

Her Riches 25

Chapter 25 Calm

Thankfully, Gwendolyn was the only person in the restroom, but there was no guarantee no one else wouldn't come in.

She wanted to walk around Maverick to open the door, but her wrists were immediately restrained by him.

"What are you afraid of?" Upon putting on a fake smile, he continued, "I told you I only wanted to chat with you. You may have successfully slipped away from me last night, but I won't give you another chance to escape today." CD

What's there for us to talk about? The matter between us is as clear as day. Flinging his hand away, she caressed her wrist and spat, "I'm not afraid of anything. I just think it's unbelievable that the famous Mr. Wright would prevent someone from leaving the female restroom."

As he gazed at her, he lit a cigarette.

In response to inhaling that pungent tobacco smell, she frowned with disgust.

The smoke made his expression appear darker as he interrogated, "Who's the man sitting with you?"

His question confused her for a moment before she rolled her eyes at him pridefully. "It's none of your business."

Instead of being enraged by her reply, Maverick continued, "He seems to be interested in pursuing you. What about you? Do you like him?"

Hmm? I think I get what he's doing now. Upon lifting her head, she stared at him with an odd look. "You came here to block my path because you're jealous?"

Maverick was rendered speechless by her remark.

Unable to hold back her laughter, Gwendolyn cackled.

Irritated by her mockery, he scowled. “No matter what, you’re still my ex–wife. So, this kind of hanky–panky behavior will only tarnish my family’s reputation. I’m warning you! Stay away from those men!”

“Are you that bored, Mr. Wright? I’ll repeat myself—who I spend time with has nothing to do with you!”

His scowl intensified, but he couldn’t muster anything to retort.

Gwendolyn was delighted to see how infuriated he was and had the urge to tease him further. “Does your fiancée know you’re preventing your ex–wife from leaving the female restroom? If she learns about this, I bet her expression will be priceless. I’m curious to see her reaction!”

As she spoke, she pulled out her phone, but Maverick immediately grabbed her wrist. Then, he used his other hand to pin her to the corner of the wall by her shoulder.

She tried resisting him, but he speedily secured both of her hands on the wall above her head.

His face was so close to hers that she could feel his breath on her cheeks. As he gazed at her at such a close distance with his black eyes, she blushed.

The décor in the restroom also had dark colors.

As the dim light enveloped the two, the atmosphere grew amorous.

It was as though what happened in the parking lot last night was playing out the same way again, but the car was a wall instead.

Gwendolyn was livid. "You pestering b*stard! Are you crazy?" In the past, he loved to ignore me. But ever since our divorce, he's been badgering me! Did he hit his head or something?

As Maverick stared at her quivering eyelashes, he abruptly remembered the smile he had seen on her face before she left last night. The recollection of that moment ticked him off.

When his line of sight landed on her soft, red lips, he felt the urge to bite them.

While he didn't know what it would taste like, he was certain it would piss her off.

Gwendolyn noticed his line of sight and panicked because she knew something bad was going to happen.

Peering at him with intense disdain, she gritted her teeth and barked arrogantly, "One day, I'll make you grovel at my feet and pay the price for everything you did."

"I'll be waiting, then." Maverick smiled. Clearly, he didn't think she was capable of challenging him.

"However, right now, you must pay the price for enraging me!" As he spoke, he leaned even closer to her.

While staring at his approaching lips, she gritted her teeth again, preparing to bite him as hard as she could. The bloodier her attack, the better.

Suddenly, the sound of someone attempting to enter the restroom by turning the knob was heard.

An idea struck Gwendolyn as she glared at Maverick,

Just as she was about to shout, he covered her mouth tight.

Still failing to open the door after dozens of tries, the person outside opted to knock on it instead and ask, “Is anyone inside? Can you open the door right now?”

The woman’s voice sounded gentle and familiar.

Both Gwendolyn and Maverick recognized the owner of the voice—Natasha.

What a coincidence! When Gwendolyn noticed Maverick grimacing, she thought, I bet he’s panicking hard right now. If his fiancée sees him interacting with his ex-wife in the female restroom... Boy, this is going to make for an exciting drama! I want to see how he’s going to explain himself!

As though she had forgotten she was embroiled in the situation, she grinned maliciously before struggling to escape his restraint. At the same time, she started making muffled noises with her mouth.

In response, he pressed his hand on her mouth even more forcefully and growled at a small volume, “Do you want to die? Shut up!”

Outside the door, Natasha happened to be listening closely to the noises inside the restroom. I think I heard a man’s voice. Why does he sound a bit like Mave? And if he is Mave, does this mean the woman’s muffled voice is... Gwendolyn? No! This is impossible!

She raised her head and saw the sign hanging above her, confirming to herself that she was standing in front of the female restroom. There’s no way Mave will enter the female restroom!

Despite her disbelief, she still called Maverick’s number just in case she was wrong.

Two seconds passed before an urgent ringtone was heard from inside the restroom.

Upon realizing what was going on, Natasha immediately conjured an image of Maverick and Gwendolyn acting intimately with each other in her mind.

As she became more emotional, the scowl on her countenance grew more intense. She began slapping the door harder. "Are you inside, Gwendolyn? Open the door and come out now!"

As they were in a public area, she called out Gwendolyn's name instead of Maverick's because she didn't want to ruin his reputation.

The phone call still hadn't disconnected. Thus, the ringing continued.

However, no one in the restroom made a peep.

Natasha felt her sanity was about to be burned to ashes by her blazing rage. The quieter it was inside, the more she was convinced something shameful was happening.

"Come out, Gwendolyn! Why aren't you saying anything? Are you afraid others will find out that you're seducing my fiancé? Do you think I won't know it's you just because you're hiding inside?" she shouted very loudly.

Initially, Gwendolyn thought she was getting a good seat to an entertaining drama. She didn't expect Natasha would yell only her name. If this continues, everyone in the restaurant will know I'm stuck in the female restroom with Maverick!

As she thought about her situation, she glimpsed at Maverick's exceptionally calm expression. Why does he, the perpetrator, look so composed as though this has nothing to do with him while I'm panicking?

Then, a thought entered her mind as she glared at him and smirked. "I don't think I should be the one panicking here. I want to see if you're still able to keep your calm when you have to explain this situation to your fiancée later!"

Forcefully, she removed her hands from his restriction and opened the door. Strangely, Maverick didn't stop her.

Natasha was still screaming with fury outside. "So, you don't want to open the door, eh? Fine! I'll ask someone to tear the door down right now! I'll expose your shameless act of seducing iny fiancé to everyone!" D

Just as she ended her sentence, she saw the knob turning.

The door was finally opened, albeit slightly, revealing a gap. Through that gap, Gwendolyn beamed at her.

"It is you!" Natasha's eyes were red with resentment as she questioned with gritted teeth, "Why didn't you open the door carlier? Who are you talking to inside? Is it Mave?"