

Her Riches 60

Chapter 60 The Appearance of Maverick

On the flip side, a huge crowd gathered at Angle Corporation's lobby. There were even bystanders watching the reporters and netizens from the sidelines.

After locking her car, Gwendolyn strode toward the entrance of the company, exuding a strong aura.

As the reporters had been waiting for a long time, they immediately rushed toward her upon noticing her appearance, not letting the opportunity go.

Microphones were shoved in her face, and the sounds of shutters echoed endlessly. It was much noisier than what had transpired in Natasha's ward.

"Ms. Shalders, have you seen the news this morning? What would you like to say in response to Ms. Mossey?"

"Was everything Ms. Mossey said true? Since she claims she's not a home wrecker, what's the reason for your divorce from Mr. Wright? I heard they gave nothing to you when you left. Did you have an affair?"

"Also, is it true that you're involved in Ms. Mossey's attack?"

The reporters threw questions at her one after another, refusing to let go of such a golden opportunity to fish for crucial information.

Not afraid of the huge crowd, Gwendolyn marched toward them.

Her sunglasses covered nearly half her face, but her aura remained strong.

"Could you answer us, Ms. Shalders? The whole world is waiting for your response!" shouted one of the reporters, causing the crowd to go wild once again.

Furrowing her brows, Gwendolyn took a microphone from one of the reporters and spoke into it in a strict tone. "Since you want an answer, quieten down and let me speak."

Upon hearing that, the reporters froze, but that did not last long as they started questioning her again.

"What exactly is your relationship with Mr. Wright?" a reporter inquired while pushing the microphone near her, fearing his question would be left unanswered.

Displeased, Gwendolyn pushed the microphone away as it was about to hit her face. "I've clarified this on Twitter once, but I'll say it again. We're divorced and have nothing to do with each other."

Even though she had sunglasses on, people could feel her sharp glare, which made them step back consciously.

"It's rumored that Ms. Mossey's a mistress and destroyed your marriage with Mr. Wright. After your divorce, you were forced to leave with zero assets. Are these true?"

"I'm sorry, but I have no comments about that." Gwendolyn shrugged before adding. "Anything else? If that's all, then excuse me. I have to go in. Don't waste my precious time."

"Wait!" Some reporters squeezed forward through the crowd. "There's a rumor about you being Mr. Harris' sugar baby. That's why you can have this job. Is that true?"

"I will never do such a disgraceful thing like that in exchange for my career. Time and achievements. will prove that rumor wrong."

Her voice was loud, and her words reverberated through the crowd, but it was not enough to suppress the chaos.

"Why did you hire people to humiliate Ms. Mossey two days ago? Was it because she embarrassed you at the banquet?"

“Didn’t you watch her live?” Gwendolyn retorted. “Let the evidence prove who’s messing with who. I have an urgent matter to tend to. Please excuse me.”

Hearing her sending them away, the reporters panicked as they tried to make her stay.

“You can’t end it just like that because you haven’t even answered anything! Do you perhaps feel guilty?”

The netizens also made noise, blocking the entrance of the company. Some even took this opportunity to start attacking Gwendolyn.

Before Gwendolyn could answer, a deep and magnetizing voice sounded from behind her.

“You can’t slander people just because you can. If you don’t even have professional ethics, then quit your job right this instant.”

With a frown, Maverick walked toward the crowd slowly, glaring at them with disgust and coldness.

“It’s Mr. Wright! He has come to back her up!” someone exclaimed upon recognizing Maverick.

The crowd erupted once again, shocked at his sudden appearance. They started speculating about his purpose for showing up.

“I’m still investigating Ms. Mossey’s situation.”

Grabbing the microphone from Gwendolyn, he added concisely, “I’ll release a statement in five days.”

The reporters who asked questions regarding this were so frightened by him that they dared not to breathe. However, the commotion in the crowd did not subside.

Turning to Noah, Maverick asked the former icily, "What are you waiting for?"

Catching on to the man's meaning, Noah waved his hand. Shortly after that, several bodyguards dressed in black and wearing sunglasses appeared, driving the crowd away.

Most of the people who were present just wanted to watch the drama firsthand. They did not want to cause trouble, let alone offend Maverick. Hence, they quickly left the place.

"Thanks," Gwendolyn uttered indifferently before heading into the building.

"That didn't sound sincere, Ms. Shalders," stated Maverick as he grabbed hold of her wrist. "Let's talk privately."

Gwendolyn initially wanted to reject him, but after seeing him being all serious and cautious, she changed her mind.

"Sure, but keep it short."

Maverick reserved a private room at a restaurant near Angle, treating her to a meal.

Flipping the menu open, he pushed it to the woman "You can order first."

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"I've already had breakfast," replied Gwendolyn. Then, as if she remembered something, she furrowed her brows and added, "Also, I remember how you don't like to cat that much early in the morning, Mr. Wright. Huh? Did your habit change already shortly after reuniting with Ms. Mossey? Don't beat around the bush and just get on with it, please. Don't waste my time. After all, time is gold. I could be doing something that brings me money."

Instantly, Maverick's face darkened as he looked at the woman's impatient expression. "Do you behave. like this with Treyton and Joaquin, too?" he questioned, not even realizing the jealousy lacing in his

voice.

"Please know your place. You're an ex-husband." Gwendolyn stared at him coldly. "We have nothing to do with each other, so how I behave with other men is none of your concern. Don't stick your nose where it doesn't belong. Besides, do you really think you're worthy enough to be compared to them? Also, your fiancée is still lying in the hospital bed. Instead of being here questioning my behavior, you should go to her and shower your attention on her."

"You've changed a lot," Maverick commented.

He gazed into her eyes intently as if he was trying to study everything he did not understand about her.

Getting her bag, Gwendolyn got to her feet. "If all you want to do is say these pointless things, then I'll take my leave."

"Hang on. Sit down."

With large strides, Maverick neared the door and locked it.

Furrowing her brows, Gwendolyn stared at him. "What are you doing?"

"Don't worry. I won't do anything to you," he said, letting out a small sigh. "I just want to clarify something with you."