

Her Riches 2

Chapter 2 Your Thirty Billion

"What?"

Maverick frowned, seemingly never having expected her to propose a divorce. She had just drugged me last night. What stunt is she up to now, this early in the morning?

"Have you lost your d*mn mind?"

At that, Gwendolyn merely stared at him coldly. She was far shorter than the man, but her aura right then was wholly comparable to him.

"Haven't you long since dreamed of getting a divorce? Seeing that it was your grandfather who coerced you into marrying me back then, no one can stop you from marrying Natasha anymore now that he's no longer here. Don't you want to give her a rightful status?"

Pursing his lips, Maverick scrutinized her closely.

Would she really be so kind as to give up her status?

At her solemn gaze and the fact that she didn't seem to be lying, he snorted softly, his voice frosty. "I hope you don't regret it."

Gwendolyn sneered. Never had I been so determined about something!

"The only thing I regret is marrying you back then."

After saying that, she spun on her heel and left, looking all resolved and blithe.

Maverick's eyes remained fixated on her back for a long time.

In the past, she had always been gentle and docile before me, putting on an act of fragility. Today, however, she's surprisingly steely. Could it be that I had really accused her wrongly about the incident last night? But who else could it be if not her?

Both of them went to City Hall that very morning, one after the other.

Dressed in old and ugly clothes bought from the side of the street, Gwendolyn made a stark contrast with Maverick, who wore a high-end black suit from Prada, as they stood together. As such, they attracted much attention from those around them.

Nevertheless, she wasn't at all bothered. All she wanted was for the entire farce to end as soon as possible.

In a brief ten minutes, their miserable marriage finally drew to an end.

Gazing at the eyesore of a divorce certificate in her hand, Gwendolyn plunged into a trance for a moment.

"You're on your own henceforth."

Out of the blue, a dispassionate voice drifted into her ears. By the time she lifted her head, the man had disappeared into thin air without dissuading her from getting a divorce or even taking a final glance at her. It was as though he had never been in her life.

"Well, I suppose this is for the best."

She shook her head with a chuckle.

Since he's callous enough, we'll be mere strangers the next time we meet again.

Corralling her thoughts, she walked to the side of the road.

Unexpectedly, a limited-edition black Bentley came to a stop in front of her.

The car door swung open, upon which a middle-aged man with graying hair headed toward her under the escort of four bodyguards.

When Gwendolyn made out his countenance, she jerked her chin up a fraction. In a flash, she was

seemingly imbued with an innate sense of regality. “How well-informed of Dad. I’ve just gotten a divorce, and you’ve already come knocking on my door.”

The butler, Leif, wore an ingratiating smile on his face. He bowed deeply to her before venturing, “Ms. Harris, your three-year pact with Mr. Harris is up.”

Pausing, he glanced at the divorce certificate in Gwendolyn’s hand.

Then, he continued in feigned regret, “It looks like you failed to have Maverick Wright fall in love with you. In that case, you should honor your promise and return to Salinsburgh to inherit the family business.”

Gwendolyn’s brows furrowed, and she fell silent for a long time.

When she was fifteen years old, someone sabotaged her and caused her to lose her memories.

Ultimately, she ended up at Fairlake Orphanage. Thereafter, she saved Declan by coincidence and was taken back to the Wright residence. It wasn’t until she had come of age that Maverick was ordered to marry her.

An accident transpired on the night of her wedding with Maverick, and she happened to recover her memories. Ironically, she was head over heels in love with Maverick then and declined to follow Leif back. In the end, she made a three-year pact with her father.

Casting my mind back on it now, these three years have really been wasted on a man who doesn’t love me!

“Mr. Harris misses you greatly. Come back with me, Ms. Harris. Don’t be angry at Mr. Harris anymore, for he—”

Alas, Gwendolyn cut him off.

At the mention of the past, her expression turned all the icier. “Leif, he has got that woman by his side, and the Harris family doesn’t lack an insignificant figure like me. I’ve still got something important to do in Fairlake, so I’m not returning.”

She had been furtively investigating the culprit who made her suffer from amnesia and caused her to end up in Fairlake in the past two years, only to learn that the person might be part of Harris Group. Unfortunately, she hadn’t any idea yet who exactly it was.

With the enemy in hiding and me out in the open at present, I’ll be in great danger if I return to the Harris family. Furthermore, I don’t want to go back and face that woman every day!

In response, Leif sighed. “Indeed, Mr. Harris was right. You’re still harboring a grudge against him, unwilling to go home easily.”

While saying that, he respectfully took out a supreme Centurion Card. “Here’s your bank card. There’s still thirty billion in it, not a cent less.”

Subsequently, he waved a hand at the bodyguards behind him. One of them swiftly handed a new contract to Gwendolyn.