

Her Riches 20

Chapter 20 The Provoker and The One Being Provoked

Gwendolyn subconsciously furrowed her brows when she heard that voice.

The instant she looked over her shoulder, she met Maverick's obsidian eyes,

"May I know why you are here at Angle Corporation's underground parking lot, Mr. Wright?" she queried.

The man quirked his lips into a half-smile. "I'm here to talk business with Mr. Harris. What's the matter? Is there a regulation stating that I'm not allowed here?"

His remark evoked a laugh from Gwendolyn.

What sort of weak excuse is that?

"Wright Construction Group's main line of business is property construction, which is quite unrelated to the entertainment industry, I must say. Unless you are here to promote your property to our company's artists?"

Undeterred by his presence, she looked Maverick straight in the eye, not bothering to mask the mockery in her gaze.

The look in her eyes annoyed him, and his face hardened instantly. A beat later, he grabbed her shoulders and pushed her backward, pinning her against the car door. With that, Gwendolyn was enveloped in his arms.

"What are you doing?" she demanded, finding herself unable to move as his knees were pressed against her thighs.

This is such an awkward position...

The close-to-zero distance between them and the suggestive atmosphere made Gwendolyn flush involuntarily.

As she struggled to free herself, she gave Maverick a deadly stare.

“What’s wrong with you, Maverick Wright? Have you lost your mind?”

His dark eyes were riveted to her. It was as if he was looking at his prey which was unwilling to comply.

“What’s up with this new car of yours? Especially the color-green? You’re acting all arrogant now that Treyton is your backer, huh? Are you doing this on purpose to cow me?” he snarled.

What’s wrong with the color green? What kind of color discrimination is that?

Despite her inward grumble, Gwendolyn did not speak a word.

“You forced me to divorce you because of him, but it looks like he’s not treating you any better.”
Maverick’s eyes were filled with sarcasm.

What the heck? Did he purposefully make a trip here to interrogate me because he thought I wanted a divorce to be

together with Treyton? This is utterly ridiculous!

Shooting him an odd look, she said, “Mr. Wright, I think you got it wrong. We divorced because you didn’t love me, and I was tired of putting effort into maintaining this marriage one-sidedly. It has nothing to do with anyone. However...”

She paused briefly before continuing in a provocative tone, “Mr. Harris is indeed wonderful! He’s more patient, more outstanding, and more handsome than you! You can’t even be compared to a strand of

his hair!”

Sounds familiar? This is how you used to belittle me!

The veins on Maverick’s forehead bulged as he became increasingly furious. Gripping her chin upward violently, he thundered. “Are you provoking me on purpose? You want me to do you right here and

now?”

Gwendolyn was equally livid.

I am your ex–wife! Do you not know what that means? It means that my matters are none of your business anymore! What right does this jerk have to be angry and threaten me?

“Maverick Wright, I repeat, get out of my way!”

Even so, Maverick did not budge one bit.

That had her boiling with rage. So I can’t talk nicely to you, huh? Okay, I’ll have to pull out my trump card, then!

She swiftly struck out at him, intending to take him down using jiu–jitsu.

However, she did not expect him to move faster than her.

Huh? Gwendolyn was stunned by Maverick’s reaction.

In a flash, he had single–handedly grabbed both her hands, raised them, and pressed them against the roof of her car.

Furthermore, he was way stronger than her, rendering it impossible for her to free herself from his grip.

“Maverick Wright!”

Enraged, Gwendolyn screamed his name at the top of her lungs. Her entire face was turning red with anger.

A smug smile played about Maverick’s lips as his dark eyes sparkled with the thrill of getting back at her. It seemed that he enjoyed watching how exasperated and helpless she looked.

Gwendolyn had a fierce facial expression akin to that of a lion cub when she was outraged. She looked enchanting and beautiful as she resentfully bit her crimson lip with a defiant look in her bright eyes.

Maverick could not help but recall the night in which he was drugged. Amid his daze, he had met her eyes and thought they resembled the young Natasha’s

It was at that moment that he became truly aroused.

Come to think of it, that night actually felt exceptionally wonderful...

His lower body became increasingly warm as he slowly reminisced about that night’s pleasures.

Gwendolyn could clearly feel Maverick’s body, which was in close contact with her, gradually stiffening. A particular part of his body felt—warm, and it was pressing against her abdomen.

“Maverick, you’re a sick pervert! Sick scumbag! If you don’t let me go this instant, I’ll take you down with me!”

Her sudden taunt interrupted Maverick's train of thought.

He regained his senses and flashed her a wicked smirk. "I haven't done anything, and I'm already branded as a sick pervert? It looks like I must do something to live up to my reputation!"

An intimate tension flowed between them, and it seemed like a single movement from either of them would trigger something massive.

After Maverick said those words, his gaze landed on Gwendolyn's lips. All of a sudden, he bent over, pressing his lips hard against hers. There was a hint of aggression in his eyes, and he seemed determined to punish her for her utterances.

Gwendolyn's eyes bulged as an overwhelming sense of humiliation washed over her.

"What are the two of you doing?"