

## **Her Riches 31**

### Chapter 31 Heavyweight Drinker

Suzanna's smile froze at Gwendolyn's question, but she quickly composed herself and smiled even more brightly.

She pulled Gwendolyn aside and whispered, "These directors are influential figures in Grandeur Group. One word from any of them would make or break our artists' casting opportunities in the drama. So try not to upset them, Ms. Shalders."

Gwendolyn nodded expressionlessly in response.

They returned to the table after their whispering.

Tom, Harry, and Peter had not stopped staring at Gwendolyn since she entered the private room. Gwendolyn wanted to throw up under their lustful stares.

Tom was the first to speak up. "Ms. Shalders, you're really as pretty as the rumors say. You've got a great figure too."

"You're too generous. The three of you are truly exceptional and successful," replied Gwendolyn obligingly.

Suzanna quickly invited everyone to take their seats before toasting Gwendolyn, "This is your first business meeting since joining the company, Ms. Shalders. Please allow me to toast to a successful deal."

As she spoke, she pushed a glass of red wine into Gwendolyn's hand.

Gwendolyn swirled the liquor around the glass and sniffed the bouquet elegantly. "Hmm, a 1982 Château Lafite Rothschild. What an excellent wine."

She smiled and clinked glasses with Suzanna before polishing off the wine in a single gulp.

Harry jumped in to flatter Gwendolyn, praising, “Ms. Shalders, I didn’t take you for a wine aficionado. You can hold your drinks well too. How utterly charming. I hope you’ll accept my toast as well.”

“Aren’t we discussing the casting for Grandeur Group’s drama project? Why haven’t any of you brought the subject up?” asked Gwendolyn.

Calmly, one of the directors replied, “Of course, we’ll get to it, but we should have a few glasses and relax before getting down to serious business. I’m sure you understand how this works, don’t you, Ms. Shalders?”

They smiled at Gwendolyn and raised their glasses at her.

Gwendolyn did not put off their requests and downed glass after glass of wine.

Meanwhile, Noah knocked on the door to the CEO’s office at Wright Construction Group.

He entered the room and politely handed a dossier on Gwendolyn’s background to Maverick.

“Boss, our men have investigated her three times. This is the final, organized information we have on

her background for your review,”

Maverick received the documents from his assistant and read them several times, his brows slightly

furrowed.

At first glance, Gwendolyn’s background seemed perfectly ordinary until it came to her life before she was fifteen years old.

There was only a line about her coming from an orphanage. No other details were available, not even regarding when she was first brought to the orphanage.

Is there actually someone in this world that my genius hackers can't investigate?

Noah seemed to sense his employer's doubts and asked, "Do you want them to dig deeper?"

"No." Maverick closed the dossier and placed it on a stack of documents in his office, adding, "She's deliberately hiding her true background from us. We'll just be wasting our efforts investigating her. The only thing that's certain is that her background isn't as simple as it seems."

He strolled to the long windows in his office and lit a cigarette, his gaze dark and thoughtful.

Noah checked Maverick's schedule on an iPad and asked, "Boss, you have a dinner meeting tonight, which was booked a week ago. Are you going?"

"Yes."

Suzanna and the three directors from Grandeur Group took turns toasting Gwendolyn at their business meeting.

Gwendolyn had not refused a drink during their three rounds of toasts.

The party promptly polished off six bottles of red wine.

Gwendolyn's cheeks were mildly flushed despite the amount of liquor she had drunk, which added to her allure. Her gaze, however, remained lucid.

Suzanna was frustrated, even as she struggled to keep a clear head.

I didn't expect her to be a heavyweight at drinking. Even the directors are getting tipsy. How is she perfectly fine?

Everyone was about to collapse at the table.

To her surprise, Gwendolyn refilled her glass with red wine and downed it when the others stopped pouring liquor for her.

Then, she shot her dinner companions a smile so beatific it bordered on a taunt.

They had no choice but to bow to her prowess.

It was truly a sight which they had to see to believe.

Gwendolyn turned the tables on them and asked, "Why did everyone stop drinking? If that's too much liquor to handle, perhaps it's time we got down to business?"

She even raised her glass to toast them.

The three directors hastily turned to Suzanna, signaling her to fix the situation.

If they had to drink one more glass of wine, they would surely collapse and spend their night in the private dining room.

Suzanna gritted her teeth in annoyance. Plying Gwendolyn with alcohol was no longer an option.

Thankfully, before she came, Eloise had given her a packet of odorless, colorless powder to guarantee the success of their plan.

Suzanna exchanged glances with Peter, who caught her hint and smiled at Gwendolyn.

“Ms. Shalders, have you seen the production plan for our upcoming male protagonist drama?”

While he spoke, he took out some documents and handed them to Gwendolyn, explaining. “This is the latest version. Why don’t you take a look and let us know your top picks for the production?”

Gwendolyn stood up to receive the documents from him.

Suddenly, the sound of glass shattering filled the room.

Suzanna had knocked Gwendolyn’s wine glass off the table.

She apologized profusely, “Oh my God, I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean it, Ms. Shalders. I must be kind of tipsy. Let me get you a fresh glass of wine,”

Gwendolyn eyed her colleague suspiciously but did not stop her from leaving.

Suzanna returned shortly with a new wine glass, which she filled with red wine before handing it to Gwendolyn.

She exchanged knowing looks with Peter and quickly raised their glasses to toast Gwendolyn.

Gwendolyn did not accept their toast and said, “There’s no rush for that. Let’s treat this as the last drink to close the night.”

Peter did not understand what she was getting at but agreed anyway. “Of course, of course. Whatever the lady wants, she gets.”

“I’ve read through the character list, but I think there are some potential issues here,” Gwendolyn pointed out while discreetly shifting her wine glass.

She stood and carried the documents with her, leaning closer to hand them to Peter.

The three men were positively hypnotized by her svelte figure.

For easier viewing, Gwendolyn balanced the documents atop two neighboring wine glasses before giving her detailed comments.

None of the directors paid attention to what she had to say. They absent-mindedly agreed to all her suggestions, eager to get the discussion done and over with.

Peter jumped on the opportunity to toast Gwendolyn again. “Ms. Shalders, now that we’re done talking business, let’s all have a drink to celebrate our future collaboration.”

Gwendolyn no longer rejected the toast and lightly clinked her wine glass with the others. Still, she was in no hurry to touch her drink.

The other four people in the room downed their glasses quickly and shot Gwendolyn expectant or excited looks.

The aroma of the red wine was intoxicating.

Gwendolyn brought the glass to her lips. After a moment of hesitation, she finished her drink in one gulp.

A few seconds later, her vision blurred. Her mind turned fuzzy, and she finally collapsed heavily across the table.

Suzanna and the others smiled in triumph, their gazes affixed to Gwendolyn’s empty wine glass.

In the middle of his dinner meeting, Maverick left the private dining room to visit the restroom.

He used an emergency exit to return to the private dining room, and on his way back, he spied a familiar-looking woman speaking with a pot-bellied man.

Maverick took a second look and recognized the woman; she had been showing off her BMW to Gwendolyn in the parking lot some time ago.

Not particularly interested in eavesdropping, Maverick turned to leave. Just then, he overheard some alarming words in the woman's conversation.

"Mr. Zinn, please remind your fellow directors to record Gwendolyn's face clearly in the video. And make sure to prioritize me in your future business dealings."

"Don't worry about it. We won't forget to reward you."

Peter rubbed his hands greedily, impatient to return to the private dining room where the unconscious Gwendolyn lay.

He had barely turned around when someone grabbed his collar fiercely from behind.