

Her Riches 58

Chapter 58 Trending

Panicking, Joanne urged, "Go on Twitter and look at the news!"

"I'm driving, but what's on Twitter?" Gwendolyn asked helplessly. "If it's not an urgent matter, then I'll be hanging up. We'll talk again when I return to the company."

"No, no! Don't end the call!" Joanne stopped her anxiously. "The trending topic is not good for you. You should..."

While Joanne was still rambling, Gwendolyn tuned her out as her attention was now on the large screen downtown.

On the screen, the Mossey family's lady of the house, who was also Natasha's mother in name, Madelyn, was being interviewed outside of a ward. She had tears and snot on her face as she complained about Gwendolyn's poor behavior.

The interview immediately captured Gwendolyn's interest as she glanced at the time and parked her car in a vacant parking space.

It's still early, anyway. I might as well see what the Mossey family's up to.

"This ex-wife of Mr. Wright not only sent a banner with mocking words on them to my daughter but also a wreath to wish for my daughter's early death. How could this woman be so cruel!"

Madelyn pretended to wipe her tears before continuing, "Because of that, my poor daughter was enraged that she fainted again. Her injuries from being beaten so badly had not even healed yet. My daughter clearly did nothing wrong. She was only misunderstood at the banquet, but I didn't think that woman would be this narrow-minded as to seek revenge! Such vile behavior should be exposed! Everyone needs to see her true color!"

No longer in the mood to see what Madelyn had to say, Gwendolyn scoffed before driving to Angle Corporation.

Since she was not responsive to Joanne, the latter had already hung up the phone.

Once she arrived at the company, she skillfully drifted her car to the parking lot. Then, she entered the building with a cold face.

There were people gathering at the main hall, but when Gwendolyn arrived, one of them spotted her and instantly whispered something to the others, causing them to disperse.

Gwendolyn did not notice them pointing fingers at her as she made a beeline to her office.

Joanne, who was already waiting in the office, anxiously approached Gwendolyn upon seeing the latter.

“You’re finally back, Ms. Shalders! Have you seen the news? The situation keeps getting worse!”

As she said that, she showed Gwendolyn a page on the tablet.

Madelyn’s interview caused an uproar on the internet and many netizens discussed this issue.

There were mixed reactions from the public. A huge part of them was sensible enough to defend Gwendolyn, but that did not last long as hate comments flooded the comment section.

Needless to say, the hate comments were from the ghostwriters hired by Natasha.

It seemed she had learned her lesson from her experience, as this time, she was smart enough to use the ghostwriters to invoke pity and win sympathy from the public, putting Gwendolyn in a disadvantageous position.

“Disregarding the issue, Gwendolyn put the tablet down and continued to make preparations for the

girl group show.

“Ms. Shalders, are you really not going to handle this?” asked Joanne cautiously.

“Don’t worry about it; just carry on doing your duties on hand,” Gwendolyn replied without even raising her head.

A matter as small as this doesn’t deserve even an ounce of my attention. I want to see how far Natasha can go with this.

Studying Gwendolyn’s cold demeanor, Joanne heaved a sigh silently before exiting the office. wordlessly.

Since the boss doesn’t even want to acknowledge this affair might as well just do my work.

Meanwhile, when Madelyn’s interview ended and when the reporters left the hospital, the initially wailing Madelyn instantly stopped acting. Instead, glont replaced her expression.

She had always despised the mistress’ daughter. When Natasha joined the Mossey family, Madelyn badly wished she could kill that wench.

Now that Natasha had been severely beaten, Madelyn had to get her revenge.

However, Inez was still in a coma to date, and Natasha was the only heiress after the former.

In order to secure the most coveted family-the Mossey family-before Inez regained consciousness, Madelyn had to pretend as if she doted on Natasha in front of the whole world, which was disgusting

to her.

As she thought of this, her hatred toward Natasha increased.

Staring at the woman's sickly figure on the bed, she felt even more gleeful as a delightful smile appeared on her face.

She then turned around, trying to reach for her phone, only to be caught off guard upon noticing Maverick standing at the door.

"Um, come in, Mr. Wright. Don't just stand there," uttered Madelyn, no longer able to keep the smile on her face.

How long has he been standing there? Did he see my expression just now?

"Poor child. Why didn't she say anything about this? She was even humiliated by that b*tch. I'm glad she has you here," stated Madelyn, forcing out a tear or two.

Seeing the usual expression on the man's face, Madelyn breathed a sigh of relief while wiping her tears.

"Have your time. I'll not bother you lovers."

"Okay," said Maverick, entering the ward.

The initially idle Natasha happily sat up when she spotted the man, but she accidentally moved the needle in her hand, causing her to gasp in pain.

Even so, she had to control her expression to maintain her image.

Be careful."

Maverick approached her and took a seat in the chair next to the bed.

"I'm glad I have you, Mave, or else I don't know what to do." She leaned toward Maverick a bit, seemingly on the verge of tears.

Maverick avoided her discreetly and asked in concern "How are you? Have your injuries recovered?"

"I feel much better."

Acting shy, Natasha leaned toward the man again.

"I have things to do, so I'll be taking my leave. Rest well." Maverick pried her hands off him and got to his feet, getting ready to leave.

"Mave! Please stay a bit longer with me!"

Natasha quickly grabbed hold of his arm. Tears welled up in her eyes, making her seem pitiful.

"I saved you from a car accident thirteen years ago, and I've expected nothing in return," she uttered emotionally, never letting go of his arm.

Maverick stood there silently. What she said also brought the memory back to him.

Somebody had plotted that car accident due to the Wright family's conflict. Maverick had suffered severe injuries because he was crushed under a car, nearly causing his death.

He was rescued by a girl, but unfortunately, he did not see her face as he was semiconscious. All he noticed were her pure eyes.

As he recalled that pair of pure eyes, his expression softened,

pen.

Just then, Natasha grabbed a fountain pen placed on the pillow's side and clutched it in her hand.

That was a handmade and rare luxury pen, with Maverick's name engraved on the cap of the

The pen did not seem old and broken. One could tell how cherished it was at first glance.

The barrel of the pen was slightly peeled off, though, which was possibly caused by the owner using the pen.

"You gifted me this pen, and I brought it along with me when I went abroad. These past three years, there was never a day this pen was not with me," Natasha remarked with sentiment as she caressed the pen gently.

"Every time I thought about you, I'd take it out to look at it."

Maverick's expression softened as he heard that. He had always felt guilty about his father sending Natasha abroad for three years.

Tenderness filled his initially dark eyes. "Rest well, and don't think too much. I'll help you with this."

Moved by his words. Natasha nodded, no longer panicking. "Okay, I believe you!"

On the other side, Noah was waiting outside the ward. There was no other presence in the corridor, so it was extremely silent that only his breathing could be heard.

When he spotted Maverick coming out of the ward, he politely handed a document to the latter.

“Boss, I’m done investigating what you asked me to.”