

Her Riches 4

Chapter 4 How Fast You Change Your Tune

Frida was completely staggered by Gwendolyn's imposing aura.

Is this still my meek daughter-in-law?

"Oh, I understand now! You were merely putting on an act in the past!"

Growing increasingly incensed as she mulled over the latter's change, Frida gritted her teeth and threatened, "I'm never going to let this incident today slide! I'll tell Maverick about it and have him divorce you! This time, I'm going to kick you out of the family even if you beg me on your knees!"

However, Gwendolyn merely sneered with a contemptuous expression on her face.

"Ah, I forgot to tell you this earlier. Just ten minutes ago, I'd already gotten divorced from Maverick. From now on, I'll never again take a single step into the Wright residence even if you beg me on your knees."

Divorced? And a while ago, at that? How could that be? This bumpkin had been shamelessly clinging to the Wright family in the past, yet she has finally given up?

Eyeing her retreating back dubiously, Frida gave Maverick a call right then and there to verify that piece of news.

"Have you really gotten divorced, Maverick?"

Maverick grunted in affirmation, but a frown then marred his countenance. "Who told you when it had just been finalized a moment ago?"

"Who else could it be? I bumped into Gwendolyn, and that b*tch even raised her voice at me!"

Fury still stained Frida's face, but she promptly broke into a wide grin at the thought that the couple had truly gotten divorced. She even started crowing, "This is great! You've finally gotten a divorce! How could a woman of unknown origins from an orphanage be worthy of my precious son? She should've buzzed off long ago..."

Maverick pressed his lips into a thin line, his mood entirely different from Frida's excitement.

In fact, an inexplicable trace of irritation and guilt swamped him.

Previously, he thought that Gwendolyn wouldn't easily agree to a divorce. He even prepared a settlement of three million and a mansion in advance. Yet, she was the one who proposed it. On top of that, she didn't even ask for a cent in compensation.

Now that she's divorced without any money and family by her side, how will she survive in the future?

Oh well, she'll come and seek me out when she's at the end of her rope.

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn took a taxi back to the little mansion belonging to her and Maverick that housed her bitterness and agony for the past three years.

The memories were far too heavy, so much so that she didn't want to recall them anymore.

She walked past the garden in front of the courtyard and headed upstairs right away to pack her luggage. When she had done so, she didn't want to tarry in the mansion for even a second longer. Alas, a beautiful figure in the living room turned around and looked at her no sooner had she gone downstairs.

It was Natasha in a snow-white dress, smiling innocently. "It's been a long time, Gwendolyn."

Gwendolyn was startled momentarily, seemingly never having expected to see the woman there.

We'd just gotten divorced, yet Maverick had already given her the key to the mansion? So, he's allowing her to move in just like that? It seems that he really loves this first crush of his.

A sense of repulsion flooded Gwendolyn. Nonetheless, she elegantly descended the stairs with a smile.

At the sight of her poise, Natasha's expression froze imperceptibly. But in the next heartbeat, she continued beaming.

"It's only been a few years, but your aura is increasingly more like that of the mistress of the Wright family. Oh, sorry, it was a slip of the tongue." Clapping a hand over her mouth, Natasha gave an awkward chuckle before lamenting, "I forgot that you're already divorced from Mave, so you're no longer Mrs. Wright."

Despite knowing that the woman was there to assert her dominance over her, Gwendolyn wasn't the least bit angry. The smile on her face remained as airy as ever.

"Maverick Wright is a man I'm already sick of. But since you love other people's rejects, I'll hand him to you. Anyhow, don't get too hasty, or it'll make you look like a third-party eager to intervene in someone else's relationship."

Her remark had Natasha's smile quickly turning chilly and her expression contorting into a hideous mask. "Mave and I love each other deeply. If it weren't for you back then, we would've been together ages ago. You're the third party who should be disdained by all!"

At that, Gwendolyn cast her a mocking look. "Very soon, you'll know who exactly the third party is."

Having said that, she circled around Natasha, not planning to tarry any longer. Just when she was about to leave, the latter grabbed her wrist.

She glanced over her shoulder, only to see Natasha looking all pitiful. Her eyes were red-rimmed like a rabbit, and it was as though she had suffered a great grievance.

"I'm sorry, Gwendolyn. I've always regarded you as my best friend. This time, I only came to visit you. I meant well. I didn't know that you both had gotten divorced. I really didn't mean anything else. Please don't be angry with me, okay?"

"Oh, how fast you change your tune!"

That sweet-sounding speech had Gwendolyn snort a bark of laughter. She was just about to shake Natasha off when, with a shriek of pain, the latter collapsed onto the ground weakly in concert with her movement.

From the back, it would look as though she had shoved Natasha hard.

Heh! How intriguing!

Gwendolyn watched the entire self-directed show coldly. If I'm right, Maverick must have happened to come back just this moment and is presently standing at the door, witnessing the whole scene.

Sure enough, the man's enraged bellow abruptly rang out behind her.

"What are you doing?"