

Her Riches 17

Chapter 17 Still Care About Your Ex

Maverick then proceeded to guess if Gwendolyn's disappearance was related to Treyton.

With his brows furrowed, he instructed coldly, "Continue searching. Send some people to investigate Treyton too. Report back to me once you find her."

"Yes, sir."

Noah nodded, but there was a look of defiance on his face.

Perplexed to see that he was still standing there, Maverick asked, "Why aren't you leaving? Do you have something to tell me?"

Noah was in a dilemma for a moment because he knew his following words would enrage his boss. Nevertheless, he could not help it.

"You're starting to clude me, Mr. Wright. You and Ms. Shalders are already divorced, yet you still care about her so much and are giving the cold shoulder to Ms. Mossey, the person you should actually have concern for. Just what exactly is on your mind?"

Maverick's gaze darkened. He picked up the glass ashtray from the table and threw it toward the spot beside Noah's feet.

"Get lost," he snarled.

Noah then left, not ignorant enough to linger.

Maverick lit two more cigarettes after that. His expression, enveloped by the curtain of cigarette smoke, seemed inscrutable.

Feeling a little hungry, he rose to his feet and walked to the fridge.

Once he opened the fridge door, he found that the fridge was stocked with a wide variety of fruits and vegetables that he liked.

He stood transfixed for a long while.

All of a sudden, he vaguely recalled that Gwendolyn's expectant gaze was what first caught his eyes every time he returned home for the past three years.

She would come up to him smilingly and hand him a pair of slippers before saying, "You're home. It must have been a long day for you. You're starving, aren't you? I made dinner."

However, he had never cast a glance at her, always mocking the warm dinner she had prepared before returning to his room.

It was a thankless and arduous task, yet that silly woman still did it every day.

At that thought, Maverick let out a chuckle.

For some strange reason, he felt like tasting the dishes she made.

Out of nowhere, the last sentence Gwendolyn said to him before she left the banquet that evening rang in his ears.

"Throughout those three years of marriage, I've never wronged you."

If she has never wronged me, what is going on between Treyton and her, then?

A strange feeling arose in Maverick's heart the second he realized he had been thinking about Gwendolyn nonstop, and he quickly closed the fridge door. Then, he headed upstairs to shower and sleep.

Angle Corporation's lobby was crowded with people the following morning.

The employees stood in a few rows as they waited for their CEO to arrive, all the while exchanging curious looks with each other.

Half an hour later, Treyton appeared at the entrance of the lobby with Gwendolyn, who specifically picked out an attire consisting of a white blazer and pencil skirt for that day.

Her hair was tied in a high ponytail, making her look sensual yet gracious and capable.

Following her appearance, the crowd erupted in an uproar.

It was because the scene of Treyton and Gwendolyn walking through the entrance together was a sight for sore eyes.

Treyton made his way to the middle of the lobby and announced solemnly, "This is our new talent director, Gwendolyn Shalders, who will be working with us from today onward."

Everyone broke out in a massive round of applause.

In acknowledgment of the warm welcome, Gwendolyn politely nodded with a smile.

Then, Treyton briefly gave arrangements for the short-term objectives before allowing everyone except the team of managers to return to work.

“Suzanna, Gwendolyn is new here. She’s unfamiliar with our company’s operations, so please guide her.” he instructed.

Suzanna was the leader of the team of managers, a woman with a head of brown wavy hair. Although her makeup looked flamboyant, she was a beauty with a great figure.

Upon hearing Treyton’s words, she nodded fervently and smiled enthusiastically. “Don’t worry, Mr. Harris. I’ll do my best to guide her!”

However, the smile on her face instantly disappeared after he left. “Gwendolyn, please follow me,” she said, shooting Gwendolyn a glance.

Coincidentally, Gwendolyn was looking at Suzanna, so the inconspicuous hint of disgust in the latter’s eyes was perceived by her.

It seems that Suzanna doesn’t like me!

9/2

“Ms. Kleppen, please refer to me as Ms. Shalders,” Gwendolyn said.

Suzanna’s throat tightened, and her attitude immediately turned respectful.

The entire morning, Gwendolyn stayed in her office to familiarize herself with the company’s operations. Suzanna would bring in new stacks of documents every few minutes, building a mountain of papers on her desk.

A pucker formed between Gwendolyn’s brows as she stared at the pile of documents. “Isn’t our department only in charge of the managers and artists? Why are there so many documents?”

Suzanna snickered and said, “These are only the basic information. There are more after you finish going through this pile.”

There, she paused and looked at Gwendolyn mockingly. "It seems that you're not familiar with our job scope, Ms. Shalders."

Gwendolyn nodded unabashedly. "Indeed, it's my first time working in such a position."

Suzanna's eyes widened in shock.

She was the most qualified person in the department to be promoted to director after the position became vacant following the departure of the previous director. However, the company suddenly hired some eye candy to fill the position, causing her colleagues to make fun of her behind her back.

There was no way she could let that slide.

When her gaze landed on Gwendolyn's gorgeous face once again, jealousy and resentment filled her eyes.

"How did a dead loss like you, who has no prior experience and academic qualification, get into Angle Corporation? Who did you sleep with to get this position?" Suzanna demanded.