

Her Riches 19

Chapter 19 Poorer Than Me

Gwendolyn tried to locate her car by pressing the unlock button on the car key on each level of the parking lot.

Twenty minutes later, she finally found her new car.

While looking at the turquoise-painted car, she rubbed her chin and tutted. Although this car is an old model, it is pleasant to look at and practical. Most importantly, its color is... flashy! I like it!

She could not wait to drive the new car.

Suddenly, a woman's shrill voice was heard from behind her. "Oh my, isn't this our amazing Ms. Shalders? Let me see what car you drive."

Smiling, Suzanna shuffled close to take a look. After checking out Gwendolyn's car, she curled her lips in disdain. "I thought it would be some fancy car, but it turned out to be a mere Volkswagen Santana. Why didn't you buy a good car to reward yourself when you've become a director, Ms. Shalders?"

However, Gwendolyn was not at all bothered by her comment. "Car is just for transportation. Its practicality is what matters to me," she replied with a smile.

Suzanna rolled her eyes in response. Practicality, my foot. It sounds impressive and all, but I bet it's just an excuse. At the end of the day, it's merely because she's poor.

At that point, her ego was boosted, causing the frustration she received from Gwendolyn in the morning to dissipate. Anyway, at least this b*tch is poorer than me!

She flicked her wavy hair before stepping forward to hold Gwendolyn's arm as if they were close to each other. "Ms. Shalders, I just got a new car recently. Would you mind checking it out for me?"

Without waiting for Gwendolyn's reply, she brought her to a parking space nearby.

Gwendolyn tilted her head and saw a roadster—the BMW Z4. At first glance, the design looked good. However, it was not practical to commute by it. That car was wholly for showing off.

When Suzanna noticed Gwendolyn did not take more than a glance at the car and appeared disdainful, she let out a cold snort. “Ms. Shalders, this is probably your first time seeing this type of sports car, right? It is BMW's latest model this year, the Z70. Even the most basic specs cost one and a half million. I've spent a significant sum to purchase it,” she scoffed.

Upon hearing that, Gwendolyn knitted her brows. How could this car be Z70?

Having caught the change in Gwendolyn's expression, Suzanna assumed her remark had agitated her, so she lifted her chin proudly. “No offense, but you ought not to drive a shabby car since you're a director. Celebrities will often come back to visit an entertainment company like Angle Corporation. Your cheap car is a dishonor to our company.”

Gwendolyn sneered as she shook her head. With her light makeup and red lips, she appeared even more alluring when she smiled.

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“I'm laughing at your dumbness. You can't even differentiate between a Z4 and a Z70, yet you're still showing off here.”

Gwendolyn's words dumbfounded Suzanna, who stared back at her with a stern expression.

Gwendolyn walked toward the back of Suzanna's BMW before grabbing the latter's hand to touch the exhaust pipe.

“What are you doing?” Suzanna yelled.

Then, Gwendolyn raised Suzanna's hand before the latter's eyes. "Take a close look at it. The stain on the exhaust pipe is old. If it's new, they won't be in this color."

Suzanna hurriedly took out a wet tissue to clean her hand. "What do you mean by that?" she questioned in disbelief.

"I guess you're really dumb." Gwendolyn snorted and explained, "This car is not a Z70. It's an old model from three years ago, the Z4. Besides, it's a used car with the most basic specs, which costs at most three hundred fifty thousand. If you don't believe me, you can find out by getting a professional appraiser to examine the car."

Suzanna's eyes popped in shock, yet she shook her head. "No way! It can't possibly be a secondhand Z4! You're speaking ill of my car on purpose because you're jealous of me. Do you think I'll fall for your trick?"

Upon hearing Suzanna's response, Gwendolyn felt that the former was hopeless. Seriously? I can't believe she still thinks I'm talking nonsense.

"Judging from your words, I suppose you didn't buy this car yourself. Am I right?" she uttered.

There, she paused for a moment. As though she thought of something, she queried in a serious tone, "Suzanna, which executive from our company did you sleep with?"

The color drained from Suzanna's face in an instant, but she soon pushed Gwendolyn away lividly.

"I don't know what you're talking about. You're ridiculous!" Immediately afterward, she drove off.

As Gwendolyn watched Suzanna leave in a hurry, she became even more convinced that her guess was correct. At that, she narrowed her eyes. How could such a corrupted higher-up exist in the company? If I find out who it is, he's going to be sorry!

Then, she withdrew her gaze and turned around to return to her Volkswagen Santana.

Just as she opened the car door, a large hand with slender and bony fingers pressed on it.

The familiar, deep yet cold voice of a man rang out from behind her. “Why didn’t he buy you a good car?”