

Her Riches 72

Chapter 72 Pushing Treyton Away

“What did they say?”

Treyton furrowed his brows, waiting with great interest for his response.

“Mr. Ferguson has locked Ms. Ferguson up, and she is not allowed to come out without his consent.” the butler replied respectfully.

Treyton snorted. “That’s good. At least she won’t be able to come to Fairlake and cause trouble anymore. Finally, we’ll have some peace and quiet for a while.”

He waved his hand, signaling the servant to leave, and continued to stare at the two closed doors of the room.

In the Ferguson residence in Salinsburgh, Eloise was in her room, throwing a tantrum.

“Dad is being so unreasonable! How could he lock me in my room and not even let me out the door!”

The housekeeper timidly approached and gently comforted her, “Ms. Ferguson, don’t be too upset. You’re just being grounded. It will pass if you stay quietly at home for a while.”

“You know nothing! Get out of here!”

Eloise yanked all the fresh flowers out of the vase and hurled them at the housekeeper. “Get out of here! Stop bothering me!”

Not satisfied, she grabbed the vase and furiously smashed it on the ground.

"Ms. Ferguson, this is absolutely unacceptable! This is a crystal vase Mrs. Ferguson brought back from Ferropene. It's invaluable! You can't break it!"

The housekeeper looked at the vase with a broken corner, feeling heartbroken but not daring to step forward and stop her.

"These things belong to my family, and I can smash them however I want! How dare you, a mere housekeeper, try to boss me around? I'll rip your tongue out if you dare to talk back again!"

She pushed all the cosmetics off the table, and the crisp sounds of them shattering on the floor were quite jarring.

The housekeeper knew trying to advise her was useless as it would only bring more trouble upon herself, so she simply closed her mouth, shut the door, and left.

Wyatt and Emma heard Eloise's furious outburst from upstairs. Wyatt's face darkened as he threw the cigarette butt into the ashtray.

"Look at the well-behaved daughter you've raised!"

"How could you say that?" Emma was dissatisfied. "Isn't she your daughter too? You're so eager to distance yourself. Are you trying to avoid responsibility?"

"If it weren't for you constantly spoiling her, would she have turned out like this? Treyton wants to call off the engagenient this time, and no matter how much I humble myself, he won't change his mind. If we let her continue acting recklessly, the Ferguson family is bound to fall apart because of her!" Wyatt

said, his face full of anger.

"You-"

+25 Bonus

Just as Emma was about to retort sarcastically, Sherman, who was coming down from upstairs, noticed the tense atmosphere and quickly stepped in to mediate.

“Mom, Dad, it’s normal for Eloise to feel upset since she’s been grounded. Let her vent a little. It’s good. for her!”

“That’s not the right way to vent her frustrations! Just listen. If she keeps throwing things like that, all those world-class treasures in the house will be gone in no time!”

Wyatt pointed upstairs, sighing repeatedly, looking disappointed and frustrated.

The sound of things being smashed could still be fairly heard. After pondering for a moment, Sherman decided to go upstairs and comfort her personally.

Upstairs, Eloise was holding an antique decorative plate, ready to smash it on the ground.

“Who pissed you off so much?” Sherman took the plate from her hand and led her to sit on the couch. “Getting too angry is bad for your health. Breaking a couple of things to vent your frustration is enough to make you feel better.”

“Sherman!”

Eloise, feeling aggrieved, tugged at his arm. “Just because of a divorced woman. Treyton actually wants to call off our engagement!”

Sherman pinched her cheek.

“It’s probably not that simple, isn’t it? How could I not know your little schemes?”

“Ever since that woman got divorced, Treyton has been letting her stay in the villa and treating her so gently and considerately. How do you expect me to swallow my pride? Sherman. I know you’ve always been the one who cared for me the most since we were little. Can you help me get rid of Gwendolyn?” She playfully shook his arm. “Would you really stand by and watch your sister’s favorite man being snatched away by another woman?”

Sherman’s pupils dilated. He placed both hands on Eloise’s shoulders. “Eloise, say that again. What was the woman’s name?”

Eloise was somewhat baffled, but she repeated herself, “Gwendolyn. She’s an orphan from Fairlake Orphanage. What right does she have to compete with me? Sherman, do you perhaps know her?”

Gwendolyn... This name is all too familiar. Could it be her? But how could she possibly be an orphan....

Sherman let go and turned around to process her words, feeling a sense of doubt in his heart.

Eloise noticed something was off and asked with curiosity, “Sherman, what’s wrong?”

“Do you have a picture of this Gwendolyn?”

“Not long ago, she was trending on social media. There must be pictures of her online. Don’t you know?”

Sherman shook his head.

He was not one to pay attention to online gossip, but there was not a rumor of the incident Eloise mentioned spreading in Salinsburgh. It seemed that someone from one of the major families had ordered a news blackout.

Could it be the Harris family? But why did the Harris family want to block the news about this woman in Salinsburgh?

The doubts and speculations in his heart grew deeper and deeper.

Eloise sat down on the couch, fuming as she took out her phone. She flipped through the photos she had secretly taken of Gwendolyn carlier and handed the phone to Sherman for him to see.

“Sherman, you have to help me. As long as this despicable woman dies, no one will compete with me. for Treyton anymore...”

Eloise kept chattering away, but Sherman was focused on the photos on her phone. His beautiful eyes. were brimming with emotions.

“Sherman? Did you hear me?”

Eloise’s roar snapped him out of his trance.

“So, you desperately want her to die?”.

“That’s right!” Eloise said with determination in her eyes.

Sherman tapped her on the head, looking disappointed at her stubbornness.

“How should I wake you up? The more you pick on her, the more you’re pushing Treyton away with your own hands!”

“Sherman, what do you mean?”

Eloise dodged his hand, feeling quite displeased.

Sherman laughed in exasperation. "You're trying to harm his only younger sister. Why do you think he is distancing himself from you and hates you?"

"What? His younger sister?"

Eloise was utterly astonished.

Gwendolyn is actually Treyton's younger sister? How is this even possible?

"Didn't the Harris family announce the death of their little daughter six years ago? Although I've never met her, I've looked into Gwendolyn's background, and she's clearly an orphan!"

Sherman sighed. "You should know how powerful the Harris family is. If they don't want anyone to find out, how can you possibly uncover anything? As for why the Harris family did this, perhaps it was to protect her."

In just a few minutes, Sherman had more or less sorted everything out.

Eloise stood there, utterly speechless with astonishment.

Sherman glanced at the messy room she had created. If you still want to keep this marriage engagement with Treyton, stop thinking about harming her. In the meantime, you stay at home and think about how to apologize to her."

He patted Eloise on the shoulder and left her bedroom.

Six years ago, he had been devastated when Gwendolyn disappeared and the Harris family announced her death.

Later on, even though his parents had arranged for him to meet many ladies in the upper-class society both openly and secretly, he just could not forget her

Now that he knew she was still alive and was in Fairlake, he wished he could have a pair of wings and fly to her side immediately.

After Sherman left, Eloise remained stunned on the spot. She took quite some time to regain her composure.

Everything she did not understand had an explanation now.

Why were Gwendolyn and Treyton having lunch together in his office? Why did Treyton treat her with such care and attention? And how did Gwendolyn immediately land the position of talent director upon arriving at Angle?

Did I almost hurt my future sister-in-law?