

## Her Riches 6

### Chapter 6 My Divorce Compensation

Hearing Gwendolyn's remark, Maverick frowned. When did I say that I wanted to abandon her? And why would she think so?

Bewilderment deluged him. Just as he was going to chase after her and talk things out, someone clutched at the hem of his suit pants from behind.

On the ground, Natasha lifted her face, looking all piteous.

Sobbing softly, she rationalized, "Mave... I'm sorry. I was just afraid... I was afraid that you would've really fallen in love with Gwendolyn in the three years I've been away. I was scared that you wouldn't want me anymore..."

With his brows still creased together, Maverick looked down at her. The instant he glimpsed her slightly swollen cheek, his gaze softened. Ultimately, he reached out and helped her up, his voice turning gentle. "I've said that I'll give you a status. A divorce was merely a matter of time. This time, you were too impatient."

Grasping his sleeve, Natasha pouted forlornly. "It was all my fault, but I didn't mean to hurt anyone. I just used the wrong method. Mave... please forgive me!"

Upon receiving no further response from the man, she leaned against him weakly and tentatively bared an expanse of her fair shoulder.

Maverick's gaze darkened, and he almost instinctively pushed her away.

"Mave!"

The red tinge to Natasha's eyes deepened a shade, and she fixated her eyes on him resentfully.

Does he really harbor such great aversion toward me now? Argh! How unfair! Why is it that Gwendolyn bagged him last night, but I can't even draw close to him or test the waters?

"That's enough."

Maverick gripped her hand. Narrowing his chilly eyes a fraction, he studied her with such a look in them that she was as though a stranger to him.

"Tasha, I never thought you would also resort to such methods and make those derisive comments. You were pure and innocent in the past."

Taken aback, Natasha realized that she had truly angered the man this time.

He's a man with strong principles and a line that can't be crossed. Once I cross it, he'll only hate me all the more!

"No, that's not it! I'm sorry. I've realized my mistakes; it was just a moment of recklessness. I'll never do it again in the future. Even if it's only because I once saved you all those years ago, please give me a chance to repent, Mave."

At the mention of the incident many years ago, her bright and determined gaze flashed across Maverick's mind.

She was merely a tiny thing back then, but she stepped out and protected me. Oh well!

The look in his eyes gradually turned tender. "Let's forget about this matter. However, don't do it again in the future."

At once, relief suffused Natasha. No sooner had she planned to act coquettish with him than he held his hand out to her with his palm facing up.

"Hand me the key."

Her expression froze, and she made to fib, but Maverick cut her off, saying, "I know Noah gave you the

key to the mansion without my permission. Return it to me.”

Noah Lidson was his assistant, who had worked for him for many years.

Seeing that he had hit the nail on the head, Natasha had no choice but to hand the key back to Maverick begrudgingly.

“Don’t come to this mansion again in the future. I’ll arrange a place for you as soon as possible. You must be tired today, so go back to the hotel and rest.”

Without giving her any chance to argue, Maverick ordered the driver to send her back.

It wasn’t until after she had left that Noah, who stood in the garden, cautiously entered the living room.

He stopped in front of Maverick, waiting for the lecture to begin.

Maverick swung his ebony eyes on the man, his voice icy. “You have no right to make decisions on my behalf. You’re gone if there’s a second time.”

“Understood.”

Maverick then yanked at his tie before taking a puff of his cigarette. Alas, the look in Gwendolyn’s eyes before she left popped into his mind.

It was both glacial and piercing.

Could it be that she was so resolute about getting a divorce because I accused her wrongly? Never mind that, but she even put up a tough front, not even asking me for a single cent. Does she really think she can survive without money?

He didn’t want to think about her at all, but he felt his heart become dreadfully heavy. Some emotion started consuming him, and it made him exceedingly ill at ease. “Send some men to search for Gwendolyn and notify me immediately when she’s found. Also, transfer ownership of this mansion to her as my divorce compensation.”

“Understood.”

In the meantime, Gwendolyn had found Angle Corporation’s address on the internet. Lugging her suitcase along, she hailed a taxi and headed over right away.

Since she had agreed to manage the company, she decided to make a trip over for a look and complete the handover posthaste.

Upon arriving at the company, she went up to the receptionist and declared, “Please notify your current CEO that I’d like to see him.”

The receptionist’s expression stiffened on the spot, and she scrutinized Gwendolyn from head to toe.

Although she’s quite pretty, her whole outfit costs less than two hundred. On top of that, she demanded to see the CEO right off the bat. How brazen!

“Do you have an appointment?”

In response, Gwendolyn shook her head. “No.”

Hearing that, the receptionist almost burst into laughter. “You haven’t got an appointment, yet you dare come to Angle and kick up a fuss? I guess nowadays, any Tom, Dick, and Harry have the guts to throw their weight around without knowing their place!”

The harsh and insulting words had a frown marring Gwendolyn’s countenance. “Is this how you usually greet clients?”