

Her Riches 28

Chapter 28 Torture

When Frida and Sheralyn scanned through the contents of the paper, they instantly paled. In fact, they felt so guilty that they couldn't even muster a word.

They didn't expect their attempt to harm Gwendolyn had become the latter's dirt on them.

Gwendolyn shook her head scornfully upon seeing their reaction. And I thought they were going to put up more of a fight.

With a grin, she urged, "Go smash everything inside before we continue with the next step."

In a flash, the bodyguards went in to complete their tasks.

Four bodyguards rounded up all the housekeepers inside the garden while the other six started destroying the various objects in the mansion.

Soon, sounds of devastation rang inside the entire building.

The housekeepers huddled together, unwilling to turn their attention toward the sharp, breaking noises.

The noises made Frida apprehensive too.

Sheralyn was cowering in her mother's embrace when she abruptly recalled something and widened her eyes. "Wait! You can't destroy the limited LC cosmetics I shipped from Moranta last month!"

Hurriedly, she leaped away from Frida's embrace and sprinted upstairs to prevent the destruction of her precious cosmetics.

From a distance, the screams and noises of objects breaking apart sounded like an unnerving symphony when mixed together.

Frida dug her fingernails into her palm as she glared at Gwendolyn with resentment, looking as though she wanted to chop the younger woman into thousands of pieces.

For every shattering noise she heard, she felt a cut in her heart because it was the sound of money vanishing into thin air.

However, after decades of living as a rich wife, she refused to bow before Gwendolyn.

Upon stifling her agony, she glowered at Gwendolyn. "You're a vicious b*tch! Just wait and see! One day, you'll receive your karmic retribution! I'll never forgive you!"

Gwendolyn chuckled. "If I'm considered vicious, what do you call the things you did to me in those three years? Unbelievably despicable?"

Disdainfully, Frida spat, "You're just a woman with an unknown background who never deserves to be with my son! All I did was teach you the rules you must abide by after marrying into an affluent family! You were the one who couldn't handle the pain and wanted a divorce! What does that have anything to do with me? What did I do wrong?"

In response, Gwendolyn laughed. I'm done. No matter how much I explain myself, someone as narcissistic as her won't ever think she's in the wrong. It'll just be a waste of my time.

Frida wanted to keep scolding her when she heard Sheralyn cursing at two bodyguards carrying her out of the building.

Sheralyn was disobedient, and the bodyguards were very strong. Thus, it was inevitable that patches of purple and red appeared on her wrist and arms.

Frida's heart ached as she attempted to snatch her daughter back from the bodyguards' grasp. However, another bodyguard restricted her.

As she couldn't move, she could only turn to Gwendolyn, terrified. "What are you doing to Sheralyn? I was the one who dispatched those thugs! It has nothing to do with Sheralyn! Kill me if you dare!"

"I much prefer torturing someone rather than killing him." Gwendolyn pursed her lips, grinning. "I told you I'll make you pay for everything you did twofold if you mess with me again, and yet..."

As she paused, a bodyguard brought her a chair. Then, she sat in the middle of the entrance instead of entering the building.

She kept her word that she would never step foot into the Wright residence, even if Frida begged her

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"Since you were once my mother-in-law and elder, I'll let her pay your debt instead." While speaking, Gwendolyn turned her sharp gaze toward Sheralyn.

Sheralyn knew how ruthless Gwendolyn could be from her experience at the banquet. Thus, as a chill ran down her spine, she dropped her arrogance and cried out to Frida for help. "Save me, Mom! She's going to kill me!"

While Frida was restrained by a bodyguard, she could still speak, so she relentlessly cursed at and threatened Gwendolyn.

The scene was made even noisier by Sheralyn's wailing.

Gwendolyn frowned. "Shut the both of them up."

The bodyguards proceeded to stuff the two women's mouths with cleaning cloths the housekeepers used.

All that was left in the courtyard were their tiny, muffled voices.

The end of their shouting signaled the beginning of Gwendolyn's torture.

"Do you remember when you accused me of stealing jewelry and robbing the share of Wright Construction Group in my possession? Well, since everything in the courtyard has been smashed to pieces by my bodyguards, I'll let those matters go. However, don't you think I should get some payback for forcing me to kneel in the rain?" She shot a glance at the bodyguard behind Sheralyn.

In response, the bodyguard kicked the back of Sheralyn's knees.

She promptly collapsed to the ground, which was covered with tiny pebbles. As a result of the

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immense pain, she fell forward.

Her head didn't fall to the ground as the bodyguard restrained her. However, from a distance, it appeared as though she was lowering her head before Gwendolyn. Sheralyn's expression was twisted from the pain as she experienced an immeasurable humiliation.

Watching her daughter's suffering broke Frida's heart so much that she teared up. Despite the cloth in her mouth, she was still cursing at Gwendolyn, though it sounded like muffled gibberish.

"It hurts you to watch your daughter suffer, doesn't it? Gwendolyn smirked coldly. "While I was your daughter-in-law during those three years, I was once a daughter to a mother, too. Have you ever thought how much it would've broken my mother's heart when you mistreated me?"

Upon mentioning her mother, she reflexively clenched her fists to the point of hurting herself as nasty memories flooded her mind.

Moments later, she suppressed those surging emotions and gazed at the sunset on the horizon.

"It's such a shame that there's no rain today. Because of that, I can't say my revenge is complete." She fell into deep thought before her eyes suddenly glinted. "I got an idea. Go and grab some water from the pond."

The bodyguards executed her request immediately.

The housekeepers, still cowering in the corner of the garden, took in a deep breath when they heard the torture Gwendolyn was planning. However, none of them dared to protest against her.

After all, many saw how terribly Gwendolyn was mistreated back then, while those who didn't witness it personally also heard of Frida's cruel acts against her.

Not only that, they also knew Sheralyn bullied Gwendolyn often in the past.

Hence, they thought it was fair for that pair of mother and daughter to be punished like that.

Soon, the bodyguards returned with five buckets of water. There were fishes living in the pool, so when they poured the water into those buckets, they accidentally included a few shrimps and aquatic plants.

Sheralyn's eyes widened in fear when she saw that. She was sobbing and shaking her head at Gwendolyn, begging for mercy. The arrogant demeanor she usually possessed was nowhere to be found.

"Pour it on her," Gwendolyn commanded coldly, which despaired the mother and daughter.

Splash!

A bucket of pool water mercilessly spilled onto Sheralyn's head.

Her countenance turned pale as she shivered from the cold. Aquatic plants could be seen on her cheeks as the shrimps flailed on her head.

When she raised her head in that wretched state, she saw her mother weeping helplessly and Gwendolyn peering at her with ridicule.

The housekeepers she often reprimanded were also glimpsing at her in secret.

Sheralyn's pride and dignity were shattered as her heart was filled with embarrassment and humiliation.

In the end, she broke down crying.

Before the bodyguard could pour the second bucket of pool water on her, she fainted.

Upon seeing that, Gwendolyn asked the bodyguards to release her and Frida.

Frida was so worried about her daughter that she immediately rushed toward Sheralyn to check the latter's condition and even forgot to curse at Gwendolyn.

"This is just a lesson. If there's a next time, I won't stop here," Gwendolyn warned.

Then she summoned the bodyguards, preparing to head back home, as she had been mostly satisfied with her revenge.

Just as she turned around, she saw a pair of dark, gloomy eyes trained on her.

Maverick was gazing intently at her with pursed lips.