

## Her Riches 24

### Chapter 24 Who Is the Unlucky Person

Suzanna could barely hide her shock.

Who exactly is Gwendolyn? Sh\*t! I thought she was done for, but now it seems I'm the one in trouble. How did she get to know the infamous Mr. Joaquin? I've read her background, and she's just an orphan who grew up in an orphanage.

Suzanna suspected there was more to it, so she stealthily stepped back and made a phone call.

The spectators were now staring at Gwendolyn in awe.

Joaquin was the focus of everyone's gaze, but he ignored it and knelt down beside Gwendolyn to knead her legs. He kept his gaze fixed on her as an adorable smile lit up his face.

"It has been a while since we last met! I must say, you're looking more and more beautiful. Now, don't be mad at me, or it'll ruin your looks!"

Gwendolyn gently prodded Joaquin's head with her fingertips. She leaned in close and whispered sternly, "Don't do anything rash. Stick to the filming schedule, and do as you're told. I won't hesitate to tell Old Mr. Zipper if you cause any trouble." The veiled threat was unmistakable, as Patrick Zipper was Joaquin's grandfather.

"Please don't! He'll punish me severely!" Joaquin felt a chill go down his spine. Trying to appeal to her, he put on a pitiful expression and pleaded, "Don't worry, Gwendolyn. I've always listened to you, haven't I?"

A smile nudged Gwendolyn's lips. "Apologize to the cleaner now."

"Huh?" Joaquin blanched. "I'm Joaquin Zipper! Are you seriously asking me to apologize to a cleaner? What about my pride, Gwendolyn..."

Gwendolyn's smile vanished. She told him sternly, "We're civilized people, aren't we? You threw a tantrum and created a mess. The cleaner didn't do anything wrong but had to clear up your mess. Besides, you yelled at her when she tried to stop you. Shouldn't you bear responsibility for what you did?"

Joaquin slumped his shoulders in defeat,

He turned over his shoulders to see the cleaner clearing up the mess he created earlier. Feeling bad, he trudged up to her and offered her a sincere apology. To make amends, he even gave her some money.

Overjoyed, the cleaner accepted his apology and compensation readily.

Gwendolyn then made arrangements so that Joaquin's manager would compensate the film crew for the ruined props.

Gwendolyn's presence on the film set that afternoon had a positive effect on Joaquin as he managed to nail all his scenes in only a few takes, much to the delight of the director. Thus, the director kept thanking Gwendolyn for her efforts.

She pursed her lips. "He's young and too full of himself, so a few smacks should do the trick

The director's respect for Gwendolyn increased as he nodded in agreement.

When it was time to get off work, Joaquin grabbed Gwendolyn's hand and acted sweetly by offering to buy her dinner to make up for his lack of respect earlier that day.

As he was persistent, Gwendolyn agreed to his invitation.

To avoid getting hounded by the obsessive fans and have dinner in peace, Joaquin put on a thorough disguise. His transformation was so successful that only the most observant fans could identify him.

Dinner was at Dougla's, the most opulent restaurant in Fairlake boasting seven stars.

The moment Gwendolyn entered the restaurant, the dark interior immediately caught her eye as she preferred dining in dimly lit environments for a better dining experience.

Joaquin kept shooting looks at Gwendolyn after they ordered their food. He leaned over and asked in a low voice. "Do you recognize that man over there? He's been looking in our direction a few times."

Gwendolyn turned over her shoulder to see Maverick and Natasha having dinner at the next table.

Upon spotting Gwendolyn, Natasha gave her a smug and provoking look, indicating that she saw herself as the victor.

Gwendolyn looked away calmly. "That's the CEO of Wright Construction Group."

Joaquin bobbed his head. "Ah, then the woman sitting next to him must be his fiancée whom he announced he would be engaged to next month."

Gwendolyn faltered slightly, but her face was devoid of expression as she focused on her dinner.

Joaquin was intrigued. "I heard he married someone and had the marriage kept a secret for three years before filing for divorce. I can't help but wonder who the unlucky person was."

Gwendolyn shot him a look. "It was me."

Joaquin initially couldn't understand her reply. It took him a few seconds to comprehend her words, and he slammed the table in shock. "You're his ex-wife?" he exclaimed.

His voice was so loud that the adjoining few tables turned to look at them.

Maverick, who was sitting at the table right next to theirs, furrowed his brows and glowered darkly.

Gwendolyn gave Joaquin a reproachful glance, and he immediately covered his mouth. In a harsh whisper, he snapped, "Well done! He may be attractive, but he's nothing but a liar and a cheat. You deserve someone better than that, Gwendolyn!"

She snickered. "So I'm the unlucky woman, huh?"

Joaquin waved quickly and said earnestly, "No, definitely not. He's the unlucky one. He made a mistake in letting you go. That's for sure!"

"But..." He paused and chuckled twice. "Gwendolyn, now that you're single, why not give me a chance? I'm pretty charming, I know how to make people laugh."

Gwendolyn almost coughed up her fruit juice upon hearing his proposal. As a result, she spilled the fruit juice she was drinking all over her white, pristine form-fitting dress.

"Gwendolyn, are you okay?"

"It's fine. I'll deal with the stain in the restroom. I won't be long."

With that, she got up and hurried to the restroom.

Maverick overheard their entire conversation loud and clear from the table next to theirs.

We have only been divorced for a few days, but she has already moved on with someone else. Is she sure about her decision?

Maverick's anger grew with each passing thought. He acknowledged that her choice of partner was not his concern, and he had no right to question her. However, he was irate and resentful.

Noticing his expression, Natasha asked softly, "Mave, are you all right?"

"I'm fine. I was just thinking about work."

Natasha sighed in relief and said coyly, "We haven't had a proper meal together since I traveled abroad. Can you put work aside and give me your undivided attention today?"

Maverick's expression was unreadable, His eyes were intense, leaving everyone wondering what thoughts were running through his head.

Instead of responding to Natasha's query, he rose gracefully and adjusted his collar nonchalantly. "You should finish your meal. I need to go, but I promise to return shortly."

"Mave!"

In the restroom, Gwendolyn dealt with the stain on her dress and also reapplied her lipstick.

She gazed at her reflection in the mirror and fell into deep thought.

For three years after marrying into the Wright family, I have never put on makeup. Devoting myself to household tasks such as doing laundry and cooking. These daily grinds exhausted me so much that I didn't have the time or energy to groom myself. Moving forward, my career is my focus. I will go back to Harris Group and reclaim my former confident self as a princess. Men will only slow me down. D

She was still deep in thought when a tall figure stepped into the restroom.

Gwendolyn didn't bother looking at the newcomer and focused on washing her hands.

She was caught off guard by the sound of the door being locked.

Curious, she looked up to see a handsome man she recognized standing right before her.

Maverick marched up to her with an expressionless face, but he gave off an intimidating air.

Gwendolyn gazed at him incredulously. She wondered if she was seeing things. “Mr. Wright, you’re an esteemed man in Fairlake. Did you seriously just enter the ladies’ restroom and lock the door behind

you? Are you a pervert?”