

## Her Riches 151

### Chapter 151

After she finished speaking, she swiftly pushed open the wooden door, revealing several bodyguards holding sharp machetes. They rushed in and blocked the entrance while exuding murderous intent.

Upon seeing that, Natasha quickly got up and went past Maverick to hide behind the group of bodyguards. In an accusing tone, she said, "Mave, that woman has totally bewitched you! I truly love you, but you insist on choosing her over me. It breaks my heart so much. Don't worry. After you die, I'll do my best to torment her to death to avenge you."

Her eyes reddened, and her heart was simmering with anger and resentment.

Nico immediately stood in front of Maverick, assuming a defensive stance.

Now that the tables had turned, Samantha felt smug.

"I heard she injected Maverick with a special drug before, which made him physically weak and unable to fight. If that's true, your little sidekick not only has to take on ten men barehanded but also has to protect you. Don't you think that's too much for him to handle?"

Samantha was right.

Maverick's current physical condition was so weak that he couldn't even fight a single person, let alone ten.

He reckoned he would only hold Nico back if a fight broke out.

The atmosphere in the cabin became subtly darker. One could turn the table anytime.

"Tsk!"

Nico glared at her in displeasure. "It's none of your business whether I can handle it. So what if there are ten of them? I could take on twenty more!"

Samantha didn't even bother to look at him. Instead, she stared at Maverick behind him, continuing to entice him.

"It seems that the news was true. She's been so cruel to you. What is it about a woman like her that is worth your protection, Maverick? You are my family, and I would never treat you like this. I can't bear to see you die here today, so why don't you join us and help us get rid of her?"

At the thought of Gwendolyn's delicate face, Maverick subconsciously curled his lips slightly.

"You're right. Not only is she cruel, but she's also very cunning. She's only gentle and adorable when she's with Treyton and the rest, while all her anger and cruelty are directed at me. Nevertheless, I'm willing to accept that. You can't compare to her at all."

His remark infuriated Samantha. "Fine. Then don't think of leaving this place alive today!"

The bodyguards behind her stepped forward aggressively.

Maverick, whose gaze was cold, narrowed his eyes. Even at such a critical moment, his deep black eyes showed no trace of panic.

He gazed intently at Samantha, his lips curving into a sly smile. "Don't tell me you really think I came here without making any preparations of my own?"

Nico placed his hand over his mouth and let out a loud chirping sound like a bird.

A few seconds later, the wooden windows were violently smashed open.

The loud noise startled Samantha and Natasha.

Neville, accompanied by five or six of his men, climbed in through the window and stood beside Nico before casually handing him a machete.

Due to the strict control of firearms in Chanaea and the fact that gunshots attracted attention easily, both parties resorted to using machetes.

Otherwise, as soon as a gunfight began, it was just a matter of time who would take down their opponent first.

Maverick's men had been with him for many years, fighting and risking their lives in actual battles together. Although they may be fewer in number, winning or losing was still uncertain if a real fight broke out.

With the two groups of people in a standoff, the atmosphere was tense.

Samantha felt indignant.

Things won't be easy tonight.

After feeling annoyed for two seconds, she thought of something and started laughing again. "Maverick, there's something I forgot to tell you. I wasn't targeting you when I staged the act at the charity gala. I'm afraid that b\*tch Gwendolyn might be unable to return home now. She hardly stands a chance."

Maverick's eyebrows furrowed while anger swirled in his dark gaze. "What do you mean?"

Samantha giggled. "I meant it literally! Come on now. Let's see whose men are better!"

She waved her hand, and the machete-wielding bodyguards quickly rushed forward to fight Nico and Neville's men.

The scene was chaotic with blood splattering everywhere.

Meanwhile, Elven drove the car with more care than usual as Gardens Hotel was quite far from Bay Villa, and it was nighttime. Besides, Gwendolyn had drunk a little.

Despite so, Gwendolyn used the idle time to review the recent financial reports of Wright Construction Group on the laptop on her lap.

Ezra repeatedly yawned as he was already sleepy while Elven focused on driving.

As the traffic was light and the car windows were closed, it was silent inside the vehicle.

Elven suddenly heard a faint beeping sound as he drove across Crane Bridge.

Moreover, the sound was coming from inside the car. The beeping started slowly but gradually became quicker, as though it was counting down the time.

Elven's face turned pale when he realized what the sound meant.

"Oh no! Ms. Shalders, get out of the car!"

The three of them quickly came to their senses, opened the doors, and jumped out.

The red Volkswagen Passat exploded with a loud bang a second after they leaped out of the car.

The shockwave was so great that it sent them flying two meters away.

Debris from the exploded car shot everywhere. A piece of the flying glass shards cut Gwendolyn's right shoulder.

Intense pain quickly spread from her shoulder to every limb and joint.

Blood streamed down Gwendolyn's fair arm. It was a shocking sight to see.

Shocked by the sudden events, Elven and Ezra quickly got up to check on her.

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"How could I let Ms. Shalders get hurt? I truly deserve death!" Elven exclaimed in frustration, slapping himself in the face.

Gwendolyn endured the pain and said, "I'm fine. It's not your fault."

It dawned on her that a timed bomb had been installed in the car beforehand, which caused it to explode.

At that moment, Gwendolyn suddenly understood why her enemy had staged the act at the charity gala.

Natasha knew she couldn't hurt Gwendolyn but deliberately made a move in public to make the latter's bodyguards show up so that she could tamper with her car.

"What are you waiting for? Hurry up and take Ms. Shalders to the hospital!" Ezra shouted at Elven.

The two of them helped Gwendolyn up, but before they could take more than a few steps, they suddenly heard rapid and heavy footsteps approaching them.

Tall men in black suits, looking well-trained and wielding machetes, appeared.

In the dark night, the streetlights were dim as killing intent filled the air.

The exits on both sides of Crane Bridge had been blocked, so Gwendolyn and the other two found themselves trapped in the middle of the bridge.

Flanking Gwendolyn, Elven and Ezra assumed a defensive stance while facing the approaching assassins from both sides.

Gwendolyn didn't remain idle either. After doing a rough headcount, she realized there were twenty men on each side of the bridge.

When she was done counting, she laughed and said, "I didn't expect him to bring me a surprise gift this soon. Forty elite assassins just to kill a weak woman like me. He really has high regard for me."

The assassins on both ends wore solemn expressions and remained silent as they marched forward.

"Forty against three. Besides, my shoulder is injured. There's a slim chance of winning this fight."

Gwendolyn's lips curved into a smile that looked extraordinarily charming and seductive. Her voice was soft and delicate as she spoke. "I'm about to die anyway. Can you at least tell me who he is? So that I can die in peace."

The leader of the assassins, who walked up to her from the right side of the bridge, exclaimed, "Ms. Shalders, there's more than one person in the Harris family who wants you dead."

Does this mean that they conspired to scheme all of this?

Her long, curled eyelashes drooped as she let out a soft sigh. The faint sheen in her eyes made her starry gaze look colder while an unparalleled aggrieved expression lingered on her flawless face.

"But I don't know what I did wrong. They've tried to kill me several times, and I've already left Salinsburgh. Why won't they just let me go?"



The lead assassin lowered his head.

When he looked up again, his expression was cold and void of emotions.

“I’m sorry! You’ll get your answers in hell! Kill them!”

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Over forty men dressed in black charged forward from both sides at the leader’s command.

Gwendolyn’s expression was solemn as she grasped Elven’s and Ezra’s hands and whispered, “I’ve already informed Treyton. Don’t risk your lives to fight them. I want both of you to stay alive!”

Just a moment ago, she had secretly sent a message using her phone while speaking to the assassins. She only needed to hold on for ten more minutes before Treyton’s men arrived.

Upon hearing this, Elven and Ezra became even more determined to protect her at all costs and attacked the approaching assassins brutally, showing no mercy.

The tight-fitting gown made it difficult for Gwendolyn to lift her legs.

She immediately tore off a small strip of fabric from the slit of her gown and quickly wrapped it around her right shoulder to stop the bleeding.

While she was doing this, an assassin suddenly charged at her.

She swiftly dodged to the side and kicked the man’s groin with her twelve-centimeter stilettos. His face turned pale from the pain, and Gwendolyn knocked him out by hitting the back of his neck before he could react.

With forty men against three, the scene was extremely chaotic.

Meanwhile, a fierce and bloody fight broke out in the cabin.

Nico and Neville were strong, but Samantha's men were too. The chaos lasted for five minutes.

As Maverick thought of Samantha's earlier words, his heart twisted in pain.

He couldn't wait any longer. The longer he stayed here, the more danger Gwendolyn would be in.

"Nico, come with me to save Gwendolyn. Everyone, cover us and retreat!"

The scent of blood permeated the air on Crane Bridge.

Elven and Ezra had each snatched a machete from their opponents. Their gazes were filled with rage as they attacked relentlessly.

However, too many enemies were charging at them, one after another. Their strength was drained within just a few minutes, leaving them barely able to fend off the onslaught. Although the blades slashed their backs and legs, they simply gritted their teeth and withstood the pain.

Gwendolyn was already injured, so her strength depleted fast. A momentary lapse of concentration had her being slashed in her arm again.

Her fair and slender arm was stained with a long trail of blood. The pain caused her entire arm to tremble uncontrollably.

She pressed on her bleeding wound with her hand, bit her lower lip to endure the pain, and quickly read the situation.

Elven and Ezra, wounded and covered in blood, were still fighting back despite suffering numerous cuts.

If this continues, we will die before Treyton can even get here!

As she watched blood splattering everywhere, rage stirred within her.

I will surely make them pay a thousand-fold, even a million-fold, for the pain I suffer tonight one day!

She stood on one of the stone pillars on Crane Bridge, her hair disheveled by the wind.

However, the smile on her bloodstained face still looked stunningly beautiful.

As she looked down with a cold gaze from above, her pride and aloofness remained undiminished despite her being wounded, as if they were carved into her bones.

“I can’t escape from those who want to kill me, but even if I have to die, I’ll decide how!”

After yelling, she jumped off the ten-meter-high Crane Bridge.

“Ms. Shalders! No!”

Elven’s desperate scream was the last thing she heard before plunging into the water.

As it was dusk, she couldn’t see anything in the water. The dim yellow glow from the streetlights on the bridge became her only light source.

As the light gradually faded, she suddenly experienced an intense headache while unclear images continuously flashed before her eyes.

A tender and crisp voice also sounded, saying, “Miss, please buy a bouquet. You’re as beautiful as these flowers! Miss, why do you have a dad, but I don’t? Can you share your dad with me, please? Miss, I really like you but can only choose between you and a dad. Miss, Miss...”

Who is it? Who exactly is she?

Gwendolyn's head throbbed with unbearable pain. A blurry image of a young girl staring at her and laughing non-stopped appeared in her head.

Aside from the laughter and the little girl's blurry face, she couldn't hear or see anything else.

She forgot to struggle, so her body sank deeper into the lake due to the loss of buoyancy.

Am I going to die?

Her consciousness gradually faded.

Just before she passed out completely, she felt someone grabbing her tightly before giving her oxygen through his mouth, thus pulling her back from the brink of death.

When Gwendolyn groggily woke up, the first thing she saw was a pristine white ceiling.

"Kiddo, are you feeling better now?"

Treyton's familiar, low, raspy voice rang in her ears.

Gwendolyn turned her head, and Treyton's handsome face gradually came into focus before her eyes.

With a hoarse voice, she called out, "Treyton."

"Don't speak for now. Your fever just subsided. Don't hurt your throat."

Treyton, whose eyes were slightly red, gently rubbed her head. Although distraught, he couldn't bear to raise his voice at her as he scolded, "You've got to be kidding me. Winter is just around the corner, and

the lake is freezing cold. Besides, you were injured. What if you get a wound infection? Don't you care about your life at all?"

Gwendolyn's pale lips curled into a faint smile, reassuring him. Then she asked, "How are Elven and Ezra?"

Treyton was annoyed to see her worrying about others immediately after waking up but still replied softly, "They're fine. Although they have many cuts, none of the injuries are critical. They will recover after resting some time."

Gwendolyn breathed a sigh of relief and was about to continue asking when Treyton stopped her.

"You just woke up. Why do you have so many questions? Wouldn't it be better to sleep a bit more?"

Gwendolyn's face turned pale, and she didn't speak. Instead, she stared at him quietly.

Under her gaze, Treyton gave in. "All right, kid. You win. I know what you want to ask. How about you drink some soup while I tell you everything?"

Gwendolyn smiled, looking pleased.

Sighing, he adjusted her pillow so she could lean against the headboard and drink the soup.

"As soon as I received your message, I immediately rushed over with my men. Before we even got close, I heard you shouting on the edge of the bridge. You really scared the hell out of me. Please don't do this ever again!"

Gwendolyn's eyes curved as she smiled and nodded obediently.

Treyton continued, "I looked into the identities of those assassins but got nothing. They were all raised by a secret organization, so there was no way to find anything out. However, it's most likely someone

from the Harris family since they're always targeting you and are more than able to spend so much money."

Previously, Treyton, Asher, Kieran, and Marcus had conducted private investigations but never found any clues. Asher even resorted to using underground connections in his search but still couldn't discover anything.

Gwendolyn took a couple of sips of the soup and said weakly, "There's more than one person in the Harris family who wants me dead, so their plans are well thought out. That was how they did everything perfectly."

Treyton furrowed his brows. "But why do they only target you?"

Gwendolyn thought momentarily and shook her head. "I don't know either, but perhaps it has something to do with the right of inheritance to Harris Group."

Since she was the youngest and the only daughter in the family, Marcus had consulted a lawyer to draft his will long ago. She would eventually inherit the Harris family's assets—a huge fortune no one could resist.

Her words made sense to Treyton. "If that's the case, those old geezers related to the Harris family must be involved in this. Catching them red-handed is just a matter of time."

These are just speculations. Then, Gwendolyn recalled the little girl's face flashing across her mind before she lost consciousness.

The girl's words kept repeating in her ears as if they had happened to her before.

Although she had experienced amnesia before, she eventually recollected her memories after some time.

Why is this happening?

Gwendolyn was utterly baffled.

“Treyton, does Dad have another daughter besides me?”

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Treyton sank into deep thought.

After pondering for a while, he shook his head.

“No. You should know that Dad is not young anymore. He was already well advanced in age when you were born. Lorelai has been trying all ways and means to get pregnant, but we never heard that she succeeded.”

Lorelai Sablich was Gwendolyn’s stepmother, who was only three years older than her. Lorelei and Gwendolyn could never get along. Whenever they crossed paths, it seemed inevitable that they would argue.

Gwendolyn thought hard for a moment.

She always had a strong feeling that the image of the little girl in her mind was somehow connected to how she ended up in Fairlake after losing her memory.

However, she could not remember anything about it.

Gwendolyn decided that she had to spend some time investigating that matter.

For the time being, she had to put it aside.

“Treyton, what did you do to that group of people last night?”

Treyton did not say anything.

By the time he got to the bridge that night, the situation had already concluded. Maverick had arrived with his men first.

Treyton then cleaned up the mess at the scene. He kept a few men alive and brought them back for interrogation.

After mulling over it, Treyton chose not to inform Gwendolyn that Maverick was present at the scene. "They hurt my sister, so I have to kill them to seek justice for you. I spared two of the men and locked them up. Once you've recovered, you can interrogate them and try to gather any relevant information."

"All right."

Gwendolyn placed the chicken soup on the table by the bed. She remembered vaguely that someone had saved her last night.

"Did you jump into the water to save me last night?"

The thought of that got Treyton all riled up.

By the time he arrived at the scene, Maverick had already jumped into the water.

When he carried Gwendolyn out of the water, Treyton noticed that the slits on both sides of her gown were torn. Treyton wondered if Maverick had done something inappropriate to her.

"Uh, yes, I did." He looked away, somewhat uneasy.

Gwendolyn stared at Treyton, frowning. "Really? I remember someone kissing me and delivering air through my mouth so I could breathe."



“What?”

Just as Treyton expected, Maverick had been up to no good.

Treyton berated himself for being too softhearted. He should have thrown Maverick into the water and let him freeze to death that night.

“You were not in the right state of mind then. You must be mistaken.”

Gwendolyn stared into his eyes. “Treyton, you’d better not lie to me.”

“Why would I deceive you? It’s true.” He looked up and met her gaze resolutely.

Gwendolyn knew her brother very well.

Even if she knew Treyton was not telling the truth, she would not be able to get any answers if he refused to say anything.

She then tried to ask him in a roundabout way, “What about Maverick? Where was he last night?”

“I have no idea where he went last night. He’s such an irresponsible guy. Natasha caused this mess, and it’s all because of him. Don’t bother about him. I’ve locked him up in Bay Villa so he can’t leave.”

Gwendolyn frowned. She was about to say something when Treyton picked up the bowl of soup, cutting her off.

“Here, Kiddo, drink up. Flora made the soup personally. Your injuries will heal faster if you drink it.”

Meanwhile, in the basement of Bay Villa, loud, intense coughing could be heard. It sounded severe and forceful, reverberating throughout the room eerily.

Maverick curled up on the cold floor. His eyes were dull and tired, looking like he was in a state of profound illness.

His face was ashen as a result of continuous coughing. He looked weary and exhausted.

His body was covered in a cold sweat, yet it felt excessively hot when touched.

Besides that, Maverick's level of awareness was diminishing.

Elven had the closest relationship with him. However, he was in the hospital, recovering from his injuries.

Treyton had instructed William and Quinton to lock Maverick in the basement. They did not give him any water or food. There was not even a light in the room.

Maverick had been locked up in the basement for more than ten hours.

If this continued, his life might be in danger due to the persistently high fever and his weakened physical condition.

They still had not found the person who attacked Gwendolyn, and Samantha and Natasha had gotten away scot-free. Hence, Maverick had to stay alive.

Mustering all his strength, he placed his hand on his lips.

As he was not sure if Nico was in the vicinity, he whistled repeatedly.

William and Quinton heard some noises from the basement and opened the door.

“Mr. Wright, stop making trouble for us. Mr. Harris said that as soon as Ms. Shalders is well enough to leave the hospital, we’ll let you go.”

Both William and Quinton did not want to stay in the basement any longer after warning Maverick. They slammed the door shut and locked it.

Maverick was suddenly hit by a gust of cold wind that rushed in as the door opened, causing him to have a severe coughing fit.

He coughed so hard that his shoulders hunched forward, and he was visibly trembling all over his body.

The night before, Maverick had insisted on jumping into the river to save Gwendolyn. Worried about his safety, Nico had been hiding around Bay Villa to monitor the situation.

When he heard Maverick’s faint and weak signal for help, a wave of fury crashed through Nico.

“Damn it! They’re not humans!”

He led Neville and a few men straight to the basement of the villa.

William and Quinton did their best to stop Nico and his men.

However, both of them were no match for the ferocious group. Within a few minutes, William and Quinton were defeated and beaten unconscious.

Nico kicked open the basement door. The moment he saw Maverick, a surge of anger welled up in his chest.

“Damn it! Is this how you repay someone who saved a life? I want to kill them all!”

Neville was equally infuriated. "Let's get rid of those two bodyguards! I'll freaking suffocate if I don't let my anger out!"

Just as Nico was about to answer Neville, Maverick's scorching hot hand gripped his wrist tightly.

Maverick's voice had become hoarse due to the long hours of coughing. He could hardly make a sound. Neither did he have the energy to speak.

However, Nico understood what he meant.

Maverick did not want him to kill William and Quinton.

Nico struggled internally before sighing. Maverick was his boss, after all. He had no choice but to obey the latter's instructions.

However, Nico also knew that his men needed an outlet to vent their frustrations. He asked Neville to bring William and Quinton to the basement and lock them up.

They then carried Maverick to the room on the second floor before placing a cooling patch on him.

Upon testing Maverick's temperature, they realized he was running a fever of 38.9 degrees Celsius. A cooling patch would not be enough to bring down his fever.

Nico asked his men to buy some antipyretics and administer them, along with fever-reducing injections, to Maverick.

It was only late at night when a frail Maverick regained consciousness.

Nico took Maverick's temperature again to see that his fever had subsided.

Fortunately, his life was not in danger.

Nico sat by the bed as he let out a sigh of relief. He did not look too pleased, though.

“Boss, this is what you get for risking your life to rush to the scene. Treyton locked you up and did not allow you to visit Ms. Shalders at the hospital. I bet she doesn’t even know you are the one who saved her. This is absurd!”

Maverick half-closed his eyes, his eyelashes fluttering lightly.

Due to the high fever and fatigue, his spirited and lively eyes had lost their luster. His once vibrant and striking countenance now bore a pallor, while an undeniable fragility marked his features.

Treyton had always disliked Maverick, so it was not surprising that he would treat Maverick this way.

Maverick could not help but feel guilty toward Treyton now that he knew the latter was his former brother-in-law.

He was not too worried about Gwendolyn. Treyton would undoubtedly take good care of her in the hospital.

Nico looked at a silent Maverick. His heart wrenched at seeing his boss looking so pale and weak.

“Boss, I don’t want to nag at you. You know your body isn’t as strong as it used to be, and you can’t withstand the cold. The water in the river was so cold, yet you jumped in to save Ms. Shalders. Couldn’t you have waited for Treyton to save her instead?”

Nico wondered if Maverick was stupid or crazy.

However, he did not dare to say his thoughts out loud.

He was afraid of the consequences when Maverick recovered.

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Maverick's voice had gone hoarse, and he did not feel like talking. He turned over and continued to sleep.

When he rushed over last night, he happened to hear Gwendolyn's shout and watched helplessly as she jumped into the river.

That feeling of his heart pounding away uncontrollably was so unbearably suffocating.

Just thinking about it made his heart ache.

He would never let this happen again.

Nico noticed he was being ignored and knew he simply could not get through to Maverick.

After so many years of working for Maverick, this was the first time Nico had seen him going all out for someone.

Boss, please take a good rest. If you need anything, just call me. Don't force yourself.

Nico sighed helplessly, poured Maverick a cup of warm water, and placed it on the bedside table. Then, he turned around, left the room, and gently closed the door behind him.

Maverick was still feverish, and his mind was already groggy. He quickly fell back asleep.

The villa was silent and pitch-black in the dead of night.

Nico made his way down to the basement, his face gloomy.

Neville and a few other subordinates were guarding the basement door.

William and Quinton had been awake for quite some time. They were extremely furious about being locked up and kept banging on the door while shouting.

Neville saw Nico approaching and walked up. "How's it going? Is the boss feeling better now?"

Nico nodded.

Neville breathed a sigh of relief. He gritted his teeth and continued, "Can we just get rid of these two? They've been cursing non-stop since they woke up. I don't think I can hold it in any longer!"

Nico's expression was grim, too. Although he could do nothing to Treyton, at least he could vent his anger on the two lackeys of the Harris family.

After all, it did not matter as long as their lives were spared.

Open the door. Let me in.

The basement door swung open. William and Quinton tried to make a run for it the moment they had the chance. However, they did not get far before they were caught, tied up, and thrown back onto the floor.

Just as Quinton was about to make a scene, his mouth was stuffed with a cloth.

Since William had reluctantly spoken up for Maverick before, Nico appreciated his favor and did not forcefully silence him.

Moreover, William himself was much quieter than Quinton, who acted like an aggressive monkey.

Even with his mouth covered, Quinton continued making annoying muffled sounds. With a fierce look in his eyes, Nico pulled out a knife and forcefully stabbed it into the floor between Quinton's legs, stopping just a millimeter short of cutting through his flesh.

Quinton's pupils constricted with fear.

Just a little closer, and he might have to spend the rest of his life castrated.

What a ruthless person!

Seeing his anger fade away, Nico sneered. "Can you please listen to me seriously?"

William remained silent while Quinton nodded his head vigorously.

Mr. Wright saved Ms. Shalders, but instead of thanking him, Mr. Harris locked him up and left him to suffer from a high fever. Isn't that a bit too much? This really made us frustrated.

William and Quinton did not know what he wanted to do, so they kept quiet.

Nico continued, "Since the Harris family pays you, and you two work for Mr. Harris, you should also accept this punishment for him."

The two could barely perceive the sense of threat emanating from him.

Nico smirked and patted the two on their arms. "Well, sorry about this, but you two will have to let our subordinates each throw a few punches to let off some steam, and then we'll let you go."

Let off some steam? They're going to use us as punching bags!

Knowing he could not escape, William said, "Don't hit the face!"



Nico smiled. "Sure, as you wish."

If their faces were badly bruised, it would be even more difficult to explain the situation to Gwendolyn if she saw them.

Nico got up and leaned against the door. He added, "Mr. Wright doesn't know about this, so don't snitch and let him take the blame. Can you do that?"

William was already feeling a bit guilty when he found out Maverick was running a high fever while he was locked up. Without hesitation, he said, "Okay, but... can you go easy on us?"

Nico did not say a word and turned to leave the basement. Soon after, a terrible wail echoed from behind him.

After lying in the hospital for two days, Gwendolyn was discharged.

The first thing she did was to meet the two assassins Treyton had captured alive.

As the weather gradually grew colder, she wore a black trench coat with a red velvet long skirt. Paired with a touch of red lipstick, she looked dashing and charming, exuding an aura like a queen gracing her presence.

The two assassins were locked in the basement of Treyton's mansion and tied to chairs with iron chains. Their faces and bodies were covered in wounds, indicating they had been tortured several times before. Their mouths were slightly open and stuffed with cloth strips to prevent them from biting their tongues.

A bodyguard brought a chair for Gwendolyn, and she sat down just three meters away from the two assassins.

Upon seeing the face of one of the assassins, she was slightly taken aback, and her red lips curved into a smile.

Oh, it's you. The only man who answered my question that day.

His gaze was icy cold, and he turned his face away.

Gwendolyn had always been very patient.

She rested her cheek on one hand, her face beaming with an enchanting smile. "Hey, Handsome. Others may not know the inside story, but you definitely do. If you share the secret with me, I can persuade them to let you go and even give you money to live a carefree life. What do you say?"

Her voice was incredibly soothing.

The person shuddered at the nickname and glanced at her subconsciously, almost getting sucked into her innocent, harmless, glistening eyes.

What a vixen!

Clearly annoyed, he turned his head away and closed his eyes, ignoring her.

Their rules were stringent. If one were to leak a secret, they would only face a more miserable death. By gritting their teeth and staying silent, they might be able to survive this ordeal.

Are you not going to say it? Gwendolyn pursed her lips and instructed the people beside her, "Let them go."

Ms. Shalders, they haven't confessed anything yet. Should we really let them go?

Gwendolyn nodded. She did not seem to be joking.

The two looked utterly bewildered as they were blindfolded with a black cloth and led out of the Shalders residence.

After they left, Treyton came in and asked, "Kiddo, what's going on?"

Find a few people to trail them. If someone tries to silence them, save them when necessary.

If they were released directly, the other party would definitely think that the two of them had already leaked the secret. Adhering to the principle of "better to kill by mistake than to let go," the other party would undoubtedly cause trouble for the two again.

The more often they took action over there, the easier it was for them to expose their weaknesses. It would be advantageous for her to investigate thoroughly.

Treyton was an intelligent man, and he immediately understood her intentions. Without hesitation, he set out to get things done.

After making sure everything was well-organized, Gwendolyn prepared to return to Bay Villa.

Treyton asked, "Kiddo, how about staying at my place for a few days? You've always loved Flora's cooking. I'll ask her to make some extra food to nourish your body."

That's all right. I'm almost all better now.

She smiled faintly, then stood up and left.

Upon learning she was returning, William and Quinton came out with big smiles to welcome her.

Hello, Ms. Shalders.

Mm.

Gwendolyn glanced at the two of them.

Despite their excellent hiding skills, she still keenly noticed something was amiss.

Quinton was beaten up quite hard, and she could see a faint bruise peeking out from under the collar of his shirt near the edge of his neck.

What happened to your neck?

Quinton suddenly clutched his neck and exchanged glances with William.

I accidentally fell.

Can one really injure that area from a fall?

The two of them hung their heads, not speaking.

Gwendolyn narrowed her cold eyes and said nothing more. She retracted her gaze and entered the living room.

As soon as the door opened, Maverick happened to be walking down from the second floor.

The gazes of the two people met from afar.

Maverick's fever had subsided, but he was still a bit frail. His handsome face was pale, and his dark, deep pupils lacked their usual vigor today.

Gwendolyn also noticed his thin lips were slightly dry and somewhat pale.

Why does he look so sickly?

She stood at the door, frowning, and did not move.

Maverick noticed she did not look well, so he quickly went downstairs and silently took out a pair of slippers from the shoe cabinet for her.

Gwendolyn felt more puzzled.

Why isn't he speaking? Is he trying something different by acting distant? I wasn't home for only two days, so why is everyone acting strangely?

Chapter 155

As Gwendolyn slipped on her slippers, she observed him closely.

She took off her trench coat and handed it to him.

Maverick paused for a second. His long eyelashes drooped slightly, and his handsome face was pale.

He obediently took the trench coat from Gwendolyn and helped her hang it on the coat rack.

He did not take the initiative to speak, completely unlike his usual attentive and diligent self.

Gwendolyn's expression grew darker and darker.

Maverick did not notice at all and turned his head to glance at the clock on the living room wall.

It was almost noon already.

He eagerly headed to the kitchen to prepare a meal.

Gwendolyn sat on the couch with an imposing posture.

“Come here.” Her tone was cold when she spoke, leaving no room for interruption.

Maverick’s broad back stiffened for a moment, then he turned around, walked to her, and stood still.

She did not look up, her expression somewhat cold. “I remember someone once said they wouldn’t make me look up to them.”

Maverick did not budge, feeling awkward as he noticed her attitude toward him remained icy cold.

Did Treyton really not tell her that I was the one who saved her? Anyway, did Gwendolyn come back today to settle the score of my attending the charity gala with Samantha?

He had thought he could balance his merits and demerits. Suddenly, he felt a suffocating tightness in his chest, making it difficult for him to breathe.

“Hmm?”

It was an imposing hum, possessing a delicate, gentle tone produced uniquely by women.

Gwendolyn was growing a bit impatient.

Maverick froze for two seconds, then went down on one knee, slowly squatting in front of her feet. His eyes were still downcast, and his eyelashes trembled gently.

Gwendolyn sensed his awkwardness, which made her feel even more confused. She gently lifted his chin with her fingertips, forcing him to look up.

Their eyes met.

Maverick's eyes were tinged with a hint of red. Within his deep black pupils lay a sense of vulnerability and grievance that he tried to conceal but could not quite hide.

He looked as though he had been bullied.

Gwendolyn's frown deepened.

I haven't even asked anything yet, and he's already feeling aggrieved?

"What have you been up to these past couple of days? Mr. Harris seemed to have said you're not allowed to go out. Have you not done any housework during this time?"

Maverick pursed his thin lips, feeling as if someone was clenching his heart, the pain making it difficult for him to catch his breath.

Gwendolyn raised her chin a little higher. "What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?"

"I'm recuperating," he responded curtly. His voice was deep and hoarse, yet his tone conveyed subtle grievances.

Gwendolyn chuckled lightly. "What's the matter with your throat? Are you sick or something?"

"I'm running a fever."

He had been staying in the villa for two days without going out, and it had not rained during that time. How could he have caught a fever?

He must have had a pretty high fever these past few days given his extremely pale face.

Gwendolyn more or less had an idea.

She released her grip on his chin. "Don't just squat there. Sit on the couch over there."

Maverick accepted the offer, stood up, and sat directly on the small couch nearby.

He was already relatively weak. After he squatted for just a short while, his legs began to feel numb, and his head felt a bit dizzy.

If he squatted for much longer, he was afraid he might be unable to hold on.

Gwendolyn gracefully poured herself a glass of water and continued to ask, "What happened to Quinton's injuries? Who did it?"

Maverick watched her drink water as his Adam's apple unconsciously moved slightly. Without skipping a beat, he said casually, "I've been lying in my room for two days, so I'm not sure. Maybe he fell."

No one was willing to tell her the truth.

Gwendolyn did not want to dwell on the matter any longer and returned to the main topic. "Why were you at the charity gala that day?"

Maverick had just parted his lips to speak when Gwendolyn stared at him intently, reminding him, "I want to hear the truth."

"I rode in Samantha's car and went to the countryside to meet Natasha." He gulped and stole a glance at Gwendolyn's expression. Seeing no change in her demeanor, he went on, "At the party, Samantha was just carrying out orders. There was someone behind her, scheming and planning everything meticulously. This person calculated every move accurately. Samantha said she wanted to join forces with me but was also prepared for the possibility that I would refuse and had plans to silence me..."



Here, he let out a cough. He had spoken too much that his throat felt as though it was on fire.

Gwendolyn casually handed him a cup, gesturing for him to pour water for himself. Her eyes were filled with amusement as she stared at him. "You're telling me about joining forces, but aren't you afraid I'll become suspicious of you, thinking you're deliberately exposing yourself?"

"Since you want to hear the truth from me, I won't hide it from you." As for whether she believed him or not, that was not something he could decide.

"Really?" Gwendolyn slightly curved her lips, resting her cheek on one hand while the other was propped on her knee. She tilted her head to look at him and gave a sly smile. "Then, I want to know what happened to Quinton's injury. Be honest."

Maverick pondered momentarily, and his thin lips slightly parted. "He offended me, so I had Nico hurt him."

Nico?

Gwendolyn furrowed her brows, sensing he was hiding something else.

Frankly speaking, Gwendolyn had sorted things out and roughly figured it out at this point.

It was likely related to Treyton in some way.

That aside, Samantha could be both the executor and planner this time.

Gwendolyn could not feel at ease before she settled the accounts.

She stood up and gently straightened her red velvet skirt. "Since it was your subordinates who hurt mine, I'll have your people work for me today. I'm going to collect a debt from the Lane family."

Her eyes sparkled like stars as she finished speaking, and her charming little face displayed a mix of cold arrogance and swagger.

Maverick was stunned as he gazed into the faint glimmer in her eyes.

By the time he came to his senses, Gwendolyn had already taken the black trench coat from the coat rack, ready to head out.

He hurriedly followed her and contacted Nico, arranging for Neville and his subordinates to work for her for a day.

Once everyone had gathered, Gwendolyn took a glance and felt it was still not enough.

Maverick explained, "Gwendolyn, they've all fought tooth and nail, crawling out of piles of corpses. Their skills are not weak. Nico alone is more than enough to deal with the useless bodyguards at the Lane residence."

That was still not enough.

A couple of days ago, she was involved in a forty-against-three fight.

She wanted Samantha to experience the overwhelming force of a mob.

However, Elven and Ezra were still lying in the hospital, while William and Quinton seemed to have been injured.

She decided to call Yulia. "Get me some people from the organization who are good at fighting. Your boss is going to start a fight."

Maverick was listening closely nearby, keenly picking up on the words like "organization" and "your boss."

Soon, Gwendolyn had impressively gathered a group of fifty people. Together with Maverick's team and herself, there were a total of fifty-eight people.

Even the ground quaked lightly beneath their feet as they marched.

That domineering presence looked quite intimidating from afar.

Gwendolyn was quite satisfied and ready to set off when someone suddenly grabbed her wrist.

Maverick stared at her with a gloomy expression, his voice hoarse as he complained, "Aren't you going to take me to the fight?"

Gwendolyn blinked and gently patted his pale cheek. She said playfully, "Sweetie, you're sick. You can't fight."

Although that was not what Gwendolyn meant, the last sentence deeply hurt Maverick's nerves as it was uttered in front of the crowd.

Maverick's face was solemn.

"I can!" He spoke with utmost seriousness, emphasizing his words through gritted teeth.

At the Lane residence, a few bored bodyguards at the entrance suddenly felt an overwhelming marching sound that caused even the water cup on the table to tremble.

They turned their heads in surprise and disbelief.

They saw a woman with stunningly beautiful facial features wearing a trench coat and a red skirt and exuding an air of dominance.

A large group of tall and burly men followed closely behind. Their menacing presence was evident as they strode toward them from fifty meters away.

Although she was much smaller in stature than the men behind her, her presence was not diminished in the slightest. She was like a queen high above, accompanied by her black knights as they arrived.

“Gosh!”

The Lane family’s bodyguards were terrified. “Hurry and inform Ms. and Mrs. Lane!”

## Chapter 156

While Samantha’s mother, Shirley Lane, leisurely walked down the stairs, Gwendolyn and her companions had already entered the garden. There were so many people that the entire courtyard was crowded.

Even though the bodyguard at the door wanted to stop them at first, he appeared so helpless and underpowered when faced with the overwhelmingly large crowd, and he could not stop them from entering at all.

Gwendolyn had someone bring over a lounge chair that was in the courtyard. Once it was placed in the center of the courtyard, she proceeded to sit on it, looking casual and laid back.

Meanwhile, Maverick went straight to the orange tree in the backyard of the Lane residence to pick some oranges, then stood quietly at the side as he peeled them for her.

That scene left Shirley dumbfounded as soon as she stepped out of the villa.

Still, with her years of experience being in charge of the Lane Group, both her composure and manners were excellent.

“What’s going on here, every—”

Before she could finish speaking, Shirley suddenly took notice of the orange in Maverick's hand. She instantly went as white as a sheet while exclaiming, "Oh, no! Maverick, you clueless child! This is the Lane family's Fruit of Prosperity. It is not to be touched!"

"Not to be touched, you say?"

Gwendolyn beamed charmingly at the older woman as her slender fingers reached for the peeled orange in Maverick's hand. Parting her rosy lips slightly, she tasted a segment of the fruit, her actions exuding grace and elegance. Upon tasting the orange, her lips curled into a wider smile.

"As expected of a fruit that's being meticulously taken care of by the Lane family. It's pretty tasty," she remarked.

The sight of Gwendolyn finishing the entire orange only made Shirley's heart bleed.

Shirley had people airship the orange tree from Epea at great expense. The ever-thriving tree signified wealth and prosperity, and a single orange was worth its weight in gold.

However, Maverick picked quite a few of them!

Shirley dug her nails into her palm, trying her very best to tamp down the anger in her heart. Then, she curled the corner of her lips into a smile and spoke, "You really are an incredible woman. Despite leaving your marriage with nothing, you managed to take control of Wright Construction Group in such a short time. There aren't many women in this world that I, Shirley Lane, consider to be admirable, but you're one of them. That said, you're always welcome to visit me at the Lane residence, but what's the meaning of this, bringing so many people along with you?"

Gwendolyn did not even lift her eyelids. She waited patiently for Maverick to finish peeling the orange, then after eating another one, she uttered lazily, "You're overthinking, Mrs. Lane. I'm not here for a visit today; I'm here to settle the score with Samantha."

"Settle the score?" Shirley blurted, looking baffled.

Just then, Samantha happened to descend the stairs. Upon seeing that it was Gwendolyn who came, a venomous look flitted across her eyes.

However, she soon noticed the group of men behind Gwendolyn. They were all clad in black suits, standing tall and straight. Their stern expressions made them look as if they were ready to devour someone, which was quite a terrifying sight to behold.

Samantha was afraid. Nevertheless, she approached them and stood beside Shirley before trying her best to muster her aura. Samantha then glared at Gwendolyn and warned the other woman, "You barged into my home with so many people in broad daylight. I can sue you for trespassing and malicious harassment!"

Hearing that, Gwendolyn waved her hand nonchalantly. "Mrs. Lane just said that I'm always welcome to visit the Lane residence, so here I am. Is this considered trespassing?"

The mother and daughter gritted their teeth, not uttering a word.

On the other hand, the team of bodyguards behind Gwendolyn shouted in unison, "It's not trespassing!"

Their voice was loud and clear, and their presence was overwhelming.

Shirley and Samantha were startled by the thunderous response, so much so that the colors drained from their faces.

Satisfied with their reactions, Gwendolyn sat up gracefully before mentioning, "A couple of days ago, I was returning home from a charity gala when my car exploded all of a sudden. To my surprise, forty people emerged out of nowhere, wanting to kill me."

All that came from Samantha was a snort. "What does that have to do with me? It's obviously because you didn't keep yourself in check and made others hate you. Alas, b\*tches like you are lucky. It takes so many people to bring you down, yet you're still alive."

Gwendolyn's face remained largely devoid of emotions. "Yeah, all thanks to you. I'm not dying for the being, though I'm a little injured. That's why I'm here to settle the score. Otherwise, I won't feel at ease."

At the mention of Gwendolyn's injuries, the faces of the "bodyguard team" behind her grew darker and darker, making them appear increasingly scarier and more terrifying.

Maverick, however, kept his head down, focusing all of his attention on peeling an orange for Gwendolyn as if everything else was none of his business.

There were fifty-nine gloomy-looking people standing in front of the mother-and-daughter duo. If it had not been for their strong mental fortitude, Samantha and Shirley would've been scared out of their wits.

Feeling threatened, Samantha instinctively gripped her mother's arm and cast a warning glare at Gwendolyn. "What are you trying to do?"

Gwendolyn maintained a smile on her face. Even her eyes curved into a smile, exuding a delicate charm.

She then waved her hand gently, and the group of bodyguards simultaneously took a step forward.

That frightened Samantha, causing her face to turn ashen as she instinctively stepped back. She shot a glare at Gwendolyn, gritted her teeth, and said, "There are strict laws in Chanaea. You don't have the guts to kill me! Besides, I didn't do anything. You don't have any evidence, so how dare you try to lay a finger on me!"

"Who said I wanted to kill you? Everything will be solved once and for all with your death. Where's the fun in that? As for evidence, I'll find it sooner or later. But for now, I suppose we can get down to settling the score."

As soon as those words left her lips, the smile on Gwendolyn's countenance vanished, and a cold glint flitted across her beautiful eyes as she ordered in a low voice, "Hold her down."

With that, the bodyguards rushed forward to grab Samantha.

The large group advanced toward her at once. Samantha was a petite woman. The pressure from the intimidating group was enough to crush her.

She was scared out of her wits. When Samantha recalled the time when she was being held down by Gwendolyn's bodyguards while the woman slapped her, her entire body began trembling in fear.

Shirley, on the other hand, was much more composed. She quickly regained her senses and ordered her own bodyguards, "What are you waiting for? Get all of the bodyguards and housekeepers out here to protect Ms. Lane!"

The Lanes' bodyguards moved swiftly at her behest.

However, they were no match for Gwendolyn's people. Less than a minute was all it took for Gwendolyn to put the Lanes' people under control.

Samantha noticed that things were not looking good for her and immediately wanted to make a run for it. Before she could even lift her leg, however, her shoulders were restrained.

Gwendolyn's people showed no mercy, treating Samantha roughly as they forced her to kneel on the ground.

Samantha's face contorted in pain as she screamed at the top of her lungs, "You wretch! I won't let you off easily if you dare to touch me! I'll make sure you die a horrible death, you hear me? Ah, it hurts! Let go of me!"

"You've gone too far! The Lane family is a prominent family in Fairlake. You can't just bully us as you please!" Shirley, at the side, could only hurl threats and curses at Gwendolyn, for she was also being restrained by the bodyguards.

However, Gwendolyn ignored them and continued eating the orange.



Her pair of pretty eyes under her long eyelashes were staring intently at the mother and daughter. There was a grin tugging on her lips, though her cheeks were puffed up as she ate.

Her playful mean-girl demeanor made Maverick's heart skip a beat. He had the impulse to discreetly pinch those pale and soft cheeks of hers.

While he was staring intently at Gwendolyn, Shirley was looking and shouting at him, "Maverick, Louis is your uncle! He's not home, so are you just going to let your ex-wife bully us, your family, like this?"

Maverick's handsome face was pale as he uttered in an icy tone, "Aunt Shirley, Samantha must've told you that I signed an agreement with Gwendolyn. I'm one of her people now, so there's nothing I can do to help."

"You... What you're doing now is no different than holding a candle to the devil. We're your family!" Shirley continued to say.

Gwendolyn thought the older woman was too noisy, and a slight frown marred her countenance as she ordered, "She's making too much noise. Shut her up."

One of the guards immediately went to find a piece of cloth and gagged Shirley's mouth with it. Since they still had to question Samantha, her mouth wasn't gagged.

Gwendolyn took the dagger from Nico's hand and toyed with it as she approached Samantha until she was right at the woman's feet.

She then gently lifted the woman's chin with the dagger.

Feeling the slight stinging sensation on her chin, Samantha was so terrified that she dared not breathe, her pupils trembling helplessly.

Finally, she softened her tone. "Gwendolyn, it had nothing to do with me, really. It's useless to seek revenge on me."

Gwendolyn sneered. "I know there's a mastermind behind you, who's planned everything. If you hand that person over, along with Natasha, I'll let you go. We can also call it even for everything else that happened in the past. How does that sound?"

In other words, Gwendolyn was implying that she wouldn't touch Lane Group anymore, and the Lanes could finally live peacefully in the future.

Yet, Samantha was still slightly hesitant.

This b\*tch slapped me in public back then, utterly humiliating me! How can I just move past that incident?

## Chapter 157

The humiliating memories were brought to mind.

Samantha glared at Gwendolyn while her gaze was filled with a fierce hatred that made her look murderous.

"I have no idea where they are. And even if I did, I wouldn't share that with you! In fact, I'm still hoping for them to kill you!"

"So, you're not telling, huh?"

Despite the gentle tone of Gwendolyn's voice, her eyes held a trace of coldness.

"Well then, it's time for us to settle the score."

Gwendolyn paused briefly, retracting the dagger from Samantha's chin and shifting it slowly to her right shoulder blade. "When my car exploded that day, a shard accidentally cut my shoulder. Let's start there."

Fear filled Samantha's eyes as her face grew pale, and she vigorously shook her head. "No, please! It had nothing to do with me! It was your own carelessness... Ahh!"

A piercing scream then echoed across the horizon.

With icy brutality, Gwendolyn raised her hand and plunged the dagger down.

Samantha shivered in agony, her body drenched in a cold sweat, while blood seeped from her shoulder, staining her white dress.

Samantha glared angrily at Gwendolyn with frustration and warned, "Just wait and see, you wicked woman! I won't let you get away with this!"

Gwendolyn commented, "You still have the energy to curse, so it seems you're not in much pain." She then moved the dagger closer to Samantha's pale arm and offered, "I'll give you one last chance. Where are the people backing you and Natasha?"

Samantha bit her lip fiercely as Gwendolyn prepared to strike again.

Samantha then hurriedly exclaimed, "I have no clue; I swear! He never revealed his identity to me. He only informs me when there's a mission, and he also has Natasha with him. I genuinely don't know!"

Gwendolyn stared at Samantha for a moment; she then put away the dagger and sat back down on the recliner.

Samantha thought that Gwendolyn had spared her.

However, she barely had a chance to relax when she saw Gwendolyn pass the knife to Nico, her voice calm yet chillingly merciless. "I had a knife wound on my arm that day, but Elven and Ezra were slashed countless times. Take care of this; you know what to do."

Having received that sudden instruction, Nico paused briefly and then happily received the dagger.  
“Don’t worry; I’ll take care of it. You can count on me.”

“No, don’t... Ahh!”

The air was filled with blood-curdling screams.

Shirley, who was standing nearby, was deeply distressed by that and started crying.

Gwendolyn remained calm and contented as she watched.

As she reached for the peeled oranges that Maverick had prepared, someone unexpectedly grabbed her wrist. She turned her head and saw Maverick with a handkerchief, half-crouched by her side,

tenderly wiping her fingers.

Maverick caught Gwendolyn’s glance and explained in a low, raspy voice, “You’ve got a little blood here. It’s dirty.”

Gwendolyn remained silent, contentedly indulging in Maverick’s attentive service.

As Gwendolyn finished eating the last orange, Nico completed his task as well.

Covered in wounds and drenched in fresh blood, Samantha’s hair clung to her head, soaked with sweat. She looked disheveled and pitiful; her agony was so intense that she instantly lost consciousness.

Nico’s maneuvers were deviously calculated, pinpointing areas that inflicted intense pain without being life-threatening. At first sight, Samantha looked like a bloody rag doll, but in reality, her wounds were minor.

Gwendolyn could not help but take a second glance at Nico. She had assumed he would be kind and compassionate, but it turned out he was pretty ruthless.

As she pondered this, Gwendolyn subtly glanced at Maverick but chose not to say anything.

She stood up, smoothed her dress, and gestured for Shirley to be released.

As Shirley regained her freedom, she hurried to Samantha's side, bawling her eyes out.

Gwendolyn warned Shirley, "This is just repayment for the debt from the charity gala day. My eight billion and eight hundred million have been in the Lane family's hands for quite some time now. Do you want to return it yourselves, or should I take matters into my own hands?"

Shirley remained silent as she glared at Gwendolyn with resentment.

Gwendolyn did not actually expect a response from Shirley. She then commanded her people to prepare for their departure but then remembered the explosion that had occurred in her car the last time. As a result, she ordered the destruction of all the luxury cars at the Lane residence and had the orange tree in the backyard taken away, as she had a fondness for its delicious taste.

The housekeepers at the Lane residence were terrified by Gwendolyn's sudden raid, causing them to shake in fear. In their panic, they completely forgot to attend to Samantha, who had collapsed in front of the villa.

"This isn't over! I'll make sure you pay for this! I'll have you locked up for the rest of your life!" Shirley's enraged and vengeful cry could still be heard from behind as they left the entrance of the Lane residence.

Gwendolyn, on the other hand, was completely unfazed as she carried on without even glancing back.

As winter drew near, Gwendolyn leisurely savored the glimmering sunlight along the street. Although it might not have been warm, she still found it refreshing, leaving her feeling revitalized.

With the mission successfully carried out, the members of Shadow Bell were given orders to silently return to their respective hideouts.

As there was still plenty of time in the afternoon, Gwendolyn had Nico and Neville escort Maverick back to the villa while she made her way to the Angle Corporation.

After casually completing her work tasks, Gwendolyn left the office half an hour ahead of schedule to meet up with Treyton.

Treyton was already aware of Gwendolyn's afternoon incident at the Lane residence, finding it both amusing and ridiculous. He then handed her a freshly brewed cup of coffee.

"Kiddo, Shirley has been in charge of the Lane family for many years, and her network in Fairlake is still quite extensive. She won't let this go easily, so be prepared for what is coming for you."

Gwendolyn casually accepted the coffee, her expression nonchalant. "I'd be more worried if Shirley didn't give me any trouble," she said.

After he heard Gwendolyn's words, Treyton recognized her determination and felt relieved. He affectionately tousled her hair, but Gwendolyn gently held his hand in place as her expression turned serious.

Treyton paused before saying, "What's the matter? Shouldn't you be happy that you've just settled your scores at the Lane residence?"

"Treyton..."

Gwendolyn paused, her gaze meeting Treyton's as she asked, "Did Maverick go to Crane Bridge on the night of the charity gala? Was he the one who jumped into the river to rescue me?"

Treyton's face then turned grave and serious in an instant.

Treyton frowned as he replied with a deep voice, "He clearly had ulterior motives. Even if he hadn't come, I would have rescued you. And now he has the audacity to take credit for it in front of you."

With a sigh, Gwendolyn placed her coffee cup down and headed for the door. She paused to say, "He didn't say anything; it was just my guess."

As Treyton observed the coffee that remained untouched on the table, his face displayed a deep and complex expression that revealed nothing about his thoughts.

Gwendolyn then left Treyton's residence and made her way back to Bay Villa. As soon as she opened the door, the delightful scent of food immediately hit her nose.

Gwendolyn removed her coat expressionlessly and hung it on the coat rack.

Maverick, in the kitchen, heard the commotion and quickly came out to greet Gwendolyn. Before he could approach, he noticed that she was holding a document in her hand.

The memory of the last time he was asked to sign the termination agreement was still fresh in Maverick's mind. His intuition told him that whatever Gwendolyn was holding was not good. The excitement he had initially felt was now replaced with a complex mix of emotions, causing him to turn and head upstairs to his room.

"Stop right there," Gwendolyn called out to Maverick coldly.

Maverick then paused in his tracks. The icy tone of Gwendolyn's voice confirmed his suspicions that it was not something good.

Maverick did not look back; instead, he pretended to weakly grasp the railing and let out a soft cough. "I'm feeling a bit dizzy. I think I'll go and rest."

"Why are you even pretending to be sick?"

From the doorway, Gwendolyn watched Maverick intently, her gaze fixed on his broad back. Her tone carried a hint of seriousness. "Come over here and sign; I won't repeat myself for the third time."

Maverick pressed his lips together and quickly turned back, locking eyes with Gwendolyn without showing any signs of weakness.

"I, too, will not repeat myself for the third time; I will not sign it!"

Gwendolyn's hand clenched around the file as she walked up to Maverick and spoke in a serious tone. "I don't like being indebted to anyone. You saved me this time, and I owe you one. Signing is the best way to settle this."

After Gwendolyn finished speaking, she handed the document to Maverick.

The man did not take the document; instead, he lowered his gaze and glanced at the words Termination of Employment Agreement on the document. Those few big words felt like a searing iron, stabbing at his heart and making it ache, almost leaving him breathless.

Gwendolyn's expression remained neutral as she went on, "This is also the final order you have to follow as my housekeeper, to obey your master."

## Chapter 158

It was an order.

There was no room for negotiation or discussion.

No matter how hard I try, she won't accept me again. Does she truly want to draw a line between us so badly? So, she's genuinely determined to become strangers with me for the rest of our lives?

Maverick's dark eyes welled up with tears as his eyelashes trembled slightly.

His eyes had long since lost the ferocity and hostility that once possessed them.



Excruciating pain washed over him as though his heart was being ruthlessly kneaded and smushed.

His pale, handsome face had a fragility that couldn't be concealed.

Gwendolyn noticed his expression.

However, there wasn't even the slightest change in the indifference on her face as she raised her hand, which was holding the documents, by an inch.

Maverick, who was incredibly torn, held his breath while taking the document with shaking hands.

As Gwendolyn turned around to reach for the pen on the coffee table, she heard a ripping sound behind her.

The man's dark eyes were cold and ruthless as he once again tore the document to shreds without hesitation.

This time, he even threw the torn document directly above her head, acting utterly outrageous.

Snow-white scraps of paper fell onto her head.

Is he provoking me?

Gwendolyn was truly furious.

Rage surged, boiled, and roared up from the pit of her stomach, flaring to the top of her head.

"Do you have a death wish?" she asked through gritted teeth.

Yet, the man across from her showed no signs of backing down. Maverick's deep, dark pupils were incredibly gloomy as their eyes met.

Skillfully, he slid his well-defined hand to his waist and unbuckled his belt, motioning to pull it out.

Gwendolyn stood still. "What are you doing?"

Is he going to hit me because he's infuriated? Hah. Does he really think he's strong enough to defeat me now?

She waited for him to make a move while glowering at him and discreetly gritting her teeth.

To her surprise, Maverick folded his belt in half and placed it in her hand forcefully.

His broad back was remarkably straight, and he was dressed in nothing but a thin, white shirt as he turned around and knelt on one knee.

"I will not obey this order. You can punish me if you want to. Whip me! Whip me until your anger is subdued!" he declared.

Gwendolyn was dumbfounded.

What the heck is happening?

Her pent-up rage, which was on the verge of erupting, suddenly turned into an exasperated laugh.

"Are you out of your mind? Is this one of your fetishes? Are you a freaking masochist?"

Maverick bit his lower lip tightly, his eyes a little red.

He was definitely not a masochist.

Even though he had previously experienced hardships and injuries in the army, he was still afraid of pain.

However, he didn't want to lose her or grow distant from her, for that would make him feel even worse and more suffocated.

"I'm doing all of this for you! I've been working extremely hard to pay back the debt I owe you, not because I want us to go our separate ways but because I hope you can give me a chance to start over. I genuinely like you a lot!" Cough! Cough!

Maverick had spoken too much at once, and his throat was dry and scratchy. His shoulders shook as he coughed, but his back was still straight.

"You like me?" Gwendolyn pursed her red lips and looked down at him in silence for a while.

Her eyes were as deep and still as deathly silence, and her tone was cold and emotionless as she said, "Your confession is three years too late. I don't need it anymore. That ship has sailed. You want us to start over? Impossible."

Maverick's breath was caught. "I'm sorry..."

He decided to give up and accept his fate as he clenched his fists firmly, closed his eyes, and sniffled. "Go ahead and whip me, then. There's no way I'm signing that, no matter what."

Gwendolyn frowned upon hearing that. "Have you lost your mind due to the fever? How many hits can your frail body actually take if I were to strike you hard, especially when you've only just recovered?"

She still remembers that I've just recovered from a fever...

The man's obsidian-like eyes began to fill with even more tears as he felt ill at ease and aggrieved.

He craned his neck and asserted, "I'll endure it until you're no longer mad."

Hah. Let's see how stubborn you can be since you're the one who's asking for a beating.

Gwendolyn gripped both ends of the folded belt, and with a sudden jerk, it snapped straight, making a crisp sound.

Maverick didn't budge as he clenched his teeth and braced himself for the pain that could come at any moment.

Suddenly feeling like teasing him when she saw his pitiful appearance, the woman smirked slyly and remarked, "Getting whipped while wearing a shirt isn't much fun. You'll have to buy a new one if it's torn. Besides, the pain is less intense with a layer of fabric in between, right?"

He swallowed hard and got to work immediately, deftly undoing the thin shirt's buttons, removing it, and tossing it onto the coffee table in an elegant and carefree manner.

With that, he maintained his posture without moving and waited for her to make a move.

Gwendolyn was in no hurry; she stood quietly behind him and admired the view for some time.

Although he had been injected with a special drug, it didn't have any effect on his physique. In fact, it made his skin two shades lighter, making him even more attractive.

Additionally, his back muscles were naturally broad, and the lines and contours were flawless.

Simply taking a glance was quite a feast for the eyes.

Gwendolyn took a moment to take in the view before gently tracing each muscle on his back with the folded tip of the belt.

She took her time, being exceedingly patient.

Maverick couldn't help but quiver. She's clearly teasing me intentionally!

Her actions made him feel a bit parched and unbearably itchy.

Just as he was getting fairly overwhelmed by the teasing, Gwendolyn loosened the end of the belt and gripped the metal clasp.

Then, she lifted it high in the air, wielded it like a whip, and swung it with all her strength.

Whoosh!

A gust of wind whistled as the belt approached the man.

Maverick shut his eyes tightly, and his whole body shuddered almost reflexively.

However, it didn't hurt.

Gwendolyn had whipped the marble floor instead.

She threw the belt away and scoffed, "Coward!"

I thought he was tough, but he still ended up trembling. Even if he's a masochist, I'm not an unreasonable maniac.

"Put on your clothes. Since you won't sign it, stay here, then. Stay until you're willing to sign." She turned her head and was about to leave after saying that icily.

In a trice, Maverick got to his feet, turned around, and grabbed her wrist. "It's already nighttime. Where are you going?"

"I'm not happy living here, so I'll find another place to stay."

Her tone sounded nonchalant, but her words were heartless and stony.

He tightened the grip around her wrist, refusing to let go.

From what she's implying, she doesn't plan on returning to Bay Villa and intends to dump me alone. So, she's gonna give me the cold shoulder until I sign that document?

"Let go." Gwendolyn frowned and showed no mercy as she pried his hand open.

Maverick's breath hitched, but he ultimately gave in.

"Give me one year! You cooked for me for three years when we were married. I'll repay you by cooking for you for a year and leave on my own after paying off all my debt. I won't bother you again. How does that sound?"

"Really? You'll leave me alone forever?" she asked to confirm.

His breathing stilled, and a bitter smile spread across his pale, handsome face. "Yes, you have my word."

"All right." She raised her eyebrows and recorded his promise on her phone. "I hope you'll remember what you've said."

With a weary expression, he nodded, his deep and weak dark eyes seemingly in a trance.

It was a while later before he spoke again. "Dinner is still warm. Would you like to have some?"

Gwendolyn didn't refuse either. She would adhere to the agreement and do what needed to be done since this was the last year.

Maverick's cooking skills had improved significantly, so Gwendolyn ate heartily. Afterward, she took care of some work in the study before going back to her room to take a bath and rest.

The next morning, she went to work at Angle as usual.

Unfortunately, a group of solemn-looking uniformed police officers approached her before she could leave Bay Villa's gates.

The head police officer showed her his identification.

"Good day, Ms. Shalders. I'm Matthew Scott, the commander of the public security division at Fairlake Police Station. You've been charged with trespassing, intentional assault, and malicious damage. Please come with us to the station."

## Chapter 159

Police station? It sure didn't take them long to come, huh?

Gwendolyn was not at all surprised. She smiled and extended her two fair, delicate hands voluntarily. "Sure, let's go."

Matthew had never seen a woman act so assertively and composedly when being arrested.

Her smile, in particular, was enchanting—carefree yet utterly captivating.

It was evident to him that the perpetrator was both skilled and ruthless after he viewed the gruesome photos of Samantha's injuries.

Finding it difficult to believe that the seemingly innocent, naive girl in front of him was somehow involved in this case, he couldn't help but proceed cautiously as he stepped forward to put the electronic handcuffs on Gwendolyn.

However, the man's hand was suddenly grabbed by someone before the handcuffs could be put on.

Maverick was washing the dishes when he heard the commotion. The moment he came out of the villa, this scene was what greeted him.

He gave Matthew a menacing look. "These things have nothing to do with her. I did them. You can detain me instead."

Gwendolyn had a puzzled look on her face. "You merely peeled a few oranges yesterday. What does this have to do with you? Keep your butt out of this."

Yet, not only did Maverick not step back, but he moved forward and shielded her behind him.

His deep, dark eyes remained fixed on Matthew as he spoke righteously. "I know all the ins and outs of this case. If you want to uncover the truth, take me with you."

Gwendolyn's patience was wearing thin. I can take care of my own affairs. It's none of his business.

However, the man standing before her looked back and smiled reassuringly, seemingly unaware of her thoughts. "Don't be afraid. Go back into the house first. I'll take care of this."

She was rendered speechless.

Why on Earth would you think that I'm afraid?

"I've never been inside a police station before. This is so exciting! I just want to grab a cup of coffee there."



Maverick and Matthew were lost for words.

Did she mistake the police station for a café? And she even finds this exciting?

Matthew looked back and forth between both of them in an effort to decipher the meaning of their words. It seems like both of them were present at the scene when the incident happened.

“Since both of you are involved in this case, we’ll all go together!” He took out another pair of handcuffs.

Gwendolyn didn’t object.

Since Maverick enjoys being nosy, I’ll let him join the fun, then. “All right, but I’d like to have a quick word with my bodyguard first,” she agreed smilingly.

William was called out.

She then rummaged through her bag, found that Centurion Card, and handed it to William, whispering something into his ear.

In the end, the duo was cuffed with electronic handcuffs and escorted into a specialized police car.

Gwendolyn sat quietly in the vehicle, her face expressionless. Occasionally, she would admire the scenery outside the window.

Maverick watched her intently and noticed her wrists were red from the handcuffs.

A hint of melancholy and distress gradually surfaced in his dark eyes.

He held her wrists and gently caressed the red marks on them. “Does it hurt?”

Gwendolyn was, of course, not that fragile.

Nonetheless, she didn't withdraw her hands, seeing as someone was willing to give her a massage.

Shirley had already arrived when Gwendolyn and Maverick entered the special interrogation room at the police station, and Samantha, who was covered in bandages, insisted on coming as well.

Samantha wanted to witness this b\*tch's imprisonment in person!

As soon as Gwendolyn entered the interrogation room, she caught sight of Samantha, who was wrapped up like a mummy.

She burst into laughter on the spot. "Wow, Ms. Lane, you're truly inspiring. You still insist on coming over even though you're in so much pain. I've got to hand it to you!"

Samantha was indeed in affliction, so much so that she could barely speak.

She and her mother glared at Gwendolyn with venomous looks in their eyes.

The commander of the public security division, Matthew, entered the room and started a thorough interrogation. "Mrs. Lane, who was the one who broke into your house and acted violently last night? Was it him or her?"

He pointed at Maverick and Gwendolyn.

At that moment, one of them was smiling composedly, whereas the other was calm and reticent.

Both of them seemed like people not to be trifled with.

After giving it a thought, Shirley pointed at Gwendolyn furiously but wasn't about to let Maverick off the hook either. "She's the mastermind, but he's not guilt-free too. He's an accomplice!"

Matthew took out the picture of an injured Samantha again and handed it to Gwendolyn with a solemn expression.

The woman looked puzzled. "Who is this? How did she end up like this? She sure is ugly."

She smiled innocently as if she had nothing to do with this incident at all.

Hearing Gwendolyn's particularly offensive final sentence, Samantha was so enraged that her blood started to flow backward. She endured the pain and cried out stammeringly, "S-She's lying!"

Gwendolyn behaved as though realization had dawned on her, and her beautiful eyes focused on Samantha once more. "Oh, so the person in the picture is you, Ms. Lane. No wonder it's so ugly. You're truly strong-willed. Despite your injuries, you still insist on catching the real culprit yourself."

Maverick chuckled.

Gwendolyn's attitude infuriated Shirley and Samantha to no end.

Shirley slammed the table fiercely. "It was clearly you who led people to break into the Lane residence yesterday. I thought you'd have the guts to own up to it, but I didn't expect you to be so disappointing."

Matthew furrowed his brows, tapping his fingers on the table. "Quiet."

Gwendolyn rested her elbows on the table and gently supported her chin with her handcuffed hands.

She blinked naively and looked at Matthew. "Handsome, look at how fierce she is. She's forcing me to confess."

Handsome?

At the side, Maverick frowned imperceptibly.

She has never called me with such a loving and sweet voice before. Is she smiling so beautifully on purpose because she's attracted to Matthew?

He was so jealous that he clenched his cuffed hands tightly, and it didn't take long for a swollen ring of marks to develop because of his delicate skin.

Gwendolyn's current smile was indeed playful and charming.

Matthew's heart skipped a beat when he saw her smile, and his tone softened when he spoke again. "The surveillance cameras at the Lane residence were destroyed yesterday, but all the housekeepers' testimonies there point to you. How do you explain that?"

Her eyelashes quivered a little. "Handsome, the Lane family is one of the wealthiest in Fairlake. It's only natural for their housekeepers to be biased toward their own employers, right?"

She paused before continuing, "I've looked at the evidence available in the bureau, and it seems that neither the smashed luxury cars nor Ms. Lane's body has any fingerprints from Maverick or me. In

addition, there are no witnesses other than the Lane family, so I'm afraid the charges against me might not hold up."

Shirley snorted disdainfully.

Meanwhile, Matthew flipped through the evidence collected and somewhat agreed with Gwendolyn's statement.

Seeing him waver, Gwendolyn added, "I've been detained here for hours by you and can't even go to work. Shouldn't you at least take off these handcuffs if the evidence is insufficient?"

She shook her thin wrists while speaking. Her originally snow-white skin had been tinged with red from the cuffs.

He agreed, "Indeed. There's insufficient evidence, so I'll just—"

"Matthew!" Shirley abruptly interrupted him before he could finish his sentence. "I don't think a commander of the public security division like you has the authority to make this decision!" she sneered.

Mildly annoyed, Matthew was just about to retort when a police officer burst through the door, walked up to him, and whispered a few words in his ear.

His expression gradually changed.

After a brief hesitation, he said in a deadpan voice, "My apologies, but the handcuffs can't be removed yet. Ms. Shalders, you're still the primary suspect and will need to be placed in the confinement cell before we proceed with the interrogation later."

The confinement cell was not a pleasant place. It was usually reserved for criminals who had undoubtedly committed heinous crimes but pled the Fifth.

Just being in there for a day could risk one losing their life, for it was specialized in breaking down stubborn criminals, both physically and mentally.

It was an extraordinary existence that was typically not used carelessly on criminals.

Upon hearing that, Shirley and Samantha smiled triumphantly.

Matthew then gestured for someone to bring Gwendolyn into the confinement cell.

In the meantime, Gwendolyn smirked in amusement and made no effort to struggle or refute.

As the police were about to apprehend her, Maverick stood up to block their way. The malicious aura that surrounded him was terrifying, like the harbinger of a violent storm, and his dark eyes were filled with intense ferocity and coldness. "How dare you lot of this insignificant police station touch her?"

Gwendolyn raised an eyebrow secretly at those words.

Ha! Looks like he finally can't hold it in any longer and has decided to reveal his true colors.

## Chapter 160

Matthew's expression darkened as he could tell he was being looked down upon.

"Who do you think you are? You don't have a say in anything I do in the police station. Take her away!" He made a gesture, and all the police officers in the room swarmed over, seemingly determined to take Gwendolyn away immediately.

Maverick was furious.

A wicked yet deep male voice suddenly sounded from outside the door just as he was about to speak, stopping him before he even had a chance to start. "Mr. Scott, you're speaking with such authority!"

Matthew and all the police officers shuddered at the sound of that. The former sprang to his feet and his body stiffened instantly.

Gwendolyn's face darkened in mere seconds.

I was so close. Whoever this is, arrived on time.

Maverick silently sat back down after regaining his composure.

He knew who it was as soon as he heard that voice, and his handcuffed fists clenched even tighter subconsciously.

Gwendolyn had a thing for people with good looks. She employed the most handsome ones, even when it came to her bodyguards.

Maverick remembered that this man was exceptionally good-looking.

Will Gwendolyn...

His obsidian-like eyes darkened as he instinctively turned his head to look at Gwendolyn.

It turned out that Gwendolyn was not paying attention to his appearance. She appeared to be somewhat unhappy and had a slightly upset expression on her face as though something else was bothering her.

The door opened, and the man who entered was dressed in a solemn military uniform underneath a dark green and black fur military coat.

The man was burly and standing straight. He had delicate features and a sharp nose. With his slightly narrowed eyes, he exuded an intimidating aura.

His deep blue, gem-like pupils, which complemented his eyes, were his most stunning features and added a touch of charm to his looks. He appeared both righteous and wicked in his military uniform, making him even more attractive than a woman.

All the policemen, including Matthew, respectfully bowed their heads and greeted him with reverence as soon as he entered, "Greetings, Mr. Newton."

He was the fourth son of the Newton family in Salinsburgh, Charles Newton.

Everyone who met him would address him formally. Charles held a very important position as the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency for Chanaea.

He was born when the head of the Newton family went abroad, and his mother was his father's third wife. His mother was a woman of Epean and Alendor nationality, so he inherited a striking pair of deep blue eyes that were a beautiful blend of Chanaean and Epean bloodlines, making him exceptionally handsome.

Matthew greeted him nervously as his mind was filled with confusion, and he was unable to fathom the situation.

I've just received a mandated order from my superiors, so how did this man show up so quickly?

Only Asher and the mysterious head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation would likely have more power in this field than Charles in the entire Chanaea.

However, no one had ever seen the true face of that mysterious man, and even his real identity and background remained a mystery. It was said that he left on a mission many years ago, and there hadn't been any word about him since.

Matthew gathered his thoughts and put on a pleasing expression before bowing slightly in his direction. "What brings you to our humble town of Fairlake, Mr. Newton? You should have let your subordinates inform us, so we at the Fairlake Police Station could have been better prepared. Please, take a seat."

Charles completely ignored him.

The interrogation room's heater was on, and it was warmer inside. Charles took off his coat and handed it to his subordinate. Then, he walked toward Gwendolyn with steady footsteps.

It was only then did Gwendolyn noticed him.

That wickedly handsome face gradually overlapped with the memories of her childhood.

Her beautiful eyes widened slightly, and she had mixed feelings as she called out softly, "Charles?"



Charles responded with a smile, and his eyes were like a deep, brilliant blue ocean filled with stars.

Shirley and Samantha looked utterly bewildered.

Maverick was dumbfounded.

He felt nauseous.

Maverick was initially concerned that Gwendolyn might be drawn to Charles' appearance, but it turned out that they had known each other for quite some time.

And she was calling him so intimately...

Maverick stifled his feelings by remaining silent and biting his pale, thin lower lip, which resulted in a row of bloody marks.

As Charles approached Gwendolyn, he gazed at her with warmth and tenderness. Surprisingly, she didn't shy away when he raised his hand to touch her delicate face.

Maverick reached out and grabbed Gwendolyn's arm instinctively, drawing her attention to himself.

"What's wrong?" Gwendolyn inquired.

His deep, dark eyes welled up with tears, his brows furrowed slightly, and a look of grievance spread across his pale, handsome face. "Gwendolyn, I don't feel so good... Cough! Cough! It hurts..."

It was only then Gwendolyn noticed the crimson-red bloodstain around his lower lip. Based on his feeble expression, it doesn't seem like he's putting on an act. "Where does it hurt?"

Maverick froze for a moment and raised his arm without hesitation. "My hand hurts..."

His wrists were now swollen and had a deep red ring of blood around them from the handcuffs. The sight was shocking and distressing.

However, Gwendolyn did not feel sorry for him. Instead, her expression turned cold instantly.

Did this b\*stard forget that I was also wearing an electronic handcuff? The fact that it's tightened like that clearly shows that he did it himself! Was he putting on a pitiful act again?

She remained silent as she pursed her lips tightly and fixed her gaze on Maverick.

Charles was the first to react, and his tone was icy as he looked at Matthew. "You're already using handcuffs? Who taught you this method of handling cases, Mr. Scott?"

"Mr. Newton, both of them are suspects, so..." Matthew said hesitantly as his face turned pale with fright.

Charles' eyes narrowed, and he repeated, "I said, uncuff them."

"Yes, yes, yes." Matthew had no choice but to bite the bullet and order his subordinates to fetch the keys.

A minute later, the handcuffs were uncuffed.

Maverick naturally took Gwendolyn's hand and gently massaged her wrist for her.

Gwendolyn's wrist had a few faint red marks at first, but they quickly vanished.

In light of Maverick's recent feigned distress, Gwendolyn withdrew her hand irritably and gazed lazily ahead without looking at Charles. There was a hint of mixed emotions in her eyes as though her thoughts were a tangled web.

Charles took Matthew's seat, lowered his head, and began to flip through the case files.

A moment later, he sneered, "The evidence you've gathered up until this point is far from sufficient to hold them accountable. And you actually want to lock them up? Are you sick of being the captain already?"

On the one hand, there were orders from his superiors and the temptation of a promotion, while on the other hand, it was a devastating blow from Charles.

Matthew felt bitter and could only betray his superior. "Mr. Newton, it wasn't me. I wanted to let them go, but Mrs. Lane and my superior disagreed. I have a low rank, so I had to follow orders. However, you have the final say now that you're here."

Shirley could tell that Charles had come to help Gwendolyn that day.

With him around, it was likely that Gwendolyn and Maverick wouldn't even be placed in a detention cell, much less receive a direct prison sentence.

Shirley couldn't accept it and complained in a low voice, "I've heard of you, Mr. Newton, but this case doesn't seem to fall under the jurisdiction of the Central Intelligence Agency. It's fine if you're here to observe the case, but interfering with Mr. Scott's decisions doesn't seem quite appropriate, does it?"

Charles didn't reply, but Matthew cursed, "You don't know sh\*t! Fairlake Police Station is nothing in front of Mr. Newton. As long as he wants to be in charge, everyone here has to listen to him and obey his orders at any time."

Shirley's expression darkened.

Samantha, who was wrapped up like a mummy, was also quite unwilling to accept this situation.

Gwendolyn rested her chin on her hand. Her beautiful eyes still exuded a languid charm as if she was the one casually watching the show as an outsider.

The atmosphere in the interrogation room suddenly became a bit eerie, and it lasted for two minutes until a man's disdainful chuckle echoed through the air.

Charles scowled and looked at Maverick, who was seated across from him, with narrowed eyes. "What are you laughing at?"