

## **Her Riches 26**

### **Chapter 26 Take Care of Your Man**

The more Natasha spoke, the less confident she became. While she was still glaring at Gwendolyn with fierce hatred, she didn't have the courage to open the door and confirm her guess.

"Why don't you come in and find out yourself?" Gwendolyn shrugged, unperturbed, and opened the door.

Then she pointed at the spot Maverick was previously standing at. "He's right there!"

Natasha felt her heart clenching, but when she looked in the direction Gwendolyn was pointing it, she saw only an empty wall.

"Are you toying with me?" Furiously, she glowered at Gwendolyn.

Gwendolyn was stunned, too. He was just standing there! Does he have superpowers or something?

Upon observing Gwendolyn's expression, Natasha realized something was fishy. Hence, she exasperatedly pushed Gwendolyn aside and searched through every stall in the restroom.

Gwendolyn stood behind her, wondering where Maverick was hiding.

After the two women went through almost all of the stalls, their lines of sight landed on the last one, its door left ajar.

Natasha took in a deep breath and pushed the door open.

Like the other stalls, there was nothing inside.

The realization of what had unfolded dawned on Gwendolyn when she noticed an opened window to the right of the stall. I didn't expect the person in charge of Wright Construction Group would one day

be forced to escape through a window. I can barely hold back my laughter.

Natasha was dumbfounded and started suspecting Gwendolyn again when she saw the grin on the latter's face. "If you're the only person in the restroom, how do you explain the ringtone from earlier?"

In response, Gwendolyn waved her hand instead of answering the question as though she was saying, "Figure the answer out yourself."

Lividly, Natasha threatened Gwendolyn with gritted teeth. "You no longer have any ties with Mave, Gwendolyn! I'm warning you, stay as far away from him as possible! If I find out you still want to seduce him, I won't let you off!"

Gwendolyn smiled and replied, undeterred, "I'm not the type of person who'll get back with an ex. However, if you piss me off, I don't mind snatching everything you want away, including the man."

"You!" For a moment, Natasha couldn't come up with a retort because she was stunned by the cold look in Gwendolyn's eyes.

Before Gwendolyn left, she spared one more glance at Natasha and scorned, "One last thing. Keep that man of yours under control, and don't let him bother me again because both of you disgust me."

"You b\*tch!" While that irritated Natasha immensely, she had no idea what she could do. Why didn't those thugs from last night succeed? Godd mit!

After she washed her hands, she stomped out of the restroom angrily.

She only took two steps away from the restroom when she heard a familiar voice calling out from behind. "Tasha."

When Natasha twirled back, she saw Maverick sauntering out of the male restroom calmly, which put her worries to rest. Maybe I was too anxious earlier. It's possible that the ringtone came from the male

restroom. "Did you hear what I said in the restroom corridor earlier, Mave?"

"I did." He nodded.

She blushed instantly. I hope my shouting earlier didn't leave a bad impression on him! "I'm sorry, it's my fault. I thought you were in the female restroom earlier, so I lost my cool. I promise I won't ever suspect you or yell again."

Silently, Maverick gazed at her with an unfathomable look.

When he noticed the bruised look in her eyes, he suddenly recalled her late-night visit yesterday. He didn't see her, so she spent a huge chunk of the night standing in front of the mansion's entrance and talking about the past.

While he felt somewhat threatened, he was compelled to keep his word and agreed to her request for them to get engaged.

However, at some point, Natasha started to look more and more unfamiliar to him, so much so that he sometimes wondered if she was the bright-eyed girl he had met years ago.

"You seem to have changed a lot after staying overseas for a few years," Maverick uttered expressionlessly before stepping past Natasha and toward the restaurant.

Upon hearing that, Natasha was stunned, as though she had been struck by lightning. Why did he look at me like that? Did he figure something out?

Joaquin was about to search for Gwendolyn when she returned to her seat.

In response, he released a sigh of relief and inquired, "Why were you gone for so long, Gwendolyn?" "What's the matter?" she answered with a question of her own after noticing his expression.

"Mr. Harris sent someone to relay a message to you. The messenger said that he found something regarding the matter you asked him to investigate yesterday and that you should visit him when you have the time."

"All right, I'll visit him now."

"Hey, wait! At least finish your food first!" As he shouted begrudgingly, Gwendolyn had already left in a car.

Meanwhile, Maverick sent Natasha back to the hotel once their meal ended.

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Staring at the cold, sterile room, Natasha somewhat unhappily pulled his hand and acted coyly. "We're already engaged, Mave. Can't I return to the mansion with you and stay there instead?"

Reflexively, Maverick frowned. I told her I couldn't bring her back to that mansion. Why is she bringing it up again?

Even though he was not pleased he still comforted, "Just wait a little longer, all right? I'll ask someone to arrange a suitable residence for you as quickly as possible."

Upon detecting his dissatisfaction, she felt even more aggrieved. Why does Gwendolyn have the right to live in that mansion as the lady of the house for three years while I can't even step foot into the building?

As much as she wanted to ask him that question, she knew he disliked women who complained and had jealous fits.

"It's fine if I can't go to the mansion, but can you stay and keep me company in the hotel for a night? I don't like how desolate the hotel feels." Most men would find it impossible not to be moved by her delicate, submissive voice and sympathetic, aggrieved demeanor.

However, Maverick didn't even spare a glance at her. It was rather hard to tell what he was thinking by looking at his surreptitious expression.

"I still have matters to take care of in the company. You should rest early." Then he forcefully pulled his hand away from hers and left.

After the door closed, she slid onto the carpet and sat, her eyes wet with tears.

Why did everything change after I returned to the country? He's not as doting and caring to me as he once was. Is it because he has found out the truth? Fear crept onto her countenance.

Just as she thought about it dejectedly, the door was opened again, and a pair of men's black leather shoes entered her vision.

"Mave! I knew you wouldn't-" Before Natasha could finish her sentence, she raised her head and saw that Noah had entered the room, not Maverick.

Her excitement was swiftly replaced with sorrow once more.

It pained him slightly to see how lonely she appeared. However, he had no choice but to ignore her feelings for the moment. "I'm sorry for disturbing you, Ms. Mossey. However, there's something urgent I need to ask you about."

"Ask away. I'll answer your question seriously." Natasha squeezed out a smile, which wounded him emotionally even more.

Softly, he inquired, "Did you know Ms. Shalders was surrounded by a bunch of thugs when she left work last night?"

She responded in bewilderment, "What? Is Gwendolyn fine?"

"She's fine. Luckily, Boss was there last night and took care of the thugs. However, he wanted me to investigate the mastermind behind the assault." As Noah explained, he studied her expression.

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In response, she seemed to release a sigh of relief. "That's good to know."

Then, she acted as though she suddenly understood what Noah really meant and gazed at him in disbelief. "Did you come here to ask me that question because you think I was the one who sent those thugs to hurt Gwendolyn?"