

Her Riches 81

Chapter 81 Dead Or Alive

"Why bring up the past?" Gwendolyn asked indifferently as she raised her glass and took another sip of liquor.

Sherman realized he had asked something he shouldn't have. With a laugh, he quickly tried to find a way to ease the awkwardness and said. "You're right. We should let bygones be bygones. Anyway, I heard Old Mr. Harris recently assigned you a new task How is it going? Do you think you can accomplish it?"

"Of course. I'm determined to succeed."

Whenever the topic of her career was brought up. Gwendolyn's eyes sparkled with excitement. She continued brightly. "I recently launched a new girl groups talent show, and I have great confidence in it. I believe it will definitely bring more exposure and popularity to Angle."

"That's great, but there's actually something else I'd like to ask you..." Sherman looked straight into her eyes, and there was a hint of hesitation under his intoxicated facade.

"You..." He paused, and after debating with himself, he decided to keep his thoughts hidden. "I'm rather interested in collaborating with Angle. What do you think?"

"It's fine by me. Who in their right mind would turn away a potential business partner?" Gwendolyn replied.

Angle was at the stage where it needed to bring in significant resources and talent, and she could reap a lot of rewards from Sherman's collaboration offer.

With that in mind, she gave him a sly smile and clinked glasses with him. "It's a deal, then."

"Consider it done. Sherman laughed and clinked his glass a little too forcefully against hers.

It was already late night by the time the trio wrapped up their little gathering and returned to their individual rooms to rest.

Gwendolyn was not drunk; in fact, she was more sober than usual.

If she wanted to take down Wright Construction Group, she had to amass enough power and resources within a short period of time.

She pulled out a chair and sat down at the table, ready to devise a preliminary plan to bankrupt Wright Construction Group.

These days, Wright Construction Group was mainly involved in real estate. To defeat it, she had to first establish a foothold in that industry.

However, she wasn't familiar with real estate. After much thought, she realized that consulting Sherman on the matter was the most reliable option.

She quickly typed out a message on WhatsApp and sent it to him: Are you asleep? I have something to ask you.

His reply was swift: No. Go ahead and ask. I'm in the corridor right now.

Gwendolyn gently opened the door. Sure enough. Sherman was standing by the window at the end of the corridor, enjoying the night breeze.

He was looking at her with those gentle and alluring eyes of his.

"I want to venture into real estate, but I'm not familiar with it. I need your help with this. It's really important to me, so please." Gwendolyn closed the window slightly before leaning against the wall beside it.

Sherman frowned but did not press further about her intentions. "I do have some knowledge of real estate. Let me do some more research tomorrow, and I'll put together a binder for you to take a look at."

Gwendolyn thanked him for this and contentedly returned to her own room.

Her plan would be much easier to carry out now that she had someone more knowledgeable to help her.

That night, she fell into a deep and easy slumber.

Meanwhile, in the mountain range where Fairlake bordered the neighboring city, a certain someone was awake and tortured by his own thoughts.

Maverick sat in the car, chain-smoking one cigarette after another as he fixed his gloomy gaze on the scene outside the window.

He had been searching for her here for two days and two nights.

But, there was still no news.

He refused to believe that Gwendolyn would die here, of all places, and vowed that he would find her and bring her back to Fairlake.

"Boss, when can we go back?" his subordinate asked groggily with a yawn.

Maverick glared at him icily. "We're not leaving until we find her."

The subordinate shut up intuitively as another mustered the courage to point out, "It's been a few days since Ms. Shalders parachuted out of the plane. With all the wild wolves and boars in these mountains, she might be..."

"Regardless, I'll bring her back, dead or alive. If any one of you asks something like this again, I might just answer you with violence."

Maverick spoke these words calmly, but his tone was cold and ruthless.

Frightened, the subordinates fell into an uneasy silence and scooted to one side to rest.

Maverick remained wide awake even as those around him gradually fell asleep. His dark eyes were fixed on the view outside the window, depthless and obscure.

The lights in the Wright residence were still on.

"This is infuriating!"

There was a crash.

Frida had furiously thrown the crystal teacup on the ground and shattered it into pieces.

"I can't believe Natasha would disgrace the Wright family by using her status as Maverick's fiancée to hold a press conference! Now, even the Mossey family has cut ties with her. Why are we still keeping her around? Let's just announce to the public tomorrow that her engagement to Maverick has been canceled!"

Frida leaned angrily into the couch as her chest heaved dramatically.

"And don't even get me started on the Mossey family! They should be ashamed for raising such a disgraceful daughter! Madelyn actually had the nerve to ask me to let Inez get engaged to Maverick instead! As if I'd be so stupid!"

“My precious son is more than good enough to marry the richest girl in town, and yet the Mossey family, with their humble background, has the audacity to beg me for such a ridiculous favor! I never agreed to this engagement in the first place. If Maverick hadn’t insisted on it, then none of these would have happened! I’m so angry I could explode!”

Seeing this, Sheralyn quickly came over to comfort Frida. She chimed in with righteous anger, “I thought Natasha was all prim and proper, but who would’ve known she’d do something so despicable! Even more humiliating was how she got called out in front of the media! This engagement should. definitely be called off, but is it really okay for us to do this behind Maverick’s back?”

“What could be the problem?” Frida frowned, her rage growing stronger. “I’m his mother. Besides, why would Mave want to keep her around after she’s gone and pulled something like this?”

“But Maverick isn’t here right now, and we need him to keep Wright Construction Group in order,” Sheralyn said dejectedly as she sat down next to her mother.

“I suppose that is a problem.” Frida fell into a thoughtful silence.

“Then again, since Maverick isn’t here right now, we can finally teach that wretched woman a lesson!” Sheralyn suggested brightly. She could hardly wait to give Gwendolyn a hard time.

Just then, the phone suddenly rang. Sheralyn exchanged a glance with Frida, then answered the call.

“Hello there, Sheralyn! Long time no see! How have you and Aunt Frida been?” A woman’s cheerful laughter filled the other line.

“Are you... Samantha?” Sheralyn was shocked when she recognized the woman’s voice. “Have you returned to the country?”

Deciding to let Samantha converse directly with Friday, Sheralyn immediately handed the phone to the latter and gave her a meaningful look.

Samantha Lane came from a powerful branch of the Wright family, and she happened to be the heiress of the Lane family. She previously studied abroad in Ferropene and possessed exceptional business acumen.

Frida understood the implication in Sheralyn's eyes and began exchanging pleasantries with Samantha. "When did you get back, Samantha? Are you planning on coming back to Fairlake?"

"Aunt Frida, I'll be arriving in Fairlake this afternoon. I'll visit you for sure. It's been so long, and I've really missed you," Samantha answered cheerily.

"How about this? I'll go pick you up with Sheralyn, and we can give you a warm, proper welcome. You don't have any other plans, do you? If not, you can stay at the Wright residence for a few days," Frida

said without pause.

"I don't have any plans for now... So, let's go with your plan!" Samantha agreed readily without thinking too much of Frida's suggestion.

Frida hung up after that, and the worried frown on her face disappeared completely.

Sheralyn, who was nearby, heard everything clearly and couldn't help but feel pleased as well.

"Mom, this is great! Samantha is back, and if she's willing to help us, then that wretched orphan Gwendolyn won't stand a chance against us! There's no way Treyton can come to her rescue every time!" Sheralyn said with wicked glee.

Frida made no response, but it was clear to see from her expression that her sentiments echoed Sheralyn's.