire how cunning Treyton's beating was.

The cane could really hurt and torture its victim without actually killing them.

Moreover, since he was secretly looking for trouble with Maverick behind Gwendolyn's back, all the injuries on his back would not affect his walking. This way, Gwendolyn would not know.

As he was deep in thought, he suddenly heard something plop.

Maverick had fallen onto the floor due to intense pain, passing out on the spot.

The two aggressors looked at each other with bewildered expressions, ultimately turning to Elven for help.

"Elven, what should we do?"

Elven glanced at the pale-faced Maverick on the floor and asked, "How many times have you caned him?"

"Ninety."

Elven clicked his tongue twice, suddenly feeling a sense of admiration for the unconscious man before him.

"He actually managed to endure ninety strokes without making a sound before passing out. He really is a tough guy. You two didn't go easy on him, did you?"

The two hurriedly shook their heads. "You know how strong our hands are. Besides, this is Mr. Harris' order. How could we dare to go easy?" They paused for a moment, then continued, "Elven, what should we do now? Should we give him the last ten strikes or not? If we do, I'm afraid we'll have to splash water o him to wake him up before we continue, right?"

Elven did not speak. He lowered his head to take another look at Maverick on the floor.

His entire face, devoid of color, was as pale as paper, yet his lips were covered in bright red bloodstains.

Because of his distinct and handsome features, his miserable appearance surprisingly did not make him look bad. Instead, it gave off a unique sense of fragile beauty,

Elven sincerely wanted to exclaim how unfair God was. The man was really handsome.

It was no wonder Gwendolyn liked to keep him around. He was at least pleasing to the eye.

"Elven?"

The two people holding canes were at a loss.

Elven snapped back to reality and focused his gaze on Maverick's dreadful-looking back.

"Forget it. It's quite a miracle that he's lasted this long with his weak constitution. If we splash water on him to wake him up and continue, he'll probably pass out again in no time. Mr. Harris said we should make it quick, so let's get going."

"How should we explain things to Mr. Harris, then..."

Elven replied, "I will tell him the truth."

They were getting ready to return home.

Before leaving, Elven called out Quinton and Ryan, who had been staying hidden in the shadows.

“What did you two just see?”

Quinton and Ryan lowered their heads. “Mr. Wright passed out in the living room because he was too from doing housework. We didn’t see anything else.”

Elven nodded in satisfaction. “If Ms. Shalders asks about it, you tell her exactly this If she doesn’t ask, then just act as if nothing happened. Got it”

“Got it.”

After setting the story straight, everyone left. Quinton and Ryan returned to their posts after receiving their orders, completely ignoring the man who had fainted in the living room.

Gwendolyn was the apple of the eyes of the Harrises. If anyone dared to hurt her, they would have to face the consequences of their own actions.

Maverick curled up on the cold marble floor of the living room.

His head was foggy and heavy. He felt that he was caught in a cycle of being jolted awake by pain and then slipping back into dizziness. Over and over, he endured this torment.

Nico secretly visited someone in prison.

When Natasha was brought out by the police, Nico was completely stunned.

In just a short time, a third of her hair had turned gray, and her skin looked terrible as if she had aged ten years. She appeared like a madwoman, with bruises clearly visible on her face and body, indicating that she had not been doing well during this period.

Upon seeing him, Natasha was so overwhelmed with emotion that she nearly burst into tears.

“Mave has returned to Fairlake? Was it Mave who asked you to save me? I knew it. He wouldn’t forget about me...” she sobbed.

Nico was speechless for a few seconds. He gave it some thought but eventually decided not to reveal that Maverick had already known that Natasha had deceived him.

He simply said, “Ms. Mossey, I came here to clarify a few things with you. I hope you can be open with me and tell me the truth!”

Natasha stared at him blankly for a moment. Then, she suddenly growled like a maniac.

“You mean you’re not here to rescue me? How could Mave be so heartless? He’s going back on his promise isn’t he? Why? Is it because I’ve grown old and ugly, and he doesn’t love me anymore?”

Nico was startled by her crazed appearance.

Upon recollecting himself, he decided to deceive her first. “That’s why you have to tell me the truth without holding anything back. Only then will the boss have a chance to help you.”

Natasha gradually calmed down and began to recount her story earnestly.

“I’m innocent! It’s all Gwendolyn’s fault! She wanted to ruin my reputation, so she personally went to the hospital in Lightspring and found a doctor who actually managed to cure Inez. Then, she and Inez team up to frame me at the press conference, and-”

“Hold up!”

Upon hearing the crucial information, Nico quickly interrupted her, “Which hospital in Lightspring did Gwendolyn go to? Which doctor was it?”

Natasha gave it some thought and said. “All I know is that it’s a major city hospital Inez was in such a terrible condition, yet they managed to wake her up. The doctor must be incredibly famous!”

After chatting for a while, seeing that there really wasn’t much else to ask, Nico made some polite conversation with Natasha before he went to check on Noah.

The accounts given by Noah and Natasha regarding Gwendolyn’s visit to the hospital in Lightspring were essentially consistent.

After the prison visit, Nico quickly had someone conduct a thorough check on all the doctors in the major hospitals in Lightspring who were capable of performing large-scale bra

Chapter 120 Another Performance

It was nine o’clock at night. Maverick was awakened by the crisp chirping of two birds.

Bearing the excruciating pain in his back, he gritted his teeth and forced himself to stand up from the ground.

He had to stay alert, as there were important matters to attend to in the evening.

He leaned on the railing as he returned to his room on the second floor and headed straight to the bathroom. He then turned the shower temperature up to its highest setting.

As his shirt was stained with blood and he had fainted for six hours without changing it in time, the blood from the wound had stuck to the fabric of the shirt. If he tried to forcefully change his clothes, it would peel off a layer of skin on the spot. Only by using hot water could he quickly remove the shirt.

However, when the hot water showered on the wounds on his back, it was like enduring a second round of torture, as if millions of needles were piercing his bat

Maverick trembled in pain.

He gritted his teeth as the hot water washed over him. Although his body was in excruciating pain, his mind was becoming increasingly clear.

After washing up for a few minutes, he changed into clean clothes, turned off the light, and took advantage of the limited view from the bodyguard's hiding spot. He pretended to lie down on the bed to sleep and quietly stuffed the extra bedding he had prepared in advance onto the bed, making it look as though he was sleeping.

Then, he quietly rolled to the foot of the bed from the other side. When his back accidentally touched the ground, he shuddered in pain, and his vision became momentarily blurred.

After waiting for two minutes, he finally left through the slightly ajar door and went to the room on the other side, which was in the blind spot of the bodyguard's view. He climbed down the pipe next to the window to reach the first floor.

This location just happened to be the back door.

Nico heard a faint sound and quietly reported through the iron door, "Boss, the Newton family had only one missing daughter six years ago, but that girl was found three years ago. Her photos can be found online, and she's definitely not Ms. Shalders. Other than that, there's no one else with a similar timeline to Ms. Shalders."

Maverick's eyes, which were originally filled with pain, gradually dimmed.

Nico continued, "But when I went to visit the prison, I found out that Ms. Shalders was in Lightspring to personally bring back a doctor to treat Inez's heart. I gathered all my subordinates to investigate and eventually discovered that the doctor she was looking for was... Kieran."

Kieran? Maverick was stunned on the spot.

Kieran held a significant position in the medical field, which spoke volumes about his status. However, rumors suggested that he had a reclusive and arrogant personality, being a man of few words. He was also known as a medical fanatic, with no women ever seen by his side.

Gwendolyn able to persuade someone like that?

The only three sons of the Harris family have an indescribable relationship with Gwendolyn. They are even wholeheartedly helping her!

It seems that the Zipper family is also a distant relative of the Harris family, which is why they have the audacity to show off their power and influence in Fairlake.

Her relationship with the Harris family is not simple. Could she also be a member of the Harris family?

Maverick's expression grew colder and colder. "Investigate the Harris family! Whether it's the side branches of the Harris family or their distant relatives, as long as their timeline matches up with Gwendolyn's, report them all!"

Nico thought for a moment and said, "Boss, do you still remember that six years ago, daughter of the head of the Harris family seemed to have-"

Honk, honk!

Before Nico could finish speaking, the headlights of a car flashed by.

Gwendolyn is back! How could she suddenly return at this particular moment?

the youngest

“Boss, please take care on your way back and stay safe! I will definitely investigate this thoroughly!” Nico cast a worried glance at him, then quickly disappeared into the night.

This rascal! He slipped away so quickly!

Maverick immediately turned around, intending to enter through the front door connecting the garden to the living room. However, Gwendolyn had already gotten out of the car, and there were lights in the garden. He was sure to be exposed.

There was no other choice. Maverick looked helplessly at the pipe on the wall that he had just climbed down from. This was the only way.

He didn't care about the pain in his back and immediately started to climb upward.

As Gwendolyn walked from the garden into the living room, she asked her bodyguard, Quinton, “Has he been behaving himself these past few days?”

Quinton honestly replied, “Mr. Wright tried to go out twice, but after we refused him, he didn't ask again. He's already in bed asleep now.”

Gwendolyn frowned.

She glanced at the time. It was only half past nine at night. Would he really go to bed this early?

“I don't believe he's really that well-behaved!” Gwendolyn spoke as she climbed the stairs, with Quinton and Ryan following closely behind her.

The door to Maverick's room was left open, which Gwendolyn found a bit odd, but she didn't give it much thought.

She pushed open the door. With the help of the corridor light, she saw Maverick lying on the bed with 1 back to the door. He was sound asleep.

Was 1 overthinking it?

Gwendolyn closed the door again. Seeing that she hadn't noticed anything. Quinton and Ryan quietly breathed a sigh of relief

However, Gwendolyn had barely taken two steps when she suddenly stopped in her tracks.

When she opened the door just now, she seemed to have noticed that the color of Maverick's shirt collar was a bit darker than usual.

Is it wet?

Is he sweating?

There is a problem!

Gwendolyn immediately turned back. This time, without any hesitation, she switched on the light, clearly revealing the man curled up on the bed with his back facing her.

She walked to the side of the bed and confirmed that the back of his collar was indeed wet. A mocking smile played on her lips. "Maverick, you must have been working hard in your sleep to be sweating like this."

The man on the bed kept his eyes tightly shut, not responding to her.

Gwendolyn was a bit annoyed. "Stop pretending. I know you aren't sleeping. You're sweating so much. What on earth were you doing just now?"

He had been exposed.

Maverick remained silent, his eyebrows suddenly furrowing tightly.

He murmured in a low, hoarse voice, "It hurts so much..."

"Hurt? What are you trying to pull with this fake suffering act?" Gwendolyn said while pushing his back unintentionally.

"Ugh..." The man let out a miserable scream through gritted teeth, suddenly drenched in a cold sweat. His facial features were contorted, and his expression was full of agony.

Standing behind Gwendolyn, Quinton and Ryan were puzzled. "Huh?"

During the day, the two of them had been outside, listening to the whistling sound of the cane and the repeated strikes that reached his flesh. They had been terrified by what they had heard.

However, this man had endured it all without making a single sound.

During the day, he had seemed quite brave, but now he was both crying out in pain and screaming miserably. Is he deliberately pretending to be weak and helpless?

He really deserves an Oscar with that acting skills of his! Even the best actor can't outperform him! Isn't obviously trying to mess with Treyton?

Quinton and Ryan were so frustrated that they felt as if they were about to cough up blood, but they couldn't show even the slightest hint of it in front of Gwendolyn.

Standing in front, Gwendolyn was unaware of what the two of them were thinking.

Maverick's condition did seem a bit poor. He did not seem to be faking it

She unfastened two buttons of his shirt and gently pulled it toward his back.

Upon closer inspection, one could see the crisscrossing purple welts, with hardly any intact skin left. Several areas bore deep bruises that had turned into dark, purple clots of blood. There were even open wounds that had broken skin and were oozing blood droplets.

Quinton and Ryan noticed her expression growing colder and colder and were prepared for her to explode in anger any second. They were ready to kneel down on the spot.

However, Gwendolyn merely asked calmly, "Who did this?"

The two of them couldn't quite figure out whether she was actually angry or not, so they could only respond honestly. "It's Mr. Harris."

"What did he hit him with?"

"With a cane. He was whipped ninety times," Quinton said. "Ms. Shalders, Mr. Harris was just upset that you got hurt and couldn't help it in a moment of anger..."

—

Gwendolyn's expression was indifferent. "All right. Since it was Mr. Harris who took action, then he deserved it."

When Maverick heard that, he clenched his hands that were inside the blanket.