

## **Her Riches 63**

### Chapter 63 No Ordinary Woman

Maverick didn't speak, his face ashen as he looked at Natasha.

+25 Bonus

"Mave, listen..." Natasha tried helplessly to explain herself. "Please don't overthink. It was just a casual conversation."

Beads of sweat formed on Natasha's forehead, as she wasn't sure how much of her conversation with Eloise Maverick had heard. She decided to continue playing dumb.

"What are you guys up to?"

Maverick ignored her explanation. A hint of viciousness flickered in his eyes.

This gaze and his cold tone... Could it be that he heard everything?

Natasha's right hand instinctively clenched the corner of the blanket.

"What are you talking about? I was just casually chatting with my friend. Don't you trust me?"

Maverick paid no attention to Natasha's seemingly innocent gaze. His sharp eyes pierced through hers. as he uttered, "You should know that even if you don't tell me, I can still send someone to investigate. But by then, you won't get a second chance."

He gently stroked his wristwatch, his expression inscrutable. This only made Natasha even more

uneasy.

She realized she couldn't escape Maverick's interrogation about the conspiracy. She bit her lip, her eyes suddenly welling up with tears, and she began sobbing.

"Mave! It's not fair! You and Gwendolyn are already divorced, yet you still care so much about her! I've barely even been to Bay Villa, let alone lived there! I can't believe you transferred the villa to her name. She humiliated me during the Mossey Group banquet and even had someone beat me up this time. I almost lost my purity! Mave! I hate her. I really do! I just wanted to teach her a little lesson. What's wrong with that?"

Natasha threw herself into Maverick's arms and tried to act pitifully and get away with it, but he merely frowned and straightened her up.

"For the last time, where is Gwendolyn?"

Maverick frowned deeply. His tone was filled with unwavering determination that left no room for resistance.

"Mave, after all these years, am I not as important to you as that woman who has nothing to do with fiancée! you anymore?" Natasha sobbed. Her tears flowed down her cheeks mercilessly. "I am your Why are you so cruel? She's the one who caused me to lie in the hospital in pain. Do you seriously have the heart to see me suffer such injustice?"

Maverick, with a cold expression on his face, stood up. A subtle hint of exhaustion flashed through his dark eyes. It was barely noticeable to others.

"I remember you weren't like this before. I'm very disappointed in you."

Without hesitation, he strode out of the ward and left Natasha, with tear-streaked cheeks, sobbing

sorrowfully on the hospital bed.

The corridor was eerily quiet. Occasionally, nurses passed by, but their footsteps were light and swift.

Maverick walked to a deserted corner and took out his phone to make a call.

“Zachary, find out where Gwendolyn is and send the location to me within ten minutes. Be quick.”

Gwendolyn drove out of the city and took a shortcut to Mount Gravel.

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She had deliberately chosen a small road without surveillance cameras and traffic lights so she could drive as fast as possible.

The wind whistled past her ears when she rolled down her car window. It brought an immense sense of joy and excitement.

Unfortunately, this wasn't a leisurely outing. Gwendolyn had important matters to attend to and was not in the mood to appreciate the beautiful scenery of the countryside.

She slammed on the accelerator. The engine roared, and she took off.

Right then, her phone rang. She glanced at the screen before pressing her Bluetooth earpiece in a fluid motion to answer the call.

“I suppose you will be arriving soon, Ms. Shalders. Let me remind you. Turn right after exiting the tunnel. We will be waiting for you at the abandoned cabin halfway up Mount Gravel,” said the kidnapper with a low voice.

Gwendolyn glanced at the navigation and took a right turn.

A car with a fake license plate was parked at the foot of the mountain. Gwendolyn carefully compared it to the picture Shadow Bell had sent her, confirming that this was the vehicle the kidnappers had used to capture Jennifer.

Gwendolyn hid her Volkswagen Passat in a thicket and proceeded to climb the mountain alone.

The small wooden cabin was hidden deep within the forest. From a distance, it looked pretty shabby. It was more like a shed than anything else.

Gwendolyn quickened her pace and forcefully pushed open the cabin door.

“Wow, that was quick!”

The leader of the kidnappers was wearing a thick black mask, making it impossible to see the expression on his face.

Jennifer lay on the ground at his feet, covered in wounds and bruises. She seemed to have lost consciousness.

Gwendolyn saw the injuries on Jennifer’s body, and a flash of sternness flickered in her eyes.

“Let her go, and then we’ll talk.”

Gwendolyn scanned around the room. Then, she pulled out a chair, sat down, and looked at the leader unconcernedly.

The leader was infuriated by Gwendolyn’s turning the tables on him. He grabbed the unconscious Jennifer and held a knife to her throat.

“How dare you negotiate terms with me while your friend’s life is on the line? I can finish her off right now.”

“You wouldn’t dare.”

Gwendolyn stared straight into his eyes fearlessly, putting him in a sudden panic.

She looked so delicate and fragile, yet she possessed composure as if she had the support of a hundred people behind her.

The leader was perplexed.

Meanwhile, Eloise and her bodyguard, Gunnar, were hiding in the woods outside the cabin and observing the happenings in the cabin through a pair of binoculars.

The leader’s cap had a tapping device she had prepared in advance, which allowed her to hear every word of their conversation.

“She expects us to give in just like that? Dream on.”

Eloise rolled her eyes disdainfully and instructed the leader through her Bluetooth carpiece, “Don’t agree to anything! Who knows what tricks she’s trying to pull? Stand on your ground and don’t let her go no matter what.”

After he received the instructions, the leader looked at Gwendolyn with a smile.

“I can’t bear to refuse you, gorgeous, but I’m sorry. I cannot let your friend go.” The leader regarded Gwendolyn with an increasingly malicious gaze. “Why don’t you say something nice to please me? Then maybe I’ll reconsider.”

He looked at Gwendolyn, whose stunning figure couldn't be concealed even by her sportswear, and his lustful gaze shamelessly wandered from her head to her toe.

As the leader stared at her intently, Gwendolyn knew she couldn't waste more time talking to him, so she swiftly lifted her leg and delivered a powerful kick without second thoughts.

"I'll have to see if you have what it takes to defeat me."

The leader hastily extended his right arm to block the kick, but Gwendolyn's fist was already in front of his face again.

Outraged, he roared angrily, "You" ul woman! How dare you hit me? Fellas, no need to hide

anymore! Come out now and get her!"

The moment the leader finished his sentence, the already broken door of the cabin was roughly pushed open.

Four masked men in black burst through the door, rubbing their fists and palms together as they charged toward Gwendolyn.

"Perfect timing. It's been a while since I've had a good workout!"

"endolyn dashed forward with incredible speed and executed a series of swift kicks in mid-air.

In less than five minutes, all five strong men had collapsed.

Eloise had felt quite smug as she watched everything unfold through her binoculars, but her jaw dropped in shock when she saw the tragic end of the five men.

“H-How can this happen? How can she possibly defeat five men all by herself? Did the people you hired go easy on her?”

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“Ms. Ferguson, this Gwendolyn Shalders is no ordinary woman.” Gunnar’s expression was serious. “Her combat skills are strikingly similar to the world-renowned master Rory Richardson’s unique jiu-jitsu techniques. And it seems she has modified and innovated them to form a fighting style that’s even better suited for herself.”

He paused momentarily, then continued, “Ms. Richardson is quite eccentric. She only has one apprentice in her entire life. It’s said to be a man, but Gwendolyn could be Ms. Richardson’s apprentice judging by her skills. The rumor might not be true after all.”

Eloise was not ready to give up yet. She asked, “If you go against her, will you be able to defeat her?”