

Her Riches 121

Chapter 121 Speak Like A Person

So, if Treyton laid his hand on me, then I deserved it?

Is Treyton really that important to her?

Maverick was very annoyed.

If he could, he would love to throw Treyton in a sack and into the sea to feed the sharks.

Gwendolyn could sense the sudden resentment emanating from the person lying in bed with his back turned. The corner of her mouth curved into a slight smile.

However, she couldn't ignore the glaring wound on his back.

"Quinton, apply some ointment on him."

Quinton had a baffled expression on his face. "Huh? Me?"

Gwendolyn glanced at him and said, "Do you expect me to do it myself?"

"All right..."

Quinton looked unhappy.

This unscrupulous person just tried to harm Treyton. Can I poison him?

Although he was very unwilling in his heart, he had no choice but to reluctantly fetch the first-aid kit since Gwendolyn was watching him closely.

Having made the arrangements, Gwendolyn turned to leave, but her wrist was unexpectedly gripped by a pair of broad, strong hands from behind.

“Gwendolyn, chat with me for a while...”

Maverick had shifted his position and was now lying with his head down. His voice sounded muffled under the blanket, and his long, quivering eyelashes, together with his pale complexion, gave him a rather frail appearance.

Gwendolyn gave him a cold glance. “My time is precious. I don’t have time to accompany you to chat. Let

go.”

She deliberately emphasized the word “accompany” to subtly remind him of his current status.

Maverick didn’t move, nor did he let go.

“Gwendolyn. I spent six hours alone this afternoon, and it was excruciating. Lying on the cold marble tiles in the living room made my entire body stiff. I’ve already accepted my punishment. Can’t we just chat for a little while?”

His voice was soft, like a feather gently brushing past, or more like a wounded little creature seeking solace.

Lying on the living room floor alone for six hours?

Gwendolyn furrowed her brows. Her gaze shifted toward Ryan who was standing nearby.

Ryan lowered his head in fear. "... I thought Mr. Wright had fainted while doing housework, so I didn't..."

The more he tried to explain, the worse it got.

Fearing that all the blame would be placed on him, Ryan quickly shut his mouth, backed out of the room, and closed the door behind him.

As the door closed, the room fell into complete silence.

Gwendolyn glanced down at Maverick, who was wrapped in a blanket, and asked, "What do you want to say?"

Maverick held onto her wrist tightly and asked, "Have you been doing well these past few days while you were at Treyton's?"

Huh? Gwendolyn wondered why he was pretending to be weak and pitiful just to bring up such trivial matters.

"Life has been quite pleasant without someone annoying me, and Mr. Harris has been gentle and considerate," she replied sarcastically.

Knowing she was mocking him, Maverick put on a serious face and asked tentatively, "I heard that the Shalders family has very high standards for their descendants' spouses. Do you think Treyton would go against his entire family for you?"

Will Treyton marry me? Haha, what a huge joke.

Gwendolyn scoffed at the idea of Treyton marrying her and replied, "That's my business, and you don't have the right to meddle in my affairs."

Maverick noticed the sarcastic expression on her face, and a faint smile appeared on his thin lips.

“It seems he had no intention of letting the Harris family know about your existence. So, are you being secretly supported and provided for by him?”

Gwendolyn laughed. “I doubt there’s a man in this world who could support and provide for me. If anything, I am more likely to be the one supporting and providing for others.”

Although that statement was undeniably outrageously arrogant, it was surprisingly not out of place when spoken by her.

Maverick narrowed his eyes slightly as he carefully pondered the profound implications behind her words.

If she truly possesses such resources, she must really be a member of the Harris family.

Could she be related to Treyton by blood? They can’t possibly be lovers then, and all of their intimate behavior before must have just been merely those between family members.

Although that was just his conjecture and had not been substantiated, deep down, Maverick selfishly hoped that it was true.

Lost in thought, Maverick kept muttering sarcastic remarks that Gwendolyn found meaningless. She turned her head, contemplating leaving once again.

However, since Maverick was holding her wrist, she couldn’t leave, and her irritation grew. “Maverick,

what on earth are you trying to do?”

The man she had shouted at looked up at her with a piteous expression on his pale face and said, “Gwendolyn, my back hurts so much. Can you blow on it for me?”

Gwendolyn was taken aback by his request. How had she never noticed how annoying he could be before?

“What’s wrong with you? Did you get hit on the back, or on the head? Is your brain not working anymore? You need to speak like a person.”

Maverick remained silent.

He was truly in pain and exhausted. He just wished for her comforting words.

Seeing that he stopped talking, Gwendolyn forcefully pried open his grip on her wrist, intending to leave.

Behind her, just as she was about to leave, Maverick said calmly, “I was away these past days because I went to the mountain range on the border of Lightspring and Fairlake. I returned late because I was being pursued by a group of people sent by Asher.”

Gwendolyn abruptly halted her steps, wondering if Asher had dispatched someone to kill Maverick.

At that time, Treyton had only told her about Maverick’s whereabouts and that he would not be able to return anytime soon.

However, he had failed to mention that Asher was the reason why Maverick had stayed behind.

She suddenly recalled the day when Maverick returned and his reaction after she had injected him with the special drug. So, the wound on his waist was inflicted by Asher’s people?

After pausing by the door for a moment, Gwendolyn responded with a smile. “Why are you suddenly telling me all this? Do you think I care about you?”

She opened the door and left the room as soon as she finished speaking.

Quinton was waiting outside the door, and when he saw her come out, he noticed the strange expression on her face.

“Ms. Shalders?”

She snapped out of her thoughts and glanced at the first-aid kit in Elven’s hand. “Go in and apply the medicine for him,” she said.

“Yes, Ms. Shalders.”

Quinton bowed slightly and watched her leave the second floor before entering Maverick’s room.

Maverick was lost in thought.

Judging from Gwendolyn’s reaction earlier, it seemed that she was quite surprised by the matter concerning Asher, so it didn’t seem to have anything to do with her.

He let out a gentle sigh, feeling as if the stone in his heart had been lifted.

“Hey, Mr. Wright?” Quinton interrupted his thoughts with an annoyed expression. “Take off your shirt and lie down. I’m about to apply the medicine!”

Maverick picked up the first-aid kit and replied, “No, thanks. I can do it myself. You can go now.”

“You’re injured on your back. How can you apply it yourself? If Ms. Shalders can touch you, then why can’t I?”

Maverick showed no emotion and replied, “I’m not used to men touching me.”

What kind of strange habit is this?

Despite thinking that, Quinton said, "Well, you said it yourself. Don't go complaining about me to Ms. Shalders later on."

Even though he said that, Quinton still felt uneasy as he left the room. He went to the third floor to report the matter to Gwendolyn first.

"Let him enjoy his suffering if he wants to. Don't worry about it and just go about with your own business," Gwendolyn said loudly while standing by the window with the door open.

Downstairs, Maverick could hear everything clearly and furrowed his eyebrows tightly.

It seems that the beating I have taken was not worth it at all. Not only did I fail to gain even a hint of sympathy from her, but I also received a bunch of sarcastic remarks about deserving it and being at

masochist.

I'm not seeing the rewards for my efforts!

He applied some anti-inflammatory cream to his back and went to sleep.

He woke up later than usual the next morning.

Having been beaten and having climbed the pipes yesterday, Maverick was truly exhausted.

When he woke up, Gwendolyn was no longer in the villa, and surprisingly, she didn't give him a hard

time.

Maverick still found it a bit peculiar, but he began to do the household chores as usual.

He was delighted ever since learning that Gwendolyn and Treyton might be related, and his mood was quite the opposite of what it had been a few go.

He hoped that once Nico finished investigating, many of the mysteries surrounding Gwendolyn would be unraveled.

He prepared a delicious meal like he normally did that afternoon and waited for Gwendolyn to get off work.

Gwendolyn returned, but she was accompanied by two men he really disliked-Treyton and Sherman.

Chapter 122 A Helping Hand

What are they here for?

Maverick froze in place, glowering at the duo behind Gwendolyn.

At that moment, Sherman's visage mirrored that of Maverick's. The former could barely conceal the animosity and hatred in his eyes.

Treyton, too, regarded Maverick with an unkind countenance.

It was as though they were having a staredown with one another. Neither of them had the slightest intention of averting their gazes.

Gwendolyn sensed the hostility in the air and could not help but roll her eyes. Must these men be this childish?

If looks could kill, they would have already murdered one another hundreds of times.

She let out a sigh and thought for a moment before directing her line of sight at Maverick. "You don't need to cook today, and there's not much you can help with here. The leaves in the garden have been falling like crazy lately, so why don't you go sweep them?"

Me? Go outside to sweep the fallen leaves and leave her chitchatting with these two? I could let it go if it was only Treyton, but on what grounds does Sherman get to stay?

Maverick's face darkened. He refused to move a muscle.

Gwendolyn walked away to fetch a bottle of fine red wine from the liquor cabinet, but when she turned around, she found Maverick still standing in the same spot. She urged him, "Hurry up! If you can't walk, I'll summon Ryan and let him push you there."

It looks like I really have to go.

Maverick's mien was as grim as death. On his way out, he slammed the door with all his might, seemingly venting his dissatisfaction.

Pointing at the door, Treyton turned to Gwendolyn and complained. "Just look at him! He has such a bad temper! The cheek of him to throw a tantrum in front of you. He really deserves a beating"

Gwendolyn, in turn, pursed her lips and smiled. "Ignore him. Sooner or later, I'll make sure he learns how to behave."

Treyton did not react to that remark. Sherman, however, had displeasure written all over his face. "He's full of pride, Gwendolyn. Even a ferocious wild beast will back off when it's injured, but once it seizes an opening, it'll bite back. Look at how he hurt you this time! Isn't it obvious that he premeditated all this? It'd be too late if you failed to teach him a lesson and wound up hurting yourself instead."

Treyton nodded in agreement as well.

As Gwendolyn opened the refrigerator to look for ingredients, she laughed and said, "Don't worry. I know what I'm doing."

In the garden, Maverick's mind wandered as he swept the ground. Curiosity got the better of him when he pondered how Gwendolyn would interact with other men.

He slowly paced toward the edge of the window and peeked through the glass, only to find an extremely harmonious scene at the dining table. Gwendolyn was all smiles, appearing to be happy from the bottom of her heart.

He remembered she had also been full of laughter in the first year of their marriage. She had always had a sweet smile playing about her lips, and her eyes would shine with affection whenever they were together.

He could only wonder when exactly all her smiles began to fade away.

Worse still, her gaze was incredibly frosty and indifferent every time she looked at him.

Ever since the divorce, she had become breathtakingly gorgeous and distant, exuding an air of nobility and nonchalance. No matter what difficulties she encountered, she always remained poised and confident.

Is this her true self, after all?

Maverick felt a tightness in his chest as a suffocating sensation crept up on him. He could not quite describe the feeling, but it was rather uncomfortable,

As he was deep in thought, he suddenly saw Elven hurriedly push open the door to the living room and stride toward Gwendolyn to say something to her.

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Unconcerned, Maverick looked away and was about to continue sweeping the fallen leaves when he noticed Elven stepping out and walking in his direction.

“Mr. Wright, Mrs. Wright fell down the stairs at the Wright residence. She asked to see you. Please follow me to the car.”

Frida fell down? But it's only been a few days! How could she suddenly fall down the stairs?

“All right.”

Maverick glanced back through the window at that group of three inside the house who were chatting cheerily. A hint of mixed emotions flitted across his dark eyes. Then, he followed Elven to the Wright residence.

Frida had been sent to her previous private ward to recuperate. With a cast on her leg, she lay in bed in a daze, bored out of her mind.

Upon hearing the sound of the door opening, she looked up and caught sight of her beloved son. Tears immediately welled up in her eyes.

“Mave! I thought I'd never get to see you again...” she wailed.

Maverick gently tapped Frida's leg in the cast, and Frida instantly cried out in pain.

Seeing that woman's exaggerated reaction, Maverick could tell what was going on. He walked to the chair beside the bed and took a seat.

“How on earth did you fall for no reason?”

Aggrieved, Frida wanted to explain when her gaze landed on Elven standing behind her son. “Young man, I haven't seen my son for so long, and I'd like to have a word with him alone. It won't take too long, is that okay?”

Elven hesitated for a moment and did not take a step.

Maverick turned around and reassured, "Don't worry. I won't make things difficult for you. I'll just have a quick chat with my mom."

The last time he was beaten up, it was Elven who had to carry out the orders. Although Maverick was currently serving under Gwendolyn. Elven was somewhat in awe of Maverick's dignity, so he chose not to put Maverick in a tough spot. Spinning on his heel, he exited the ward and closed the door behind him.

As soon as Elven left, Maverick asked, "Tell me, what's the deal with your injury? I just checked it out, and it's not as serious as your wailing made it seem."

A chuckle escaped Frida on that note.

"It's true that I slipped and fell down the stairs by accident. I stumbled about five or six steps, really. It's not a big deal, but if it weren't for this incident, how could I have had the chance to catch a glimpse of your face?"

"How did you make people think that you're gravely injured?"

Frida returned a mysterious smirk and whispered close to his ear, "I naturally have a way of doing this, but that's not the point right now. Maverick, how's the progress on the matter I mentioned to you previously?"

Maverick frowned at that. "What was that again?"

Erida gently pushed his forehead with her finger. She was exasperated that her son could not meet her expectations.

Glancing outside the door, she uttered softly, "Bedding the woman!"

Maverick's expression darkened on the spot while his dark eyes turned as cold as the winter.

“There’s absolutely no way this could happen. I don’t want to hear it from you for the third time, and you’d better not mention it to anybody else.”

That warning did nothing except frustrate Frida.

Judging from the current circumstance, should they fail to win Gwendolyn over, their entire family might be stuck as housekeepers for the rest of their lives. She had endured enough humiliation lately and needed to find a way out to reclaim Wright Construction Group and the Wright residence as soon as possible.

As for that clueless, silly son of hers, she reckoned that she must offer him a helping hand.

“Fine. I won’t talk about it anymore,” she agreed with a grin.

After coming up with an idea in her head, she picked up the cup of water from the table and feigned to take a sip.

As she put Maverick.

the cup back in place, she pretended that it slipped out of her hand and spilled water on

“Oh, dear! I’m sorry, Maverick. It must’ve slipped from my hand. Let me help you clean it up,” she said while wiping the water droplets off Maverick’s clothes. As Maverick was busy cleaning the stains, she quickly slipped two small packages into his pocket.

Maverick watched his mother wipe the stains for quite some time, only to mess up his white shirt event more. Worried that she might discover the wound on his back, he rose to his feet and went to the

bathroom in the private ward to clean up a bit.

All of a sudden, he heard the familiar sound of a bird chirping.

It must be Nico.

Wearing a serious expression. Maverick began to contemplate ways to meet up with Nico.

Gwendolyn had only assigned Elven to keep an eye on him. He wondered if it was because she had

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+15 Bonus

lowered her guard toward him or she was simply too busy having a meal with Sherman and Treyton, thus leaving her no time to make other arrangements.

Either way, that only presented him with a great opportunity.

The moment he came out of the bathroom, someone pushed open the door to the ward at the same time.

A man clad in the housekeeper's uniform stepped inside, carefully closing the door behind him.

As that man turned around, his face came into sight. It was none other than Nico.

Chapter 123 A Private Confession

"Boss, I just got close to the bodyguard that Gwendolyn brought with her and knocked him out when he's distracted, but that bodyguard has a strong constitution, so he'll probably wake up soon. Let's keep our conversation brief!" Nico spoke softly with a cautious expression.

Son, who's at the door?"

Upon hearing the sound, Frida sat up and looked in Nico's direction.

Maverick blocked her view and said in a stern voice, "Mom, I need to go back to the villa. Be on your best behavior, and don't bring up what just happened again. Remember what I said."

"All right!"

Frida was a bit impatient, but thinking of her own plan, she smiled and waved at him. "Hurry up and go. It's getting late. You should head back quickly."

Maverick didn't notice her unusual behavior, so he went out with Nico to have a conversation on the rooftop terrace at the old mansion.

Nico continued where he left off, "Boss, I found out that there's someone in the Harris family with a similar timeline to Ms. Shalders, and that is the youngest daughter of the head of the Harris family, Marcus' only daughter and the youngest of the family. However, she didn't go missing. She was suddenly declared dead by the Harris family six years ago, and the cause of death remains unknown."

Maverick's brow furrowed tightly when he heard that.

The better it was hidden, the more suspicious it was.

Maverick asked, "Can we find a photo of this young lady in the database?"

"We can't. Not only are there no photos, but even her name couldn't be found. I've even heard that the Harris family held a very simple funeral for her, but there's no information about where the gravestone is Boss, do you think this girl really died?"

Maverick pursed his lips.

After giving it some thought, he shook his head and said, "On the surface, the actions of the Harris family may seem like they don't care about their daughter and don't value her enough, but in fact, it's quite the opposite. These actions prove that the Harris family loves their daughter very much and is doing everything they can to protect her safety."

Nico thought for a moment and found what Maverick said quite reasonable. "So, could this young lady really be Ms. Shalders?"

"I can't be completely sure, but I think it's her."

-As Maverick spoke, his deep black eyes shimmered with a burning light.

His heart was now filled with overwhelming joy,

Maverick remembered how Treyton had massaged Gwendolyn's calves, how he had helped her massage her palms, how Gwendolyn had playfully pushed Treyton away, and how she had acted like a child in front of Treyton.

They did all that because they were both related by blood. They were siblings.

Maverick had even doubted Gwendolyn's fidelity in their marriage before. He really wanted to end himself now that he thought about it.

However, his expression turned serious once again.

15 Bonus

If Gwendolyn is the daughter of the Harris family, then why did she end up at the Fairlake Welfare Home back then? What exactly happened then? Perhaps this was also the reason why the Harris family wanted to protect her.

"If Ms. Shalders is truly the heiress of the Harris family, then..."

Nico suddenly thought of something. He hurriedly took out his phone from his pocket, and after he checked it, his eyes lit up.

“Boss, Zachary found out that the Harris family’s heiress took a plane to Fairlake thirteen years ago. She landed at the airport owned by Zachary’s family, so that’s how he accidentally discovered this record. But later on, when he learned that she had already died, he didn’t pursue it any further. If Ms. Shalders really is the Harris family’s daughter, then she... could very well be the girl you’re looking for!”

As Nico spoke, he handed over his phone to show the information he had at that time, and Maverick carefully read through it.

“I’ll find another opportunity to confirm this information.”

The amount of information was overwhelming tonight, leaving Maverick feeling somewhat at a loss.

If Gwendolyn really was the little girl who had saved him thirteen years ago, then he had done something unsalvageable.

He had actually mistaken Natasha for Gwendolyn and hurt her for so many years, wearing down her loving heart until all that was left was indifference and vengeance.

Maverick’s heart ached with a throbbing pain.

Is it too late to make amends now?

After exchanging information with Nico, Maverick went downstairs to the living room with mixed emotions.

Elven had been laid down on the couch by Nico. It would take some time for him to wake up.

Maverick quietly walked over and sat down beside him.

However, he didn't sit for long before Elven started coming to his senses. As soon as he opened his eyes, he saw Maverick's expressionless face.

Maverick said, "I didn't expect you to actually fall asleep."

Elven had a puzzled expression on his face. "How could I possibly fall asleep!"

Maverick replied earnestly, "You were already sleeping when I came out after I finished my conversation. You were all alone. I waited for a whole five minutes before you woke up. What would happen if Gwendolyn found out about this? But don't worry. I promise I won't tell her."

Elven woke up groggily, scratching his head.

Maverick didn't give him a chance to react and immediately stood up as he headed outside.

"Let's go. We're already five minutes late because of your nap."

Hmm, I clearly remembered that a male servant came over and chatted with me, but I ignored him...

"Hurry up! Gwendolyn won't be happy if we're late!"

Elven was sorting through his memories when Maverick interrupted him, leaving him no choice but to reluctantly follow Maverick and get into his car.

By the time they returned to Bay Villa, the sky had already turned dark.

Maverick stood by the window in the living room on the first floor and took a look outside.

Treyton had left at some point, leaving only Sherman and Gwendolyn at the dinner table drinking wine.

In the living room, Sherman downed one drink after another, looking slightly intoxicated and his face showing a sullen expression.

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“Gwendolyn, they say alcohol can drown your sorrows, but why is it that the more I drink, the more bitter I feel inside?”

Gwendolyn had a high alcohol tolerance and never got drunk.

She just laughed. “How can we believe what the people of old times said? There’s also the saying that drowning one’s sorrows in alcohol only leads to more sorrow. Sherman, you’re drunk. I’ll have Quinton and Ryan take you home.”

“No, Gwendolyn! I’m not drunk! I have something to tell you...”

Sherman shook his head and reached out to touch her hand, but she quietly withdrew her hand expressionlessly.

“I’m not interested in what you have to say. It’s late, so go home.”

Sherman’s warm eyes were filled with rejection. He stood up and swayed as he walked toward her. When he reached her, he knelt on one knee with an expression as serious as ever.

“Gwendolyn, I know you’re upset with me because of Eloise. I’ll definitely talk to her when I return to Salinsburgh. I really like you. Maverick hurt you in the past, but I never will. I’ll cherish and care for you. Will you give me a chance to love you?”

Gwendolyn’s expression remained neutral, and she didn’t say a word.

She poured herself a full glass of wine and drank it all in one go.

The dark red wine slid down the edge of her crimson lips.

She gently wiped it off, still looking incredibly elegant, and this scene etched deeply into Sherman's heart.

"Gwendolyn, if you're still not completely sure about your feelings, we can get engaged first, or we can start with dating."

Just as Maverick reached the door, he overheard everything loud and clear through the door he had just cracked open.

His face was ashen, and his fists were clenched tightly.

That little... Did he send Treyton away so that he could create a chance for a private confession?

Seeing Gwendolyn getting ready to answer, Maverick clutched his stomach and bent over, then pinched the flesh on his thighs hard. His face instantly turned extremely pale, and a few beads of cold sweat appeared on his forehead.

Then, looking fragile, he leaned against the door and said, "Gwenny, my stomach hurts..."

Chapter 124 Master Or Gwendolyn

Gwendolyn was shocked to hear him call her "Gwenny. She wondered why Maverick was behaving differently today.

She didn't speak, and anger surged within Sherman when he heard Maverick interrupting his own confession.

+15 Bonus

Taking advantage of his drunken state, he got up from the ground and rushed over, fiercely grabbing Maverick's collar with one hand while clenching the other into a fist, ready to swing it at Maverick's face.

"It was you who hurt her just a couple of days ago! What right do you have to still be hanging around her?"

Maverick remained still, not offering any explanation. His dark eyes showed no sign of weakness as he held his gaze firmly.

Sherman was furious. He was about to throw a punch until Gwendolyn shouted, "Quinton! Ryan!"

Quinton and Ryan immediately jumped in through the open window, separating the two people who were confronting each other.

Sherman didn't land a hit and was quite frustrated. "Gwendolyn, why won't you let me teach him a lesson?"

Gwendolyn gave Quinton and Ryan a meaningful glance. "Mr. Ferguson is drunk. Please take him home."

"Understood."

"I'm not drunk, really! Gwendolyn, I'm not drunk..." Sherman muttered under his breath and stumbled along, supported by two bodyguards on either side of him. His voice gradually faded into the distance.

At last, it was finally quiet. Maverick stopped pretending to have a stomachache, and his face returned to its usual calm expression.

Gwendolyn glanced at him sarcastically. "Why have you stopped pretending?"

Maverick pursed his lips, not uttering a word as he walked to where she was. He lowered both knees and knelt before her.

This time, he chose to kneel on his own.

Sherman had got down on one knee to express his love, whereas Maverick had got down on both knees to seek redemption.

Gwendolyn couldn't understand his actions. "What are you doing?"

Maverick lifted his head to meet her gaze, and there was a glint of resolution in his eyes. "There's something that has been bothering me for years, so can you tell me the truth tonight?"

"Let's hear it."

"Did you go to Saffron Street thirteen years ago on the fourteenth of March? Did you save a little boy?" Gwendolyn was just about to open her mouth to deny it when Maverick continued, "I won't stop investigating if you keep brushing me off like before. I won't rest until I get to the bottom of this!" Gwendolyn had never paid much attention to that matter. "Does my honesty really matter? Is it truly

important to you that you get an answer?"

"It is."

As their eyes met, Gwendolyn saw anticipation and earnestness in his dark pupils, as well as the longing for her to speak the truth.

"Are you saying that you'll stop investigating once you get my answer?"

“Yes.”

The man spoke with unwavering conviction.

Fine. Since saving someone was just an accident and a trivial matter for me, it won't hurt to tell him. “Yes, I did. I've been there. I think I saved a boy from a car accident that day, but I can't remember anything else.”

Maverick's eyes were slightly red when he heard that, and there was a slight tremble in his deep voice as he said, “This is enough.”

Over the years, he had made an outrageous mistake.

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He surprisingly discovered that the girl he liked and the one he was grateful for were the same person. Even though he had her once before, he didn't cherish her as he should have.

A sharp pain gripped Maverick's heart.

He took a step toward Gwendolyn, and his eyes were red as he called out to her, “Gwenny, I-”

“Stop!”

Gwendolyn felt a chill down her spine when he started saying that. Every time he spoke softly, she felt as if there was a hidden agenda. Can't he just speak like a normal person? And... did he just call me Gwenny? Might as well call me Lynny at this point!

With a serious expression, Gwendolyn said, “You have two choices now. You either call me Master or Gwendolyn.”

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Maverick's face turned pale, and he struggled internally for a moment before he answered, "I'll Gwendolyn." After struggling, he continued with a trembling voice, "These days, I've finally understood my own feelings and realized how wrong I was before... Gwendolyn, it turns out that the one I've always liked, loved, and appreciated was you, from the very beginning to the end! It was me who was foolish. Back then, it was--"

Before he could finish speaking, Gwendolyn playfully lifted his chin with her fingertips.

Maverick really seemed to be genuinely remorseful. His face was filled with regret, and his dark eyes brimmed with frustration.

"Let me guess. You've figured it out and wanted to bed me right away?"

An undisguised mockery shone in her eyes as the corner of her lips lifted.

Other than sarcasm and coldness, no other emotions could be found in those eyes of hers, and Maverick's heart ached intensely.

He was not at all surprised that the bodyguard had overheard Frida's words that day and relayed them to Gwendolyn. However, he would never do something so despicable.

"I will never stoop that low as to have that kind of coercive behavior. From now on, I will not deceive or manipulate you anymore, and I will prove it to you, whether you believe me or not. Whatever I owe you, be it compensation or a price to pay, I am willing to give as long as you can give me another chance."

"Chance?" Gwendolyn burst into laughter when she heard that. "I don't care if you ate something wrong or if your nerves are messed up today, but let me make one thing crystal clear: I will never go back on my decision, and remarrying you is absolutely impossible in this lifetime unless you die!"

Is it truly impossible?

Maverick couldn't help but laugh bitterly. He knew her personality well, yet he still couldn't give her up. He insisted on giving it a try even if it meant causing himself pain.

"I'm the one who hurt you so deeply, and I know I don't deserve your forgiveness. Let me stay by your side for the rest of my life and serve you as your lifelong servant to atone for my sins."

A lifetime? Gwendolyn raised her eyebrows slightly, a mocking smile on her lips. "So, if I were to marry another man in the future, could you bear to watch me and him being affectionate every single day of our lives?"

Maverick's spine stiffened abruptly, and his entire face turned pale in an instant.

Upon seeing his reaction, Gwendolyn sneered, released her grip on his chin, and stood up to head upstairs.

"Maverick, a lifetime is too long. Who knows what will happen? Try to get through this year first, then we'll see."

Maverick knelt on the ground, and the words Gwendolyn had just said echoed in his ears for a long time.

Can I really bear to watch her being affectionate with another man every day? No way!

He stayed in the living room for quite a long time, and gradually, he figured something out.

Since Gwendolyn didn't believe his confession, he would just need to show her.

After tidying up the leftovers and plates on the table. Maverick went back to his room to take a shower. Just as he stepped into the bathroom and began to undress, two small objects suddenly fell to the floor. Maverick bent down to pick them up and discovered that they were three packets of coffee sugar.

He didn't pay much attention to it, thinking that he had put them in his pocket while making coffee during the day. Casually, he placed them on the bedside table and continued to take a shower.

After taking a bath and putting on a bathrobe, he had just finished drying his hair when Gwendolyn's voice echoed from upstairs. "Maverick, come to the study for a moment."

He immediately changed his clothes and went upstairs. As he opened the door to the study, he saw Gwendolyn still working overtime in front of the computer.

Her cheeks were flushed with a captivating rosy hue because she had just drunk some wine, yet her eyes remained bright and clear.

Upon seeing him enter, Gwendolyn said in a low voice, "Make me a cup of coffee."

Coffee? At this hour? Maverick furrowed his brows.

He wanted to dissuade her. "You've had some alcohol tonight, so you should rest early. Drinking coffee and staying up late at this hour is too harmful to your body."

Gwendolyn frowned and gave him a cold glance. "Hurry up."

The talent show would come to an end the day after tomorrow, and she planned to make the final performance a live broadcast.

She had to finish drafting the proposal within these two days, as she couldn't trust anyone else with it.

Maverick saw the determination in her eyes. She had always been decisive, and once she made up her mind, she wouldn't easily change her stance.

"How long do you plan on staying up? I'll stay up with

you.”

Maverick turned around and went downstairs to the kitchen.

After brewing a nice cup of coffee without any fuss, he realized the sugar packet was empty.

Recalling the few packs in his room, Maverick went back and casually picked one, then placed it on the coffee tray.

Gwendolyn was extremely focused in front of the computer. Maverick placed a cup of coffee next to her and left the room. After closing the door, he leaned against it and stayed up all night to keep her company.

About half an hour later, a strange panting sound suddenly came from the study.

Chapter 125 Just An Act

Sensing something amiss, he opened the door to take a look.

There was no one in front of the computer on the desk.

Gwendolyn?”

Maverick looked alert. He walked in to investigate and heard heavy breathing from under the desk.

He lifted the tablecloth abruptly and saw Gwendolyn curled up in the small space. Her face was abnormally flushed.

Crouching down, he lightly touched her neck to find her body was unbearably hot.

This is...

The cup

60%

+15 Bonus

of coffee on the table was half-drunk, and the sugar packet on the tray had been torn open. He recalled Frida's unusual behavior when he visited her a few hours ago and instantly realized what was happening.

"Damn it!"

He lifted Gwendolyn from under the desk.

His cool body felt comfortable against her. An indescribable thought flashed through her drug-influenced mind for the first time.

She clung to his neck, driven by the scent of male hormones. It was as if they were compelling her to sin. Maverick carried her back to the bedroom, feeling her restless movements against his body. He loosened his grip, afraid of hurting her.

"Gwendolyn, hang in there a little longer. Everything will be all right soon."

Upon hearing the familiar voice, she mustered her consciousness and lifted her gaze to take a look.

She swelled in anger when she realized it was Maverick. Suppressing the burning feeling in her chest, she raised her hand and slapped him across his face.

The slap wasn't particularly hard as she was drugged, but it was enough to catch Maverick, who was about to head to the bathroom, off guard.

Gwendolyn struggled, slipping from his grasp, but her hand still grasped his shirt tightly.

The two suddenly lost their balance and fell to the ground.

Seeing that Gwendolyn was about to hit her head on the corner of the bed, Maverick wrapped his arms around her neck without a second thought and pulled her into his embrace, using his body to cushion the fall.

"Ouch," he hissed in pain.

His back slammed into the corner of the bed, right where his swollen, still-healing wound was. He broke into a cold sweat from the pain and almost lost consciousness.

Before he could process the intense pain, another harsh slap landed heavily on his face with a resounding

smack.

Gwendolyn struggled free from his embrace, dragging his upper body to the floor as she did so. She pressed her knee hard against his chest and gripped his collar tightly.

She stared at him, her eyes filled with immense hatred.

"Maverick, you're despicable and shameless! Your words last night were all just an act! You thought I would lose control if you drugged me so you could get away with your disgusting intentions? Dream on!"

"Gwendolyn, calm down. This is-"

Slap!

Gwendolyn mustered all her remaining strength and landed another slap on his face.

Frustration and anger intertwined in her heart and threatened to burn her rationality to ashes.

The slap left Maverick's ears ringing for a moment. Coupled with the pain in his back that had yet to subside, he felt dizzy.

His face contorted in agony. He was just about to catch his breath when he noticed that Gwendolyn's hand that was gripping his collar was trembling. A murderous intent rose in her eyes.

"I want you to suffer a fate worse than death!"

She released him, struggling to stay conscious as she reached to activate the alarm by the bed. Suddenly, the heat from earlier surged in her chest again, causing her to curl up on the floor and shiver uncontrollably. A wicked voice inside her head taunted and urged her to throw herself at Maverick to release her frustration.

I can't! Absolutely not!

She pressed her skin firmly against the frigid floor, hoping its icy temperature would awaken her consciousness.

Maverick endured the pain and struggled to sit up, only to see her suffering silently on the floor.

She'll continue to suffer if the drugs are not expelled in time! She's already suffering so much, yet she's still unwilling to use me to relieve the effects of the drugs. Is she that disgusted with me?

He smiled wryly and walked over to pick her up again.

“Don’t touch me! I’ll kill you!”

His hand stiffened for a second, but he still decided to carry her. “All right. You can do whatever you want once the drugs have worn off.”

Gwendolyn no longer had the strength to break free from his grasp. Her mind was hazy, and her head felt heavy. She could only let him carry her to the bathroom.

Maverick turned on the showerhead and filled the bathtub with cold water.

Worried that her body wouldn’t be able to withstand the temperature difference, he carefully lowered her into the water, gritting his teeth as he tried not to tremble. He was afraid of dropping her. It wasn’t until

the water reached her collarbone that he retracted his sore arms.

Gwendolyn lay in the bathtub, feeling the cool water envelop her body. The heat in her chest subsided a little, and her furrowed brows began to relax. She felt so drained that she fell into a deep slumber right

away.

Maverick sat by the edge of the bathtub, keeping watch.

He could still remember how he had falsely accused her of drugging him the night before their divorce and even ridiculed her relentlessly the next day.

Now, it was his turn to be wrongly accused. He didn’t expect karma to strike so quickly.

He gave a bitter smile.

Given Gwendolyn's personality, she won't let this matter go once she sobers up.

This must be karma. I owe it to her.

He gathered his thoughts and quietly gazed at her sleeping form. Her cheeks were still flushed, making her appear intoxicated. She looked alluring with her graceful body immersed in water, almost as if tempting him.

However, Maverick was not the kind of man to take advantage of someone in a vulnerable state. He averted his gaze and focused solely on observing her condition.

Gwendolyn's body was still flushed and oddly warm.

Soaking in cold water took too long to take effect. This won't work.

He got up and left the bathroom. He searched the first-aid kit for medicine and rummaged through the entire house but couldn't find any sedatives or glucose solution.

He walked to the garden and shouted, "Elven, Quinton, Ryan! Come out!"

Elven appeared out of nowhere a minute later. He rubbed his sleepy eyes and asked, "Why are you shouting in the middle of the night instead of sleeping?"

"Why are you the only one here?"

"Quinton and Ryan sent Mr. Ferguson home, but I don't know why they haven't returned yet. Ezra is with Mr. Harris, and Gwendolyn assigned William to run errands, so I'm the only one here tonight."

There was usually no need to stand guard at night since Gwendolyn was quite skilled in martial arts. She would sound the alarm in the event of an emergency.

Maverick didn't beat around the bush any further. "There's no sedatives or glucose solution at home. I need you to go buy them."

"Where am I supposed to find them at this late hour?"

"I don't care how you do it, but you must buy these two items as soon as possible! This is important!"
Maverick furrowed his brows, a grave expression on his face.

Elven decided to trust Maverick this time when he saw how serious and anxious the man was.

About half an hour later, he returned and handed the two medicines to Maverick. "What are these for? Clinics and smaller hospitals don't have it. I had to go to a bigger hospital to find-hey..."

Maverick took the medicines and immediately dashed to the third floor.

He finally heaved a sigh of relief after administering the medicine to Gwendolyn. He leaned against the bathtub and continued to watch over her. He had been busy for most of the night. His energy was almost

depleted, and he unknowingly fell asleep.

Gwendolyn woke up in a daze just as the sky began to brighten.

The burning heat in her body had disappeared. She opened her eyes, only to realize that she was lying in the bathtub and Maverick was asleep, leaning against the side of the tub.

Chapter 126 The Mastermind

It seemed that Maverick was worn out from last night, as he was sleeping soundly now.

Gwendolyn stared at him for a moment.

60%

+15 Bonus

◆ 158

She saw the faint traces of a slap mark on his left cheek, accompanied by slight swelling and the uncleaned. bloodstain at the corner of his mouth. He appeared quite miserable, not much better off than her.

Although she had exhausted all her strength last night and couldn't remember what had happened. afterward, judging from the current situation, she supposed Maverick did not do anything to her.

Gwendolyn pursed her lips and suddenly tasted a hint of sweetness in her mouth. Is this the taste of glucose? He was the one who drugged my coffee, but now he's pretending to be a good guy?

Gwendolyn's eyes had a bone-chilling coldness to them.

Is he putting on a show for me? I'll wait and see what's next!

She stepped out of the bathtub and tiptoed out of the bathroom without waking Maverick up

A sharp pain in his back jolted Maverick out of sleep.

He almost dislocated his arm from sleeping so soundly against the edge of the bathtub.

I was so busy helping Gwendolyn bring down her fever last night that I forgot to apply medicine to myself. To make matters worse, I accidentally bumped into the sharp corner of the bed, which probably aggravated the swelling on my back.

He sighed, propped himself up to sit, and suddenly realized that the person in the bathtub had disappeared.

When did she wake up?

Surprisingly, he had no idea at all. It appeared that the O23 special drug had significantly decreased his acuity.

He got up and walked over to the sink, where he looked in the mirror and wiped the trace of the blood from the corner of his mouth. Then, he went downstairs to find Gwendolyn.

The atmosphere in the living room was extremely tense.

Gwendolyn sat on the couch with her arms folded across her chest and a cold expression on her face.

The four bodyguards, Elven, William, Quinton, and Ryan, stood neatly behind the couch with equally grim expressions.

Maverick noticed the tension in the living room as soon as he came downstairs. He knew that what was - destined to happen would eventually happen.

He walked over with heavy steps and stood in front of Gwendolyn across the coffee table.

Gwendolyn looked up coldly and met his gaze, but she didn't say a word.

Quinton, who was standing behind her, was the first to point at the two packets of coffee sugar on the table. "Mr. Wright, Ms. Shalders asked you to make her coffee last night, and while you did make it, you

added something nasty to it, didn't you? We found another packet of coffee sugar containing the ecstasy in your room. How do you intend to explain this?"

Maverick stared at Gwendolyn intently and explained, "It's true that I placed the sugar packets in the coffee tray and served it to you. I won't deny that, but I had no prior knowledge of the presence of the ecstasy."

Gwendolyn's lips curled slightly, and her eyes were full of sarcasm.

How does he intend to persuade me with that?

Maverick knew in his heart that she wouldn't believe him, but he couldn't help trying again. "I said I would never deceive or manipulate you again last night, and I meant it. Can you... just trust me this time?" Gwendolyn chuckled softly. "You entered my room late one night when Natasha drugged you, but the next day you thought I was the one who did it. Did you give me a chance to explain then? Would believed me if I hadn't shoved the evidence in your face?"

He knew that she would never recover from that.

Maverick pursed his thin lips together as he was at a loss for words.

.

you have

Gwendolyn continued, "You promised not to deceive me again last night, but then you drugged me! You made this coffee, and you were the first one to rush in after I drank it by mistake. Can you honestly say you had nothing to do with it? Honestly, if this one-year agreement is too hard for you to bear, I can give you a chance to compete fairly and allow you to reclaim Wright Construction Group and the Wright residence from my hands."

She paused, and her expression suddenly turned cold and stern. "However, you just had to resort to such despicable tactics. Then you'll have to forgive me, but Fabsolutely despise deception!"

Maverick had guessed it would turn out like this as he smiled miserably. "What do you want me to do?"

“It’s quite simple.” Gwendolyn smiled and gently lifted her hand. Quinton immediately brought a cup of warm water from the kitchen and placed it on the coffee table. “I know that Frida gave you the medicine pouch when you went to the Wright residence. Here are two packets of coffee sugar on the table that were taken from your room. One packet tested positive for ecstasy, while the other was found to contain real sugar. You get to decide which of you two will be the mastermind.”

Maverick frowned, looked down at the coffee sugar packets on the coffee table, and remained silent.

Gwendolyn continued, “If you can choose the sugar from this fifty-fifty chance, then I’ll believe that you’re just an accomplice or that you’ve been deceived and used by Frida. In that case, I’ll let you off the hook. Go ahead and choose one, Mr. Wright.”

Her words were dripping with sarcasm.

Maverick stood still as he fixed his gaze on her and tried to search for any other emotions in her eyes.

Unfortunately, there was none.

Fair enough. Isn’t it my fault that she doesn’t trust me?

He laughed self-deprecatingly, walked over to the coffee table, and picked up the two packets of coffee sugar to examine closely.

Maverick ripped both packets of coffee sugar apart under the watchful eyes of everyone present and poured them into the cup of warm water. He gave it a good stir, tilted his head back, and drank it all in one gulp.

“Mr. Wright!” Elven trusted him, but his face turned pale when he realized that he had actually consumed. both packets.

Ms. Shalders felt so sick even though she consumed half a cup of the drug-laced coffee last night. This is the infamous ecstasy sold on the black market and renowned for its powerful effects. Yet he drank the

whole packet. Is he not afraid of death? Ms. Shalders only asked him to choose. Isn't there still a fifty percent chance of choosing the right one? He's such a fool!

"Very well, I respect your decision, Mr. Wright." Gwendolyn's expression darkened as well. "Quinton, Ryan, bring Mr. Wright to the basement."

"Understood." Quinton and Ryan were about to step forward and put their hands on Maverick's shoulder.

Maverick refused, "That's all right. I can walk by myself!"

He headed toward the basement after he said that, and Gwendolyn and the others followed him to the basement entrance.

His silhouette appeared somewhat desolate as he entered the basement alone.

A bodyguard brought Gwendolyn a chair, and she sat down on the steps leading to the basement, waiting for the drug to take effect.

The basement was quite spacious as Gwendolyn had just moved in and didn't have many belongings.

The bodyguards didn't leave a light on for Maverick before closing the door.

He was enveloped in darkness.

In just five minutes, he gradually began to feel his body heating up. The effect of the drug kicked in so fast

The effects of the drug this time were much stronger than the night before the divorce.

At first, Maverick could still stand, but as time went on, the burning sensation that ignited from his chest grew stronger. He finally understood why Gwendolyn had curled up under the table when he found her last night.

This medicine was truly unbearable. He felt as though that ball of fire could devour his heart alive if the effects weren't relieved.

Maverick was drenched in sweat and appeared as though he had just been fished out of the water after enduring for half an hour. His entire body felt scorching hot, and the fire inside of him was gradually chipping away at his sanity.

Gwendolyn's face remained expressionless as she sat quietly outside the door with her hands clenched tightly.

The bodyguards stood behind her and listened as the basement went from being completely silent to gradually filling with someone's heavy breathing.

In almost an hour, a gut-wrenching, beast-like growl suddenly echoed from within.

Everyone outside the door was startled.

That's a whole pack of ecstasy! If he can't find relief, that kind of pain will be fatal!

Elven couldn't bear it any longer. "Ms. Shalders, it's been an hour! I believe Mr. Wright has learned his lesson by now. If we let him continue like this, he'll die!"

Chapter 127

Gwendolyn clenched her hands tightly as she listened to the low growls coming from inside.

However, her face was still cold and emotionless when she looked at Elven. "Do you think I've gone too far?"

Elven knelt down on the spot. "That's not what I meant. You were drugged last night. It's only fair to make up for the suffering you endured, but I know that you don't really want to kill Mr. Wright."

Gwendolyn felt much better after she heard that.

She looked at Quinton after contemplating for a while. "Go to the Wright residence and bring Frida over here. Be quick."

"Yes, Ms. Shalders." Quinton set off immediately.

The rest of them stood at the basement door, listening as the growling and struggling sounds grew more intense as though Maverick was on the brink of despair.

Even the tall and burly bodyguards found it difficult to continue listening and felt as though they were also being subjected to a cruel form of torture.

Ten minutes later, Gwendolyn finally spoke up. "Open the door. Get a bucket of ice water and bring it over. It'll help him cool down."

The bodyguards obeyed Gwendolyn's orders after a brief moment of shock and went to get some ice cubes to mix with a bucket of water.

Creak.

The basement door opened, allowing a sliver of light to seep in. That beam of light stretched Maverick's shadow long and thin in the center.

Maverick lay curled up on the floor, just like a baby in its mother's womb.

The floor beneath him was soaked with sweat, and his hair was also damp from perspiration as it hung limply over his forehead. He looked like a helpless and pitiful puppy that had been injured.

Maverick had struggled through this hour to the point of exhaustion, yet his body still trembled violently, and his face was horrifyingly red.

He struggled to open his eyes as he felt the blinding light on his eyelids.

Maverick saw a slender and familiar figure although his vision was blurry.

He reached out with trembling hands without hesitation and looked at that figure longingly. His voice was hoarse as he said, "Gwendolyn... I-I feel... terrible..."

He couldn't help but feel heartbroken after seeing how uncomfortable the drug made her feel last night.

Would she feel a little bit better knowing that I've suffered through the effects of the drug as well? Can this lessen some of the disgust she feels toward me in her heart?

Even though his hands trembled violently, he stubbornly tried to reach out and touch the figure before him. It seemed so close that he could touch it as soon as he reached out, yet it felt so distant as if there was an insurmountable barrier forever separating the two of them.

Maverick couldn't see Gwendolyn's expression because of the backlight, but he could feel the coldness emanating from her.

The intense coldness made his heartthrob painfully, which was a hundred times worse than when the drug took effect.

Gwendolyn did not budge as she watched him quietly from a distance.

Her eyes narrowed slightly as she noticed that Maverick's gaze hadn't left her since he opened his eyes, but she remained silent.

Maverick was still waiting, hoping that she would at least utter a single sentence that contained a hint of sympathy.

However, what came next was Ryan pouring ice-cold water over his head.

His sweltering body couldn't bear the sudden, drastic change in temperature. He was ice cold to the core after being poured the bucket of ice water. His entire body trembled even more violently, and his teeth chattered from the cold. His consciousness began to fade away.

"Ryan, who told you to pour it directly on his head!" Gwendolyn's grip on the armrest of the chair tightened abruptly.

"Huh? Wasn't that what you ordered, Ms. Shalders?" Ryan was shocked by her aggressive demeanor. His hand trembled, and he accidentally poured the remaining half bucket of water all over Maverick.

The massive impact caused Maverick to cough violently.

The heart-wrenching sound of coughing echoed throughout the basement as if his lungs were about to be coughed out. It sounded incredibly terrifying.

Gwendolyn was extremely frustrated by Ryan's approach, which seemed to cause more harm than good. She was about to stand up to check on Maverick when a woman's scream sounded from behind her. "Ah! Maverick! My dear Maverick!"

Gwendolyn's grip on the armrest loosened slightly when she heard that.

She settled back into her chair, her usual icy haughtiness returning to her face.

Frida had still been in a cast, lying in the private ward of the Wright residence.

When Quinton showed up at the door with a scowl on his face, Frida could easily tell that it wasn't going to be anything good, and she tried her best to play the victim, acting as though she really didn't want to be involved.

In the end, she was forcefully dragged over by Quinton.

Frida could no longer pretend to be crippled after seeing her son, who was on the brink of death after being tortured in the basement. She stepped on the ground and ran as quickly as she could with her leg in a cast.

She collapsed to the ground next to Maverick as she felt how cold and lifeless his body was. She panicked as she noticed his uncontrollable trembling. "Where's the doctor? Hurry up and find a doctor! My son is dying! He can't die! He mustn't die!"

Frida had been arrogant for most of her life, and this was the first time she had broken down in tears in front of Gwendolyn and disregarded her image. "Gwendolyn, I'm begging you! Please save him! He hasn't done anything wrong. Why are you treating him like this? You were once a couple. Why are you being so cruel?"

I can't be cruel to him because we were once a couple?

Gwendolyn sneered, "Despite being married into the Wright family for all these years, I have never experienced any kindness. People also say that a daughter-in-law is like half a daughter, but not only

did you not treat me as a daughter, you even said that I was worse than your pet dog. How do you feel knowing that the woman you despise the most is torturing your most precious son?"

Frida was stunned for two seconds before crying out in despair, "I feel awful! I feel like I'm about to suffocate from the pain. It's all my fault for being so harsh on you, but my son is innocent. Please, save him, Gwendolyn! I'm begging you!"

Gwendolyn sighed helplessly. "I can't save him. Only you are able to save him."

Frida stopped crying and froze for a few seconds. "What does that mean?"

"The reason why Maverick ended up like this is because he used the thing you gave him in my coffee, and you—"

Frida yelled before Gwendolyn could finish, "No! It has nothing to do with him! He rejected my suggestion when I brought it up. I secretly gave it to him when he wasn't paying attention! It really has nothing to do with him. He doesn't know anything! I mean it!"

"Oh? Is that so?" Gwendolyn stood up, walked over to Frida, and looked down at her condescendingly. "So, who gave you the drug? Who gave you the idea to pretend to be sick?"

Frida was taken aback and didn't respond.

Gwendolyn laughed. "The most intelligent thing you could come up with is to bring us back together. The person who instigated you to cause all this trouble just wants to sit back and watch the fight from a safe distance. You didn't even realize you were being used. It's quite foolish of you."

It was the first time that Frida had been reprimanded in this manner, but this time she felt that Gwendolyn was absolutely right. "That's right. I was used! Dexter said that the Wright family could

regain its former glory as long as I could bring Maverick and you back together. I shouldn't have believed his nonsense!"

Dexter? As expected, it's that old fox. He's incredibly shameless to still be resorting to these despicable tactics at such an old age.

Frida held Maverick in her arms and cried, "Gwendolyn, his body's getting colder. Please save him! He means the world to me! He mustn't die!"

Chapter 128

Gwendolyn did not spare a glance at Maverick on the ground. Instead, she warned Frida with a cold voice, "This is the last time, Frida! Go back and make sure to keep a close eye on Sheralyn. If you two cause any trouble in the future, I'll hold your precious son responsible! Try me, and we'll see how much longer your son can endure with his current condition!"

“No! Never again! I will never cause trouble again!” Frida’s face turned pale as she shook her head vehemently.

Gwendolyn noticed the older woman’s spirits had indeed diminished quite a bit, so she let Quinton take the latter back to the old mansion.

As soon as Frida left, Elven hurried over to inspect Maverick’s condition. “Ms. Shalders, Mr. Wright has passed out! His breathing is getting weaker and weaker!”

His breathing is getting weaker?

Gwendolyn’s eyes widened in alarm. “Hurry! Go get the doctor, William!”

“Got it! I’m going right away!”

Upon hearing the command, William immediately dashed out the door.

Then, Gwendolyn asked Elven and Ryan to help Maverick back to his room and even prepared a warm water bag to keep him warm.

Thinking of the bucket filled with ice-cold water and seeing the helpless Ryan beside her made Gwendolyn quite furious.

“Ryan, you’re suspended for a year with a half-year salary penalty. Get out!”

Ryan was on the verge of tears. He was about to beg for mercy when Elven threw him a look and signaled for him not to add fuel to the fire.

Gwendolyn did not have time to deal with him as she observed Maverick’s condition. Maverick’s body was still freezing cold despite using a warm water bag. His entire face was pale without a trace of vigor, as if life was slowly draining from his body.

“Why isn’t William back yet?”

Gwendolyn carefully checked Maverick’s breathing, which was very faint.

If we keep waiting like this for William to return, Maverick will be dead by then!

She quickly lifted the blanket and helped the person on the bed sit up while Elven hurriedly stepped forward to assist.

“Ryan, carry him downstairs. Elven, get the car ready. We’re going to the hospital!”

“Yes, Ms. Shalders!”

Ryan, who had been about to exit the door, instantly perked up and returned to hoist Maverick onto his back. Gwendolyn supported him from behind, ensuring Maverick would not lose balance and fall.

After placing Maverick in the back seat, Elven quickly started the engine and sped off.

Ryan sat in the passenger seat while Gwendolyn sat in the back, letting Maverick’s head rest on her lap.

Maverick lay peacefully in her embrace as she caressed his pale face, which was almost devoid of warmth. She might have thought he was already dead if it were not for his faint breathing.

“Maverick, you’re not allowed to die! As long as you still owe me, you’ll be in debt to me forever! If you dare to die, I’ll make sure the Wright family dies with you!” she practically roared the words.

Up at the front of the car, Elven and Ryan shuddered in fear.

After all, if she was truly infuriated, she was the kind of ruthless person who would actually carry out such an act.

Lying on her lap, Maverick seemed to have heard those words as well. Suddenly, he let out a series of heart-wrenching choking coughs, though he remained unconscious.

Gwendolyn patted his back to soothe him.

At least he showed some reaction, so he probably would not die. "Elven, hurry up."

Elven sped up, running through countless red lights on the way and finally arriving at the hospital.

After Maverick was rushed into the emergency room, Gwendolyn sat in the waiting area with mixed emotions.

Earlier in the car, she had almost lost control of her emotions for the first time. When she found out she was drugged last night, she genuinely wanted to kill him.

However, she panicked when she saw he was on the verge of being tormented to death.

Why should I panic? Was he not ruthless when he ordered Noah to hijack a plane to assassinate me for Natasha's sake?

After the divorce, she had planned to go their separate ways, remaining strangers for the rest of their lives.

However, Sheralyn, Frida, and Natasha repeatedly harmed her. Maverick continued to provoke her, even attempting to kill her for Natasha's sake.

These people just would not let her live a peaceful life.

She was not wrong for making them pay the price they deserved, given she was not the type to take a beating or verbal abuse without fighting back.

As she was thinking, Elven finished a phone call and reported, "Ms. Shalders, your assistant at Angle, Joanne, said there's an urgent work matter that needs your attention."

Gwendolyn glanced at the emergency room's still-lit lights and did not respond immediately.

Beside her, Ryan suddenly fell to his knees.

"Ms. Shalders, I admit it was my mistake this time. I was foolish and almost harmed Mr. Wright. I'm willing to stay at the hospital to take care of him. Once he recovers, I'll return home and accept my suspension as punishment."

Gwendolyn pondered for a moment. "All right. Stay here and let me know if there's any news from him. Elven, let's go."

After speaking, she hurriedly left the hospital with Elven as if escaping and went straight to Angle.

She was frustrated with the mess Frida caused, which had delayed her work for two days. Gwendolyn still had yet to finalize the plan for the talent show. As soon as she returned to her office, she started working diligently, focusing all her attention on the task at hand.

At eight o'clock that night, all the employees had left, but the lights in her office were still on. Treyton found out she was working overtime and specifically headed down from the top floor to see her.

Up at the front of the cor, Elven and Ryan shuddered in fear.

After all, if she was truly infuriated, she was the kind of ruthless person who would actually carry out such an act.

Lying on her lap, Moverick seemed to have heard those words as well. Suddenly, he let out a series of heart-wrenching choking coughs, though he remained unconscious.

Gwendolyn patted his back to soothe him.

At least he showed some reaction, so he probably would not die. "Elven, hurry up."

Elven sped up, running through countless red lights on the way and finally arriving at the hospital.

After Moverick was rushed into the emergency room, Gwendolyn sat in the waiting area with mixed emotions.

Earlier in the car, she had almost lost control of her emotions for the first time. When she found out she was drugged last night, she genuinely wanted to kill him.

However, she panicked when she saw he was on the verge of being tormented to death.

Why should I panic? Was he not ruthless when he ordered Noah to hijack a plane to assassinate me for Notosho's sake?

After the divorce, she had planned to go their separate ways, remaining strangers for the rest of their lives.

However, Sherilyn, Frida, and Notosho repeatedly harmed her. Moverick continued to provoke her, even attempting to kill her for Notosho's sake.

These people just would not let her live a peaceful life.

She was not wrong for making them pay the price they deserved, given she was not the type to take a beating or verbal abuse without fighting back.

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"It's getting late, Kiddo. You can work on the proposal tomorrow. We still have several days before the final live broadcast of the show."

Gwendolyn softly hummed in response, but her hands still tirelessly typed away.

Treyton knew he could not persuade her, so he sighed and was about to turn away when he noticed her complexion did not look too good.

"Have you been sick lately, Kiddo? Why is your face so pale?"

Gwendolyn paused momentarily, recalling the cold bath she had soaked in for half the night yesterday. She figured that was probably the reason her complexion appeared a bit pale.

“I’m fine, Treyton. Continue with your work. I’ll head back after I finish up here.”

“Fine.”

Treyton’s expression was solemn. How could he possibly not understand his sister? From the slight shifting of her eyes, he knew there must be more to this matter than met the eye.

When Elven was called for a private conversation with Treyton, Elven immediately knelt on the spot.

“Mr. Harris, please spare me! I really don’t know anything! It might be because Ms. Shalders has been so busy with work these past few days... She’s been staying up late quite often.”

Elven felt bitter being caught in the middle.

Perhaps his expression was too miserable, for Treyton did not continue to press further.

“All right. Continue protecting Gwendolyn’s safety, and keep a particularly close eye on that brat, Maverick. If he dares to hurt Gwendolyn again, I won’t rest until he’s dead, whether she agrees or not. Got it?”

“Yes, Mr. Harris.”

That night, Gwendolyn did not return to Bay Villa. Rather, she planned to pull an all-nighter in her office.

Elven knocked on the door and entered.

“Ms. Shalders, Mr. Wright was transferred from the emergency room to a regular ward an hour ago. He’s awake now. Would you like to go see him?”

Gwendolyn’s fingers paused slightly while she typed, and she hesitated.

“No need. Let Ryan look after him now that he’s awake. After he’s fully recovered, send him back to Bay Villa.”

“But...”

Elven did not leave, his face showing a troubled expression.

Gwendolyn was puzzled. “What’s wrong? Was I not clear enough?”

“It’s not that. No one knows why, but Mr. Wright kept refusing the nurse’s attempts to give him an IV drip after he woke up, and no amount of persuasion seemed to work.”

Gwendolyn was speechless. “He’s just a patient right now. Can’t you all handle a weak man? Are you going to let him be since he refuses? Can’t you hold him down or tie him up?”

Elven was lost for words, unsure how to respond to that.

Has Ms. Shalders always been this crude and violent?

Chapter 129

Elven could not come up with an answer, and Gwendolyn said nothing more. “Forget it. Let’s go and see what’s wrong with him.”

She casually tidied up her table and drove to the hospital.

In the hospital room.

A certain someone had wrapped themselves up like a burrito, burying their head deep into the blanket.

The nurse sighed as she looked at him, “Mr. Wright, you still have a fever. Wrapping yourself in a blanket will make it hard for you to breathe, and... Please just let me give you an IV drip!”

No matter how the medical staff and Ryan persuaded him, the bundle on the bed stubbornly refused to respond.

Gwendolyn immediately saw this peculiar scene after entering and let out a mocking laugh.

“Oh, my. I’m afraid tomorrow’s news will be about the former CEO of Wright Construction Group committing suicide due to refusing an IV drip.”

Upon seeing her arrival, Ryan respectfully greeted her, “Ms. Shalders.”

Gwendolyn gave a slight nod in response and walked over to Maverick’s bedside.

Before she could say anything more, the “burrito” suddenly reached out and firmly grabbed her wrist.

Maverick poked his head out from under the blanket. Due to his fever, his dark eyes were misty and lacked their usual domineering coldness. Instead, he appeared somewhat vulnerable and pitiful.

He gazed at Gwendolyn’s face intently, making sure he had not grabbed the wrong person.

From now on, he would never mistake her for another person again.

“Gwendolyn, you’re finally here. I didn’t see you when I woke up. I missed you.”

His voice was a little nasally because of the fever, sounding somewhat soft and even carrying a hint of a coy tone.

The medical staff present and Ryan were both puzzled.

“Is this the same man who had a fierce and menacing expression on his face ten minutes ago, as if he wanted to devour someone? Didn’t his attitude change too quickly?”

”

His words sent a chill down Gwendolyn’s spine. “Did the fever fry your brain? You can’t use it anymore after it’s broken, so you should throw it away.”

Maverick was speechless.

The emotions he had prepared mentally were now completely gone.

“Gwendolyn, I’d like to chat with you in private for a moment.”

Gwendolyn pondered briefly and did not refuse. Turning to look at the nurse, she said to Maverick, “First, allow the nurse to administer the IV drip, or we have nothing to discuss.”

Maverick said in a deep, nasally voice, “Fine.”

The nurse immediately stepped forward, only to see him tightly gripping Gwendolyn’s wrist, making it impossible for the nurse to put in the needle.

Gwendolyn also noticed this and frowned. “Let go. How will you receive the IV drip like this?”

Maverick did not say a word. He decisively pulled out his other hand from under the blanket while clutching Gwendolyn’s wrist with his right.

When he was being tormented by the drug in the basement, he felt mentally disoriented.

As the basement door opened and light poured in, his only thought was to grasp the figure he had once lost. Yet, no matter how hard he tried, the seemingly close distance appeared forever out of reach.

That feeling was even more despairing than suffering through the sleeping drug.

Now that he was fully awake, he had finally managed to catch her again, and he would absolutely never let go.

Deep in thought, he suddenly felt a force trying to push his hand away vigorously.

It was Gwendolyn.

After the nurse administered the IV drip, Gwendolyn asked everyone to leave the room.

She furrowed her brows as she saw her skin turning purple from Maverick's tight grip. "You're hurting me. I won't leave until I finish talking to you, but I'll leave immediately if you keep holding on like this."

Maverick hesitated for a moment but eventually admitted defeat and withdrew his hand under her cold gaze.

Gwendolyn sat on the chair next to the sickbed, getting straight to the point with a calm tone, "Maverick, you're clearly a proud person, but I don't understand you. Why did you agree to sign the agreement so easily back then? Was it really to pay off your debt? Was it worth putting yourself in such a humiliating and miserable situation?"

Maverick looked up and locked eyes with her.

“You once loved me so deeply, giving me your whole heart and soul, but I didn’t cherish it. Now, I’ve finally realized my own feelings and walked the path you once took. Only then did I understand how much pain you must have felt back then.”

He paused, his dark eyes filled with sincerity. “Gwendolyn, I know I’ve been thoughtless with my words in the past and have said many hurtful things to you. From now on, you can scold me and vent your anger on me every day. I won’t talk back. Whatever I owe you, even if it’s just a single sentence, I’ll make it up to you! Can you give me one last chance, please?”

I can scold him every day? Is there something wrong with his head? Does he like looking for trouble?

Gwendolyn’s face was cold as she spoke her mind for the first time. “Ever since the divorce, I thought we would just be strangers to each other, but your mother, your sister, and your beloved fiancée wouldn’t leave me alone. You even sent Noah to kill me for Natasha’s sake. Why should I give you or the Wright family a chance?”

Maverick’s eyes widened slightly in surprise. “Wait, what did you just say?”

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Maverick's eyes widened slightly in surprise. "Woit, whot did you just soy?"

Send Noah to kill her? When did that happen?

Gwendolyn did not pay attention to his question and continued speaking.

"In my eyes, you are just my housekeeper right now. Once this one-year agreement is up, I will let you go forever. We will owe each other nothing and go our separate ways."

Will we be even?

Maverick's eyes lit up with joy. "You mean, as long as I pay off this year's debt, we can put our past behind us, and I'll have a chance to start over with you?"

Gwendolyn sneered coldly.

"I really don't know why you always act like you're madly in love with me now. You lost your chance the morning we got our divorce certificate. Don't you find it ridiculous to act all affectionate and lovey-dovey in front of me now?"

Having said that, she stood up and turned to leave.

"Don't go!"

Maverick lunged over to grab her wrist again. Due to his weak body and the inertia of his movement, he easily pulled her down to the ground.

There was the painful sound of a knee hitting the ground with a thud.

Maverick's face contorted in pain, and he was unable to speak. It took him a few seconds to regain his composure and lift his head again.

“Back then, I was blind for not recognizing you as the girl who saved me on Saffron Street, even after you stayed at the Wright residence for three years and married me for another three. I admit my mistake, and I repent. I understand if you don’t forgive me, but I swear I never asked Noah to kill you!”

Gwendolyn scoffed. He had been constantly putting on an act in front of her lately. This time, his show was the longest yet most fake.

“Saving you was just a simple act of kindness. I didn’t think much of it. Besides, if I had known that the boy in the car would grow up to be you, I might have even added another blow. You don’t need to dwell on this false sense of gratitude.”

After speaking, she ruthlessly pried Maverick’s hand off without hesitation.

Before leaving, she left him with a final threat. “Behave and stay in the hospital to recover. If you try to refuse the IV or medication again, you’ll have to face the consequences yourself!”

As soon as Gwendolyn left, a man dressed as a doctor entered the ward.

Seeing Maverick sitting on the ground with the IV needle having slipped out, the man hurried over to help him.

“Boss, it’s me!”

The man removed his mask, revealing himself to be Nico.

Maverick’s expression turned freezing cold when he saw Nico and a bone-chilling malicious aura exploded from him. “Investigate Noah! Even if he’s in prison, I want him strung up and beaten to death!”

Nico sympathized more with Maverick than Noah, as Nico was aware of the incident when Gwendolyn drugged and tortured Maverick in the basement.

“It hasn’t been long since we last saw each other, Boss, and you’re already in such bad shape. Why don’t we leave Fairlake? There’s no need for you to put up with this treatment,” Nico commented.

After Maverick was assisted back onto the bed, the malicious expression on his pale face gradually faded. “Okay, you stay here in Fairlake and help me win back my wife. I’ll go back.”

Nico was rendered speechless after he heard Maverick’s reply.

Nico was well aware that Gwendolyn was not someone to be trifled with. She had a sharp tongue, a hot temper, and a tendency to get physical. He simply did not have what it took to handle her.

After a moment of silence, Nico put on an ingratiating smile. “No problem, Boss. Take your time chasing her. We can figure something out once you get tired. No rush at all.”

“Okay,” Maverick replied.

Maverick’s face reverted to its usual icy demeanor, and his black eyes narrowed. “As for Noah, I don’t care how you do it. Just get him to spill everything. You know how to deal with this kind of treacherous, double-crossing scum.”

“You can count on me, Boss.”

After Nico finished talking to Maverick, he pressed the call button and asked the nurse to come in and readminister Maverick’s IV drip.

Maverick did not protest this time.

When Maverick woke up earlier and did not see Gwendolyn, he got annoyed. Not getting the injection was simply an excuse to vent his frustration. Yet, now that Gwendolyn had spoken up, he had to listen to her and be a good patient.

Due to his attractive appearance and remarkable skills, Noah was a favorite of the boss at Fairlake Male Prison.

Noah had it relatively easy compared to Natasha. He only had to endure a bit of discomfort at night and during shower time, but otherwise, things were going well. He was relieved that he did not have to sleep hungry in the bathroom or be subjected to violent attacks.

Little did Noah know that his peaceful and easy days were numbered and were about to come to an end.

The exclusive Papilio Girls talent show, founded by Angle Company, was drawing to a close at last.

For the last recording, Gwendolyn decided to take an innovative approach, inviting one thousand fortunate audience members to experience the girls' fantastic performances and hold two votes. Moreover, she made use of live online streaming to enable audiences from all over the country to witness the final selection and support the girls.

The start of the final selection program was only ten minutes away.

As she watched from backstage, Gwendolyn felt a little nervous. It was her first time leading such a talent show project on her own, and if it went well, Angle's stock market value would rise by at least three points.

The program officially started with the host's opening speech, followed by the twenty finalists, who made their entrance one by one while being greeted by continuous cheers from the audience.

Following that, the host then announced the highly anticipated guest of the night, "Please welcome the internet sensation, Joaquin Zipper!"

The starstruck female fans in the audience went wild, and the trainee girls on stage also got caught up in the excitement.

As the cheers erupted, Joaquin made a bold entrance, his handsome and radiant looks capturing everyone's attention.

But much to everyone's surprise, he did not make his way to the topmost seat in the special invited mentor section. Could it be that there was someone even more formidable than Joaquin?

To the audience's surprise, the host revealed the next major guest, Treyton. He was a phenomenon in the entertainment industry as he was a mysterious figure that was more popular than a movie star despite not having mainstream fame.

More than half of the audience stood up and cheered as Treyton appeared, welcoming him even more enthusiastically than Joaquin. However, even Treyton did not take the center seat in the mentor section.

As the show progressed, many people in the audience began to wonder who the most prestigious seat in the mentor section was reserved for.

Gwendolyn was fully immersed in the backstage screen, closely observing the spectacle. After checking the online viewer count, she saw a huge increase in the number of viewers due to the grand entrance of the two major guests. She smiled with contentment.

Indeed, having such a perfect male specimen by her side was something to be utilized to the fullest extent; otherwise, it would be such a waste.

As it was the final round, each of the twenty girls had the opportunity to showcase their talent before the official performance began.

Soon it was Jennifer's turn. Because of the bullying incident a few days ago, her voice was slightly affected, so she chose to showcase a dance instead.

As the music started, Jennifer quickly got into the zone and performed a self-choreographed dance that blended contemporary and classical elegance, earning cheers from the audience.

To Treyton's surprise, he noticed Jennifer, who was not drop-dead gorgeous but had a sweet and genuine look. Her talent was also impressive, and he felt she would go far in the entertainment industry.

Treyton then perused the file on Jennifer and learned that Gwendolyn had already signed her with Angle. He smiled contentedly and returned his attention to the competition without any further comment.

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After an hour of intense competition, it was time to announce the final results based on the votes.

Jennifer made a comeback with over 900 votes, rising from 15th place to secure a spot in the debut lineup and landing in 6th place with an impressive result.

As the program drew to a close, the host reappeared and announced, “Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the owner of Angle to deliver the closing speech!”

All eyes turned to Treyton as the host called for the founder of Angle to give the closing speech. However, to everyone’s surprise, Treyton showed no sign of moving, leaving the audience to speculate why the CEO of Angle was not taking the stage.

As the audience was left baffled, the host then announced with a smile, “Let’s welcome Ms. Shalders with a big round of applause!”

As the spotlight focused on the end of the red carpet, Gwendolyn emerged from backstage, dressed in a long, dark red gown that complemented her snow-white skin. Her entire presence exuded an air of elegance and royalty as she gracefully walked toward the stage, with the spotlight following her every step.

The crowd watched Gwendolyn in shock, and some recognized her immediately.

“Wait, isn’t that the same woman who confronted Ms. Natasha from the Mossey family at the press conference last time?”

“Wow, she’s so beautiful and cool! No wonder she had the guts to confront the Mossey family; she’s actually a wealthy woman herself!”

“I remember hearing rumors that she was a rich guy’s abandoned ex-wife, but those were clearly just lies. I mean, why would a woman with her own wealth be scared of getting divorced? She could do so much better anyway.”

“Come on, guys! All I care about is that she killed it with her Lover performance. Please, can she debut already?”

“Girl, you’re incredible! She’s not only an amazing dancer but also the boss of Angle!”

The audience erupted in excitement.

The fact that even Treyton was happy to take a backseat and let her have the main spot at the mentors' table showed that she must be extraordinary.

The girls who had already secured their spots in the debut lineup were unfamiliar with Gwendolyn, except for Jennifer, who appeared to be the most surprised among them.

Oh my god, Gwendolyn is the owner of Angle? Is she really the kind of domineering CEO that you only see in books? Jennifer exclaimed inwardly.

It was unbelievable how Jennifer had managed to grab hold of such a wonderful opportunity and still remained oblivious to it.

With all eyes on her, Gwendolyn walked steadily onto the stage, took the microphone handed to her by the host, and smiled faintly. "Hello, everyone. I'm Gwendolyn, the behind-the-scenes owner of Angle."