

Her Riches 62

Chapter 62 Goodbye To The World

Gwendolyn's pupils constricted. "Jennifer is missing?"

"Yes, Ms. Shalders. And this is no ordinary breach of contract or withdrawal. There must be something fishy going on. Jennifer was in great shape before the recording and got along well with the other contestants. She can't possibly leave suddenly without saying a word."

time

"Understood. Proceed with the filming and try not to let the news spread. Reach out to me at any if there's anything else." Gwendolyn organized everything calmly. "I'll handle the investigation of this matter. We need to keep things stable at the film set."

She hung up the phone and furrowed her brows, deep in thought. Then, after a moment, she decided to call the number at the bottom of her contact list.

"Boss..." The person at the other end of the phone was stunned. "Is it really you?"

"It's me," Gwendolyn replied succinctly.

The person on the other end immediately became excited. Even through the phone, one could feel the person's shock and joy.

Boss, it's been six or seven years since we last heard from you. Did something important come up? Shadow Bell will get it done for you!"

Shadow Bell was a mysterious organization under Gwendolyn's command, with informants spread worldwide across various industries and regions.

As long as Gwendolyn gave the order, there was no information they couldn't obtain.

“Help me find Jennifer’s whereabouts. I want the results within ten minutes. As for why I haven’t contacted you, it’s a long story. I’ll let you know when I have the time.”

Gwendolyn put down her phone, unable to hide the worry in her eyes.

Although she trusted Shadow Bell’s efficiency, the more time passed, the harder it was to predict Jennifer’s safety.

The phone rang again, and Gwendolyn glanced at the time, realizing that only eight minutes had passed.

“Boss, I’ve got the answers. Around noon, Jennifer received a phone call asking her to come outside the film set. The person on the phone claimed he had an important matter to discuss with her. After Jennifer left, she was immediately drugged and stuffed into the trunk of a car with a fake license plate. The car was seen headed toward Mount Gravel, outside of Fairlake. However, the car disappeared from the surveillance footage after passing through a tunnel. I suspect Jennifer is located near Mount Gravel, probably kidnapped. Do you want us to...” the person asked tentatively.

“All right, I understand. Thanks for your help.” Gwendolyn was incredibly calm and clear-headed.

She examined the map sent by the person and was preparing to drive to the location mentioned when her phone notification chimed twice.

It was a text message from an unknown number that read: Jennifer is in our hands. Get here within an hour or face the consequences. Remember, you must come alone. If you dare to call the police or

bring someone with you, we’ll finish her off immediately.

The unknown number sent another multimedia message, showing a photo of Jennifer tied beaten.

Gwendolyn leaned against her fiery red Volkswagen Passat, lost in thought..

The kidnappers had taken someone hostage to threaten her, yet they didn't want money deliberately emphasized that she must go alone.

and

Could it be that person from the Harris family?

She decided that it wasn't possible. That person seemed to know her very well, and how he had caused her amnesia was almost flawless. Moreover, he was unlikely to leave so many traces behind for Shadow Bell to discover.

After careful consideration, Gwendolyn was fairly certain about the mastermind's identity behind the kidnapping.

Gwendolyn turned off the navigation to Mount Gravel, made a turn on the steering wheel, and returned to Treyton's villa.

She changed out of her professional attire and put on a set of sportswear instead.

The black sportswear accentuated Gwendolyn's porcelain-like skin, while the form-fitting design perfectly outlined her graceful curves.

She tied her long hair into a high ponytail, highlighting her vibrant and dashing appearance.

"Didn't you just come back? Why are you going out again?"

When Flora heard Gwendolyn come down the stairs, she nagged her with heartfelt concern, "Ms. Harris, you've been working non-stop at the company these past few days like a spinning top. This won't do! You should be getting proper rest when you get home. After all, you can only do more things with a healthy body," Flora chattered on, but as she turned around, she saw Gwendolyn in her sportswear and was so surprised that her mouth hung wide open.

"Ms. Harris, you look so stunning in this outfit! Of course, it's different than your usual look but beautiful nonetheless!" Flora looked at Gwendolyn approvingly. "Are you going to a workout session?"

"I'm going to a fight."

Gwendolyn waved her hand.

"What? A fight?" Flora's face turned pale with shock, and she thought she must have misheard. "You're going to a fight? Can you do it?"

She looked at Gwendolyn's slender frame, and her eyes were gradually filled with concern.

"Don't worry about me."

Gwendolyn slung her bag over her shoulder and strode out. She sped along in her Volkswagen Passat as she followed the guidance of the navigation toward Mount Gravel.

Flora watched Gwendolyn's departing figure and again lamented the latter's sassiness. Then, as if

waking from a dream, Flora hurriedly informed Treyton, fearing that Gwendolyn might be at a disadvantage.

"Mr. Harris, Ms. Harris said she's going to a fight. Please put aside your work and see to it," Flora said with great concern. "What if something bad happens to Ms. Harris?"

"All right, I understand."

Treyton frowned and sighed exasperatedly.

“How’s the plan going? Has the woman been captured?” Natasha asked eagerly over the phone.

Eloise replied lazily, “Of course. After all, I was the one who arranged it. There won’t be any problems.”

When Natasha received a positive response, her mood instantly brightened. Even the constant chirping of the sparrows outside the window became much more pleasant to her.

“Have you texted that despicable woman? There won’t be any mishaps, right?”

Although Natasha felt pleased with herself, she didn’t forget the importance of meticulous planning. “What if she calls the police? Or tells Treyton? Treyton is not someone to be messed with.”

“Don’t worry. I’ve looked into it. She and this woman named Jennifer are very close friends since their time at the orphanage. She wouldn’t dare.”

Eloise wasn’t too concerned.

“I’ve already sent someone to tell her that if she dares to bring people along, we will finish the girl off. I doubt she has the guts to do that.”

Outside the ward, there was a sudden sound of footsteps. Natasha thought it was just a nurse or doctor walking in the corridor, so she didn’t pay much attention.

“If this plan succeeds, she will finally say goodbye to the world.”

Natasha was thrilled. The thought of Gwendolyn no longer being an eyesore in her presence made her want to set fireworks in celebration.

Eloise, too, felt particularly at ease. Once she got rid of Gwendolyn, who always lingered around Treyton, no one would be left to hinder her pursuit of love.

“It’s all thanks to you. Once I’m discharged from the hospital...”

Natasha was speaking enthusiastically when the door creaked open.

Maverick was standing at the doorway with a dark expression.

“Mave, why are you here?”

In a moment of panic, Natasha immediately hung up the phone.

“I was just chatting with my friend and didn’t notice you...”

She had deliberately arranged for bodyguards to stand guard outside the door so she could let down.

her guard and chat freely with Eloise without any reservations.

I wonder if Maverick overheard our conversation.