

Her Riches 5

Chapter 5 Give You an Epic Gift

Striding into the living room on his long legs, Maverick went over to Natasha and helped her up at once. Then, he turned his eyes to Gwendolyn, his gaze brimming with grimness and disappointment. "I initially thought you'd behave after our divorce, but I never expected you to still resort to such a despicable tactic. It makes me sick. I had actually planned to transfer this mansion to your name, but from the looks of things, that's no longer necessary."

"Don't blame Gwendolyn, Mave. She only pushed me accidentally because I made her mad. It was my fault, so admonish me instead."

Natasha leaned against his chest with guilt written all over her face, her sobs pitiable and heartbreaking. When she stole a glance at Gwendolyn out of the corner of her eye, however, her gaze carried a hint of pride and triumph.

A layer of frost blanketed Maverick's face, and he said to Gwendolyn in a commanding tone, "Apologize to Tasha immediately, right this moment."

Tsk-tsk, he wants me to apologize to her?

A spark of anger flickered within Gwendolyn.

Alternating her gaze between the loving couple, she beamed from ear to ear. Then, she gently tugged at Natasha, who was in Maverick's arms.

I thought she'd be livid and argue, but unexpectedly, she's still smiling?

Puzzlement showed on Natasha's face. Not quite comprehending Gwendolyn's exact plan, she was momentarily dazed, allowing the latter to pull her over.

Slap!

"Ahh!"

A shriek far more piercing than the one earlier split the air. With a hand cradling her swollen face, Natasha fell onto the ground hard.

Gwendolyn put all her strength into the slap, so much so that her palm was a touch numb. Hence, the pain Natasha endured this time was definitely excruciating.

Even then, Gwendolyn wore a smile on her face, and it was surprisingly detached to boot. She didn't look at all like the instigator who hit someone.

As she stared down at Natasha on the ground, her voice was incredibly gentle. "Since you claimed that I picked on you, how could I have helped you affirm my misdeed if I hadn't slapped you?"

With tears shimmering in her eyes, Natasha sat on the ground feebly, whimpering softly.

Meanwhile, Maverick had never expected Gwendolyn to have the guts to get physical right before him. Thus, he forgot to help Natasha up immediately.

Wearing a dark look on his face, he glowered at Gwendolyn threateningly. "Not only did you fail to apologize, but you even took things further! Are you testing my limit?"

"You're regarding yourself too highly, Mr. Wright."

Gwendolyn waved a hand profusely, the grin on her face growing increasingly wider.

"We were once married, so I'll give you an epic gift before I leave."

While speaking, she took out a thick stack of paper from her bag and tossed it at the man's face.

Countless pieces of white paper fluttered in the air.

Maverick reached out and snagged one, only to see a copy of a text message filled with insults and

taunts, sounding arrogant beyond words. When his eyes scanned over the sender's unidentified phone number, shock inundated him.

Flipping it over, he saw proof of the truth behind the incident of him being drugged the night before.

The evidence was solid, and it all pointed to Natasha as the culprit.

In a flash, his brows knitted together. He swung his eyes at Natasha on the ground, a terrifying look in them.

Coincidentally, Natasha had just finished skimming through the contents of the paper. Her face drained of all color.

Indeed, she was the one who had someone spike Maverick's wine. In fact, she even phoned the man and told him to go to the hotel to look for her. Little did she expect that the driver would mistakenly send him back to the mansion, and her plan would end up benefitting Gwendolyn.

Hopping mad, she texted Gwendolyn to rub salt into her wound.

Regretfully, never had she imagined that Gwendolyn would dare confront her openly in such a manner.

Oh God, what would Maverick think of me?

Without waiting for her to justify herself, Gwendolyn had already picked up her packed suitcase. Before leaving, she took one last look at the man she once loved deeply.

"Remember this, Maverick Wright—I'm not the one who's divorced and abandoned. Instead, it's you! I don't want you anymore, nor is the Wright family worthy of me!"