

Her Riches 35

Chapter 35 A Shameless Little Snob

“How dare you!”

The first thing Suzanna noticed was that Gwendolyn had sat at the head of the table before even realizing what the latter had said. Her lips trembled as she asked, “W-What do you mean by that?”

Gwendolyn’s red lips curved upward as she broke into a careless laugh.

She fixed her gaze on Suzanna and made no response

Gwendolyn’s laughter unnerved Suzanna, and the aura radiating off the former sent a chill down the latter’s spine.

“You’re crazy! A raving lunatic!” Suzanna spat out scornfully. As she spoke, she took two steps.

backward.

Just as she was about to turn and leave, four men in police uniforms appeared at the conference room’s door and knocked politely. “Excuse me. May we know who’s Suzanna Kleppen?”

As soon as Suzanna heard that they were looking for her, she was stunned. “What is it about?”

Seeing that she was the one who responded, the policemen immediately walked toward her with stern expressions.

She was so frightened that the color drained from her face. “Have you... made a mistake? I’m a good and law-abiding citizen!”

“We’ll be the judge of whether or not you’re innocent. Please come with us.”

“No! I’m not going!”

Mr. Ward and Mr. Ulmer are inside, so there’s no way of hiding what I did. I had hoped Jonathan would be able to protect me, but I never expected him to end up in the doghouse quicker than me. In any case, I can’t get thrown into jail. Once I go there, my career and future will be in utter shambles!”

Something seemed to occur to her, and she hurried over to Gwendolyn. Tossing aside her pride, she crouched at Gwendolyn’s feet, tugged at her hand, and pleaded, “Was it you who told them to come? Gwendolyn... Ms. Shalders, I admit defeat. I apologize I only harbored malicious intent toward you because of a moment of jealousy. Please spare me, will you?”

Gwendolyn gently lifted Suzanna’s chin with the tip of her finger and stared straight into the latter’s eyes. Grinning, she remarked, “Your apology reeks of fear and hope. You know better than me just how

sincere it is.”

“No! I mean every word I said! I was wrong, Ms. Shalders. It was my fault.”

“If you were merely trying to pick a fight with me for rival reasons, I’d only fire you for conspiring with Jonathan Flint to take over my position. However, you gave me such a surprise. I underestimated you. If I don’t send you to jail, it’d be an insult to that impressive performance you put on last night.”

Although Suzanna bowed her head and sobbed bitterly, she was seething with rage inwardly.

This b*tch sure spouts a load of crazy talk! She’s such a bully! Once I get out of this predicament, I’ll definitely find a chance to get rid of her.

Concealing the malice in her heart, she feigned a look of remorse and opened her mouth to say something. Suddenly, she recalled a specific word Gwendolyn had just said. “Did you say you’re going to fire me?”

How dare she say things like that when she's only a director Does the entire company belong to her because she's friendly with the boss?

Bending down slightly, Gwendolyn leaned near Suzanna's car with a smile that did not reach her eyes.

"I never told you this, but you're standing on Gwendolyn Shalders Harris' territory."

She spoke slowly and clearly when she mentioned her name, and her eyes glittered.

The seat at the head of the table was like a throne. However, despite Gwendolyn's petite size, she did not seem out of place as she sat there. On the contrary, she exuded a distinguished and glacial air.

Thud!

Suzanna slumped onto the floor.

She said... that this is her company. She said her last name is... Harris.

Suzanna covered her mouth, and her eyes became as round as saucers. She was too shocked to speak.

Even when the policemen stepped forward to escort her away, she still had yet to snap out of her grief and despair.

After getting rid of two lousy employees, I can finally get a couple of days of peace.

Gwendolyn was busy working at her desk just before noon when Elisha knocked on the door and walked in. The latter said impassively, "Ms. Shalders. Mr. Harris has something urgent to discuss with you and asked you to go to his office when you're done with your work."

Treyton has something urgent to discuss with me? Judging from the look on her face, it doesn't seem like it's good

NEWS.

Gwendolyn did not waste any time. She took two minutes to put away her things, then headed swiftly to the office on the highest floor.

As soon as she opened the door, she saw Treyton sitting at the desk with his back toward her. His head was tilted upward slightly as though he was admiring the mural on the wall.

“Treyton?”

Since they were the only ones in the office, she did not have to pretend anymore.

He spun around and said, “Surprise!”

In his hand was a lunch box. He opened the lid, and the smell of fragrant herbs and spices filled the air.

“Flora said I’m mistreating you because I always let you have food from the cafeteria for lunch, so she made your favorite grilled beef and sent it over. Are you surprised?”

“Is this what you meant by ‘something urgent?’” she asked, amused by his childish behavior

Treyton set down the lunch box, then got up and strode toward her with a dotting smile tugging at the corners of his lips. “It goes without saying that the task of ensuring my dearest princess doesn’t go hungry is a top priority.”

Although Gwendolyn was silent, the twinkle in her eyes betrayed her feelings.

He led her over to the couch and sat her down. Several dishes had already been set out on the coffee table, and he went to bring over the grilled beef from his desk.

She took a whiff. As expected, Flora is an excellent cook. Her cooking is way better than the cafeteria's food.

As she ate, she said, "It's delicious, but there's no need to do so in the future. If I keep coming to your office to have lunch with you, sooner or later, your subordinates will become suspicious."

Treyton could not refrain from laughing. "Since you got here, Flora doesn't listen to me. You should tell her yourself when you go back tonight."

She nodded, then lowered her head and carried on eating.

She was rather hungry indeed and unable to resist Flora's tasty cooking. Hence, she ate with such gusto that her cheeks were bulging with food.

Seeing her eating like a squirrel was so dorky and adorable to him that he could not stop himself from touching the tip of her nose affectionately.

Gwendolyn smiled at him and continued eating.

The atmosphere inside the office was lively as they chattered away while eating.

Suddenly, Elisha knocked on the door and entered the room. He stood near the door, and said softly, "Mr. Harris, Ms. Ferguson is here."

Gwendolyn looked up and glanced at Treyton subconsciously. However, she saw that his expression darkened instantly.

Elisha also wore a strange look on his face. "She has been waiting outside for a while. Should I show her in?"

"I'm busy," he answered without a second thought.

Hence, Elisha had no choice but to leave begrudgingly.

After the door closed behind her, the warm and friendly atmosphere in the office was restored.

Treyton speared a piece of juicy grilled beef with his fork and placed it on Gwendolyn's plate. "Eat up. You're too thin."

Distracted by her thoughts, she ventured, "Treyton, you seem to dislike your fiancée a lot."

His expression turned grave, and he radiated a glacial aura. He uttered in disgust, "Fiancée? She's not worthy of that title. She's nothing but a shameless little snob."

Observing the look on his face, it appeared there was more to the couple's engagement than met the eye.

Nonetheless, she did not probe further as he did not seem willing to talk about it.

However, she could not help feeling somewhat curious about his remark that his fiancée was shameless.

How weird of a person would that woman have to be to make someone as gentle as Treyton so disgusted by her?

Noticing the wicked smile playing on her lips, he piped up. "What evil plan are you hatching? Hurry up and eat."

Gwendolyn nodded obediently.

She finished eating ten minutes later. Walking out of the office, she immediately spotted Eloise, who was still pestering Elisha.

It was clear that Eloise had been arguing until she was blue in the face, and she spoke in an increasingly threatening tone.

Looking away, Gwendolyn stared straight ahead as she headed toward the elevator.

“Stop right there!”

Suddenly, a high-pitched voice rang out behind her, and she felt someone grab her wrist.

Eloise stepped in front of her and peered at her.

“It’s you! Why are you coming out of Trey’s office?”

Gwendolyn arched a brow and shot her an easy smile”Mr. Harris invited me to join him for lunch. Not wanting to turn down his kind offer, naturally, I

enver

Before Gwendolyn even finished her sentence, Eloise was already glaring at her with eyes blazing with rage, wishing she could burn Gwendolyn to ashes.