

Her Riches 61

Chapter 61 Her Weakness

“What’s the matter?”

“Where were you on March fourteenth thirteen years ago? Have you been to Saffron Street in Fairlake?”

“I don’t remember.” Gwendolyn turned away, still maintaining a cold and distant demeanor.

It’s been such a long time. How could I possibly still remember?

“All right, then let me rephrase my question.”

Maverick wasn’t annoyed. He continued to ask patiently. “Do you remember a car accident that happened thirteen years ago on March fourteenth? Three people died at the scene, and only a little boy in the back seat survived. A girl saved him.”

Why would he ask such a question?

Could that little boy be him?

Gwendolyn gazed at Maverick’s inquisitive eyes, and a part of her memory was awakened. Then, in a trance, she recalled some fragmented images.

She did save someone by chance that year, but it was purely coincidental.

She didn’t bother to remember it at all.

Moreover, she had come to Fairlake that year due to a crucial matter involving the privacy of the Harris family, so she had no intention of telling Maverick, nor did she want him to continue investigating.

The matter was too dangerous, and she didn't want anyone else to get involved.

"No, I don't," Gwendolyn replied coldly. "If you don't have any other questions, I'll be on my way now."

Maverick instinctively reached out to stop her, but her cold gaze pierced him, causing him to withdraw his hand midway in the air.

"Mr. Wright, don't forget that you're Natasha's fiancé Please show more concern for your fiancée, who is still recovering from her injuries in bed."

Gwendolyn mocked him relentlessly, then unlocked the door and went out.

As she turned around, she noticed Maverick's eyes showed a faint disappointment.

Although it was not obvious and lasted only a moment, she still managed to catch it.

What is he disappointed about?

Gwendolyn was perplexed but didn't pay much attention to it.

At that moment, Maverick was merely an acquaintance to her who did not affect her pace to make something of herself in the world.

Gwendolyn gathered her thoughts, gracefully tucking her hair behind her ear. Maverick didn't stop her, so she casually opened the private room door.

As soon as Gwendolyn stepped out, she met Noah's unfriendly gaze.

Noah stared at her, his face filled with righteous indignation as he spoke.

“Boss has already gathered all the evidence. The truth about you bullying Ms. Mossey will soon be revealed! When that happens, he won’t let you off easily!”

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“Are you done?”

Gwendolyn glanced at him, the corner of her mouth lifting into a provoking smile. “Well then, bring it on. I look forward to it.”

Her petite frame exuded an incredibly imposing aura novelbin

Noah gazed at Gwendolyn’s smiling eyes and unconsciously took a few steps back.

Gwendolyn then walked off briskly in her high heels,

In the vast dining hall, only the echo of her footsteps remained.

“How strange.”

Noah was entirely puzzled by his recent display of fear toward her.

It had been two days since Maverick set the five-day deadline.

Various media outlets were paying close attention to this matter and were continuously publishing all sorts of speculations.

Gwendolyn completely ignored the negative comments and focused wholeheartedly on preparing for the girl group talent show. She paid no attention to the malicious remarks made about her.

“Ms. Shalders, here are the filming set coordination documents. Please give them a final review,” Joanne said as she placed a folder beside her.

“All right. Leave it here. I’ll let you know when I’m done with them.”

Gwendolyn’s gaze never left the computer screen as her fingers nimbly danced across the keyboard.

Joanne hesitated momentarily before interrupting her. “Ms. Shalders, could you spare a moment? Did you really not read the comments online?”

“I read some of it.”

Gwendolyn glanced briefly at Joanne and returned to the task at hand.

“But then why are you still...” Joanne became even more confused.

“Why am I still so calm?” Gwendolyn closed her laptop lid, leaned back in her chair, and began to explain to her. “It was Mr. Wright who said to all the reporters he would give a proper explanation to the public, so I’m curious to see what he can come up with. Besides, even though those comments are causing a commotion, I haven’t been substantially affected, have I?”

“But-”

“There’s nothing to worry about. Just do your job. The talent show is about to start filming soon, so your workload will only be more.”

Joanne knew her boss was no ordinary person, so she kept quiet and continued her work.

While Gwendolyn was working hard to build up her career, in a hospital several kilometers away from Angle, Natasha was in bed, feeling bored and aimlessly scrolling through her phone.

Her injuries had recovered significantly, and she had been browsing various social media platforms the past few days, monitoring the malicious speculations about Gwendolyn by the media. Occasionally, she would hire some trolls to stir up the comments section.

As she observed the comments that praised her and mocked Gwendolyn greatly outweighed those that defended Gwendolyn, she felt an immense sense of satisfaction in her heart.

She was browsing through Twitter when a message popped up, causing her smile to freeze instantly on her face.

“Ms. Mossey, Boss hasn’t made any significant moves these past couple of days, nor has he assigned me any tasks, so I really don’t know what he’s planning to do.”

Ever since Noah agreed to help her, he had been diligently keeping an eye on Maverick’s every move for her.

As soon as there was the slightest hint of movement, he would immediately report it to her.

Maverick’s lack of action only served to arouse her suspicions.

“Got it. Thank you, Noah,” she replied sweetly with a voice message to Noah.

When Noah heard Natasha’s voice, he felt increasingly honored and astonished, which only strengthened his resolve to help her and ensure that Gwendolyn received the punishment she deserved.

Natasha, feeling agitated, turned off her phone and leaned back on her bed. Then, after pondering for a while, she turned it back on and made a call.

“Hey, how are you doing?”

Eloise’s languid and coy voice came through the phone.

“Thanks to you, I’m still lying in the hospital,” Natasha said coldly. “What do we do now?”

Eloise admired her freshly done nails for a moment before replying lazily, “Don’t worry. I’ve already found her weakness. I’ll send her to meet her maker tonight.”

“Really?” Natasha asked uncertainly. “I’ve already fallen into her trap twice. With the lessons learned from before, you must be careful.”

“Wasn’t it because of your stupidity that we failed last time?” Eloise raised her voice. “If it weren’t for you, how could there be any mistakes, let alone getting yourself involved.”

Natasha was furious, but she couldn’t vent her anger. Instead, she clenched her teeth and hung up

the

phone, then secretly added this offense to Gwendolyn.

“Just wait. Let’s see how long you can keep laughing.”

Natasha tossed her phone onto the bed, her expression fierce and gloomy.

The preparation for the girl group talent show was almost ending.

+25 Bonus

After Gwendolyn finished the last coordination tasks in the afternoon, she remotely supervised the first day of the recording of the program via video conference.

These few projects are going very smoothly. Gwendolyn nodded in satisfaction before ending the video conference.

She had already arranged for staff to supervise the recording site, so she would be notified immediately if something came up.

Right then, her phone rang, and it was a call from the person in charge of the filming set.

“Ms. Shalders, we have an emergency! One of the contestants, Jennifer, has gone missing!”