

Her Riches 141

Chapter 141

A sharp Maverick noticed that Elven was sighing. "Elven, what's wrong?"

"Nothing." Elven hesitated a little before saying, "Mr. Wright, please go in by yourself. I won't go in."

"All right."

Without further delay, Maverick went upstairs.

When he opened the door, a strong gust of chilly air rushed toward him from inside the room, piercingly colder than the rain outside.

Maverick instinctively held his breath. He looked up and was met with a pair of cold and unwelcoming eyes.

"Gwendolyn, it's already eight o'clock in the evening. Aren't you hungry? Have you been too stressed at work lately? Are you having any troubles?"

His voice had a gentle and comforting tone, sounding rather genuine.

Gwendolyn forced herself to smile as she gestured for him to go over. "Come here. Come closer to me."

Maverick walked over and stood right in front of her.

Before he could bend down, Gwendolyn grabbed his white shirt and lifted it, exposing the layers of bandages wrapped around his waist.

Maverick was alarmed. "Gwendolyn..."

Gwendolyn ignored him and forcefully tugged at the bandage, ripping it apart.

Other than the long scar on his waist, there were no fresh wounds.

She mocked, "You got injured yesterday, and your wound has already healed today. I didn't know that you have a natural self-healing ability."

Her words were full of sarcasm.

Maverick's heart leaped in his chest.

What kind of lousy idea did that rascal Nico come up with? I already said that I wouldn't be able to hide this from her for too long...

Gwendolyn once said that she hated most when people lied to her. This time, he had deliberately set out to deceive her and was caught red-handed.

Immediately, he dropped to his knees, kneeling beside Gwendolyn's feet. Sounding ingratiating and pitiful, he said, "Gwendolyn, it's my fault. I didn't mean to lie to you..."

Gwendolyn knew he was putting on an act whenever he spoke in such a tone. However, she never bothered to call him out.

Now when she saw him behaving in this manner, she only felt disgusted. Her fury surged, threatening to engulf her ability to think rationally.

She soon calmed down and asked frostily, "Did you use your waist injury to lie to me so you could get that person out of here?"

Maverick was perplexed.

As expected, she has found out about me sending Sherman away.

“You already know everything...”

Since he had been exposed, Maverick did not want to deny it any further. “I’m sorry, I just think that person is not good enough for you.”

Maverick told her the truth without hesitation.

He admitted that he had been deceiving her all this while.

“What do you mean the person is not good enough for me?” Gwendolyn clenched her fists, suppressing the anger. She sneered, “Maverick, you’re really funny. Are you trying to say that the person is not deserving of my punishment? Do you want to send that person away? Are you going to hide that person from my sight forever?”

Maverick couldn’t help but feel that there was something strange about what she had just said.

However, he could not pinpoint what was strange about it as she was not wrong. Indeed, he wanted to send Sherman far away from her.

Holding back her anger, Gwendolyn glared at him. “Where is that person now?”

Maverick kept quiet.

Nico had sent Sherman to the boat. Maverick did not know which country the boat was heading to.

He shook his head at that.

Maverick knew he was telling the truth, but Gwendolyn thought otherwise. novelbin

She felt that his silence was an indication of his guilt.

Mustering her last bit of patience, Gwendolyn looked down at the man kneeling at her feet. "Maverick, you know me very well. I don't care what secrets you're hiding from me. I also don't care what kind of

power and influence you have outside. As long as you stay in this villa, you are my servant. You should obey my instructions. Even a disobedient pet will be punished, let alone you. What do you think?"

Lifting her chin, she gave him an icy glare as if she was looking at a disobedient pet.

"Let me ask you one more time. Where is that person?"

Maverick looked up and met her gaze.

Seeing her frosty gaze, he suddenly felt extremely annoyed.

Is she saying that she's going to punish me because of Sherman?

Does that mean Gwendolyn likes Sherman?

A sharp pain gripped Maverick's heart.

"I don't know." His eyes blazed red with anger as he looked at her. "Do you like the person so much that you want to punish me? All I did was send that person away. I never cause anyone any harm."

Hearing that, Gwendolyn burst into laughter.

She had never met such a shameless person in her entire life. She reckoned the man was still feigning stupidity at that moment.

“Maverick, you’re the one who likes that person. How could you bear to hurt that person and yet put up this act in front of me all this while? Aren’t you disgusted with yourself?”

Huh?

Maverick was baffled by what Gwendolyn was saying.

How could he possibly like Sherman? He would be out of his mind to take a fancy on Sherman.

“I only like women. The woman I like is standing right in front of me. I like you. Can’t you see that all this while, I’m doing everything for you willingly and wholeheartedly?”

Even though he was kneeling and looking up at Gwendolyn, he still exhibited a strong and determined presence when he said those words. He had no intention of backing down.

Gwendolyn was impressed that he was still able to spout so much nonsense.

She did not want to listen to Maverick anymore. Hence, she stood up and walked over to the window.

It was still raining outside. The raindrops splattered rhythmically onto the roof and stone slab. The sound reverberated through the air.

It was equally noisy in the room as the man continued to chatter incessantly.

Unable to contain her anger any longer, Gwendolyn narrowed her eyes. “It’s a beautiful, rainy night. Since you refuse to tell the truth, kneel in the garden and enjoy the rain. You can get up when you’re ready to speak the truth.”

Maverick couldn’t help but feel that there was something strange about what she had just said.

However, he could not pinpoint what was strange about it as she was not wrong. Indeed, he wanted to send Shermon far away from her.

Holding back her anger, Gwendolyn glared at him. "Where is that person now?"

Moverick kept quiet.

Nico had sent Shermon to the boat. Moverick did not know which country the boat was heading to.

He shook his head at that.

Moverick knew he was telling the truth, but Gwendolyn thought otherwise.

She felt that his silence was an indication of his guilt.

Mustering her last bit of patience, Gwendolyn looked down at the man kneeling at her feet. "Moverick, you know me very well. I don't care what secrets you're hiding from me. I also don't care what kind of power and influence you have outside. As long as you stay in this villa, you are my servant. You should obey my instructions. Even a disobedient pet will be punished, let alone you. What do you think?"

Lifting her chin, she gave him an icy glare as if she was looking at a disobedient pet.

"Let me ask you one more time. Where is that person?"

Moverick looked up and met her gaze.

Seeing her frosty gaze, he suddenly felt extremely annoyed.

Is she saying that she's going to punish me because of Shermon?

Does that mean Gwendolyn likes Shermon?

A sharp pain gripped Moverick's heart.

"I don't know." His eyes bloomed red with anger as he looked at her. "Do you like the person so much that you want to punish me? All I did was send that person away. I never caused anyone any harm."

Hearing that, Gwendolyn burst into laughter.

She had never met such a shameless person in her entire life. She reckoned the man was still feigning stupidity at that moment.

"Moverick, you're the one who likes that person. How could you bear to hurt that person and yet put up this act in front of me all this while? Aren't you disgusted with yourself?"

Huh?

Moverick was baffled by what Gwendolyn was saying.

How could he possibly like Shermon? He would be out of his mind to take a fancy on Shermon.

"I only like women. The woman I like is standing right in front of me. I like you. Can't you see that all this while, I'm doing everything for you willingly and wholeheartedly?"

Even though he was kneeling and looking up at Gwendolyn, he still exhibited a strong and determined presence when he said those words. He had no intention of backing down.

Gwendolyn was impressed that he was still able to spout so much nonsense.

She did not want to listen to Moverick anymore. Hence, she stood up and walked over to the window.

It was still raining outside. The raindrops splattered rhythmically onto the roof and stone slab. The sound reverberated through the air.

It was equally noisy in the room as the man continued to chatter incessantly.

Unable to contain her anger any longer, Gwendolyn narrowed her eyes. "It's so beautiful, rainy night. Since you refuse to tell the truth, kneel in the garden and enjoy the rain. You can get up when you're ready to speak the truth."

"What?"

Maverick's breath stopped. The bodyguards will see me kneeling in the garden.

Is Gwendolyn bent on shattering my pride because of Sherman?

Gwendolyn stared blankly at the window, which was adorned with glistening trails of the rain. "Do you remember the incident when Frida wrongly accused me of stealing her jewelry? Although Sheralyn technically repaid that debt, her kneeling lasted for less than half an hour, which was far from enough. So, now you should go outside and kneel to make up for the difference in duration."

Maverick had always felt guilty about that incident.

"Okay."

He used his hands to support his weight as he rose from his kneeling position and stood up. "I'm kneeling because I owe you for that incident. The Wright family owed you that. I'm doing this to repay you, not because I've done anything wrong. If I have to do it again, I will still send that person away."

His words pushed Gwendolyn's anger to its limits.

She yelled furiously, "Get out. Go outside and kneel!"

Maverick straightened his back and walked out resolutely.

Gwendolyn stood by the window and looked out.

Maverick walked to the spot in front of her window in the garden. Without hesitation, he knelt on the bluestone slab. He was wearing a suit, looking neither haughty nor humble.

His whole body was soaked by the torrential rain intermingled with the cold gusts of wind. Each drop that struck his shoulders and head carried a force akin to the merciless lash of a whip, inflicting a raw, penetrating ache.

Maverick struggled to lift his head as he gazed at the window on the third floor. His long, curly eyelashes were coated with droplets of rain, somewhat blurring his vision.

Gwendolyn's window was brightly lit. She was standing by the window.

As Gwendolyn was standing against the light, he could not see her face. However, he could sense her looking down on him. Her gaze was so frosty that it felt even colder than the rain in winter.

He had already accepted her punishment. Would they be able to turn the page and forget about this matter thereafter?

Would they be able to return to those days before the previous night when they lived in harmony?

Maverick felt bored and restless while kneeling, and his thoughts started to run wild.

He felt a sharp, stabbing pain in his knees. It was not long before his legs became numb. Maverick slouched his shoulders, and his waist became less rigid from the prolonged kneeling.

The bluestone slab was uneven. It was as if a thousand tiny barbs were pricking at the kneecaps, sending waves of sharp, needle-like sensations radiating through his legs.

He suddenly recalled that Gwendolyn had knelt in the same way at the Wright residence back then.

Did she also feel helpless and wronged during that time?

Chapter 142

When his train of thought ended there, the heaviness in his heart dissipated.

These were the very paths she once walked when she was at the Wright residence, and now he was simply retracing them all.

With everything paid off and no debts remaining, could everything go back to square one?

Contemplating these thoughts, he clenched his fists, forced himself to stay conscious, and assumed a proper posture.

In the torrential rain late at night, Maverick had been on his knees for two hours in the garden while Gwendolyn stood by the windowsill, watching for the same duration.

Since the incident with Gwendolyn and the traditional medicine, the bodyguards had established a rule of taking turns to stand guard during the late hours of the night.

That night, Elven was on duty. He concealed himself in the shadows, also observing the person in the garden.

Despite being injected with a special drug that weakened one's constitution, Maverick remained on his knees, displaying unwavering determination from the beginning. His body started swaying as time passed, but his back remained straight.

Elven somewhat admired him for that.

Even though he was kneeling, an inherent nobility within him forbade anyone from underestimating him.

Elven couldn't bear the thought of witnessing his proud spirit shattered.

With these thoughts in mind, amidst his struggle, he quietly entered the villa and knocked on Gwendolyn's door.

"Come in."

Elven walked in and stood not far behind Gwendolyn.

Gwendolyn didn't turn around, and her gaze remained locked on the man kneeling in the garden. Her expression was devoid of emotion as she asked, "What's the matter?"

Elven swallowed hard and replied, "Ms. Shalders, it seems Mr. Wright's physical condition may not withstand the kneeling..."

Gwendolyn sneered, "So what? It's not like I forced him to kneel this time. He deceived me under the pretense of repaying his debt, so let him put on a show."

"Ms. Shalders..."

"Get out."

Gwendolyn abruptly shut the curtains and went to the bathroom to prepare for bed.

With a sigh, Elven had to retreat and return to his post.

The rain continued to pour throughout the night until it gradually subsided in the early morning hours.

Maverick had lost track of how long he had been kneeling. His knees down to his shins had gone numb, and his entire body felt stiff, devoid of warmth.

Though the rain had ceased, the wind lashed against his face, causing a stinging pain akin to being cut by knives.

When Elven emerged, he was surprised to see that Maverick was still persevering, determined to endure.

“Mr. Wright, it’s time. Please get up.”

Was that enough?

Maverick’s pallid lips involuntarily twitched. Did his endurance mean that this matter could finally be put behind him? Would his debt finally be repaid?

He attempted to get himself up and stand, but the determination that had kept him going suddenly waned. His head began to feel uncontrollably heavy, and his vision gradually darkened...

“Mr. Wright? Hey!”

Elven touched his forehead, which was burning hot. Even though he had fainted, his whole body was shivering uncontrollably.

After being drenched in the rain all night, Maverick must have developed a high fever!

Elven quickly took him back to his room and went upstairs to inform Gwendolyn.

Gwendolyn had just woken up and was combing her hair in front of her vanity.

Upon hearing that he had collapsed, Gwendolyn paused her combing movement momentarily, but her face remained expressionless. She continued combing her hair and said, "Understood. Go fetch a doctor to check on him."

"Yes."

After the doctor's visit, they prescribed fever-reducing medication and administered an antipyretic injection.

An hour later, sensing his imminent awakening, Gwendolyn descended to the second floor and entered Maverick's room.

Summoning a bodyguard to bring a chair, she settled beside Maverick's bed. Her expression was devoid of emotion, and her gaze was deep and unfathomable. She was lost in her thoughts.

Maverick woke up in a daze, his vision still blurry. However, as he turned his head, he caught sight of a familiar figure by his bedside and instinctively grasped her wrist.

"Gwendolyn, have you forgiven me?"

His fever had not completely subsided, and as he held Gwendolyn's hand, he could feel the searing warmth in his palm.

Gwendolyn furrowed her brows. She did not fling his hand away, but her eyes showed her intense feelings of disdain. "I'll ask you one last time—where did you leave that person?"

Upon hearing her words, Maverick gradually loosened his grip.

As if spurred by anger, he turned away, facing the other side and closing his eyes in feigned slumber— a defiant gesture, as if intentionally pretending not to hear her words. novelbin

Gwendolyn's patience had already been utterly exhausted.

"Since you're so stubborn and refuse to speak, there's no need for further pointless conversation. I will ensure you pay the price since you've sent that person away. It's only fair that you suffer in that person's place."

She then called out, "Elven, William, come in!"

The two entered the room obediently.

Gwendolyn cruelly curled her lips and ordered, "Send him to prison, and make sure he is well taken care of!"

Upon hearing this, Elven immediately stepped forward, pleading for mercy.

"Ms. Shalders, you can't do that! Given Mr. Wright's current condition, he won't last more than three days there!"

Gwendolyn cast a cold glance at him and said, "Fine, then you can take his place, and you will be given special treatment too."

Everyone remained silent.

Elven's sympathy was abruptly suppressed, and he reluctantly joined William in dragging Maverick off the bed.

"Mr. Wright? Hey!"

Elven touched his forehead, which was burning hot. Even though he had fainted, his whole body was shivering uncontrollably.

After being drenched in the rain all night, Maverick must have developed a high fever!

Elven quickly took him back to his room and went upstairs to inform Gwendolyn.

Gwendolyn had just woken up and was combing her hair in front of her vanity.

Upon hearing that he had collapsed, Gwendolyn paused her combing movement momentarily, but her face remained expressionless. She continued combing her hair and said, "Understood. Go fetch a doctor to check on him."

"Yes."

After the doctor's visit, they prescribed fever-reducing medication and administered an antipyretic injection.

An hour later, sensing his imminent awakening, Gwendolyn descended to the second floor and entered Moverick's room.

Summoning a bodyguard to bring a chair, she settled beside Moverick's bed. Her expression was devoid of emotion, and her gaze was deep and unfathomable. She was lost in her thoughts.

Moverick woke up in a daze, his vision still blurry. However, as he turned his head, he caught sight of a familiar figure by his bedside and instinctively grasped her wrist.

"Gwendolyn, have you forgiven me?"

His fever had not completely subsided, and as he held Gwendolyn's hand, he could feel the searing warmth in his palm.

Gwendolyn furrowed her brows. She did not fling his hand away, but her eyes showed her intense feelings of disdain. "I'll ask you one last time—where did you leave that person?"

Upon hearing her words, Moverick gradually loosened his grip.

As if spurred by anger, he turned away, facing the other side and closing his eyes in feigned slumber — a defiant gesture, as if intentionally pretending not to hear her words.

Gwendolyn's patience had already been utterly exhausted.

"Since you're so stubborn and refuse to speak, there's no need for further pointless conversation. I will ensure you pay the price since you've sent that person away. It's only fair that you suffer in that person's place."

She then called out, "Elven, William, come in!"

The two entered the room obediently.

Gwendolyn cruelly curled her lips and ordered, "Send him to prison, and make sure he is well taken care of!"

Upon hearing this, Elven immediately stepped forward, pleading for mercy.

"Ms. Sholders, you can't do that! Given Mr. Wright's current condition, he won't last more than three days there!"

Gwendolyn cast a cold glance at him and said, "Fine, then you can take his place, and you will be given special treatment too."

Everyone remained silent.

Elven's sympathy was abruptly suppressed, and he reluctantly joined William in dragging Maverick off the bed.

Maverick's fever raged on.

As he lay with his back turned toward Gwendolyn, on the verge of falling asleep, he faintly heard her mention something about imprisonment.

When Elven and William approached, he broke free from their grasp, adamantly refusing to get out of bed. He looked at Gwendolyn bewilderedly and asked, "I merely sent Sherman out of the country. It's not like I put him in prison. Whose place am I supposed to take?"

Gwendolyn chuckled lightly.

"What does Sherman have to do with this? Do you think you can brush this off with your evasive words? Take him away!" commanded Gwendolyn.

Maverick paused momentarily, quickly realizing that he might have misunderstood something from the previous night.

Just as Elven and William received the order and moved to pull him off the bed forcibly, he instinctively toppled in Gwendolyn's direction, landing at her feet.

Gwendolyn instinctively took a step back.

Maverick missed his mark. As he lifted his face, he spoke earnestly. "While I may not know what you're referring to, I truly haven't done anything apart from sending Sherman away."

Gwendolyn gritted her teeth and gripped his cheek.

She enunciated, "You confessed to being involved in Natasha's disappearance last night, and now you're denying it? Don't you think it's a little too late for that?"

Natasha?

Maverick's pupils dilated, his expression resolute. "Natasha? Wasn't she supposed to be in prison?"

Gwendolyn pursed her lips, choosing not to respond. Her gaze was still icy and fixed on him as if waiting to see how long he could keep up the act.

Maverick knew she didn't believe him at all. "Gwendolyn, I truly had nothing to do with that. I wanted a divorce before because I had always thought the girl who saved me thirteen years ago was Natasha. But later, I found out it wasn't her. I even asked you about it. Do you remember that?"

Gwendolyn pondered for a moment, recalling the time Natasha was hospitalized with severe injuries, and he defended her in front of the media. He had asked about that matter then.

"What are you trying to say?"

Maverick's dark eyes were slightly hazy as he stared intently at her. "Ever since that time, I've known that Natasha deceived me, and recently I discovered that you were the girl who saved me. So, Gwendolyn, please believe me. Everything I've done lately has been genuine."

He coughed twice.

Continuing, he said, "I was simply displeased with Sherman's proposal to you last night, so I quietly sent him away. I had absolutely no knowledge of Natasha's matters!"

Observing Maverick's sincere plea and recalling the strange events involving Sherman from the previous night, Gwendolyn couldn't help but think that there was indeed something peculiar about the situation.

The convergence of these two incidents was just too coincidental.

Chapter 143

If it truly wasn't him, then this matter wasn't as simple as it seemed.

Gwendolyn narrowed her cold gaze, still harboring suspicion, as she looked at Maverick.

She pinched his cheeks with all her might.

His cheeks bulged like he had two buns in his mouth. His handsome eyebrows were slightly furrowed, and his bright eyes resembled the eyes of a distressed pet.

“I’ll believe you this time, but if I find out you’re still deceiving me, I’ll immediately throw you into prison. Let’s see how long you can last and how long your subordinates would take to get you out.”

She finished speaking and angrily retracted her hands.

Maverick slumped down on the floor, feeling completely drained.

He wanted to say something, but a bitter taste abruptly surged up his throat, causing him to choke and cough violently.

It felt as if his lungs were about to be coughed out.

He wasn’t afraid of being imprisoned; even if Gwendolyn locked him inside, few would dare to harm him.

However, he didn’t want Gwendolyn to continue misunderstanding him.

Cough! “I-I will go to hell if I lie.”

Gwendolyn turned her head and glanced down at him once again.

His face had turned pale from coughing, and he still ran a fever. The expression of pain on his face was evident when he frowned.

Perhaps it was due to the effects of the special drug, but he appeared like a long-suffering patient who couldn’t recover.

Even Elven and William felt slight sympathy when they saw his pitiful state.

Gwendolyn, however, remained expressionless. Her gaze was on him, and no one knew what was on her mind.

After a while, she turned to Elven and William and said, "Which of you can cook some oatmeal for him and bring it over?"

Elven and William exchanged glances, clearly perplexed.

"Ms. Shalders, you might as well ask me to start a fight. Cook oatmeal? I have no idea how..." Elven voiced his hesitation.

William chimed in, "I don't know how either. Really!"

Gwendolyn was speechless.

Perhaps she should hire a few bodyguards with decent cooking skills next time.

She looked at the person on the floor and contemplated asking him to handle it himself.

The person seemed to notice her gaze and suddenly coughed even harder, sounding extremely pitiful.

Gwendolyn pursed her lips.

"Fine, help him back to bed, and I'll take care of it myself."

"All right!"

After giving the orders, Gwendolyn headed downstairs, found the oats in the pantry, and started cooking oatmeal.

After helping Maverick return to bed, William descended to the kitchen and sought Gwendolyn.

"Ms. Shalders, do you believe Mr. Wright's words?"

"I do, but not entirely. I only trust conclusive evidence. If it wasn't him, there should be some clues left behind."

She pondered momentarily and continued with her instructions, "Since he claims to have sent Sherman away, investigate the matter further and see if it aligns with his account."

"Yes," replied William.

Then, he hesitated for a moment and continued, "Honestly, I do believe in Mr. Wright."

Gwendolyn's hand, stirring the oatmeal, paused briefly. "Tell me more," she urged.

"Considering his ability to discreetly bring Noah in and out of prison, it's clear that he possesses formidable power. Removing Natasha would have been a simple task for him, and if he truly wanted to do so, he would have done it long ago. Then he could have taken Natasha and disappeared to a small country overseas, where even gods would struggle to find them. There was no need for him to risk staying in the villa after completing such a task, risking your discovery."

Gwendolyn remained silent.

In the heat of the moment yesterday, combined with Maverick's misinterpretation, Gwendolyn had readily accepted it without delving deeper into the matter.

Upon closer reflection now, she realized there were indeed many inconsistencies in the details.

If it wasn't Maverick, then who could it be?

A sudden thought crossed Gwendolyn's mind.

Could it be the person from the Harris family who had harmed her?

If it was that person, when did that person discover she was still alive and in Fairlake?

And why would he go through the trouble of freeing Natasha from prison?

What was that person's next step?

While she was lost in her thoughts, a terrified expression showed on William's face.

"Ms. Shalders! The oatmeal! Ah!"

Huh? What was that?

"The oatmeal! Ms. Shalders, it's burnt!"

A waft of a burnt odor infiltrated her nostrils, and she belatedly realized what had happened. Hastily, she turned off the stove.

Thankfully, while the bottom of the pot had charred, the rest of the oatmeal was salvageable, albeit barely.

Instructing William to carry out her previous orders and investigate further, Gwendolyn retrieved a small bowl and carefully portioned the cooked oatmeal into it.

While going up the staircase, her attention was drawn to Maverick's partially ajar door.

Contemplating whether to push the door open, she paused and peered through the narrow gap. Her gaze fell upon Maverick, who was rolling up his pant leg and applying ointment to his knee.

His skin had become quite delicate, and the impact of last night's kneeling had left his knees and lower legs covered in dark bruises.

Gwendolyn's brows knitted together in concern. Despite them kneeling for around the same amount of time, Maverick looked much more injured.

Ever since he had signed the agreement, Gwendolyn had lost track of the countless instances where Maverick knelt on his own accord or was made to kneel, and the wounds he sustained seemed to persist without respite.

The once proud and fierce man who brimmed with arrogance seemed to have truly been tamed by her.

But why didn't she feel particularly happy about it?

Upon careful consideration, it seemed that he had paid off his debt.

Gwendolyn brought her thoughts back to the present, pushed the door open, and stepped inside.

Then, he hesitated for a moment and continued, "Honestly, I do believe in Mr. Wright."

Gwendolyn's hand, stirring the pot, paused briefly. "Tell me more," she urged.

"Considering his ability to discreetly bring Noah in and out of prison, it's clear that he possesses formidable power. Removing Notosho would have been a simple task for him, and if he truly wanted to do so, he would have done it long ago. Then he could have taken Notosho and disappeared to a small country overseas, where even gods would struggle to find them. There was no need for him to risk staying in the villa after completing such a task, risking your discovery."

Gwendolyn remained silent.

In the heat of the moment yesterday, combined with Moverick's misinterpretation, Gwendolyn had readily accepted it without delving deeper into the matter.

Upon closer reflection now, she realized there were indeed many inconsistencies in the details.

If it wasn't Moverick, then who could it be?

A sudden thought crossed Gwendolyn's mind.

Could it be the person from the Horris family who had harmed her?

If it was that person, when did that person discover she was still alive and in Fairloke?

And why would he go through the trouble of freeing Notosho from prison?

What was that person's next step?

While she was lost in her thoughts, a terrified expression showed on William's face.

"Ms. Sholders! The ootmeol! Ah!"

Huh? What was that?

"The ootmeol! Ms. Sholders, it's burnt!"

A whiff of a burnt odor infiltrated her nostrils, and she belatedly realized what had happened. Hostily, she turned off the stove. novelbin

Thankfully, while the bottom of the pot had charred, the rest of the oatmeal was salvageable, albeit barely.

Instructing William to carry out her previous orders and investigate further, Gwendolyn retrieved a small bowl and carefully portioned the cooked oatmeal into it.

While going up the staircase, her attention was drawn to Maverick's partially ajar door.

Contemplating whether to push the door open, she paused and peered through the narrow gap. Her gaze fell upon Maverick, who was rolling up his pant leg and applying ointment to his knee.

His skin had become quite delicate, and the impact of last night's kneeling had left his knees and lower legs covered in dark bruises.

Gwendolyn's brows knitted together in concern. Despite them kneeling for around the same amount of time, Maverick looked much more injured.

Ever since he had signed the agreement, Gwendolyn had lost track of the countless instances where Maverick knelt on his own accord or was made to kneel, and the wounds he sustained seemed to persist without respite.

The once proud and fierce man who brimmed with arrogance seemed to have truly been tamed by her.

But why didn't she feel particularly happy about it?

Upon careful consideration, it seemed that he had paid off his debt.

Gwendolyn brought her thoughts back to the present, pushed the door open, and stepped inside.

As Maverick noticed her approach, he let go of his rolled-up pant leg, adjusted the covers, and leaned against the headboard, waiting for her.

Holding the bowl of oatmeal, she sat on the chair next to his bed. She stirred it gently with the spoon. Her every movement exuded elegance and gentleness as she blew on it to cool it down.

Maverick's gaze was intense, and his heart fluttered when he looked at her.

He licked his pale lips, and his dark eyes gleamed with anticipation. He was obediently waiting for her to feed him.

Gwendolyn noticed his gaze, but her expression remained unchanged as she blew on the oatmeal in the bowl, devoid of any emotions in her eyes.

Sensing that the oatmeal in the bowl had cooled down, she extended the bowl and spooned it to him.

Maverick hesitated for a moment, not reaching out to take them.

"Take the food and eat it yourself. I won't feed you." Gwendolyn's tone was icy.

Maverick felt a sting in his heart, suddenly overwhelmed by a profound sense of disappointment and grievance.

He didn't take it, his eyes slightly red as he looked at her. "It hurts. I can't eat it by myself."

Gwendolyn mercilessly exposed his pretense. "It's your knees that are injured, not your hands. How can you suddenly become unable to eat?"

Maverick didn't want to give in.

"But I have a fever, and I feel dizzy."

Gwendolyn's face turned cold. "Look at how eloquent you are. Your brain seems unaffected by the fever. You don't have to eat it if you want to keep complaining!"

She made a motion to get up, intending to take the oatmeal away with her.

Maverick quickly snatched the bowl from her. Although he couldn't get what he ultimately wanted, at least she cooked the oatmeal herself. Not eating it would be a loss.

But as he took a mouthful of oatmeal, he almost spit it out on the spot.

"Why does it taste burnt?"

Gwendolyn felt a bit embarrassed.

There was no way she could say she was so preoccupied with Natasha's matter that she forgot to watch the flame.

"If you don't like it, then don't eat it. You can cook for yourself later," she said, reaching out to take the bowl.

Maverick dodged to the side, not letting her take it away. A protective expression soon flashed across his face.

Then, under Gwendolyn's gaze, he directly gulped down the entire bowl of oatmeal.

Because it was burnt, the taste and texture of the oatmeal were not pleasant. Maverick endured the urge to retch and showed her the empty bowl of oatmeal he had finished.

Gwendolyn knew it wasn't good, and seeing his reaction, her lips involuntarily turned downward.

Since he had finished his meal, it was time for the next step.

She took out a piece of paper that Elven had printed and handed it to him with an indifferent expression.

“Take a look and sign it.”

Maverick unknowingly took it from her.

After reading the words on it, he became angry.

“You want to terminate our employment agreement?”

Chapter 144

“Exactly.”

Her tone was calm.

As Gwendolyn observed his intense reaction, she continued with a steady voice, “I’ve made a rough calculation, and it seems you’ve more or less repaid your debt. Shouldn’t you be happy about terminating the agreement? You can continue being the Wright family heir.”

What she said was true, as his goal was to repay the debt.

But...

“Remember when you said that once the debt was settled, we would go our separate ways and become strangers to each other? Was that true?”

Her gaze was serious and unwavering as she responded, “Yes.”

“Then I won’t sign it. You also mentioned that one year would count as three years. It’s only been a little over half a month. I haven’t even come close to repaying it all!”

Maverick’s brows furrowed, and his cheeks puffed up with frustration as he returned the termination agreement to her.

Gwendolyn did not reach out to take it. Her expression turned cold once again. “Maverick, don’t be unreasonable. Sign it,” she demanded.

Being scolded by her, Maverick grew increasingly disheartened. He shifted closer to her and grasped her delicate wrist. His voice filled with uncertainty.

“Are you still mad about me driving Sherman away and pretending to be injured to deceive you? I promise I won’t lie to you again. Besides, you punished me last night and wrongly accused me of the Natasha incident. This makes us even now. Please, don’t be angry anymore...”

“I’m not angry. In fact, my rationality has led me to believe it’s time to release you from our entanglement. From now on, let’s embark on separate paths and seek tranquility. I believe this is for the best for the both of us.”

If she isn’t angry, does that mean what I do doesn’t make her feel any emotions anymore? Does she not care about me anymore? Does she not even have feelings of resentment toward me?

Maverick was thoroughly exasperated.

“Well, then I’d rather you be angry because I don’t intend to let you off the hook. I won’t sign this termination agreement,” he retorted.

“Maverick!”

Gwendolyn’s brows snapped together as she glared at him. “I’m merely informing you, not seeking your opinion. Whether you sign it or not, it doesn’t matter. You will need to sign it anyway.”

As soon as she finished speaking, Maverick tore the paper into shreds right before her, tossing the pieces up into the air. The torn pieces of paper scattered around the room like falling snowflakes.

Agreeing to sign the divorce papers back then was the biggest regret of his life.

He was determined not to let himself regret his decisions ever again!

Locking eyes with her defiantly, he challenged, "I've torn it. Does it make you mad? If you dare, bring in William and Quinton to beat me up. Even if they leave me half-dead, as long as I'm still alive, I will never sign the document!"

Some shredded paper landed on Gwendolyn's head, igniting her fury that surged to her temples.

"Very well! Seems like you enjoy seeking trouble, huh?"

She gritted her teeth, taking deep breaths to control the urge to charge at him and squash him like a pumpkin.

"You'd better hope your injury drags on while my fury fades swiftly, or I can't guarantee what lengths William and the others might go to with you!" novelbin

With those words hanging in the air, she rose from her seat, cast a scornful glance his way, and departed.

Maverick couldn't shake off the unsettling feeling that her anger was all too real.

Enduring a beating wouldn't be a pleasurable experience; after all, he wasn't a masochist.

Yet, signing that document was undoubtedly out of the question.

In the Lane residence, Samantha sat in her study, poring over reports. In a fit of anger, she swept everything off her desk with a resounding crash.

Clang! The servant, startled by Samantha's sudden outburst, trembled and accidentally spilled the coffee on the floor before breaking the cup.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Lane! I didn't do it on purpose!"

Samantha shot her a cold glance. The servant's clumsiness was worsening her already troubled mood.

"You can't even handle a simple cup of coffee! What use are you to me? Get out of here today and disappear from my sight forever!"

The servant turned pale, crying and begging for mercy. "Ms. Lane, I'm truly sorry. Please don't dismiss me. I need this job! Please!"

"Get lost!"

With a harsh rebuke, the commotion caught the attention of the butler outside. He hurriedly entered the room, dragging the sobbing servant out.

Finally, the room fell quiet. Samantha grabbed her phone and made a call.

The Wright family was making a swift comeback, and Gwendolyn had wasted no time targeting her. During this period, all the Lane family's ongoing business endeavors had faced suppression, with pre-secured projects snatched away by either Wright Construction Group or Amryn Real Estate.

As a result, the Lane Group's revenue took a nosedive.

Samantha was infuriated. She had spent a fortune investigating Gwendolyn's background but in vain.

Just as she was contemplating, the call went through.

"Ms. Lane, we've checked three times. Her background indicates that she was an orphan at Fairlake Orphanage, without parents or other relatives."

How could Samantha possibly believe that? "What about before she was sent to the orphanage? What happened then? If she never left the orphanage, how could she become Rory's mentor? How can you be so incompetent in your investigations?"

"I apologize, Ms. Lane. We have done our best. This is the result of our investigation."

Enraged, Samantha hung up the phone and hurled the cup on the table against the wall.

Who exactly is this despicable woman?

After dispatching so many people, they still couldn't discover her true identity!

"Very well! Seems like you enjoy seeking trouble, huh?"

She gritted her teeth, taking deep breaths to control the urge to charge at him and squish him like a pumpkin.

"You'd better hope your injury drops on while my fury fades swiftly, or I can't guarantee what lengths William and the others might go to with you!"

With those words hanging in the air, she rose from her seat, cast a scornful glance his way, and departed.

Moverick couldn't shake off the unsettling feeling that her anger was all too real.

Enduring a beating wouldn't be a pleasurable experience; after all, he wasn't a masochist.

Yet, signing that document was undoubtedly out of the question.

In the Lone residence, Somontho sat in her study, poring over reports. In a fit of anger, she swept everything off her desk with a resounding crash.

Clang! The servant, startled by Somontho's sudden outburst, trembled and accidentally spilled the coffee on the floor before breaking the cup.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Lone! I didn't do it on purpose!"

Somontho shot her a cold glance. The servant's clumsiness was worsening her already troubled mood.

"You can't even handle a simple cup of coffee! What use are you to me? Get out of here today and disappear from my sight forever!"

The servant turned pale, crying and begging for mercy. "Ms. Lone, I'm truly sorry. Please don't dismiss me. I need this job! Please!"

"Get lost!"

With a harsh rebuke, the commotion caught the attention of the butler outside. He hurriedly entered the room, dragging the sobbing servant out.

Finally, the room fell quiet. Somontho grabbed her phone and made a call.

The Wright family was making a swift comeback, and Gwendolyn had wasted no time targeting her. During this period, all the Lone family's ongoing business endeavors had faced suppression, with pre-secured projects snatched away by either Wright Construction Group or Amryn Reol Estate.

As a result, the Lone Group's revenue took a nosedive.

Somontho was infuriated. She had spent a fortune investigating Gwendolyn's background but in vain.

Just as she was contemplating, the call went through.

"Ms. Lone, we've checked three times. Her background indicates that she was an orphan at Fairloke Orphanage, without parents or other relatives."

How could Somontho possibly believe that? "What about before she was sent to the orphanage? What happened then? If she never left the orphanage, how could she become Rory's mentor? How can you be so incompetent in your investigations?"

"I apologize, Ms. Lone. We have done our best. This is the result of our investigation."

Enraged, Somontho hung up the phone and hurled the cup on the table against the wall.

Who exactly is this despicable woman?

After dispatching so many people, they still couldn't discover her true identity!

She slumped into her chair, filled with anger that had no way of being released.

Unable to uncover Gwendolyn's identity meant that she would never know the woman's hidden trump cards. Without that knowledge, she couldn't have continued the fight against Gwendolyn.

However, she couldn't just stand by and watch Gwendolyn destroy the Lane family!

Samantha was at a loss when suddenly the butler knocked on the door and entered.

“Ms. Lane, there’s someone outside asking to speak to you. He claims to be from the Harris family in Salinsburgh.”

Samantha massaged her temples, feeling dizzy from anger. “Someone from the Harris family? I don’t know them. Tell them I’m not available.”

“Yes.” The butler bowed and turned to leave.

“Wait!”

Samantha stopped him.

Why would someone from the Harris family come looking for her?

After a moment’s thought, she decided to meet the person. “My office is too messy right now. I can’t scare off an important guest. Take them to the most discreet small reception room.”

After giving the instructions, Samantha returned to her room and changed into an elegant outfit. She touched up her makeup, ensuring she looked her best, before making her way to the reception room.

She pushed open the door, finding the man already waiting inside.

He was tall and burly, standing at least six feet tall. His facial features were quite pleasing to the eye, and he wore a black suit.

As he noticed her enter, the man greeted her with a slight smile. “Nice to meet you, Ms. Lane!”

Samantha nodded politely and curiously asked, “May I know which member of the Harris family you are?”

The man smiled and replied, "You don't need to know my identity. All you need to know is that I am here to help you."

"To help me?" Samantha inquired.

She was puzzled. "Although the Lane family is far inferior to the Harris family, we still hold a respectable position in the elite cliques of Fairlake. I don't have any pressing needs for assistance."

The man directly exposed her and responded, "Ms. Lane, there's no need to pretend. My employer knows the troubles you've been facing recently with the Wright family and a certain someone. Hence, he sent me here to lend you a helping hand."

Samantha found it hard to believe.

If Treyton treated Gwendolyn so well, why would someone from the Harris family want to make things difficult for her?

"Your employer?" she questioned.

"Yes."

The man continued, "To show our goodwill, I have brought you a gift. I believe you will be quite pleased with it."

He clapped his hands, and someone immediately entered the room carrying a large sack.

Samantha approached with suspicion and opened it, only to be utterly shocked. She fell to the ground in disbelief.

Chapter 145

"Ahh! What is this..."

Inside the hemp sack was an unconscious woman. Her hair was so messy, resembling a bird's nest, covering her face. Her body emitted a sour odor.

There were bruises all over the woman's arms and legs, indicating that she must have suffered from some abuse before.

Samantha looked up at the man with a puzzled expression on her face.

The man did not speak and just smiled. However, that smile was meaningful.

Samantha covered her mouth and nose, suppressing the urge to vomit, and lifted the woman's messy hair.

"Is... this Natasha?"

Wasn't she sent to jail by Gwendolyn? I heard she was sentenced to ten years. How did she get out so soon?

"She was divorced by the Wright family and disowned by the Mossey family. She's nothing now, just a useless person. How useful can she be?"

The man was still smiling. "You'll find out soon enough."

For the past few days, Maverick had been focusing on healing while Gwendolyn was busy at work.

Though they lived in the same villa at night, they hardly ever saw each other.

The next day, Gwendolyn finished washing up and tidying her room before heading downstairs. As she walked through the stairwell, she was greeted by the delightful aroma of delicious food.

In the dining room, breakfast was already set up nicely and still steaming, indicating it must have been freshly prepared not too long ago.

Gwendolyn's lips curled into a smile. In such a short time, someone's cooking skills have improved rapidly.

Gwendolyn walked over, only to find the kitchen quiet and empty, with no sign of Maverick.

So Gwendolyn called out, "Elven, where's Maverick?" novelbin

"Ms. Shalders, Mr. Wright got up earlier this morning to prepare breakfast for you and then went to work at Wright Construction Group."

Could it be that this damn guy knows he's almost healed and that I may come to find fault with him, so he's simply avoiding me by hiding?

Gwendolyn chuckled and shook her head. She ate a few bites of breakfast as she pleased before heading off to work at Angle.

Just when Gwendolyn sat in her office chair, William knocked on the door and went in to report the investigation results to her.

"Ms. Shalders, Mr. Wright wasn't lying. Mr. Ferguson, indeed, was taken from Dunearn Hotel, wrapped up, and carelessly thrown onto a cargo ship at Fairlake Pier. As for his current whereabouts, it's quite difficult to determine."

William paused for a second, then continued, "Although the surveillance camera at Dunearn Hotel during that time was destroyed, I accidentally discovered a familiar face that had been overlooked in the deletion."

William handed Gwendolyn a photo extracted from the surveillance footage with both hands.

“Even though this person is wearing a mask, Ms. Shalders, don’t you think his eyes and eyebrows resemble Nico?”

Gwendolyn took the photo and carefully examined it for a while.

Since Gwendolyn had previously allowed Nico to become Maverick’s assistant nominally, they had occasionally worked together for more than half a month. As a result, she had seen Nico a few times and had a slight impression of him.

If it really was Nico, then I could basically rule out the possibility that Maverick was the one who took Natasha away.

It felt as if a weight had been lifted from her heart. Gwendolyn put down the photo and continued giving orders. “Keep searching for Natasha’s whereabouts until we find her. Also, investigate if there have been any recent personnel movements within the Harris family.”

“Yes, Ms. Shalders.”

Gwendolyn nodded, signaling William to leave and continue his work.

Watching William walk away, Gwendolyn was lost in thought.

If William gather the people from Shadow Bell to investigate thoroughly and still can’t find anything, then such a meticulous modus operandi could very likely be the work of the person from the Harris family who harmed me before. So, what exactly does that person want to achieve by using Natasha?

For some unknown reason, Gwendolyn couldn’t help but feel uneasy about Natasha’s disappearance. She even sensed something serious was going to happen.

As Gwendolyn anxiously pondered, her hands remained busy.

While checking the latest schedules and shooting progress of all the artists, Gwendolyn unexpectedly found out Joaquin's filming had mysteriously halted since yesterday afternoon, and he did not show up for shooting at the film production set that morning.

Gwendolyn immediately called Joaquin's manager.

"Ms. Shalders, I'm innocent! Yesterday, Joaquin was filming just fine, but somehow, he had a conflict with Mr. Joseph Xanthos from the neighboring film production team. Mr. Xanthos is not someone to be messed with. So they fought, and Mr. Xanthos ended up in the hospital. Many spectators who visited Fairlake Film Studios witnessed the incident. I'm currently discussing a solution with the two film production teams."

As Gwendolyn listened further, her frown deepened. "Why wasn't this incident reported yesterday? Where's Joaquin?"

"Sorry, Ms. Shalders. I was considering since Joaquin had experienced similar incidents before, I planned to settle it directly with the film production team. However, I didn't expect Mr. Xanthos' injury to be quite serious this time, and Joaquin was taken away from the hotel by someone from the Zipper family early this morning. We haven't been able to contact him since..."

Gwendolyn fell silent for a moment.

Given Patrick's temper, once the troublemaker, Joaquin, returned home, the latter would definitely face a round of domestic discipline.

"Okay, I got it."

Gwendolyn held her forehead and decided to pay a visit to the Zipper residence in person. That was to prevent Patrick from getting too upset and hitting Joaquin too hard, which might delay the spoiled brat's upcoming filming.

Gwendolyn drove all the way to the Zipper residence. Since Gwendolyn had previously allowed Nico to become Moverick's assistant nominally, they had occasionally worked together for more than half a month. As a result, she had seen Nico a few times and had a slight impression of him.

If it really was Nico, then I could basically rule out the possibility that Moverick was the one who took Notosho away.

It felt as if a weight had been lifted from her heart. Gwendolyn put down the photo and continued giving orders. "Keep searching for Notosho's whereabouts until we find her. Also, investigate if there have been any recent personnel movements within the Horris family."

"Yes, Ms. Sholders."

Gwendolyn nodded, signaling William to leave and continue his work.

Watching William walk away, Gwendolyn was lost in thought.

If William gathered the people from Shadow Bell to investigate thoroughly and still can't find anything, then such a meticulous modus operandi could very likely be the work of the person from the Horris family who harmed me before. So, what exactly does that person want to achieve by using Notosho?

For some unknown reason, Gwendolyn couldn't help but feel uneasy about Notosho's disappearance. She even sensed something serious was going to happen.

As Gwendolyn anxiously pondered, her hands remained busy.

While checking the latest schedules and shooting progress of all the artists, Gwendolyn unexpectedly found out Joaquin's filming had mysteriously halted since yesterday afternoon, and he did not show up for shooting at the film production set that morning.

Gwendolyn immediately called Joaquin's manager.

"Ms. Sholders, I'm innocent! Yesterday, Joaquin was filming just fine, but somehow, he had a conflict with Mr. Joseph Xonthos from the neighboring film production team. Mr. Xonthos is not someone to be messed with. So they fought, and Mr. Xonthos ended up in the hospital. Many spectators who visited

Fairloke Film Studios witnessed the incident. I'm currently discussing a solution with the two film production teams."

As Gwendolyn listened further, her frown deepened. "Why wasn't this incident reported yesterday? Where's Jooquin?"

"Sorry, Ms. Sholders. I was considering since Jooquin had experienced similar incidents before, I planned to settle it directly with the film production team. However, I didn't expect Mr. Xonthos' injury to be quite serious this time, and Jooquin was taken away from the hotel by someone from the Zipper family early this morning. We haven't been able to contact him since..."

Gwendolyn fell silent for a moment.

Given Patrick's temper, once the troublemaker, Jooquin, returned home, the latter would definitely face a round of domestic discipline.

"Okay, I got it."

Gwendolyn held her forehead and decided to pay a visit to the Zipper residence in person. That was to prevent Patrick from getting too upset and hitting Jooquin too hard, which might delay the spoiled brat's upcoming filming.

Gwendolyn drove all the way to the Zipper residence.

After explaining her identity to the bodyguards outside the entrance, the group immediately let Gwendolyn in.

Since Patrick had mentioned before that whenever the daughter of the Harris family wanted to come in, she did not need to notify anyone and could enter directly anytime.

So, Gwendolyn went in smoothly without any obstacles, headed by the butler, Adam.

Before Gwendolyn even reached the meeting room door, she heard loud beating sounds mixed with Joaquin's painful moans. Just listening to it was enough to make one shudder.

Gwendolyn instinctively walked faster.

In the meeting room, Joaquin knelt on the ground, gritting his teeth to endure the pain. His expression showed he was defiant.

Patrick was enraged. Although he felt a little distressed, he wondered how that troublemaker, who would cause mischief if not disciplined for three days, could never learn to behave.

Patrick waved his hand, and the sound of scolding stopped. "I'm asking you; do you know you're at fault?"

Joaquin took a couple of deep breaths, and the expression in his eyes was still rebellious. "I did nothing wrong. He deserved to be beaten. I'll do it again next time. I'll beat him every time I see him!"

When Gwendolyn reached the meeting room door, she heard Joaquin's words loud and clear.

Silly boy, even if you're dissatisfied, don't you know to at least pretend to give in?

As expected, the sounds of scolding and beating inside became even more intense than before, one after another.

"Hit him! Beat him to death! Keep beating until he admits his mistake!"

Adam hurriedly went inside and whispered to Patrick about Gwendolyn's arrival.

"Old Mr. Zipper, it's been so long since we last met! You really haven't aged a bit and still look so young."

Gwendolyn walked in with a smile at the right moment and took over the cane made of intertwined vines from the servant conducting the punishment. "Old Mr. Zipper, this thing sure inflicts a lot of pain when used to beat people, am I right? Joaquin is still young. Please don't punish him too hard."

Patrick's face was full of affection when he saw Gwendolyn walk in, and he could not help but grin from ear to ear. "Oh my! Gwendolyn, you have grown up so much! Quickly come over here and sit down. Let me have a good look at you."

Gwendolyn obediently walked over and sat down next to Patrick.

"Don't worry about this kid. I've been disciplining him since he was little, and he's tough as nails! While my Gwendolyn is the apple of our Zipper and Harris families' eyes, you deserve all the pampering!"

Upon hearing that, Joaquin hissed as he drew in a cold breath, secretly straightening his back to massage the wound behind.

Joaquin complained about Patrick silently. My grandfather doesn't care about me, his grandson, but only dotes on someone else's granddaughter! Is there something wrong with him?

Chapter 146

Patrick seemed to sense the resentful gaze and glared back fiercely, "What are you looking at? Kneel properly! You are such a pain in the *ss! This is not over yet!"

When Gwendolyn heard what he said, she realized they didn't plan on letting Joaquin off the hook so easily.

Gwendolyn thought momentarily and smiled, "Old Mr. Zipper, the main reason I came today is to bring Joaquin back to the film set. His shooting is almost finished, and it wouldn't be good if something went wrong. I'll take him to apologize to Joseph and ensure Joaquin knows his place."

Patrick glanced at Gwendolyn, then at Joaquin, and nodded with satisfaction. "Alright, I trust you will take care of this."

“Thank you for trusting me, Old Mr. Zipper. So, can I take Joaquin now?” she said while attempting to signal Joaquin with her eyes.

Joaquin clutched his swollen back and struggled to get up from the ground.

Adam became concerned when he saw Joaquin’s condition. “Old Mr. Zipper, why don’t we let Mr. Joaquin get treated before he leaves? It would be quite unbearable for him to continue with the shoot in this state.”

“Nonsense! Why should my Gwendolyn wait for him? He should just bear with the pain; only then will he learn his lesson. Not only must he continue filming, but he also cannot miss tonight’s charity gala. Do you hear me?”

“Understood.”

Joaquin pursed his lips, and his face looked somewhat weak.

Gwendolyn held back her laughter and looked toward Patrick. “Well, Old Mr. Zipper, I’ll be leaving with him now. We’ll come to see you again when we have time.”

After she spoke, she stepped forward to help Joaquin up, and they left the meeting room together, with Joaquin limping beside her.

Once they were far away from the meeting room, Joaquin asked, “Gwendolyn, you’re not seriously going to make me apologize to that scumbag at the hospital, are you? Please don’t do that!” novelbin

Gwendolyn pursed her lips and raised the corner of her mouth. “Then you have to tell me why you two got into a fight in the first place.”

Joaquin lowered his head looking all gloomy.

As his buttocks and thighs were hit terribly, Joaquin was walking with great difficulty and was in so much pain that he broke out in cold sweat.

He hesitated for a moment and replied, "Because I heard him badmouthing you behind your back, and it was really nasty, so I beat him up every time I see him. Ouch..."

He got so worked up as he spoke that he accidentally aggravated his wound, causing him to grimace in pain.

Gwendolyn chuckled, suddenly found him a bit silly and even looked a little adorable.

"Since that was the reason, why didn't you tell Old Mr. Zipper directly?"

Joaquin continued, "If Grandpa finds out, I might get a lighter punishment. However, once Grandpa and Adam heard those nasty things Joseph said about you, it won't be long before the entire Zipper family's servants know. I don't want to ruin your reputation."

When Gwendolyn heard that, her curiosity grew tremendously. What exactly did Joseph say about me?

"Is there a recording? Let me listen to it."

Joaquin followed Gwendolyn to her car and played Joseph's recording for her while they were inside.

"I heard Joaquin's talent agency boss is actually a wealthy divorcee. I heard she's even an orphan. What a weirdo! I wonder how she managed to get the rights to manage Angle. She must have slept with Treyton! I've seen her at the last talent show finals, and she's quite a beauty. What a shame that she's a whore!"

Gwendolyn's face darkened significantly after she heard the recording.

Joaquin spat, "Man, my fiery temper is getting the best of me. Hearing it makes me want to beat him up again!"

Gwendolyn stopped him. "Go back to the set and focus on the shoot. Don't worry about this."

"Really, Gwendolyn? You're just going to let him off the hook like that?"

Gwendolyn raised an eyebrow, and a mischievous smile formed at the corner of her mouth. "Who said I was going to let him off the hook?"

The hardest thing to control would be to put a stop to gossip, but there would be different ways to handle the matter.

Since Gwendolyn had heard what Joseph say, her personality would make it impossible for her not to retaliate.

She pondered as she drove to Fairlake Film Studios and called her assistant to come out and get Joaquin.

Joaquin held on to the car handle, reluctant to get out. "Gwendolyn, do we have to shoot today? It seems like there's an action scene. I just got beaten up. I won't be able to do it."

Gwendolyn took a tube of anti-inflammatory cream from the car's glove compartment and handed it to him.

"I bought this for you when I went to get you. Go back to the crew's resting room, apply some medicine, and get some rest. I'll give you a day off today, but we'll have to catch up on the filming schedule later."

Joaquin was deeply touched. "I knew you favored me the most! I will always be your most loyal supporter!"

"Stop joking around. Hurry up and go," Gwendolyn replied with annoyance.

Joaquin chuckled and was about to open the car door when he suddenly thought of something. He turned his head and said, "If I continue the shoot for today and try my best not to slow down the progress, will you be my partner for tonight's charity gala?"

Since Joaquin had asked so sincerely, Gwendolyn had no heart to turn down his request.

Hence, she nodded. "Alright."

After Joaquin left in a good mood, Gwendolyn called Elven.

"Arrange for someone to keep an eye on Joseph, the young master of the Xanthos family, at the hospital. Once he's discharged, put a sack over his head and give him another round of beating. I think he prefers staying in the hospital. Just remember not to leave any traces or evidence behind."

When Gwendolyn heard that, her curiosity grew tremendously. What exactly did Joseph say about me?

"Is there a recording? Let me listen to it."

Joaquin followed Gwendolyn to her room and played Joseph's recording for her while they were inside.

"I heard Joaquin's talent agency boss is actually a wealthy divorcee. I heard she's even an orphan. What a weirdo! I wonder how she managed to get the rights to manage Angle. She must have slept with Treyton! I've seen her at the last talent show finals, and she's quite a beauty. What a shame that she's a whore!"

Gwendolyn's face darkened significantly after she heard the recording.

Joaquin said, "Mon, my fiery temper is getting the best of me. Hearing it makes me want to beat him up again!"

Gwendolyn stopped him. "Go back to the set and focus on the shoot. Don't worry about this."

“Really, Gwendolyn? You’re just going to let him off the hook like that?”

Gwendolyn raised an eyebrow, and a mischievous smile formed at the corner of her mouth. “Who said I was going to let him off the hook?”

The hardest thing to control would be to put a stop to gossip, but there would be different ways to handle the matter.

Since Gwendolyn had heard what Joseph said, her personality would make it impossible for her not to retaliate.

She pondered as she drove to Fairloke Film Studios and called her assistant to come out and get Joaquin.

Joaquin held on to the car handle, reluctant to get out. “Gwendolyn, do we have to shoot today? It seems like there’s an action scene. I just got beaten up. I won’t be able to do it.”

Gwendolyn took a tube of anti-inflammatory cream from the car’s glove compartment and handed it to him.

“I bought this for you when I went to get you. Go back to the crew’s resting room, apply some medicine, and get some rest. I’ll give you a day off today, but we’ll have to catch up on the filming schedule later.”

Joaquin was deeply touched. “I knew you loved me the most! I will always be your most loyal supporter!”

“Stop joking around. Hurry up and go,” Gwendolyn replied with annoyance.

Joaquin chuckled and was about to open the car door when he suddenly thought of something. He turned his head and said, “If I continue the shoot for today and try my best not to slow down the progress, will you be my partner for tonight’s charity gala?”

Since Jooquin had asked so sincerely, Gwendolyn had no heart to turn down his request.

Hence, she nodded. "Alright."

After Jooquin left in a good mood, Gwendolyn called Elven.

"Arrange for someone to keep an eye on Joseph, the young master of the Xonthos family, at the hospital. Once he's discharged, put a sock over his head and give him another round of beating. I think he prefers staying in the hospital. Just remember not to leave any traces or evidence behind."

"Yes, Ms. Shalders."

After Gwendolyn gave the orders, she drove back to Angle.

...

Maverick was also investigating Natasha's case.

The investigation results were similar to Gwendolyn's, with no actual progress.

Maverick's furrowed brows revealed an unbridled ferocity, while his deep, dark eyes were filled with coldness.

"That woman suddenly disappeared at this critical moment. Things are more sinister than they seem to be. I don't know if they are targeting Gwendolyn or me, so we must investigate! We need to find out everything!"

Nico sighed. "But it's like she just vanished into thin air without a trace or clue. Boss, do you think it's possible that she never left the prison at all?"

Maverick fell silent for a moment. "It's impossible. I can be certain she's not in prison anymore, but she might still be in Fairlake, hidden away by someone."

But who could this person be?

Just as Maverick was deep in thought, his phone rang.

He glanced at the notification and realized the call was from a number he had saved in his phone but had never communicated with.

It was Samantha.

When the call was connected, a woman's laughter, as musical as silver bells, came through. "Maverick, it's been so many years since we last met. I wonder if you still remember me?"

"What's the matter?" Maverick went straight to the point, his tone indifferent.

Samantha laughed. "Oh, Maverick, you're still so aloof with people. But there's indeed something important today. There's a charity gala tonight, and I sincerely invite you to be my partner. I wonder if you will be willing to do me this favor?"

Maverick frowned almost imperceptibly, not bothering to hide his disgust.

He was prepared to reject Samantha outright.

It was as if Samantha could guess what he was about to say, so she took the initiative to continue the conversation.

"Maverick, don't reject me just yet. I heard that Gwendolyn will be attending the dinner with Mr. Zipper tonight, and I also heard that Mr. Zipper's attitude towards Gwendolyn is quite special."

Maverick fell silent when he heard this.

Samantha continued, "One is the boss of Angle, and the other is the face of Angle. If they display any intimacy at the charity gala and rumors about a romantic relationship between them spread, could it become a trending online topic? Are you sure you don't want to reconsider, Maverick?"

Joaquin's interest in Gwendolyn was not a recent affair.

Maverick's dark eyes narrowed slightly as if he was pondering something.

"Alright, I'll go with you."

Chapter 147

That evening, at the charity gala.

It was held at Fairlake's most luxurious hotel, Gardens Hotel.

The hotel was splendid with opulent decor. Only prominent business tycoons and wealthy scions of Fairlake were invited to attend the gala.

As it was a charity event, Gwendolyn chose a black gown adorned with golden clouds embroidery. Her hair was elegantly combed to one side, giving her a mature and charming appearance that was both sensual and enticing.

Ever since the talent show, everyone knew she was the boss of Angle. So there were far fewer prejudiced gazes when they looked at her.

As soon as she and Joaquin appeared, they became the center of attention. With Joaquin's popularity in the entertainment industry, the two of them instantly dominated the conversation.

Initially, Gwendolyn was determined to keep a low profile. However, she drew attention as soon as she appeared.

Joaquin saw that she wasn't too happy and chuckled.

"There's no helping it. You just look stunning. This gown is very demanding on one's figure, but it looks like it was tailor-made for you. As expected, attending an event with you never disappoints. I'm so proud!"

Gwendolyn stared at him and whispered, "You're teasing me already? So it seems the beating you took during the day doesn't hurt anymore, huh?"

Joaquin's expression instantly changed, and he looked pitifully at Gwendolyn as he wrapped his arm around hers. "No, it still hurts so much. This afternoon, I shot an action scene, and the pain was unbearable!"

Gwendolyn was amused by him, so she playfully flicked his forehead.

In the meantime, Maverick was observing the interaction of the two from afar.

His eyes were cold, and the scene before him made him feel a sudden tightness in his chest as if his heart was fiercely gripped.

But he knew he had no right to be jealous.

But he just couldn't shake off the feeling of annoyance.

I'm so pissed!

Samantha, standing beside him, sensed the wrath emanating from his body, especially when she saw the bulging veins on his clenched fists.

"Maverick, shall we say hello to Ms. Shalders and Mr. Zipper?"

Maverick remained silent.

He neither agreed nor refused.

So Samantha decided to leave him there and headed off in Gwendolyn's direction.

Gwendolyn and Joaquin were having a lively conversation when they were suddenly interrupted by a friendly voice.

"Ms. Shalders, long time no see. You've become even more beautiful, and even such heavy makeup can't hide the foxy charm you possess."

Joaquin was enraged when he heard the comment. "Everyone knows Gwendolyn's beauty is unbeatable. She can outshine you even without makeup. And if her makeup is heavy, what do you call that plastered mess on your face?

Besides, not everyone can be a fox. Someone like you can only be a wild boar."

"You!"

Samantha was infuriated. Did he just call me a wild boar?

How in the world am I that fat and ugly!

However, it wasn't Gwendolyn who made the snarky remark but Joaquin. Samantha didn't want to offend the Zipper family in Fairlake, so she had no choice but to swallow her pride.

Gwendolyn wasn't paying attention to their playful banter; instead, she noticed Maverick walking up from behind Samantha.

In just an instant, her aura changed.

She became cold and distant.

A hint of anger flickered in her eyes like warning signs of a storm.

Didn't he know that Samantha had hurt me before?

And that I hate her!

And now he's here at the charity gala with Samantha, leaving all his chores undone?

As he stood opposite Gwendolyn, Maverick could almost instantly sense the anger emanating from her. He subconsciously gulped, feeling the tension in his throat.

Maverick no longer cared about being angry at her interaction with Joaquin.

Because he realized Gwendolyn was furious.

He would have a tough time when he got home later.

Samantha sensed the exchange of glances between Gwendolyn and Maverick. Thus, she explained with a smile, "Maverick misses you, but you're already Mr. Zipper's partner, so he could only pair up with me to see you. Please don't be jealous, Ms. Shalders."

Gwendolyn responded with a cold laugh, "Ms. Lane, you must be joking. He's just someone insignificant to me. There's absolutely no reason for me to be jealous."

Gwendolyn's words painfully scorched Maverick's heart.

His face instantly turned deathly pale.

As he tried to ease the tightness in his chest, he approached Gwendolyn without caring about his surroundings and gently grasped her wrist.

“Gwendolyn, our employment contract hasn’t been terminated yet, so I’m still at your service. I’ve been well-behaved today, but once we’re home, you can do whatever you want with me, okay? No matter how harshly you punish me, I’ll take it...”

Maverick’s dark eyes gazed at Gwendolyn with a hint of grievance. Then, he turned her wrist over gently, and his well-defined knuckles drew circles in her palm.

Maverick did everything so naturally.

Joaquin who was standing nearby was shocked. He was so disgusted. F*ck!

How could someone say something so embarrassing and shameful in public?

Samantha was also taken aback.

Is this coquettish man the same Maverick who once held power in Wright Construction Group, who’s also known for his aloof and fierce demeanor?

Could it be that someone has cast a curse on him? Samantha thought in disbelief.

However, Maverick continued to draw circles in Gwendolyn’s palm as if no one else was around.

Gwendolyn didn’t show any emotion. After all, she wasn’t the one who got embarrassed for saying something like that in public.

Nevertheless, Maverick’s circular drawing motion made her palms ticklish.

How in the world am I that fat and ugly!

However, it wasn't Gwendolyn who made the snarky remark but Jooquin. Somonthe didn't want to offend the Zipper family in Fairloke, so she had no choice but to swallow her pride.

Gwendolyn wasn't paying attention to their playful banter; instead, she noticed Moverick walking up from behind Somonthe.

In just an instant, her mood changed.

She became cold and distant.

A hint of anger flickered in her eyes like warning signs of a storm.

Didn't he know that Somonthe had hurt me before?

And that I hate her!

And now he's here at the charity gala with Somonthe, leaving all his chores undone?

As he stood opposite Gwendolyn, Moverick could almost instantly sense the anger emanating from her. He subconsciously gulped, feeling the tension in his throat.

Moverick no longer cared about being angry at her interaction with Jooquin.

Because he realized Gwendolyn was furious.

He would have a tough time when he got home later.

Somontho sensed the exchange of glances between Gwendolyn and Moverick. Thus, she explained with a smile, "Moverick misses you, but you're already Mr. Zipper's partner, so he could only pair up with me to see you. Please don't be jealous, Ms. Sholders."

Gwendolyn responded with a cold laugh, "Ms. Lone, you must be joking. He's just someone insignificant to me. There's absolutely no reason for me to be jealous."

Gwendolyn's words painfully scorched Moverick's heart.

His face instantly turned deathly pale.

As he tried to ease the tightness in his chest, he approached Gwendolyn without caring about his surroundings and gently grasped her wrist.

"Gwendolyn, our employment contract hasn't been terminated yet, so I'm still at your service. I've been well-behaved today, but once we're home, you can do whatever you want with me, okay? No matter how harshly you punish me, I'll take it..."

Moverick's dark eyes gazed at Gwendolyn with a hint of grievance. Then, he turned her wrist over gently, and his well-defined knuckles drew circles in her palm.

Moverick did everything so naturally.

Joaquin who was standing nearby was shocked. He was so disgusted. F*ck!

How could someone say something so embarrassing and shameful in public?

Somontho was also taken aback.

Is this coquettish man the same Moverick who once held power in Wright Construction Group, who's also known for his aloof and fierce demeanor? novelbin

Could it be that someone has cast a curse on him? Sometho thought in disbelief.

However, Moverick continued to draw circles in Gwendolyn's palm as if no one else was around.

Gwendolyn didn't show any emotion. After all, she wasn't the one who got embarrassed for saying something like that in public.

Nevertheless, Moverick's circular drawing motion made her palms ticklish.

As she was about to pull her hand back, she suddenly realized that there was something off about the movement of his knuckles.

He wasn't just drawing circles but also writing words.

Gwendolyn focused intently and took a moment to experience the sensation.

Unfortunately, she couldn't decipher the words he had written, let alone understand what he was trying to convey.

Joaquin cleared his throat lightly and said, "Gwendolyn, I can't stand the stuffy air in here any longer. How about we go over there for a glass of red wine?"

"Alright." Gwendolyn withdrew her hand and walked away with Joaquin without looking back.

She didn't even spare a glance at Maverick.

Maverick lowered his head and felt rather dejected.

Since Gwendolyn didn't manage to get what he was trying to convey, it meant that he wouldn't be let off so easily when they returned home.

Samantha just stood beside him and quietly observed him for a while.

“You have changed so much compared to before! I remember it used to be her chasing after you every day. But after the divorce, you willingly became her loyal follower instead. I heard that you were tortured and abused by her last time and even ended up in the hospital. How can you put up with this?”

Maverick’s initially frustrated expression instantly turned cold as she spoke. There was a hit of malice in his dark eyes.

“This is my personal matter.”

Samantha laughed. “You’re right. I shouldn’t be prying, but I’m just curious. You used to really like Ms. Mossey, and now that she’s been sent to jail by Gwendolyn, shouldn’t you be affected by it?”

As she spoke, her fingers gently climbed up his arm, “If I can, I’d like to help you break free from Gwendolyn’s clutches sooner. Maverick, you...”

Before she could finish speaking, Maverick grabbed her wrist abruptly.

His fierce black eyes met hers, conveying a warning. “I’ve always been cold-blooded and have no regard for family ties. So if you dare to cause trouble, not only will Gwendolyn not spare you, I won’t either.”

Samantha broke free from his grasp and gave Maverick a cunning smile. “Don’t you want to see if she will feel jealous because of you?”

Maverick frowned, sensing trouble in those words.

Before he could say anything, shrill screams suddenly erupted from the back hall of the charity gala, one after another!

“Who is this? How did she end up lying here covered in injuries!”

“Is she a human or a ghost? She looks so terrifying!”

Awakened by the screams and murmurs, the woman slowly regained consciousness. Beneath her messy, dry, and tangled hair, bloodshot, ferocious eyes were seen.

She brushed the hair away from her forehead, revealing her pain-stricken face to the crowd.

Someone with sharp eyes recognized her.

“Isn’t this Ms. Natasha from the Mossey family?”

Chapter 148

Someone countered, “The Mossey family has already publicly cut ties with her a long time ago. She’s no longer Ms. Natasha of the family!”

“But wasn’t she sentenced to prison? How could she be here?”

“How did she become so ugly now? Her skin is so wrinkled. It feels like she has aged ten years...”

There was a lot of discussion among the crowd.

Natasha felt the gaze from the crowd, and her entire body trembled helplessly.

She glanced around at everyone, trying to find the most familiar figure among them.

“Mave! I want Mave! Where’s my Mave?”

Meanwhile, outside the crowd, Samantha’s eyes flickered, and she glanced in that direction curiously.

“Maverick, it’s so lively over there. Let’s go check it out.”

Before Maverick could respond, she walked over, made her way through the crowd, and even kindly left a spot for Maverick.

“Hey, Maverick! Isn’t this Ms. Mossey?”

Maverick frowned tightly upon hearing the name, and his face exuded a cold aura.

His eyes darkened, and he walked over with an impenetrable expression.

Upon seeing him, Natasha’s emotions surged with excitement. She sobbed and said, “Mave! I’ve finally found you! You have no idea how much I’ve suffered in this period of time. I’ve endured so much torment in order to see you again...”

Her voice was a bit hoarse, and she cried out in deep sorrow.

However, her face was covered in bruises and wounds. On top of that, her bloodshot eyes made her look pitiful yet terrifying.

As she sobbed, she excitedly moved closer to Maverick’s feet, trying to grab the leg of his suit pants.

Maverick’s expression changed slightly, and he almost took a big step backward instinctively.

Joaquin, who was enjoying red wine in the main banquet hall, faintly heard the commotion in the back of the hall. He pulled Gwendolyn along to see what was going on.

As soon as they arrived at the back hall, they saw Natasha persistently crawling towards Maverick’s feet.

Maverick's face looked terrible. He kept backing away as though he was trying to avoid a jinx until his back bumped into Gwendolyn, who just walked over.

Gwendolyn quickly supported his lower back with her hand, the corner of her mouth slightly lifted, and she sneered, "Trying to fake an accident?"

Maverick didn't feel embarrassed. His face was slightly pale as he bent down to rub his leg. novelbin

"Gwendolyn, my knee hurts... I want to go back to the villa."

His brows furrowed tightly, and when he turned to look at Gwendolyn, he quickly concealed the maliciousness in his eyes, replacing it with a pitiful and aggrieved expression.

Gwendolyn didn't bother to expose him. She casually glanced at Natasha, who was stunned by his words on the ground.

She put on a playful smile and teased, "No way! This is your personal matter, and you should deal with it properly yourself."

After saying that, she forcefully pushed him toward Natasha with the hand that supported his lower back.

Then, she watched the show with her arms crossed and watched on casually.

The person I've been searching for so long unexpectedly appears at Gardens Hotel charity gala.

She was happy to watch the play as long as someone was willing to make the show.

Natasha, who was on the ground, looked pitiful as she reached out toward Maverick. "Mave..."

Maverick managed to balance himself in time, and as he looked down at Natasha, his dark eyes were filled with nothing but coldness and hostility. In a low voice, he warned, "Stay right there, and don't come any closer."

Natasha felt hurt when she saw his cold gaze. She began to sob uncontrollably, without caring about her image.

"Mave, don't you recognize me? I'm your Tasha, your fiancée! Because of you, I was framed and imprisoned by that despicable Gwendolyn! Do you have any idea how much I've suffered?"

Maverick's eyes became colder. "When I left Fairlake, Mother made the decision to call off the engagement. So, you and I have nothing to do with each other now."

If it weren't for everyone watching, he would have wished to kick the liar beneath his feet and vent his anger on her badly.

She pretended to be Gwendolyn and claimed she was the one who saved Declan. She even tried to put Gwendolyn in grave danger several times, and now she was suddenly brought out by someone to intensify the animosity between him and Gwendolyn.

D*mn it!

Joaquin, standing nearby, tutted and leaned in to whisper in Gwendolyn's ear. "Gwendolyn, did you hear that? He is the epitome of a bad man! When he loves someone, he loves her passionately, but when he doesn't, he's more ruthless than anyone else. Thankfully, you got a divorce in time!" He was adding fuel to the fire.

Gwendolyn pursed her lips, remaining silent.

Those once bright and clear eyes now stared deeply and silently at Maverick, who was standing not far away.

"Mave! How could you do this to me? I love you so much..."

Natasha was full of hope when she was taken out of prison, but now, seeing his cold and heartless expression, her feelings of despair and resentment were hard to suppress and almost burst out.

Maverick's expression remained unchanged.

Under the watchful eyes of the whispering onlookers, he declared loudly, "Natasha, I'm telling you for the last time, the one I've always loved and cherished is Gwendolyn. And it will always be her in the past, now, and forever. Since you've been sentenced, you should stay in prison and repent your past sins!"

He took out his phone to contact Nico as he spoke.

Unexpectedly, those words had completely stirred up Natasha's emotions.

She covered her head, screaming madly. Her voice was sharp and piercing, which was shrilled and terrifying.

After saying that, she forcefully pushed him toward Notosho with the hand that supported his lower back.

Then, she watched the show with her arms crossed and watched on casually.

The person I've been searching for so long unexpectedly appears at Gordens Hotel charity gala.

She was happy to watch the play as long as someone was willing to make the show.

Notosho, who was on the ground, looked pitiful as she reached out toward Maverick. "Move..."

Maverick managed to balance himself in time, and as he looked down at Notosho, his dark eyes were filled with nothing but coldness and hostility. In a low voice, he warned, "Stay right there, and don't come any closer."

Notosho felt hurt when she saw his cold gaze. She began to sob uncontrollably, without caring about her image.

"Move, don't you recognize me? I'm your Tosho, your fiancée! Because of you, I was framed and imprisoned by that despicable Gwendolyn! Do you have any idea how much I've suffered?"

Moverick's eyes became colder. "When I left Fairloke, Mother made the decision to call off the engagement. So, you and I have nothing to do with each other now."

If it weren't for everyone watching, he would have wished to kick the liar beneath his feet and vent his anger on her body.

She pretended to be Gwendolyn and claimed she was the one who saved Declan. She even tried to put Gwendolyn in grave danger several times, and now she was suddenly brought out by someone to intensify the animosity between him and Gwendolyn.

D*mn it!

Joaquin, standing nearby, tutted and leaned in to whisper in Gwendolyn's ear. "Gwendolyn, did you hear that? He is the epitome of a bad man! When he loves someone, he loves her passionately, but when he doesn't, he's more ruthless than anyone else. Thankfully, you got a divorce in time!" He was adding fuel to the fire.

Gwendolyn pursed her lips, remaining silent.

Those once bright and clear eyes now stared deeply and silently at Moverick, who was standing not far away.

"Move! How could you do this to me? I love you so much..."

Notosho was full of hope when she was taken out of prison, but now, seeing his cold and heartless expression, her feelings of despair and resentment were hard to suppress and almost burst out.

Maverick's expression remained unchanged.

Under the watchful eyes of the whispering onlookers, he declared loudly, "Notosho, I'm telling you for the last time, the one I've always loved and cherished is Gwendolyn. And it will always be her in the past, now, and forever. Since you've been sentenced, you should stay in prison and repent your past sins!"

He took out his phone to contact Nico as he spoke.

Unexpectedly, those words had completely stirred up Notosho's emotions.

She covered her head, screaming madly. Her voice was sharp and piercing, which was shrilled and terrifying.

"I just love you! What's my crime? It's all because of this b*tch who stole you from me! If it weren't for her, you would have been with me long ago, and we wouldn't have all these matters now! It was all because of her that I ended up in prison. I won't let her off the hook. I'm going to kill her!"

Her red eyes glared at Gwendolyn, and suddenly, a strong murder intent filled her. She reached into her sleeve, pulled out a knife she had prepared beforehand, and swiftly charged toward Gwendolyn.

"I'm going to kill you! B*tch! I'll send you to hell!"

Gwendolyn watched the approaching madwoman without flinching, her eyes remaining calm and undisturbed.

Joaquin and Maverick immediately stepped in front of Gwendolyn, closely followed by Elven, Ezra, William, and Quinton, who all rushed into the banquet hall.

Natasha couldn't even touch a piece of Gwendolyn's clothing before she was restrained by several bodyguards.

She could only yell and struggle, “You just wait, b*tch! Even if I die, I won’t let you off! Do you think I’m the only one who hates you? There are a lot of people who want to take you down in this world! Even if you don’t die by my hand, you’ll die by someone else’s! I’ll be waiting for that day!”

Her words made Gwendolyn’s eyes narrow sharply.

Judging from the meaning of her words, Natasha seems to know something more.

Elven turned to look at Gwendolyn and asked, “Ms. Shalders, how should we handle this?”

“Disperse the crowd, let the charity gala continue, and take Natasha away!”

Upon hearing she was going to be taken away, Natasha struggled desperately. “Ah! You b*tch! It’s all your fault that I ended up like this, and now you want to take me back to continue torturing me? I won’t go! I’d rather die than go!”

Seeing that Gwendolyn’s bodyguards were tall, strong, and difficult to deal with, Samantha quickly spoke up. “Gwendolyn, she’s a fugitive! No matter what, she should be handed over to the police. You can’t take her away, and you definitely can’t take matters into your own hands!”

Some people chimed in, “Exactly! We live in a society governed by law now. Your people are not the police, so what gives you the right to take her away?”

“That’s right! We can’t let them take her away. Someone hurry up and call the police, let the police come and uphold justice!”

Amid the bustling crowd, not only did people show no intention of leaving, but they also gathered even more closely together.

Gwendolyn glanced through the crowd, finally setting her sights on the arrogant Samantha standing before her.

In order to pave the way for this drama, did she arrange for someone to mislead the crowd's opinion beforehand?

Hmm, this is interesting.

Chapter 149

Elven, Ezra, and the others were trapped amid the crowd and unable to move. They did not dare to push the people away as they were afraid that they might accidentally hurt them.

Moreover, that group of people were not ordinary people. They were significant and powerful young heirs and heiresses of prominent families.

Samantha took the opportunity to shoot Natasha a meaningful gaze.

Natasha understood her intentions. Seizing the opportunity when the bodyguards were putting their attention on the crowd, she quickly broke free from their grasp and ran away from the crowd.

The bodyguards' expressions changed drastically. When they were about to chase after her, they were blocked by the crowd.

Quinton was furious and scolded, "Are you guys blind? Even if you disagree to let us take her away, you shouldn't condone letting a fugitive like Natasha escape."

Samantha laughed and replied, "There's no need for you guys to chase after her. I've already informed the police. I doubt she'll go far. Let the police handle her. We won't need Ms. Shalders' pet dogs to take action against her."

Pet dogs?

Quinton and the others were gritting their teeth in anger. However, they did not retort since Gwendolyn hadn't said anything.

Gwendolyn pursed her lips tightly, with her expression darkened.

Upon seeing her expression, Maverick softly called out, "Gwendolyn."

She raised her eyes in response, giving him a cold gaze without any traces of warmth.

"She's your woman. This matter..."

Before she could finish speaking, Maverick quickly interrupted as he retorted, "She's not mine."

Gwendolyn's expression remained indifferent as she continued, "In any case, I'll let Mr. Wright handle this matter personally. Once it's resolved, you can return to the villa."

Maverick knew she was still angry. He wanted to reach out and grab her wrist to beg for forgiveness. However, he was interrupted by the hurried arrival of Nico.

"Boss, I'm sorry, I'm late!"

Maverick's expression darkened swiftly.

Resisting the urge to turn around and beat up Nico, he calmly instructed, "Natasha ran toward the path leading to the remote bamboo forest at the back. She's injured and hasn't recovered. So she can't run far away from here. Go and chase after her."

"Yes."

After Nico said that, he immediately sprinted in the direction Maverick had mentioned.

Maverick took a moment to calm himself down. When he was about to reach for Gwendolyn's wrist again, she subtly turned her body to dodge it.

Gwendolyn looked at Elven, Ezra, and the other bodyguards, who were surrounded by the crowd. "Disperse the crowd and let the charity gala continue," she instructed.

The main performers had escaped. So, the crowd soon dismissed since there was nothing interesting to watch.

Gwendolyn only approached Samantha when most people left the scene.

Her beautiful eyes exuded a coldness that was both sharp and reckless.

When she locked eyes with Samantha, she gave her a mysterious smile and said, "Ms. Lane, considering our past grievances, my original plan was just to make the Lane family go bankrupt. If you behave yourself, I can spare your life. However, if I find out that you collude with someone and try to pull any tricks, I bet you might not be able to bear the consequences."

Gwendolyn's warning made Samantha slightly taken aback.

After a few seconds, Samantha finally returned to her senses and responded with a smile, "There's no rush for that, Ms. Shalders. It's still uncertain who the victor is and who will be taught a lesson at the end."

Gwendolyn narrowed her eyes and smiled. "I'll be waiting."

After saying that, she left the charity gala without looking back, accompanied by Elven, a few bodyguards, and Joaquin.

Maverick, who was left alone, wanted to catch up, but Samantha stopped him.

“Maverick, the charity gala isn’t over yet. Why are you in such a hurry to leave? Please stay and keep me company for a little while longer.”

Maverick glared furiously at her.

“Get lost.”

After saying that coldly, he immediately ran out of the hotel.

Gwendolyn had just gotten into the car and was about to close the door.

Maverick quickly grabbed the car door as he shouted, “Gwendolyn, don’t!”

“What are you doing?”

At first, Maverick glanced into the car. He saw Elven was the one driving while Ezra sat in the passenger seat. However, Quinton was not there with them. He guessed that he went to send Joaquin back to the Zipper residence.

Therefore, Gwendolyn was sitting in the back seat alone.

He clung to the car door tightly while keeping his tone soft. It was as if he was afraid that he would make her angry if he increased the volume slightly.

“Gwendolyn, I want to go back to the villa too. Can you please move over there a bit?”

Since Gwendolyn had just gotten into the car, she sat on the right side next to the road, leaving the left seat unoccupied.

Under the dim yellow streetlight, there was a flicker of light in Maverick’s dark eyes. When he looked at her, he was cautious yet filled with slight anticipation.

Gwendolyn shot him a cold gaze as she answered, barely hesitating, "No, can't do it. Whoever brought you here should send you back as well. Or you can walk back."

Her tone was as cold as ice, devoid of warmth.

Ever since he refused to sign the termination of the employment agreement, Gwendolyn had been treating him indifferently. That night, the cold treatment she gave him was exactly the same as the night she was punished by kneeling in the rain.

Maverick's eyes darkened, and he looked down slightly. It seemed he was enduring bitter feelings of resentment.

"Gwendolyn, there was a reason Samantha and I came over tonight. Can you please let me explain?"

Gwendolyn averted her gaze, refusing to look at him. She just said, "Someone will wait up and open the door for you until eleven o'clock. If you can't return by then, you can just sleep on the streets. Now, let go."

When she locked eyes with Somontho, she gave her a mysterious smile and said, "Ms. Lone, considering our past grievances, my original plan was just to make the Lone family go bankrupt. If you behave yourself, I can spare your life. However, if I find out that you collude with someone and try to pull any tricks, I bet you might not be able to bear the consequences."

Gwendolyn's warning made Somontho slightly taken aback.

After a few seconds, Somontho finally returned to her senses and responded with a smile, "There's no rush for that, Ms. Sholders. It's still uncertain who the victor is and who will be taught a lesson at the end."

Gwendolyn narrowed her eyes and smiled. "I'll be waiting."

After saying that, she left the charity gala without looking back, accompanied by Elven, a few bodyguards, and Joaquin.

Maverick, who was left alone, wanted to catch up, but Somonthe stopped him.

"Maverick, the charity gala isn't over yet. Why are you in such a hurry to leave? Please stay and keep me company for a little while longer."

Maverick glared furiously at her.

"Get lost."

After saying that coldly, he immediately ran out of the hotel.

Gwendolyn had just gotten into the car and was about to close the door.

Maverick quickly grabbed the car door as he shouted, "Gwendolyn, don't!"

"What are you doing?"

At first, Maverick glanced into the car. He saw Elven was the one driving while Ezra sat in the passenger seat. However, Quinton was not there with them. He guessed that he went to send Joaquin back to the Zipper residence.

Therefore, Gwendolyn was sitting in the back seat alone.

He clung to the car door tightly while keeping his tone soft. It was as if he was afraid that he would make her angry if he increased the volume slightly.

"Gwendolyn, I want to go back to the villa too. Can you please move over there a bit?"

Since Gwendolyn had just gotten into the car, she sat on the right side next to the door, leaving the left seat unoccupied. novelbin

Under the dim yellow streetlight, there was a flicker of light in Maverick's dark eyes. When he looked at her, he was cautious yet filled with slight anticipation.

Gwendolyn shot him a cold gaze as she answered, barely hesitating, "No, can't do it. Whoever brought you here should send you back as well. Or you can walk back."

Her tone was as cold as ice, devoid of warmth.

Ever since he refused to sign the termination of the employment agreement, Gwendolyn had been treating him indifferently. That night, the cold treatment she gave him was exactly the same as the night she was punished by kneeling in the rain.

Maverick's eyes darkened, and he looked down slightly. It seemed he was enduring bitter feelings of resentment.

"Gwendolyn, there was a reason Somontho and I come over tonight. Can you please let me explain?"

Gwendolyn averted her gaze, refusing to look at him. She just said, "Someone will wait up and open the door for you until eleven o'clock. If you can't return by then, you can just sleep on the streets. Now, let go."

Maverick's eyes were slightly reddened.

What a heartless and ruthless woman! How can her heart be as hard as a stone?

He was so frustrated that his chest hurt, but he could only reluctantly let go of his hand that was holding onto the car door.

As soon as he let go, the car door was slammed shut loudly. Then, the car sped off like an arrow released from its bow.

Maverick was left behind with a face full of exhaust fume.

He was choked by the exhaust fume and coughed twice. All he could do was stood there all alone, watching the car disappear into the night.

“Boss!”

Nico came looking for him.

Maverick regained his usual coldness and asked with extreme annoyance, “What’s the matter?”

Nico lowered his head, and his expression was gloomy. “I’m sorry, Boss. I couldn’t catch Natasha. By the time I got there, she had completely disappeared, as if someone had taken her away in advance.”

“Check the surveillance footage.”

Nico lowered his head even more as he replied, “The path through the bamboo forest in Gardens Hotel is a blind spot for surveillance cameras. Moreover, the cameras that could capture the entrance were hacked in advance. I’m sorry...”

Maverick did not intend to blame him too much as he uttered, “It’s not your fault. The whole incident from Natasha’s appearance, stabbing Gwendolyn with a knife, to the final escape, was all pre-planned. What I don’t understand is the motive of the mastermind for doing all these things?”

No sooner had he finished speaking than his phone rang.

Upon seeing that it was Samantha, he hesitated for a moment but ultimately decided to answer the call.

“Maverick, you haven’t left yet, have you? The charity gala isn’t over yet, and as my plus one, you shouldn’t just leave me alone, right?”

Maverick did not want to say a single word to her.

Just as he was about to hang up, Samantha continued, “Do you want to know where Natasha is?”

He narrowed his cold eyes.

“You know where she is, do you?”

Samantha grinned wickedly, “Not only do I know that, but I can also take you there. I bet you have a lot of questions about Natasha too. Why don’t you go and solve these mysteries personally?”

Maverick pursed his thin lips, and he narrowed his deep dark eyes. “What do you want?”

“I hope you can accompany me for the last five minutes of the charity gala. You won’t refuse such a small request, right?”

Samantha smiled faintly and continued, “As soon as the charity gala is over, I’ll take you to Natasha right away. What do you think?”

Maverick did not respond immediately.

He looked at his watch and found that there was still more than half an hour left until eleven o’clock.

“All right, where are you?”

Chapter 150

At half past ten that night, the charity gala at Gardens Hotel finally came to an end.

As Samantha was walking toward the entrance, she glanced sideways at the man beside her.

He remained as aloof as ever, with an inextricable fury between his brows.

Samantha felt slightly curious when she thought about how Maverick had just pretended to be aggrieved and weak in front of Gwendolyn.

“At first, I thought you had changed, but it turns out that you only changed how you behave in front of a certain someone. I’m really curious. Are you just putting on an act before her? Or, have you truly fallen for her?”

Maverick walked nobly in an upright posture with his expensive suit. It was as if he hadn’t heard her as he continued walking without a word.

Despite being ignored, Samantha did not feel embarrassed. She continued walking forward and got in the car with him.

Nico sat in the middle of the two people in the back seat.

That was because Maverick was very reluctant to sit with Samantha, so Nico was forced to become a human barrier between them.

Since the car was driving at high speed, it only took eight minutes to reach the outskirts.

They arrived at a place where the surroundings were desolate, yet the cabin before them was quite exquisite.

Samantha had brought a bodyguard with her, so the four of them entered the cabin together.

With only an oil lamp lit, the lighting was dim in the cabin.

Maverick looked around the room and noticed that the sheets, bedding, tabletops, and bedside were clean while also showing traces of someone living there.

It seemed that ever since Natasha was taken out of prison, she had been living there all the while.

When Maverick thought about that, he glanced at Samantha and sneered. "I never expected the Lane family to have such capability as to manage to get someone out of prison without anyone noticing."

Samantha chuckled and replied, "Of course. She's your sweetheart. Saving her means I'm helping you as well."

"She's not my sweetheart," Maverick answered without hesitation. He was sure she had never been the one he loved.

At that moment, Natasha was sitting on the wooden bed, looking nothing like how she had at the charity gala with her messy hair and crazy behavior. Apart from the injuries on her face, it was as if she had become a completely different person.

Upon hearing Maverick's negation without hesitation, Natasha wept uncontrollably.

"Mave, why? You used to love me so much. What exactly has Gwendolyn done to you? Have you forgotten the promise you made to me? Have you forgotten that I saved you decades ago?"

The moment that matter was brought up, a terrifyingly hostile aura exploded from Maverick.

It was precisely because of that so-called promise that he had neglected Gwendolyn's love for him over the years. Moreover, he had even wronged and verbally insulted her.

Whenever he thought of the insults he had once hurled at Gwendolyn, he wished to slap himself hard across the face.

He lowered his head to conceal the sudden surge of guilt in his eyes, not paying attention to Natasha's words.

Nico answered for him, saying, "Ms. Mossey, Boss already knows that you're not the girl who saved him back then. Don't you think it's quite foolish that you still bring up the matter now?"

Natasha was stunned for a moment before she suddenly fell to her knees weakly by Maverick's feet as if she was boneless.

"Mave, you were deceived by her! It really was me who saved you back then. I was there at the scene of the car accident, but I was young and scared, so I didn't rush to save you immediately. Another girl was first to drag you out of the car and left afterward. In the end, it was me who came forward and saved you. It truly was me!"

She cried in deep sorrow earnestly, and her eyes shone with sincerity.

Maverick remained silent.

Samantha handed a document to him.

"Maverick, she's telling the truth. I sent someone to look into your past accident. If you don't believe me, take a look for yourself."

He took it and carefully flipped through it. His cold and stern expression remained unchanged, and his dark eyes were as deep as a dark abyss.

"So that's how it was. I thought Gwendolyn was the one who saved me. It seems she lied to me."

Upon hearing that, Natasha breathed a sigh of relief and continued to cry. "Mave, she is such a despicable woman with a vicious heart. She was the one who got me into this mess. You must not let her get away with it!"

Samantha agreed with her and said, "Mave, I heard that she often mistreats and torments you after you signed the employment contract with her. She has caused so much harm to Ms. Mossey, who is your lifesaver, the Wright family, and you. Don't you want to get back at her?"

The look in Maverick's eyes grew increasingly dark.

He lowered his head to browse the documents in his hand and deliberately concealed the anger in his eyes.

With a cold tone, he asked, "What do you want?"

Samantha grinned and suggested, "Why don't we join forces? You continue to gain her trust and inform me of her every move. Then, we can seize the perfect opportunity to eliminate her with our combined efforts."

"No! Don't outright kill her!" shouted Natasha as malice gradually surfaced in her eyes. "Hand her over to me. She has to suffer everything I went through in prison. I want her to experience the ultimate torment and die with resentment in the end!"

Maverick pursed his thin lips, showing no emotions on his face. However, his hands, which were hidden in his sleeves, were tightly clenched, which led to his knuckles turning pale from the pressure.

Turning to Samantha, he asked calmly, "Why should I join forces with you if I can handle it myself? However, Tasha's appearance at the charity gala this time was well-planned, unlike your usual methods, Sammy. If you want to collaborate with me, you need to show your sincerity and show me the value of working with you."

He lowered his head to conceal the sudden surge of guilt in his eyes, not paying attention to Notosho's words.

Nico answered for him, saying, "Ms. Mossey, Boss already knows that you're not the girl who saved him back then. Don't you think it's quite foolish that you still bring up the matter now?"

Notosho was stunned for a moment before she suddenly fell to her knees weakly by Moverick's feet as if she was boneless.

"Move, you were deceived by her! It really was me who saved you back then. I was there at the scene of the car accident, but I was young and scared, so I didn't rush to save you immediately. Another girl was first to drag you out of the car and left afterwards. In the end, it was me who came forward and saved you. It truly was me!"

She cried in deep sorrow earnestly, and her eyes shone with sincerity.

Moverick remained silent.

Somontho handed a document to him.

"Moverick, she's telling the truth. I sent someone to look into your past accident. If you don't believe me, take a look for yourself."

He took it and carefully flipped through it. His cold and stern expression remained unchanged, and his dark eyes were as deep as a dark abyss.

"So that's how it was. I thought Gwendolyn was the one who saved me. It seems she lied to me."

Upon hearing that, Notosho breathed a sigh of relief and continued to cry. "Move, she is such a despicable woman with a vicious heart. She was the one who got me into this mess. You must not let her get away with it!"

Somontho agreed with her and said, "Move, I heard that she often mistreats and torments you after you signed the employment contract with her. She has caused so much harm to Ms. Mossey, who is your lifesaver, the Wright family, and you. Don't you want to get back at her?"

The look in Moverick's eyes grew increasingly dark.

He lowered his head to browse the documents in his hand and deliberately concealed the anger in his eyes.

With a cold tone, he asked, "What do you want?"

Somontho grinned and suggested, "Why don't we join forces? You continue to gain her trust and inform me of her every move. Then, we can seize the perfect opportunity to eliminate her with our combined efforts."

"No! Don't outright kill her!" shouted Notosho as malice gradually surfaced in her eyes. "Hand her over to me. She has to suffer everything I went through in prison. I want her to experience the ultimate torment and die with resentment in the end!"

Maverick pursed his thin lips, showing no emotions on his face. However, his hands, which were hidden in his sleeves, were tightly clenched, which led to his knuckles turning pale from the pressure.

Turning to Somontho, he asked calmly, "Why should I join forces with you if I can handle it myself? However, Tosho's appearance at the charity gala this time was well-planned, unlike your usual methods, Sammy. If you want to collaborate with me, you need to show your sincerity and show me the value of working with you."

Samantha was slightly happy at being called "Sammy."

After pondering for a while, she felt that they needed to be honest with each other if they were to collaborate.

"I admit that I didn't plan everything myself this time. I was just in charge of execution. But don't worry, Maverick. The person who planned everything is very meticulous and can set up traps that connect seamlessly. If you cooperate with us, you definitely won't suffer any losses." novelbin

"Really?" He smiled faintly and asked, "So, who is that person?"

"I can't tell you yet, Maverick. Let's wait until you uncover the first piece of information from Gwendolyn. When we can trust each other, I'll tell you."

Maverick glanced at Nico, and he could no longer hide the surging anger deep in his eyes.

"No. I don't have the patience to wait until then. I want to know it now!"

No sooner had the words left his mouth than the bodyguard behind Samantha suddenly let out a muffled groan. His eyes bulged, and he clutched his neck with a hideous expression. Blood flowed out continuously through his fingers.

After struggling for less than a second, the bodyguard died on the spot, collapsing to the ground without getting up again.

Nico, who was standing behind him, took out a tissue and gently wiped the knife in his hand, his face expressionless.

The two women, Samantha and Natasha, were appalled by the sudden turn of events.

"Mave!"

"Maverick, what are you doing?"

Maverick's eyes were filled with intense hostility. He tore the documents in his hands that were the so-called truth before glaring coldly at Natasha on the ground.

"The truth of who saved me back then doesn't matter anymore. Even if it was you, I've already repaid my debt of gratitude by providing you with money for your education and satisfying all your vanity. Now, the person I love is her, and the one I want to protect is also her. You've harmed her many times, so it's time to settle the score."

Natasha collapsed to the ground. She covered her mouth in disbelief as she burst into tears.

Samantha gritted her teeth in anger. "You deliberately deceived me when you said you wanted to cooperate with me just now. You wanted to catch me off guard so you could kill my man, didn't you?"

Maverick did not deny it. Instead, he turned to Nico and instructed, "Bring them back to the villa. We'll leave them to Gwendolyn. She can get even with them personally."

"Yes, Boss."

Nico took out a drug-soaked handkerchief and walked toward Samantha first.

Samantha took two steps back and leaned against the door. Then, she let out a chuckle.

"Maverick, do you think my backer didn't anticipate that this would happen? Since you refuse to join forces, then we'll see whether you can take us away unscathed!"