

## Her Riches 53

### Chapter 53 She Is Ruthless

Each banner had one sentence. The first one read: Making the situation worse for yourself.

The second one was: Shooting yourself in the foot.

They were obviously accusing her of reaping what she had sown.

+25 Bonus

Infuriated by what she saw, Natasha felt her body ache all over as intense hatred brimmed in her eyes.

As for Jerome, his face darkened upon reading them too.

Only Madelyn sniggered in response, relishing in schadenfreude.

However, her response attracted the gazes of the other two. Natasha was even more outraged that her face reddened like a tomato.

With an awkward smile, Madelyn commented, "Hmph, I can't believe that woman. She clearly doesn't have

any respect for the Mossey family at all. Darling if you don't teach her a lesson, I can't imagine what other outrageous actions she'll take the next time!"

Just as she spoke, a knock was heard on the door.

A man in a uniform opened the door slightly and asked, "May I know if this is Ms. Natasha Mossey's ward?"

After the few of them exchanged glances, Madelyn asked, "What is it?"

"Someone by the name of Ms. Gwendolyn Shalders has ordered customized flower wreaths for Ms. Mossey."

No sooner had he finished than the man waved behind him.

Thereafter, a group of workers carried huge flower wreaths into the ward under the curious gazes of the Mossey family.

Soon, the entire room was filled with thirty-two flower wreaths that were laid out in front of Natasha.

"This... isn't it too..."

Before Madelyn could say anything snarky, Jerome shot her a glare, causing her to cover her mouth.

Once the delivery men completed their task, they bowed cordially. "Please enjoy the flowers. We hope that you'll patronize our services again."

After cursing me to my death, what makes you think there's a next time? Gwendolyn is really ruthless!

Natasha felt as if her heart was about to explode.

"Get out! All of you-" Her next words were swallowed by a bout of coughing.

Ali she could think of was throwing the wreaths at the faces of the men. Unfortunately, she still couldn't move due to the surgery and could only glare at them in fury.

That b\*tch is just too much! Not only did she send me banners to gloat but also wreaths as a curse to me!

“B\*tch! B\*tch! Throw them out! Throw them all out!” Another violent fit of coughing interrupted her words.

With her lungs on the brink of implosion, she could barely catch her breath when she caught a glimpse of the picture among the wreaths.

Gwendolyn had taken an embarrassing photo of her when her dress was torn at the banquet.

She’s really cruel!

Memories of how she was humiliated at the dinner and ridiculed online flooded back into her mind..

“Ah! I’m going to kill you!”

With her teeth gritted behind her swollen lips, Natasha was rendered unconscious by her overwhelming rage.

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn chose to leave the hospital via the emergency exit instead of the front door. Just as she was walking along the corridor, she felt someone grab her wrist.

It was none other than Maverick who had caught up with her.

In response, Gwendolyn’s bodyguards were about to take action when she stopped them.

“It’s fine. Why don’t you guys take a break, but don’t go too far.”

When the bodyguards were finally out of sight, Gwendolyn shook off Maverick’s hand before rubbing her wrist in a nonchalant manner. “Whatever questions you have, fire away.”

With deeply furrowed brows and a grim look on his face, Maverick began to speak, but it was unexpectedly not about Natasha.

“Who are those two men? Bodyguards? Who do they work for? Treyton or Joaquin?”

Gwendolyn was stunned by the barrage of questions Did he come all this way just to ask that?

Feeling curious, she replied snarkily, “They’re mine.”

Yours? Lovers? Two of them?

Maverick’s face reddened from the outrage he felt. “Do you know what you’re doing? Where is your sense of decency?”

Is this what he perceives as a lack of decency?

Gwendolyn sneered, “Mr. Wright, have you forgotten that both of us are divorced? How are my affairs. any of your business? What right do you have to be jealous?”

“Who says I’m jealous?”

He was stumped when Gwendolyn’s words struck a nerve.

Unable to rebut, Maverick had no choice but to change the topic. “You sent me a message last night. What’s the meaning of that?”

“What message?”

Maverick stared intently at her in an attempt to discern if she was telling the truth.

“Were you responsible for Tasha being beaten up and almost raped?”

+25 Bonus

Letting out a chuckle, Gwendolyn locked gazes with him. Her lips abruptly curled into a smirk.

“What do you think?”

Subsequently, she turned around and walked away, leaving him with a glimpse of a haughty silhouette. At the very last moment, she added, “You had better show your fiancée more concern. With her weak mental constitution, she’s probably in a terrible state right now.”

Just as Maverick wanted to approach her again, he was stopped by the bodyguards.

“Boss.”

Coincidentally, the solemn-looking Noah found Maverick.

Stopping his pursuit of Gwendolyn, Maverick turned around and headed to the empty smoking room on the fifth floor.

“There’s something strange about this incident. The moment our men began the investigations, the perpetrators destroyed all the evidence, as if they were expecting us. In the end, we didn’t find anything and have no leads so far...”

Cognizant of the sensitivity of what he was about to say, Noah paused abruptly to scan his surroundings.

Maverick, holding a cigarette between his lips, threw him a quick glance to signal him to go ahead.

Noah steeled himself and continued, "Mr. Harris of Angle and Mr. Joaquin of the Zipper family both have the ability to be one step ahead of us and destroy the evidence swiftly. Also, both of them are close to Ms. Shalders..."

He was implying that he suspected Gwendolyn.

Maverick narrowed his eyes upon hearing the report

When I asked her about the message, she clearly looked like she had no clue about it. But when I questioned if she was responsible for Natasha getting hurt, she then behaved as if she was aware.

"There's more to this than meets the eye." Maverick stubbed out his cigarette.

"But..."

Noah was adamant that his suspicions were on the ball. "Perhaps it's a straightforward matter, but you're just being biased?"

Maverick's eyes darkened as he shot Noah a glare, causing the latter to instantly lower his head in silence.

"If Tasha and Gwendolyn were to switch places, who would you side with?"

Without a second of hesitation, Noah replied, "Ms. Mossey, of course. There's no way someone as kind and innocent as she is would commit such an insidious act. As for Gwendolyn, I have seen how ruthless she can be against her enemies."

The furrow of his brows deepened as Maverick scrutinized him. "The way you talk about Tasha..."

“Boss, don’t worry. All I have for her is respect because she’s your fiancée. That’s the only reason I’m defending her,” Noah explained before Maverick could finish, lowering his head respectfully.

Maverick continued to observe him with an emotionless expression as if he could read the latter’s mind.

Unsettled by the intensity of the attention, Noah bowed his head further.

“Find out who Tasha has spoken to and exchanged messages with over the last few days. Also, with regards to the previous incident I ordered you to investigate, I want to see results in three days.”

Maverick’s words caused Noah to clench his fists.

Ms. Mossey is clearly the victim here. It’s really disappointing that Boss insists on investigating her.

Despite his reluctance, Noah obeyed cordially. “Understood.”

Once he was gone, Maverick made a phone call.

With his eyes weighed down by a sullen look, he spoke in a deep voice. “Zachary, I need you to investigate something.”