

Her Riches 64

Chapter 64 Many Big Shots Supporting Her

Gunnar scoffed and patted his chest confidently. “She’s just Rory Richardson’s apprentice, not Rory Richardson herself. I can defeat her with less than three moves!”

Gunnar had once achieved the title of national kickboxing champion. That was why he was hired as a bodyguard by the Ferguson Group at a high salary.

Eloise finally breathed a sigh of relief after receiving Gunnar’s guarantee.

She lifted the binoculars and continued to observe the situation inside the cabin.

She noticed several burly men struggling on the ground. It seemed that they had been overpowered by Gwendolyn again.

A kidnapper beside her picked up a knife and attempted a sneak attack. However, Gwendolyn nimbly grabbed his wrist and took him down with a skillful shoulder throw.

She then twisted his hands behind his back; followed by a kick to the back of his knee.

“Trying to launch a sneak attack on me? You’re still not qualified even with a few more years of practice.”

The force in her grip increased slightly, which caused the kidnapper to wince and keep begging her for mercy.

Eloise gritted her teeth in anger as she watched from distance. “These useless fools, they’re no match for her! Gunnar, it’s your turn! If you can’t bring her down today, consider yourself fired!”

“Yes, Ms. Ferguson.”

Gunnar rolled his sleeves and was about to run toward the cabin when his phone vibrated.

He had a glance at the screen, and suddenly his expression changed. He anxiously said, “Ms. Ferguson, our informant says there are two groups of people at the foot of the mountain now. It’s suspected to be Mr. Harris from Angle and Mr. Wright from Wright Construction Group. We should leave now!”

“No way! If I leave now, all my effort will go to waste must see that wicked woman kneeling at my feet and begging for mercy!” Eloise spat grudgingly and firmly rejected Gunnar’s suggestion.

Gunnar wished he could just carry Eloise away, but due to the difference in their status, he had no choice but to continue reasoning with her. “Think about it. In Fairlake, these two are not to be messed with! If they catch up to us and find us here, we will have a hard time explaining ourselves to them! Ms. Ferguson, if we don’t leave now, it will be too late!”

She would be consumed with rage whenever she thought of how Treyton showered Gwendolyn with ongoing care and affection. She desperately wished to tear Gwendolyn into a thousand pieces to vent her anger.

But the current situation left no room for hesitation. Eloise glared resentfully at the cabin and, with a reluctant heart, took another path down the mountain.

Meanwhile, in the wooden cabin, Gwendolyn was engaged in another round of combat with the five kidnappers. However, she deliberately waited for their attacks instead of knocking them out immediately.

After two rounds, several strong men were rolling on the ground in agony.

Gwendolyn dusted off her hands and leaned against the door as she watched them indifferently.

“Let my friend go, or your fate will be a hundred times worse than it is now. Think carefully about what you should do. I advise you to make the right decision.”

The leader panted.

If I let her go, I will not end up well either. So I might as well fight back with all I have!

He forced himself to meet her piercing gaze, picked up the fallen knife, and pressed it against Jennifer's neck.

"Think carefully, gorgeous. The girl is still with me. How about I finish her off first?"

"If you do, I will make you pay a thousand-fold, even a million-fold, in pain and suffering."

Gwendolyn's eyes flashed with a cold light, and the aura surrounding her was fierce and powerful.

The leader knew fully that she was highly skilled, so he didn't dare to act recklessly. He shrank back in fear, but the knife pressed against Jennifer's throat remained firm.

After all, this was his last lifeline. If he let go now, it would be no different than voluntarily giving up his chance to survive.

Jennifer lay unconscious still, yet her brows remained tightly furrowed. She was clearly in great pain.

Gwendolyn was worried that the leader might have an extreme reaction and cause Jennifer harm, so she dared not act rashly.

The leader feigned composure and continued to be at a standstill with Gwendolyn.

As the stalemate continued between the two sides, the sound of people chattering suddenly came from outside the door. It grew louder as if people were arguing.

Gwendolyn frowned. She glanced coldly at the leader before stepping out the door to investigate.

The noises grew closer. She looked toward where the noise came from and spotted two familiar figures.

“Why are you here?” Treyton asked with an icy expression, clearly displeased with Maverick’s presence.

Maverick didn’t bother to talk more to Treyton but simply replied impatiently, “Do I need to report my whereabouts to you, Mr. Harris? Or do you have a habit of tracking other people’s schedules?”

As the tension between the two grew stronger, it seemed a fight would erupt any second. In exasperation, Gwendolyn stepped between them and tried to mediate the situation.

“How did you all get here?”

“You never give me peace of mind, kiddo.” Treyton gently scratched her nose. “Flora told me you were going to a fight, so I followed. How’s it going? Do you need any help?”

“It’s already over. Five people can’t possibly bring me down,” Gwendolyn replied with a faint smile.

Although Maverick knew Gwendolyn had a foundation in martial arts, he was still slightly taken aback when he heard this.

She defeated five men on her own.

This is not something an ordinary woman can achieve.

The doubts in Maverick’s heart deepened even more, and his curiosity about her identity grew stronger.

He became increasingly convinced that Gwendolyn’s background was far from just an ordinary girl from an orphanage. There must have been some twists and turns along the way. Maverick’s deep, dark eyes were filled with even more curiosity as he gazed at her.

In contrast. Treyton remained calm and composed as if he had already anticipated this outcome and found nothing unusual about it.

As Gwendolyn stepped into the cabin, Treyton and Maverick followed closely behind, accompanied by their respective bodyguards.

The leader, who had just calmed down, was sitting on the ground, panting heavily. He had barely caught a break for a few minutes when he was again terrified by the spectacle.

“You’ve got some nerve messing with my people.” Treyton glared at the leader. “I’ll teach you a lesson about not messing with people you can’t handle.”

Maverick was quite displeased when he heard Treyton referring to Gwendolyn as “his people.” He made a gesture, and several of his bodyguards immediately restrained the four struggling men in black on the ground.

“You’re not qualified to mess with my people.”

When the leader realized who they were, he cowered in fear and knelt on the ground, continuously begging for mercy.

“I was just doing my job for the money, and I didn’t mean to target her. I admit that I was ignorant. I beg you both to show mercy and spare my life!”

He had never imagined that this woman had Treyton and Maverick backing her up. He had been in the mafia for some time and had heard about these two’s cruel ways. At that moment, he deeply regretted his actions.

The three continued to glare at him coldly without uttering a word.

Then, Gwendolyn approached him with an overwhelming sense of authority. “Who ordered you to kidnap her?”

“I-It was a woman! She asked me to kidnap Jennifer and then send you a text message to come here, and she said she would give me a million once it was done. I saw that the money was good and you were but a young woman, so I agreed. Please believe me. I never intended to harm you!”

If he had known earlier that Gwendolyn had so many big shots supporting her, he wouldn't have dared to mess with her even if he had ten times the courage.

“Who is that woman?” Gwendolyn pressed on.

“Boss! Your Majesty! I don't know her! In this line of work, we get paid and do the job without asking too many questions!”

The leader's heart was filled with immense fear.

Gwendolyn crouched down slightly, her aura becoming increasingly intimidating. “Which hand did you use to hit her, and which foot did you use to kick her?”