

## **Her Riches 65**

### Chapter 65 The Price You Have To Pay

“What?”

The kidnapper was caught off guard by Gwendolyn’s sudden deviation from the topic and couldn’t

react for a moment.

“I’m asking, which hand of yours hit her and which foot of yours kicked her?” Gwendolyn enunciated each word clearly, her smile radiant and her eyes crescent-shaped.

Although the woman in front of them looked stunning and charming, the leader could sense a subtle threatening aura emanating from her. He continued to beg for mercy, even resorting to slapping himself on both cheeks.

“I was wrong. I deserve to die. I apologize, gorgeous mean, Your Majesty. Please spare my lowly

life!”

“This is your last chance.”

Gwendolyn’s eyes narrowed slightly, and her face showed a hint of displeasure.

“Right... Right hand... And I-I kicked her with both feet,” the leader answered, trembling.

Gwendolyn stood up and searched the corner of the cabin for a stick covered in thorns.

Treyton knew she was angry, but he didn’t step forward to stop her.

“Ah!”

Soon, the leader’s agonized screams echoed throughout the wooden cabin.

Maverick watched silently as she personally carried out the entire process of torturing someone.

The last time he had witnessed her brutally dealing with several directors of Grandeur Group at a hotel, but even now, seeing it with his own eyes, he was still shocked by her fierceness.

In just a few minutes, Gwendolyn had beaten the leader so harshly that he was crying and screaming. Any part of his body that had come into contact with Jennifer was battered beyond recognition. Not a single area was left unscathed.

Satisfied, Gwendolyn threw the stick away and clapped her hands. “This is the price you have to pay for messing with me.”

“Should we have someone give him a couple more rounds of beating?” Treyton asked, fearing that his little princess might not be satisfied enough.

“Nah, his right hand and knees have already suffered from compound fractures, and he will be disabled for the rest of his life.” She glanced coldly at the four masked men held down by the bodyguards. “Those who hurt me will be repaid a hundredfold.”

Maverick stared at her, surprised by her unexpected defensiveness.

“What about you? Did you get hurt while helping others vent their anger?” Treyton asked, looking concerned.

“Yes, yes!” Gwendolyn pouted and spread her hand, extending it toward him. “I’ve been fighting for so long. My hands are all red now.”

Treyton immediately grasped her small hand, gently tradling it in his palm and bringing it to his lips. to blow on it lightly.

“How do you feel? Does it still hurt?”

He held her hand and gently massaged it, his eyes brimming with affection as if it could overflow at any moment.

“Just keep rubbing it for a while, and the pain will go away,” Gwendolyn said, enjoying his massage and continuing to act playfully with him.

The intimate behavior between the two as if no one else was around made Maverick extremely uncomfortable. Anger was clearly visible in his dark eyes.

Gwendolyn noticed the unusual look from the man beside her and turned to meet his gaze. “If you have so much free time, Mr. Wright, perhaps you should pay more attention to your fiancée. She messed with my people this time, and I won’t let her off easily. If you try to cover for her. I’ll deal with you as well.”

That fierce expression returned to her face once again.

She didn’t give him any time to respond and with a cold snort, she left the wooden cabin, not wanting to spend any more time with him.

Treyton arranged for the bodyguards to carry the unconscious Jennifer, and they followed suit, leaving the area.

Jennifer's injuries were severe, and to make matters worse, the kidnappers had injected her with a drug that caused unconsciousness. If she wasn't taken to the hospital immediately, her life could be in danger.

Gwendolyn instructed someone to place Jennifer in the passenger seat of her Volkswagen Passat and adjusted the seat to a comfortable angle. She drove back to the city at the fastest possible speed.

Treyton drove behind her, his heart pounding as she sped up.

The nearest hospital to them happened to be Fairlake Hospital, where Natasha was staying. Although Gwendolyn didn't want to go in, she didn't want to waste any time either. She went ahead with the admission process and requested an experienced doctor to treat Jennifer.

After several hours of emergency treatment, Jennifer's condition stabilized.

Although she had many wounds on her body, none of them were life-threatening. She was still unconscious due to an excessive intake of sedatives, but as long as she rested quietly in the hospital for a few days and regained her strength, she would be able to be discharged.

Gwendolyn stood by Jennifer's bedside, watching her pale complexion with furrowed brows.

"What do you plan to do? We need a strategy for a counterattack."

Treyton stood next to her, looking at her profile.

"I was planning to ignore them this time, but they keep pushing my limits and even hurt my best friend as a threat. I will make them understand that if they dare to mess with me, they must pay the price!"

Treyton saw that she was genuinely angry this time and didn't plan on trying to dissuade her.

"To strike a snake, aim for the vital spot. If you want to win in one blow, you must target its weakness. This time, let's start with the Mossey family, who have raised her to such heights."

The Mossey family?"

Treyton stroked his chin, considering her plan. "That makes sense, but it won't be easy."

"I'll only target the Mossey family. Innocent people won't be in danger," Gwendolyn replied, her lips curling into a dangerous yet captivating smile.

Treyton's eyes were filled with curiosity as he asked, "What do you mean?"

"If I recall correctly, in addition to Natasha, who is recovering here from her injuries, her sister Inez, who became comatose after a car accident, seems to be in this hospital as well," Gwendolyn said as she picked up a glass of water and took a sip. Although she didn't give a direct answer, her words carried a profound meaning.

Treyton looked at her radiant smile. He seemed to have understood something.

Half an hour later, Gwendolyn arrived on the fourth floor with a few bodyguards and stood in front of Inez's hospital room.

However, several bodyguards from the Mossey family blocked their way, and the two groups quickly became entangled in a brawl.

The commotion soon alarmed Madelyn, who was in the lounge. She grabbed Gwendolyn, who was about to enter the ward, both shocked and angry.

"What else are you up to? Inez is already in a vegetative state lying in the hospital. Do you want to harm her even more?" Madelyn asked.

"There's no need for you to be so nervous, Mrs. Mossey. I won't do anything to your daughter. I'm just here to take her away," Gwendolyn replied.

Madelyn did not expect her to say such a thing. "I won't let you take her away! I don't agree! If you want to take her, you'll have to step over my dead body!"

"Don't you want to find the person who harmed your daughter?" Gwendolyn raised her eyebrows slightly. "I have a way to uncover the true culprit behind the scenes and wake Inez up."

"What? Are you saying that Incz..."

Madelyn's pupils widened in shock and she froze in place.

She had always believed that Inez's drunk driving accident was an accident, never considering that someone might have intentionally caused it.

After carefully considering Gwendolyn's words, Madelyn realized there were indeed many suspicious points in the matter.

However, she didn't fully trust Gwendolyn. "No, I can't let you take her away. Who knows what you'll do to her? I have no reason to trust you, and you better not have any designs on Inez."

"You're overthinking it." Gwendolyn casually sat down on the bench in the hallway, crossing her long, beautiful legs. With a playful smile, she continued, "I say it one last time: I will wake her up and help you find the person who hurt her."

"Why are you helping me?"

Madelyn glanced at the strong bodyguards beside Gwendolyn. The ones she had arranged at the door had been effortlessly controlled by Gwendolyn, without even being able to fight back.

Even if Madelyn persisted in her disagreement, it seemed quite difficult to resist the men brought by Gwendolyn.

Madelyn fell into deep thought.

Gwendolyn seemed to have seen through her thoughts and said with a smile, "As you can see, you have no choice but to trust me."