

## Her Riches 7

### Chapter 7 Will She Still Have a Job

The receptionist studied Gwendolyn again and ascertained that she didn't resemble a socialite. Instead, she appeared more like a scarlet woman who was there to garner benefits with her looks.

"How are you a client? Worse still, you asked to see the CEO right off the bat. Do you know that Angle's CEO has a net worth of hundreds of millions? He's someone a wench like you can never dream of bagging!"

Having been called a "wench," Gwendolyn almost gave a bark of laughter in her towering fury.

Based on my net worth, I'm probably way above the CEO of Angle Corporation. What a snob!

Not in the mood to yak with such a wretched employee, she put on a stern expression. "Give your superior a call and say that I've arrived. If he refuses to see me, I'll bear the consequences."

The receptionist wanted to continue snubbing Gwendolyn, but the latter's sharp gaze that carried a bone-deep chill petrified her so much that she swallowed the words on the tip of her tongue.

"Remember what you said! All consequences will be on you!"

Snorting, the receptionist narrated the turn of events to her superior with much embellishment.

Throughout it all, her gaze on Gwendolyn grew increasingly arrogant.

Truth be told, she couldn't wait to see the latter being thrown out by security.

Unfortunately, things didn't go as she wished.

Her smile gradually froze, and utter astonishment blanketed her features.

Judging from her expression, Gwendolyn could more or less guess what was being said on the phone.

Sneering, Gwendolyn questioned, "Which floor?"

"The top floor, I-level 27..."

After obtaining the exact floor number, Gwendolyn took the elevator with her suitcase in tow without a backward glance.

The receptionist gaped at her back, wholly floored.

Whoa! Who exactly is she that the CEO's assistant, Mr. Holtzer, spoke of her so deferentially? Could it be that she's... the CEO's lover? No, I've got to tell everyone this shocking piece of gossip!

Meanwhile, no one stopped Gwendolyn when she arrived on the top floor.

The instant she pushed open the door to the CEO's office, the man sitting on the couch stood up and walked toward her.

He was dressed in a dark blue suit, looking regal and dignified. When his eyes fell on Gwendolyn, even his eyes danced with joy.

"It's been a long time, Kiddo. Congratulations on your divorce."

As he spoke, his baritone voice brimmed with indulgence.

"Treyton?"

In a heartbeat, Gwendolyn's eyes turned red-rimmed, surprise flooding her. Never had she imagined that the current CEO of Angle Corporation would turn out to be her third eldest brother, Treyton Harris. Instantly flinging her suitcase away, she rushed forward and hugged Treyton.

"Did you miss me, Treyton?"

She buried her head in his chest.

It's been six years since we last saw each other, but she's still the same little girl who loves acting cute with me.

Treyton stroked her hair smilingly, gripped by the urge to give her all the best things in the world.

"I'm glad you've finally gotten a divorce. What gives the Wright family the right to pick on the beloved heiress of Harris Group and our little princess?"

Noticing that her brother's expression had gone icy, Gwendolyn hurriedly changed the subject.

"Treyton, I signed an agreement with Dad. He wants me to boost Angle's profits by five percent compared to the previous year! You've got to help me!"

She spread her fingers in a figure of five and exaggeratedly brandished it before Treyton.

Treyton led her to the couch before replying, "An increment of five percent is indeed a tad difficult for you, but Dad has also forbidden me from helping you to cheat. As such, I can only help you with the executions. The decisions must be yours alone."

At once, Gwendolyn's face fell.

Gah! Treyton is a man who holds the survival of over half the entertainment industry in the palm of his hands. He can shake up the entire industry with a flick of his finger, and his entertainment companies have even expanded abroad. A mere phone call from him could have the profits of this production company, Angle, soar by ten percent. Yet, Dad had even rightly predicted that I was going to cheat! This is no different from backing me into a dead-end!

At the sight of her long face, Treyton pinched her soft cheeks while chuckling. "Silly girl! It's good for you to have more practice. Since you're here, I should be stepping down as the interim CEO."

"No, don't be in a hurry to do that," Gwendolyn objected.

Her protest had bemusement swamping Treyton. "Why?"

Gwendolyn rubbed her chin, looking as though she was deep in contemplation.

A moment later, she threw her brother a wink. "I've got a great suggestion. Why don't you hear me out, Treyton?"

Fixing his gaze on her sly expression, Treyton plunged into a trance.

An hour later, the two of them reached a consensus.

Within five minutes, everyone in Angle Corporation received an urgent notice.

Apparently, the company would soon have a mysterious talent director.