

Her Riches 30

Chapter 30 A Poor Choice

Maverick summoned the butler and said, "Starting today, Mrs. Wright and Ms. Wright are not allowed to leave this house without my permission. If anyone dares to disobey my instructions, he or she will be punished with the strictest penalties enforced in the Wright residence."

"Huh?"

Aren't we supposed to teach Gwendolyn that w"nch a lesson?

Frida was infuriated. She pointed angrily at Maverick and went off on a tangent about how ungrateful and heartless he was to his flesh and blood.

Maverick did not say anything and left the room in a dour mood.

Then, he called for Noah and instructed, "Have someone replace the broken items in the household immediately. Put someone else in charge of monitoring every call that goes through to the Wright residence and report the details to me ASAP."

"Yes," Noah shot his employer a hesitant glance and asked, "But Boss, isn't that too harsh on Mrs. Wright and Ms. Wright? After all, Ms. Shalders was too insensitive in handling the situation."

His heart softened as he remembered how pitiful Frida and Sheralyn looked when he first walked in. Why is Boss so protective of Gwendolyn? He's even allowing her to turn the Wright residence upside down.

To his surprise, Noah's question did not enrage Maverick, who merely asked, "If someone tried to ruin your life several times and made your life a living hell, would you forgive that person?"

"Of course not!" answered Noah resolutely. "I'd find a way to give him a taste of his own medicine."

Realization suddenly dawned upon him, and he froze in shock.

Having sent across his point, Maverick turned and left without a backward glance.

After emerging victorious amid the fiasco at the Wright residence, Gwendolyn returned home in high spirits.

To her delight, Asher and Kieran's presents had arrived as well.

She impatiently tore open Asher's present, only to find a small, custom-made model airplane from the National Aviation Agency.

D*mn it! Has Asher conveniently forgotten that I'm no longer a fifteen-year-old kid? I can't believe I was so excited about his present.

Treyton guffawed, thoroughly amused by Gwendolyn's fuming expression. He cleared his throat loudly and teased, "Kiddo, Asher personally made this limited-edition model airplane for you. You can't buy this anywhere at all! Aren't you touched by his efforts?"

Gwendolyn rolled her eyes at him in response.

Thankfully, Kieran's present was decent and soothed her anger over Asher's childish gift.

1/1

It was an intricately designed emerald ring. The ring had an in-built secret compartment from which a silver needle would spring, making it both an accessory and a weapon.

She wore the ring carefully and relegated the model airplane to a corner of her room.

Then, she promptly showered and went to bed.

The next day, Gwendolyn arrived punctually at her office.

When she opened the door to her office, she saw a thin, unfamiliar figure standing in front of her desk.

The stranger turned around when she heard someone opening the door and met Gwendolyn's gaze.

The uninvited visitor was a woman with a dainty face and almond-shaped eyes. Her originally contemptuous gaze slowly changed to one of jealousy the longer she stared at Gwendolyn.

She seems to be quite hostile toward me.

Before Gwendolyn could say a word, the woman declared, "Jade at the reception was just telling me about you. I didn't believe her at first, but now that I've gotten a good look, you really do look like a minx."

That comment merely added to Gwendolyn's confusion.

Gwendolyn swiftly walked over to her chair and invited the woman to leave. "Miss, I need to work. Please leave my office."

The woman ignored her words and warned her coldly, "I have no issues with you earning a pretty penny at Angle, but you better stay away from Treyton Harris. If I find out you were seducing or fooling around with him, I'll make you wish you were dead!"

"Treyton?" The threat piqued Gwendolyn's interest, and she asked, "Do you like him?"

The woman crossed her arms arrogantly and harrumphed. "I'm his fiancée."

Fiancée? She must be the woman who was engaged to Treyton two years ago. Eloise Ferguson! That's her name. She's the second daughter of the prolific Ferguson family from Salinsburgh. Why

hasn't Treyton mentioned her before? I guess she's really not his type. Well, that's fine with me. I wouldn't appreciate such a haughty sister-in-

law.

Gwendolyn shot Eloise a shallow smile and retorted, "Oh, just a fiancée? He can simply replace you before you've signed anything at City Hall, yet here you are exerting your unfounded claims, Ms. Ferguson? I'm sorry, my office is too small to accommodate your delusions of marriage. Please see yourself out."

"You!" Eloise sputtered with fury.

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn poured her attention into her work and ignored Eloise completely. Nothing the woman said could draw her attention again.

Alas, Eloise stomped out of the office miserably after failing spectacularly to warn off Gwendolyn.

As she left Gwendolyn's office, Eloise shot Suzanna a knowing look.

Suzanna wisely followed Eloise to a deserted corridor without any surveillance cameras.

Eloise cut to the chase. "How's the new talent director at your company? Does she know her own place?"

Suzanna checked her surroundings to make sure they were alone before leaning closer to Eloise to whisper in her ear. She exaggerated, "Did you know that Mr. Harris personally brought her into the company? He even emphasized that we should all take extra care of her. I bet she was already fooling around with Mr. Harris before she started working here. She's too proud to mix with the rest of us, and she even bullies the most promising artists at our company. The audacity!"

"Oh my God, did that really happen?" Eloise thundered, "In that case, she can't be allowed to stay in this company."

She waved Suzanna closer to her and murmured a few words to the latter.

Suzanna appeared disconcerted after hearing Eloise's words. She stammered, "C—Can we r—really do that? Isn't that too much?"

Eloise patted her shoulder gently and said, "Don't worry. I'll put in some good words about you with Trey once everything is done so you can replace her as the new talent director."

Ethics and the desire for a promotion warred in Suzanna's heart, though Suzanna's hesitation only lasted a few seconds.

She promptly decided to prioritize her career and wealth.

Later that afternoon, as Suzanna was busy assigning upcoming events to the company's artists, Suzanna visited her office with a bright smile and an unusually courteous demeanor.

"Ms. Shalders, have you heard about Grandeur Group's hefty investment in an upcoming male protagonist drama?"

Without lifting her head from the forms she was scrutinizing, Gwendolyn asked, "Why?"

Suzanna giggled and placed some documents about the drama on Gwendolyn's desk, explaining, "I've locked in an opportunity to discuss casting opportunities with Grandeur Group's representative for our company's artists. However, they only want to discuss the casting with you, Ms. Shalders."

Only then did Gwendolyn raise her head to shoot Suzanna a cool glance.

Her piercing, seemingly all-knowing gaze stunned Suzanna, who faltered and almost lost her resolve.

Gwendolyn smirked and replied, "This is a great chance to rake in some extra commission from the company. Whoever snagged the deal should go."

Suzanna—smiled awkwardly and lamented, “I’d love to go, but Grandeur Group thinks my rank is too low to discuss the casting with them. They will only speak to someone who’s in a directorial position or higher. To be honest, earning extra commission isn’t a big deal. I’m happy to help our artists gain better opportunities and contribute to the company’s reputation. It’s still a success no matter who wins the business for our company.”

amazement, “Ms. Kleppen, this is the first time you’re being so civil to me.”

Her comment surprised Suzanna, whose smile widened.

“Well, I’ve finally seen your talents, Ms. Shalders, and I will never disrespect you again. That said, I do think a meeting with Grandeur Group’s representative is an excellent opportunity for our company. Won’t you reconsider attending it?”

Gwendolyn bit back her smile and replied, “Of course, I’ll go.”

How else would I know what tricks you’re hiding up your sleeve?

Once they clocked off work that evening, Suzanna enthusiastically brought Gwendolyn to the dinner meeting with Grandeur Group.

The two women entered a luxurious private dining room, where three middle-aged men with beer bellies stood politely to greet them. The men’s eyes lit up gleefully as their gazes landed on Gwendolyn.

Suzanna smiled at them and made the introductions. This is our beautiful talent director at Angle, Ms. Shalders. Ms. Shalders, these three men are the directors at Grandeur Group—Mr. Tom Ward, Mr.

Harry Ulmer, and Mr. Peter Zinn, respectively.”

“They’re all directors?” Gwendolyn blinked innocently and added, “Why isn’t the project representative meeting us in this discussion?”