

Her Riches 22

Chapter 22 Never Understood Her

Gwendolyn clenched her jaw. Instead of slowing down, she floored the accelerator and picked up speed. Her eyes glimmered with a fiery resolve as if she was ready to take them on.

Both black car drivers were taken aback as she drove towards them without hesitation.

Two seconds before they were about to bump into each other, the black cars retreated in unison, allowing Gwendolyn's Volkswagen Santana to slip away through the small gap between them.

Before she could heave a sigh of relief, the black cars immediately came after her.

Gwendolyn wanted to go around in circles to shake them off, but her Volkswagen Santana wasn't quick enough to do so.

She bit her lip, but her heart was unusually calm.

Through the rearview mirror, she roughly estimated the number of occupants in the black cars.

There were five people in each black car including the driver.

There were ten strong, burly men in total.

I'll be at a disadvantage if the fight continues for too long. If I use my abilities wisely, however, I may have a sixty percent chance of emerging victorious. I'll have to confront them no matter what. I'm feeling grumpy today, so it'll feel nice to have a good fight! F*ck it!

After making up her mind, she drove her car toward an abandoned building on the outskirts. Her face showed a steely determination as she pulled into the parking lot.

The black cars skidded to a halt behind her, and ten intimidating burly men armed with batons got down.

Gwendolyn leaned on her car casually with her arms folded.

The thugs' faces lit up with excitement when they saw her voluptuous figure clothed in a snug white dress.

They were convinced they had struck gold by accepting this deal.

Without fear, Gwendolyn swept her gaze over them and parted her lips to ask, "Tell me. Who sent you here?"

The thug leader leered at her. "Beautiful, don't blame us for what's about to happen. Blame yourself for crossing someone you shouldn't have."

Gwendolyn saw no point in asking who hired them, as they obviously wouldn't reveal their employer's identity.

Right before them, she kicked off her high heels as her lips curled. A cold gleam filled her eyes as she challenged, "Bring it on!"

As soon as she said her piece, the ten thugs raised their batons and charged at her.

Honk, honk, honk!

Not far away, a car started honking loudly.

A silver-grey Lamborghini Huracan drifted seamlessly and appeared in their sight.

The driver was no longer Noah.

A while ago, Maverick threw Noah out of the car for his poor driving skills and deducted a month of his salary as punishment.

Maverick stepped out of the car with a cold expression after it screeched to a halt.

His one hundred and eighty-eight centimeters stature exuded an intimidating aura, making him seem like he had ten men behind him even though he was alone.

The thugs jaws dropped wide open at the sight of him.

Maverick's dark gaze was blazing with fury as he strode past Gwendolyn and aimed a swift kick at one thug. His kick sent the thug flying.

The other thugs instantly raised their batons and charged at him.

As he was here to save a damsel in distress, Gwendolyn put on her high heels and leaned back against her car to witness the heroic battle that was about to unfold.

Naturally, she was thrilled that someone was here to help her.

Maverick was swift and merciless. In just a few minutes, he managed to take down most of the thugs. The only man left standing was the leader who glared at Maverick warily.

He cracked his hands, his gaze as dark and foreboding as the night sky.

The leader felt a chill go down his spine being the target of Maverick's frosty gaze. His legs trembled profusely as he fell to his knees and begged, "Please spare me. I'll leave right away! I promise I won't bother the lady anymore. Please spare me..."

Maverick was about to ask questions when Gwendolyn strutted over in her high heels. Grabbing the leader's collar, she shot him a vicious glare and demanded, "Who sent you here?"

"I—I don't know. We usually accept any job as long as the client is willing to pay well. I don't know who the person is."

"You refuse to spill, huh?" Gwendolyn raised her arm to give him a tight slap.

The leader was shocked senseless by Gwendolyn's harsh slap. He took one look at Maverick's murderous glare and wailed, "Gorgeous! No, Goddess! I swear I don't know anything! The client paid us handsomely to sexually assault you before posting the video of our deed online... Ah!"

Suddenly, a kick sent him flying straight into a pole.

Crack! A cracking sound echoed as the man coughed up blood and lost consciousness.

Gwendolyn scowled as she turned over her shoulder to glance at Maverick as he was the one who had delivered the kick. "Why didn't you wait for him to finish his words?"

Maverick's expression was grim. "Seriously? These thugs are unbelievably nasty. Don't tell me you're planning to let the matter slip."

What is wrong with me? When I found out what they intended to do to Gwendolyn, I couldn't control my rage. Despite our separation, she's still my ex-wife, and I won't allow anyone else to lay a finger on her. That man deserves death, right? She's a fool for being too kind.

Gwendolyn gave him a frustrated look. "He fainted right after you kicked him, so he didn't experience any pain at all. You should've tortured him while he was conscious. The agony will make him long for death. Kicking him was too light a punishment."

Maverick was speechless. It turns out I was wrong. She isn't kind at all, for she is a vindictive person.

"I'll ask Noah to look into the matter. There's no need to worry or be afraid," he assured her.

Gwendolyn rolled her eyes. Did he see me getting scared?

As Gwendolyn was a person of principle, she decided not to mock him if he didn't pester her. After all, he had helped her to take down the thugs.

Glancing at the men lying on the ground, she suddenly had a thought and turned to Maverick. "I suggest you find out if your family has anything to do with this. If they're responsible, I won't let them get away with it."

Maverick nodded. "Don't worry. I won't be partial to them." He paused and regarded Gwendolyn with amusement. "Shouldn't we talk about us now?"

"Us?" Gwendolyn didn't understand what he was getting at, "Our relationship came to an end the day we got our divorce certificate. I have nothing to discuss with you."

With that, she spun on her heels to get into her car.

"Be careful!" Maverick hollered.

He watched in horror as the thug closest to Gwendolyn rose silently, his baton raised and ready to strike her head.

Alas, he was too far away to stop that from happening.

As a result, he panicked for the first time ever in his life.

The next-second, he saw Gwendolyn snatch the baton that the thug had brandished before delivering a kick and throwing him over her shoulder. The thug crashed to the ground with a resounding thud and passed out before he could yell in agony. D

After taking care of the attacker, Gwendolyn turned over her shoulder to realize that Maverick still looked flustered. Her lips promptly curled into a provoking smirk.

At once, Maverick's flustered expression turned into one of surprise.

He watched as Gwendolyn's green Volkswagen Santana drove out of sight. His mind kept replaying Gwendolyn's attack and the smirk that had crossed her face before her departure.

They had been married for three years, but he thought his wife was a vulnerable puppet without any skills or strength.

After their divorce, she kept blowing his mind with all kinds of surprises.

It turns out I don't know her at all.

His gaze turned dark as he stared in the direction Gwendolyn left.

Through her impressive display of physical prowess, it is clear that she has had extensive training in jiu-jitsu. The arrogance she exudes speaks to her level of expertise, leading me to believe she is far from an ordinary orphan from Fairlake Orphanage.