

Her Riches 29

Chapter 29 Like A Man

Upon noticing his expression, Gwendolyn guessed Maverick had also figured out who hired the thugs. Did he rush over here to confront them?

Silently, he stared at her.

Surprisingly. Noah was the first to speak. "Don't you think your methods are too cruel, Ms. Shalders?"

Yes, she's divorced now, and they did mistreat her, but does she have to torture her ex-mother- and sister-in-law like this? As he thought about that, Natasha's kind image was lifted to an even higher position in his mind. 1

Instead of retorting, she merely glanced at him before shifting her sight toward Maverick. "Do you think the same, too?"

Maverick knitted his eyebrows and was about to speak when Frida pounced toward him upon hearing the commotion at the entrance.

Then, she grumbled about Gwendolyn indignantly. "Look at what that vicious b*tch did to your sister, Maverick! She also smashed everything in the house! You must send her to prison! I want her locked there and regret her actions for the rest of her life!"

Maverick frowned even more intensely.

Everyone was waiting for him to make a decision, including Gwendolyn.

Gwendolyn appeared composed because she had a backup plan to deal with him if he decided to protect Frida and Sheralyn.

Meanwhile, Frida was getting smug again. Now that Maverick's back, he'll definitely help me out! I want to see that b*tch die a horrible death!

As everyone gazed at Maverick with their own thoughts, he strode closer to Gwendolyn.

The bodyguards were about to block his path when she gestured for them to step down.

She wanted to see what he was going to do.

With half a meter of distance left between them, he stopped, sighed, and lowered his head at her slightly. "They were the ones who attempted to harm you first, so you deserve to take revenge against them. They didn't know any better. I apologize on their behalf."

His response stunned everyone.

Even Gwendolyn was rendered speechless. I thought he would get angry or try to protect them. I certainly didn't expect him to approve my revenge and apologize to me on their behalf. This is the first time I've seen him acting like a rational, responsible man.

Frida had enough of the situation as she grabbed onto Maverick and clamored, "You are my son! How can you help that b*tch instead of me? Are you really willing to watch her kill your sister and me? How can you be so cruel? I don't care! You must account for this mess! Otherwise, I'll disown you!"

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However, Maverick remained unmoved as he allowed his mother to roar at him and tug his blue, premium suit.

It wasn't until Frida was so enraged by his inaction and tried to assault Gwendolyn that he glared at the housekeepers, who were all hiding in the corner and watching the drama unfold.

He requested. "Mrs. Wright has become delirious. Take her back to her room and call the family doctor to take a look at them."

Upon receiving his order, Noah swiftly organized the housekeepers and commanded them to drag Frida who was still yelling back into the mansion.

The housekeepers also carried Sheralyn back to her room.

The rest of the housekeepers began cleaning up the place.

The only people left outside the mansion were Maverick, Gwendolyn, and her ten bodyguards.

When Gwendolyn noticed he was staring at her for unknown reasons, she turned her countenance away in discomfort.

"I only punished them lightly because you helped me out that day. Otherwise, I would've handed the evidence to the police and sent both of them to jail." As she spoke, she pulled out the evidence and glimpsed at it. "However, I'll keep the evidence. If they piss me off again, I'll use it to put them down."

Maverick couldn't help but curve the edges of his mouth upward slightly as he stared at her sly smile. She's like a cunning little fox, devious and ruthless.

It confounded her to see him grinning.

Moments later, she put on a cold expression and warned, "You better keep a close eye on them and make sure they don't do anything irritating again. Otherwise, I'll drag you down with them next time."

Then she left with her bodyguards.

Maverick ambled past the ground, blanketed with broken porcelain pieces, to check up on Sheralyn's condition.

The family doctor had arrived and was examining her.

Frida's mood had stabilized significantly, though she was still sobbing quietly beside her daughter's bed.

When she saw her son stepping into the room, she pulled the edge of his shirt and pointed at Sheralyn's kneecap in anguish.

Sheralyn's knee which used to be fair had turned purple with black, bruising spots. As for the swelling, it had reached the height of a finger.

"Look at how injured your sister is! Don't you feel heartbroken at all to see this? I never stopped treating her as my beloved, precious baby from childhood to adulthood. How will she endure this humiliation brought on by that b*tch's torture? If you don't avenge her, she'll die from a mental breakdown! Are you truly willing to watch your sister die?" the older woman rambled aggrievedly as

tears streamed down her cheeks. As his mother, I know the last thing he wants to see is me feeling aggrieved. Gwendolyn has gone way overboard this time! I must punish that b*tch! I refuse to let this slide!

Still keeping his silence, Maverick pursed his lips and gazed at his sister's damaged knee as though he was thinking about something through her.

Before he arrived, he asked the housekeepers about the jewelry theft and learned that Frida intentionally framed Gwendolyn for the crime.

He was unaware of the details when he first learned the story because he was busy working overtime at the office.

Discovering the truth afflicted him emotionally. Is that why she had been so unhappy in the Wright family that she ultimately chose to divorce me?

The scene of Gwendolyn's petite and stubborn figure kneeling in the rain suddenly emerged in his mind. If Sheralyn's knee became as swollen as this after only kneeling for a short while, I wonder what

Gwendolyn's knees looked like that day. Yet, she never once complained about the mistreatment she had received since she married me.

"Did you hear what I said, Maverick?" Frida shook his arm, pulling him out of his thoughts.

"Don't forget that your father entrusted your sister and me to you back then! Now that your grandfather is gone, and you've become the head of the Wright family, you can't just leave the both of us to our fates!" Since acting pitifully didn't work for her son, she decided to remind him of his responsibility and promise. I refuse to believe he'll still try to protect that b*tch after this!

Maverick turned to her and questioned, "How about you tell me a few instances of when and how both of

you bullied Gwendolyn?"

That response stunned Frida because she didn't expect he would care about that.

"Those are in the past! Besides, you've divorced her already. Why does it matter to you? Additionally, as her mother-in-law, there's nothing wrong with me lecturing her! I can't believe that b*tch had the gall to complain about it to you! She's truly an incompetent and useless w*nch who doesn't deserve to be part of this family!"

Just as she finished speaking, she noticed the scowl on his face and changed the topic guiltily. "My good son, look at how badly bruised my arm and your delicate sister are! Does it not pain you to see us getting bullied?"

"Fine." The edges of Maverick's lips curved upward, though the look in his eyes remained cold. "I know what I should do now."

Joyously, Frida held onto his arm tight. "Really?"