

Her Riches 80

Chapter 80 Prepare For Bankruptcy

Gwendolyn looked at the shattered screen with pity and shook her head.

“Long time no see. Your temper hasn’t changed at all. Unfortunately, you haven’t gotten any more capable despite your terrible temper.”

Once she was done speaking, she gently let go of her grip. More cracks were added to the already cracked screen on Frida’s phone.

“Why are you here again?”

Frida stepped out of the living room. Although the memory of Gwendolyn’s debt collection was still fresh in her mind, her dignified life as a wealthy lady would never allow her to show any signs of

weakness.

“You’re a jinx! You still bring trouble to my son even after getting divorced. My poor son is really unlucky!”

“Yes, your son is unlucky and will be even more so in the future.” Gwendolyn’s smile faded as she asked coldly, “So tell me, where did Maverick go?”

“How would I know? Stop bothering my son! You keep saying you want to leave him, yet you relentlessly pursue him. Are you playing hard to get? You’re so despicable.”

Frida rolled her eyes without any intention to hide it.

Gwendolyn could not help but laugh.

Just as she was about to retort, Sheralyn came downstairs and glared at her.

“How dare you ask where my brother is? He already has Natasha! Why are you so shameless, you sl*t?”

Sheralyn remembered how she was humiliated by Gwendolyn twice in the past like it was yesterday.

Not daring to walk over, she instead stood at the stairs gritting her teeth and glaring at Gwendolyn. How she wished she could tear Gwendolyn apart as she continued to snipe at the latter.

“If you weren’t taken in by Treyton as a sugar baby, would you have anything to show off? You’re like a vixen, cheap and lowly. You can’t even be compared with Natasha! I’m telling you, Natasha will soon be part of the Wright family by marriage. Stop humiliating yourself here and get lost!”

Gwendolyn leaned against the wall and quietly listened while Sheralyn finished speaking.

“When you have some free time, take a close look at today’s news on the phone you’ve been using as a brick. It seems that your beloved Natasha is not in a good situation.”

Neither Frida nor Sheralyn had seen the news yet, so they were utterly confused by what she was trying to say.

Gwendolyn gently brushed her hair behind her ear. Lifting her head to reveal her swan-like neck, she took a sweeping glance at the Wright residence before continuing to speak.

Even though Maverick isn’t here, it doesn’t matter. There’s something I came to inform you all about. You’ve been living too comfortably these days, and it’s making me feel upset.”

“W-What do you mean?”

Sheralyn was taken aback by the icy aura emanating from Gwendolyn.

+25 Bonus

Recalling her past horrible experiences where she was harmed terribly, she subconsciously glanced toward the entrance and checked if there were bodyguards.

Gwendolyn's lips curved into a gentle, charming smile.

"So, prepare for bankruptcy, Wright family!"

As she spoke, her face was calm and composed, as if she was merely recounting an ordinary event.

After she was done speaking, she got straight into her car, stepped on the gas pedal all the way, and left the Wright residence behind.

The infuriated mother and daughter continued to curse her as she departed.

"Mom! Did you hear that? That despicable b*tch is absolutely out of control!" Sheralyn was so angry her hands shook.

Frida's face also looked quite grim.

"Mom, Treyton wouldn't really help her destroy our family, would he?"

Frida shook her head without hesitation. "No way! Treyton may be impressive, but the Wright family is no pushover either. Even if Treyton really likes her, there's no way he would come after the Wright family for her sake."

Even so, that despicable Gwendolyn actually had the audacity to show up at the Wright residence and provoke us openly!

Her arrogant and frivolous attitude is so utterly infuriating!

There's no way I'll take this lying down. I have to teach that s!t a lesson!

As Gwendolyn sped down the highway, she formulated a plan in her mind.

The best way to bring the Wright family to bankruptcy was to start with Wright Construction Group. However, it was a prestigious and well-known company in Fairlake, so it would not be easy for her to take it down single-handedly in a short period of time.

Moreover, she still had the mission her father entrusted to her.

Even as she thought about these things, she soon arrived at the villa.

The moment she entered the garden, she spotted Treyton waiting for her at the front door. Upon getting closer, she noticed he had a mysterious look on his face.

Gwendolyn was puzzled but proceeded to head in. "What's going on? Treyton, I have things to deal with, so just spit it out."

"An old friend is waiting for you inside. Can you guess who it is?"

Gwendolyn observed his mysterious expression for a moment before walking upstairs in confusion.

A tall, slender, and elegant figure of a man stood in the hall. Upon hearing Gwendolyn's footsteps, he suddenly turned around and met her bright eyes.

"Sherman Ferguson?" Gwendolyn asked with a puzzled expression.

"Gwendolyn! It's been six years, and you've grown so mature. I never thought I'd see you again," Sherman said as he was visibly excited. "What happened six years ago? How did you end up in Fairlake?"

"It's all in the past now," Gwendolyn answered him nonchalantly with a smile. "How long have you been waiting? Please sit."

She gestured for him to sit on the main sofa while she took a seat on the adjacent one. With her slender fingertips, she picked up a cup and poured some coffee for Sherman.

Sherman watched her every move, noting how she looked as graceful as ever. The innocent and delicate young woman from six years ago had grown mature, sexy, and stunningly beautiful. He could not help but feel a wave of emotions.

"You've really changed a lot over the years."

"Now I'm no longer a child. Of course I've changed." Gwendolyn laughed and changed the subject, "It's been so many years since we last met. Why don't you have dinner here before leaving?"

Naturally, Sherman did not treat her like a stranger. "Sure. How about we have a drink tonight and catch up? We won't stop until we're drunk!"

"Then you better not collapse today, Sherman! Don't let Gwendolyn laugh at you!" Treyton came in from outside and casually patted Sherman on the shoulder. "Remember a few years ago when we

drank together, and you passed out after just one drink? That really scared me to the point I almost took you to the hospital."

"Come on, I'm not the same as I was a few years ago. Now, my tolerance for alcohol is a whole lot higher. Let's have a contest if you don't believe me."

Gwendolyn silently followed behind the two. She was overwhelmed by emotions as she watched them from behind.

It seemed like it had been a long time since she had caught up with old friends.

During the three years spent with Maverick, she almost forgot her confident, passionate, and cheerful old self.

To celebrate the reunion of old friends after many years, Treyton specially opened a bottle of treasured Ferropenian red wine to liven up the mood

“You don’t believe me when I said I had a high alcohol tolerance, do you? Is that why you’re belittling me with a bottle of red wine?” Sherman playfully punched his shoulder.

“Don’t look down on this bottle of wine. I purposely brought it back from my visit to the wine estate in Ferropene a couple of years ago. The alcohol content is not low, and I didn’t even take it out when Kiddo came back. You should give it a try.”

Treyton took out three crystal goblets and poured a bit of red wine before handing one to Sherinan.

Sherman took the wine glass, first sniffing it, then slowly taking a small sip.

“It is indeed great wine!”

After the three of them clinked their glasses, they downed their drinks in one gulp.

The night went on as they continued to toast and refill their cups.

Eventually, Sherman was beginning to show a hint of tipsiness. As he looked at Gwendolyn’s slightly flushed cheeks, he deliberated for a moment.

“Gwendolyn, when I came over, Treyton told me about some stuff that happened to you. How have you been doing these past few years? That man, he...