

## **Her Riches 59**

### **Chapter 59 I Do Not Cower**

“Well done,” Maverick praised, even though his gaze was unfathomable.

As Maverick read the documents, Noah stared at him and explained confidently, “As you asked me to investigate the event that year, I found that Ms. Mossey’s route was indeed in line with when that car accident happened. Meaning to say, she’s undoubtedly your savior thirteen years ago.”

With slightly furrowed brows, Maverick studied the documents, his expression unreadable.

“There’s also another thing,” Noah informed, but he hesitated to continue.

Upon noticing that, Maverick demanded, “Speak.”

“I’ve managed to find something regarding Ms. Mossey’s attack. It’s attached at the back of the document.”

Hearing that, Maverick flipped to the back of the document to see a few photos attached there.

As he studied them, his brows knitted together once again.

There was a Volkswagen Santana in the photos. He could recognize that vehicle anywhere and everywhere, regardless of the condition of the car.

At the thought of that, he was filled with rage as he locked down in frustration.

The rest of the photos were more or less similar. Only the last one was different.

In the photo, a few figures could be seen in the dark night. Upon closer inspection, Maverick could make out one of them to be Gwendolyn.

“According to these photos and the information I managed to gather regarding Ms. Shalders on that day, she was indeed present at the scene of Ms. Mossey’s attack. Also, look at this one.” Noah pointed at – one of the photos before continuing. “It seems here she was making a deal with someone. If I’m not mistaken, the person standing beside her is Treyton’s assistant, Elisha. It’s highly likely that Gwendolyn asked Treyton to do this. No matter the outcome, Gwendolyn definitely has something to do with this.”

Maverick did not show any emotions; he just stared at the photos.

“I can’t believe Ms. Mossey’s treated like this when she’s such a soft and kind person. I never thought Gwendolyn was this vicious!”

Clenching his fists, Noah added, “You have to teach Gwendolyn a lesson for Ms. Mossey, Boss! Avenge her!”

Maverick looked at Noah’s ardent expression and nodded.

“Okay, we’ll get back to this.”

Once again, he turned indifferent, making him hard to read.

The next day, things were hectic at the hospital again.

Knowing she was going to get interviewed, Natasha got ready early in the morning and leaned against the head of the bed.

“I’m aware that by accepting to be interviewed at this juncture, some people might doubt my intentions and push me into the storm.”

Pretending to put up a strong front, she continued, "But I want to make it clear about the relationship between Mr. Wright from Wright Construction Group and me. We're childhood sweethearts, and we've adored each other since we were young. However, we were forced to separate due to some reasons. I don't know what happened here while I was away, but I can confidently tell everyone that I definitely am not a home wrecker. I didn't destroy his marriage with Gwendolyn."

Tears welled up in her eyes, but she gritted her teeth trying to keep them from falling.

The sounds of the reporters pressing the shutters filled the air, and the camera flashes were so dazzling that Natasha nearly let her expression slip, but she dared not do that.

After all, she had to keep playing this pitiful act to win the public's sympathy.

"We have some questions, Ms. Mossey. Is it all right for you to answer us?" asked a reporter, putting the microphone in front of her.

Natasha nodded, trying to appear elegant. "Yes, I'll try my best to answer you."

"Earlier, you said that you and Mr. Wright adore each other, but why weren't you the one married to him? What happened between you two? Where were you during his wedding with Gwendolyn? Why didn't you show up to protest?"

"Also, just how did you get your injuries? Did it happen because someone took revenge on you for being a mistress? Care to explain to us?"

"Another thing-

"Enough!" Natasha shouted, displeasure written all over her face.

They're so relentless! They don't even care I'm injured!

As that thought crossed her mind, she was so furious she wanted to vomit blood.

Realizing that she had lost her composure, she let out a light cough. "I'm sorry, but I don't feel well. Let's end the interview here."

After saying that, she shut her eyes, making it clear that she was done.

"I think that's enough for today. Natasha needs rest. If you have any questions, you can come to me."

Madelyn led the reporters out of the ward, facing them in the corridor.

"The questions you asked just now concern the privacy of my daughter and Mr. Wright, as well as our whole family. Hence, we refuse to answer any of that. I hope you understand," Madelyn stated in an icy voice.

"What about the issue regarding Ms. Mossey's attack?"

"We already found evidence about that, and it proved that Gwendolyn was involved in it."

Grabbing the microphone, Madelyn added, "How dare she lay a hand on the Mosseys' heiress? We'll certainly avenge Natasha!"

"Would you share the evidence with us?" a reporter asked, causing Madelyn to furrow her brows.

"We've handed it over to the police. The truth will come to light soon enough."

Noticing Madelyn's unwillingness to disclose more information, the reporters stopped asking questions and ended the interview.

In the meantime, Gwendolyn was driving her new car-Volkswagen Passat-to work while listening to the whole interview. She had a sneer on her face.

That hypocritical mother-and-daughter duo acted so disgustingly, but I'll play their games until the end.

Once she passed the crossroad, she spotted Joanne standing under a road signboard. The latter was looking around, seemingly anxious.

Hitting the brake in front of Joanne, Gwendolyn rolled down the window and raised an eyebrow. "Do you need a ride?"

"No, I purposely waited for you here because I knew you'd pass this path on the way to work. You're still trending, and the public is still talking about you. Reporters and netizens are blocking the company's door, demanding an explanation from you. This is worse than the last time. I think it's best that you return home instead of turning up at the company. Wait until it's safe for you to go," she informed worriedly.

"No, I don't cower," Gwendolyn refused as she restarted the engine.

Seeing that, Joanne felt her heart jump to her throat.

"Why are you going there, Ms. Shalders?" Joanne knocked on the car window desperately, trying to stop the other woman.

"I'm giving them what they want."

As soon as her words fell, she stepped on the pedal, making the car fly forward.

The impact caused dust to fill the air, causing Joanne to cough as tears slid down her cheeks.

When she regained her senses, the Volkswagen Passat was no longer in sight.

“Oh, no. She’s going to face them alone. What should I do?” Joanne exclaimed in despair.