

Her Riches 36

Chapter 36 Spoilsport

"B*tch! You seductress!" Eloise was livid. "How dare she seduce Treyton in front of me, his rightful fiancée?" she fumed inwardly.

Eloise had come to Fairlake from Salinsburgh, all for Treyton's sake. In order to get engaged to him. she had spent a great deal of effort.

All the women in the world could never hope to match the love she harbored for him.

However, Treyton constantly refused to meet her. He made Elisha turn her down with all sorts of perfunctory excuses. Currently, he had said that he was busy. So, he was busy because he was having a meal with that woman?

The more Eloise thought about it, the angrier she got Her expression underneath her exquisite. makeup turned malicious. Glaring at Gwendolyn hatefully, she raised her hand and tried to slap the latter across the face.

Gwendolyn did not make an attempt to dodge. She sat there, unmoving.

However, before Eloise could harm a hair on Gwendolyn's head, someone caught ahold of her hand.

Elisha held onto Eloise's wrist tightly, his tone was stern as he reminded her, "Ms. Ferguson, we're at Angle at the moment. It's not right to hit others. Please show some self-respect."

Although Eloise wanted to wrench her hand away, her strength was no match for Elisha's.

Enraged, Eloise cried, "Let go! I am going to slap this shameless woman! If you try to stop me. I'll hit

you as well!"

Elisha's face immediately darkened, but still, he did not loosen his grip. "Ms. Ferguson, Mr. Harris is inside. Do you wish to kick up a fuss and force him to come out and see your outrageous behavior?"

Outrageous? I'm from the Ferguson family, and I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth. How can I bear to wreck my image in front of Treyton?

Elisha withdrew his hand after he saw that Eloise had regained her composure and her anger had subsided.

Gwendolyn snickered when she saw that Eloise had managed to hold herself back despite being so furious.

"I've long heard about Ms. Ferguson's fiery and domineering personality." Gwendolyn clicked her tongue before shaking her head and continuing, "It seems like I was worried for nothing!"

"How dare you!" Eloise was livid. She had to tamp down the urge to rush forward and rip Gwendolyn to shreds. She could only watch as the latter sauntered into the elevator casually and finally disappear from her view.

Still, she was unable to regain her composure. How dare she provokes me so brazenly? I'm going to kill her, or I'm not a Ferguson!

Eventually, Eloise managed to calm her emotions. All of a sudden, a name came to mind.

For the first time in her life, Eloise visited the jail and asked to see a woman.

A moment later, a woman dressed in a blue robe was brought into the visitor's room. She had disheveled hair and bloodshot eyes.

Through the glass panel that separated them, Eloise was visibly shocked and even covered her nose subconsciously. "Suzanna, it's only been a few days. Why are you in such a bedraggled state?"

Suzanna licked her parched lips and glared at Eloise hatefully. "Whose fault do you think this is?"

Two days ago, Suzanna had begged the policemen to let her meet Eloise in hopes that the latter would bail her out. However, not only did Eloise refuse to see her, but she also shoved all the blame onto Suzanna and paid someone to expedite the sentence.

Suzanna was going to be transferred to prison the next day and she did not know if she would be able to step into the sunlight ever again.

She had assumed that Gwendolyn was her enemy. In truth, Eloise was the demon that had caused her imprisonment.

Eloise frowned, but she did not remove the fingers that were delicately covering her nose. Through the double glass panels, she spoke to Suzanna on the phone.

"It couldn't be helped. My family found out and they refused to let me involve myself in anything that could soil my reputation, so I had no choice but to sacrifice you. However, don't worry. I'll put in a word for you. I'll ensure that you get to live a good life. In return, you must tell me all you know about Gwendolyn." Eloise smiled knowingly as she continued. "What do you think? Isn't it a good deal?"

Unexpectedly, Suzanna threw back her head and guffawed while pounding on the table.

Puzzled, Eloise asked, "What's so funny?"

Isn't it hilarious to plot to kill your own future sister-in-law

However, she did not voice her thoughts. While she hated Gwendolyn, she also despised Eloise. She refused to entertain the thought of them getting along well.

“Are you so unwilling to let her be happy?” Suzanna’s smile was wide. Paired with her messy and coarse hair and bloodshot eyes, she was like a specter that had escaped from an asylum. She was a frightening sight.

Eloise composed herself before replying, “Of course Don’t you also want to get rid of her?”

“Yes. I’ll tell you what I know.” Smiling, Suzanna moved closer to the phone and whispered, “Frankly speaking, Gwendolyn is quite a formidable opponent. I’m not sure you can beat her even if you went all out. However, I know that she’s been divorced before. Perhaps you could use this fact against her.”

Eloise’s eye’s sparkled in excitement. “All right. Leave it to me! I’ll settle your score with Gwendolyn.”

Having said that, she immediately got up and left without looking back.

Glancing at Eloise’s elegant retreating figure, Suzanna’s grin grew even more maniacal. Too bad I won’t be able to witness their fight!

Eloise impatiently made a call as soon as she got out, “Find out who’s Gwendolyn’s ex-husband. I want a detailed report as soon as possible.”

After waiting for about half an hour, a document was forwarded to her phone.

Eloise tapped on the document, her furrowed brows relaxing. When her eyes landed on a name on the document, she curled her lips. “Natasha Mossey.”

Inside the CEO’s office at Wright Construction Group. Maverick rested his hand on his temple and closed his eyes slightly.

Noah stood in front of him respectfully as he reported the situation at the Wright residence.

“Ms. Wright made a fuss the other day, and the guards were afraid to release people. Since then, she has been unusually obedient and only called Ms. Mossey a few times. However, Ms. Mossey did not answer her calls.”

Maverick opened his eyes. Noah’s last comment had caught his attention..

“Why didn’t Tasha answer?”

Sheralyn and Natasha got along very well. They also talked on the phone frequently. However, ever since Gwendolyn caused the ruckus at the Wright residence, Natasha never brought up Sheralyn to him again.

Maverick frowned.

Noah explained, “Perhaps Ms. Mossey was busy with something else and missed Ms. Wright’s call.”

It was not unusual to miss a call once or twice, but Natasha had avoided Sheralyn’s calls several times.

What is she hiding from? Something’s wrong.

With a dark expression, he stood up. “I haven’t seen Tasha in a few days. I’ll be going to the condominium.”

Noah stood in place. “Ms. Mossey isn’t at the condominium at the moment. She went out.”

She’s out? Never mind then. I’m probably overthinking it. Maverick sat back down.

Noah stared at the faint dark eyebags under his boss cold dark eyes and was unable to resist asking. “Boss, have you not gotten enough rest lately? Your complexion doesn’t look too good.”

Maverick massaged his temples, feeling somewhat irritated.

Since he was still staying at the mansion, he would always see Gwendolyn no matter what time he returned.

She would be dressed in the apron, flashing a smile when she saw him.

Sometimes, she would have a hand on her hip as she swept up the leaves in the garden. Just the other night, when she was in bed...

The thought of Gwendolyn kept Maverick up at night. When he woke up to take a drink, he would recall the memory of Treyton gently massaging her calves at the hotel.

“Boss?”