

Her Riches 50

Chapter 50 A Taste of Her Own Medicine.

Natasha felt uneasy and quickly changed into dark-colored clothing at that thought. Then, she went out and hailed a taxi after putting on a mask.

On the other hand, Maverick walked out of the bathroom after a shower. The video of Gwendolyn dancing to “*Lover*” kept lingering in his mind.

He felt slightly frustrated and thought he wouldn’t have helped her if he had known it would be so tiring.

While lying on his bed, Gwendolyn filled his thoughts, especially her clear and strong-willed eyes. It left an indelible impression on him.

Also, he felt she looked somewhat familiar.

Maverick thought of something and gave Gwendolyn a call after much deliberation.

He wanted to clarify something.

However, Gwendolyn didn’t pick up the first call.

When the second call was dialed, he received a voice message that said the phone was not in service.

Does she hate me so much?

Annoyed and frustrated, Maverick tossed his phone aside and went to sleep.

Meanwhile, Natasha took a taxi and arrived at an abandoned hut in the suburban area.

There, Stella stood outside waiting for her.

Natasha was taken aback after she saw the injuries on Stella's face and body after she approached the latter.

"What happened? How did you get injured?"

Lowering her head, no expression could be detected on Stella's face. "On the way here, that woman resisted desperately, so there was a minor car accident. Also, I made a mistake with the dosage for the injection. She-

"I'll take a look inside."

Stella stopped her. "Is Ms. Ferguson aware that you came alone tonight?"

Displeased, Natasha's expression immediately darkened.

Eloise had always bossed Natasha around because she had a higher social status than the latter. Now that Eloise had gone back to Salinsburgh, Natasha found it ridiculous the people working for the former still tried to keep her in check.

Eloise and I are working together. I'm not her subordinate Why do I have to report everything to her?

Natasha's anger surged the more she thought about it. Glaring at Stella, she said, "She brought you here to work for her. Now that she's not in Fairlake, you only need to follow my orders. Do you

understand?"

Stella dropped her head even lower. "Yes."

“Buzz off now that your mission is accomplished.”

“Understood.” Stella answered. Yet, she merely stood there.

There was only a flickering kerosene lamp outside the abandoned house, making it impossible to see Stella’s expression on her injured face.

Seeing Stella remain still like a pillar, Natasha was annoyed. “Don’t you understand what I just said?”

“Right away.” Before she left. Stella whipped out a phone from her pocket and handed it to Natasha. “This is that woman’s phone. Someone called her earlier, but I was scared it would affect your plan, so I turned on airplane mode.”

“I got it.” Natasha then took over the phone, looking arrogant.

She turned on Gwendolyn’s phone screen after Stella left and looked at the phone number.

With just a glance, Natasha’s eyes reddened in an instant.

She could recognize this number even though it was not saved under Gwendolyn’s contacts.

Why did Maverick call Gwendolyn this late at night? I’ve returned from abroad for so long, yet Maverick never took the initiative to see me, not even once. He has never prioritized me. Why? I’m his fiancée, and this woman is just the third party trying to ruin our relationship!

Natasha got more infuriated the more she thought about it. The anger and viciousness in her eyes were undisguised.

Furious, she lifted Gwendolyn’s phone and wanted to smash it to pieces.

However, she stopped in her tracks midway.

A great idea suddenly flashed through her mind.

Then, she went to the home screen of Gwendolyn's phone and sent a message to Maverick.

After she was done, she smashed the phone to the ground. However, she was still furious, so she stepped on it with her high heels and stopped after the phone screen completely shattered.

Natasha retracted her gaze and looked at the abandoned house as she swore to teach Gwendolyn a lesson tonight.

She stretched out her hand and pushed open the door at that thought. The house was pitch black, with no light at all.

What's going on? Why didn't Stella leave behind a kerosene lamp after she brought Gwendolyn here?

She took two steps in suspiciously, and the thick dust in the house made her cough.

It was too dark to see anything.

Natasha started to panic and wanted to go out to ask for a kerosene lamp from Stella.

Suddenly, the door was slammed shut behind her.

Sensing something was amiss, Natasha followed the sound and rushed to the door. With all her strength, she banged on it. "Who's there? Who's outside? Stella? Is that you, Stella? Quickly open the door!"

However, to her dismay, it was dead silent outside the door to the point she felt a chill run down her spine.

Taking a deep breath, Natasha tried to stay calm. Then, she turned around and tentatively yelled, "Gwendolyn? Are you here, Gwendolyn?"

No matter how hard she cried, there was no reply.

Realizing she might be the only one in the house, Natasha was on the verge of breaking down.

Is this Gwendolyn's doing? Stella works for Eloise, so why would she help Gwendolyn harm me? Did Eloise and Gwendolyn join forces?

"No! That's impossible."

Confused, she gripped her head with her hands and squatted on the ground, making herself as small as possible as her whole body trembled.

The endless darkness brought her fear and despair.

Just then, footsteps could be heard from outside the door.

Hope flickered in Natasha's heart. She immediately rushed toward the door and banged on it. "Who's outside? Let me out now! Open the door!"

All of a sudden, the door opened.

A tall figure walked in against the backlight, followed by a second, third, and many more.

These were the men she hired to deal with Gwendolyn.

Natasha dashed toward the door for the light but was unfortunately stopped by the strong man in the

lead.

“You got the wrong person! I’m not the one you’re looking for. I’m not Gwendolyn! Ah!”

Slap!

What she got in response was a slap.

She couldn’t withstand it and was thrown to the ground. Half of her face swelled up quickly, and two teeth were loosened from the aftermath of the slap.

It hurts!

Natasha sprawled on the ground and spat out blood. Still, she insisted on explaining. “I’m not the one you’re looking for! I’m being serious! I was the one who hired you. How can you treat me this way?”

A man grabbed her by her hair from behind before he could finish. He exerted so much strength that Natasha felt her scalp was about to be ripped off. Tear flowed down her cheeks as she wailed

hysterically in pain.

“Really! I-I’m not-

The man slapped her again and laughed loudly. “I’ve seen people begging for mercy, but I’ve never seen someone put on an act like you, Tonight, we will each you a lesson!”

The door was closed and locked, and about a dozen men surrounded her.

Soon, beating sounds and Natasha’s agonized screams could be heard from the house.

Gwendolyn was leaning against a tree in the distance While Stella stood quietly by her side.

A large cluster of stars could be seen right above their heads.

The night sky looked exceptionally beautiful tonight

It was a pity the ear-piercing howls ruined the mood,

Satisfied, Gwendolyn was ready to go home, leaving Natasha behind to get a taste of her own medicine.

“Here, Boss!”

Suddenly, Noah’s voice could be heard from the pathway, followed by the sound of running feet.

Gwendolyn quickly hid as the sounds got closer to them.

She observed the situation from behind a big tree and saw the person who came in a hurry was Maverick.