

Her Riches 27

Chapter 27 Collection

While Noah remained silent, the look in his eyes was an obvious answer to her question. I absolutely wouldn't have suspected Natasha if not for these special circumstances. However, yesterday, after I told Natasha that Boss went to Angle's parking lot to meet up with Gwendolyn, Gwendolyn was attacked on her way there. That's too much of a coincidence for me to rule out Natasha's involvement in this matter completely.

With a heartbroken expression, Natasha spoke. "I've always seen you as my best friend, Noah, yet you suspect me? How could I have sent people to harm Gwendolyn when I didn't even know which route.

she took?"

Her answer melted his heart immediately. "I believe you're kind and may not necessarily be the one behind this incident. However, did you tell anyone about their meeting?"

That stunned her. Since he suspects me already, he'll look into my calls if I don't provide him with any valuable information. If that happens, the image I spent so much effort building to show him will crumble. It seems like I have no other option but to sacrifice someone.

Then, she pretended to be deep in thought before revealing, "I was very sad that day. When Sheralyn called me to ask how I was doing, I told her about it..."

She paused before hastily waving her hands. "No, no! There's no way Sheralyn would do something like that! I believe her."

Upon sighing in relief, Noah replied, "You're a good woman, Ms. Mossey. However, not everyone is as pure and kind as you."

He comforted her a little longer before leaving the hotel speedily. As he did, he asked people on the phone to investigate the Wright residence as well as erase the connection between the incident and Natasha quietly.

After he left, Natasha stomped angrily. No wonder none of them reported the situation to me last night! It turns out Mave saved that b*tch!

I had no choice but to sacrifice Sheralyn, but once Mave learns of this, he'll undoubtedly be even warier of his family! It's unlikely that I'll be able to use Sheralyn as my pawn again in the near future. All my efforts to get someone absurdly useful like her to befriend me are now for naught! As she dug her nails into her palm, a vicious, wicked look swirled in her eyes. But I won't let that b*tch Gwendolyn off the hook! Never!

After Gwendolyn returned to Treyton's mansion, she received detailed information from him.

So, Frida's the one who hired those thugs, and Sheralyn instigated it. Her expression remained indifferent after she finished reading the evidence. I knew this had something to do with the Wright family, but... "Did what happened last night truly have nothing to do with Natasha?"

Treyton thought about it and answered, "I'll send someone to investigate Natasha in detail."

"Okay."

"Well, now that you know who's responsible, what are you going to do?"

Gwendolyn's lips curved upward as a plan hatched in her mind. "Please lend me a few burly bodyguards, Treyton."

He was enamored by her foxy, sly demeanor and tapped her nose lovingly. "I wouldn't dare to deny anything my dear princess wants. You're free to borrow as many bodyguards as you want."

With a sweet voice and grin, she thanked, "I knew you dote on me the most, Treyton. Thank you."

During the evening, in the Wright residence, Frida was sitting on a recliner inside the garden and enjoying the facial spa a beautician was giving her.

Out of nowhere, she heard a loud bang from the metal gate, which startled her so much that she sat straight up.

Not only did the spa fail to remove her wrinkles, but the shock also added a few more to her face.

Upon turning around, she saw a limited edition Rolls–Royce smashing through the residence’s gate and heading straight toward the garden without slowing down.

The nearby housekeepers were almost scared to death by that sudden turn of events. Frida was equally dumbstruck.

Then, the car mercilessly zoomed past a blooming field of roses in the garden before drifting stylishly and parking next to the gate.

The roses that were still beautiful just a second ago were instantly and horribly crushed by the tires.

Frida almost fainted from anger when she saw that. Those are my favorite flowers! I don’t give a d*mn how powerful or influential the driver is. I’m going to sue them until they go bankrupt!

Furiously, she strode toward the Rolls–Royce and saw the door opening.

A pair of high–heels first exited the vehicle before a woman, as beautiful and elegant as a female celebrity, stepped out.

Frida was so astonished that she was rooted to the spot. While she couldn’t recall who that woman was, she found her appearance familiar.

It was until Sheralyn came downstairs after hearing the commotion, and she roared at the woman. “Gwendolyn, you b*tch! How dare you show your face here! I’m going to tear you apart!”

As Frida prevented her daughter from charging toward Gwendolyn, she gazed at the uninvited haughty guest with disbelief. She was so taken aback that she felt her jaw had almost dropped to the ground. It's only been a few days, so why did this little b*tch seem like she has transformed? I have never realized she looked this beautiful before.

Amused, Gwendolyn stared at Frida and mocked, "What's the matter? Did you forget what I look like so quickly?"

Frida's rage burned even brighter upon realizing Gwendolyn was the one who destroyed her roses.

Folding her hands arrogantly, she growled, "You better not think you can do whatever you want just because you have a complete makeover and a sugar daddy! I'm going to make you pay ten

thousandfold for your destruction of my garden!"

Nonchalantly, Gwendolyn inquired, "And then what?"

The older woman glanced at her daughter and sneered, "Since you delivered yourself to my doorstep, I want you to kneel and apologize for bullying Sheralyn! Then, I want you to repay everything you owe Sheralyn!"

As she spoke, she shot a look at the nearby housekeepers.

The housekeepers understood what she meant and promptly approached Gwendolyn with intent.

stares.

Gwendolyn leaned against the car door and played with her fingernails. "Fine, I'll keep that in mind. Later, I'll give you all a taste of payback because I'm here today to collect my debt."

Debt? When did we owe her anything? Just as Frida was confounded by the younger woman's statement, Gwendolyn clapped her hands. Ten burly bodyguards in black clothing suddenly appeared and stood behind Gwendolyn in a well-trained manner.

Their presence was so intimidating that they scared off the housekeepers who were approaching Gwendolyn.

Panicked, Frida inquired, "What are you trying to do?"

"As I said, I'm here to collect my debt." The look in Gwendolyn's eyes turned frigid as she relayed an order to the bodyguards. "Aside from Old Mr. Wright's old room on the third floor, the study, and the ancestral hall on the first floor, I want you all to smash every single valuable object in the building, including plates."

"You wouldn't dare!" Frida and Sheralyn exclaimed in unison.

The older woman's face and eyes reddened with unbridled wrath as she threatened, "Trespassing is against the law! If you smash even a single plate, I'll call the cops right away and throw you into prison!"

Narrowing her eyes, Gwendolyn casually removed a photocopy of evidence from her bag with a grin. "Sure. I'm interested to see whether those police officers will cuff me or you two when they arrive."