

Her Riches 16

Chapter 16 I Want Her Dead

Maverick's face darkened utterly. He looked at Sheralyn in disappointment and fury, then remarked, "You're absolutely ridiculous."

Pulling her hand off his sleeve, he ordered, "You're grounded from today onward. Without my permission, you can't go anywhere. Do proper self-reflection on your actions!"

With that, he left with Natasha.

Sheralyn wanted to go after him but was stopped by Noah. All she could do was wail and beg for mercy.

In the end, she was forcefully dragged back into the Wright residence.

Enraged, she began smashing things as soon as she got home, making a massive racket in her room.

The loud noises awoke Frida, who dashed to Sheralyn's room to check out the situation.

"My dear daughter, what happened? Didn't you go to attend the banquet? What's with the mess?"

"Mom!" Sheralyn's sobs filled the air as she pounced into Frida's embrace.

Then, she gave her mother an exaggerated account of everything that had happened at the banquet. "Mom, you have to seek justice for me! Maverick is so biased. Not only did he not punish that b*tch, but he also grounded me! You must avenge me!"

Distressed by Sheralyn's cries, Frida patted her back to calm her down.

“How do you want me to help you?” she asked.

Malice surfaced in Sheralyn’s eyes. “I want her dead!”

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn temporarily relocated to Treyton’s mansion since she had yet to find a place.

When Flora, the housekeeper, saw Gwendolyn, she was so overwhelmed with excitement and glee that she made a fuss over the latter, exclaiming about how the young woman had grown up, carrying her luggage to the bedroom and cleaning the room for her.

Initially, Gwendolyn wanted to help out, but Treyton made her sit on the couch.

“Kiddo, you’re starting work tomorrow. What are your plans?” he asked.

“It’ll be as what we discussed earlier. You’ll continue to be the CEO and handle all of the company’s affairs while I learn the ropes.”

Treyton contemplated quietly for a moment before replying, “All right. Since you don’t want people to find out about your relationship with me, I won’t be sending you to the office after tomorrow. I got you a limited edition Maserati MC77. It’s a design you will like.”

“MC77 is too expensive.” Gwendolyn shook her head and requested firmly, “A cheap car will be sufficient since I’ll only use it to commute to and from work. If you really want to get me a car, you can

give me a Volkswagen Santana.”

He furrowed his brows. “That isn’t good enough for you.”

Crinkling her eyes in a smile, she held Treyton’s arm and said in an adorable tone, “Treyton, it’s fine. I don’t plan on revealing my identity yet.”

The person from the Harris family who sabotaged me has gone radio silent since I lost my memory and ended up in Fairlake. I reckon they've yet to know that I've been at the Wright residence for the past

few years. It'd be too dangerous to reveal my identity before I find out who that person is.

As an intelligent man, Treyton could roughly guess her reservations.

"My place has top-notch security, so you can live here without worry. Nobody will bother you here," he assured her.

He seemed to have thought of something as he added, "Oh, right. Asher has been flying to other countries every day recently, and Kieran's hospital has just accepted a patient with a rare illness. Both of them are swamped right now. The news of your divorce delighted them greatly, and they bought you a small gift. I reckon the gift will arrive in a few days."

Gwendolyn pouted in disdain. "How can you guys be so elated over my divorce?"

Despite that, she was curious about the gift. While Kieran was one of the best surgeons with a master's degree in medicine, Asher was a pilot in command who owned corporations worldwide and had considerable influence on both sides of the law.

Since the two of them had gotten the gift for her, it must be priceless.

Noticing how she was swiveling her eyes animatedly, Treyton chuckled and booped her on the nose dotingly before heading upstairs to shower.

At midnight, Maverick returned to his mansion after he sent Natasha back to the hotel.

The sight of a pitch-black and empty living room was what greeted him when he opened the door.

Without Gwendolyn, who always welcomed him home, the mansion felt incredibly bleak.

Unknown emotions swirled in his heart.

Having turned on the lights, he sat on the couch and lit a cigarette as he listened to Noah's report.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wright. I didn't manage to find out Ms. Shalders' whereabouts. After she left the hotel, she seemed to have vanished into thin air. There are signal interferences with both her phone and account. Our people have tried many different methods, but we still failed to crack them," Noah explained.

Maverick took a puff of the cigarette as his expression darkened.

Vanished into thin air? My subordinates are all elite hackers, yet they failed to locate her? Is someone helping her to hide?