

Her Riches 89

Chapter 89 Could She Really Know Rory

Samantha was infuriated by the woman's calm demeanor while mocking her. She gritted her teeth in anger, determined to utterly embarrass Gwendolyn in front of the audience.

"All right then! Let's see who will be thoroughly humiliated in the end!"

Samantha took out her phone and contacted her friend who was abroad. After communicating with the other party for a while, she managed to obtain Rory's personal number.

And then, in front of everyone, she, dialed Rory's number on her phone and even considerately turned on the speaker for everyone to hear.

Beep, beep, beep.

Everyone waited with bated breath as the phone rang, and the tension in the hall was palpable.

Samantha tossed a glance at Gwendolyn, looking as if she had already won the battle. "If you admit that you stole all of your jiu-jitsu techniques and apologize with utmost insincerity for being a liar and a copycat, I'll consider letting you off the hook."

She then paused momentarily and shook her phone triumphantly. "You've only got a couple of seconds left to decide. You're panic-stricken, aren't you?"

Gwendolyn pursed her lips in amusement and did not respond to the woman's taunts. She merely looked at Samantha as if the latter was a clown.

Samantha hated the way Gwendolyn was looking at her, but considering that they were in public and Treyton was also present, she dared not say anything too provocative.

In her heart, however, Samantha was planning to gauge Gwendolyn's eyes out once there was a sure conclusion and the latter could no longer wriggle her way out of the situation. I'd like to see if she'll be able to glance at me in that arrogant manner then!

Just as Samantha was deep in thought, the ringing suddenly ceased, and what came from the other end of the line was the voice of an old lady who sounded to be in her fifties.

"Who is this?"

Samantha's heart was beating wildly, for this was the first time she had ever had a direct conversation with a bigshot in the martial arts world like Rory.

She made an effort to suppress her emotions and politely asked, "I'm sorry for bothering you, Ms. Richardson, but there's something I'd like to confirm with you. I caught someone pretending to be your apprentice, and she refuses to admit it despite having been caught-red-handed. Hence, I had no choice but to make this call."

"I only have one apprentice-Jensen Longt," was the slightly impatient response from the other end of the line after a brief two-second silence.

"Yes, I'm aware of that. However, this woman's techniques are almost identical to yours, so I suspect that she has stolen your techniques."

Rory sounded rather annoyed. "There's such a thing? How dare they pretend to be my apprentice and even steal my techniques! How utterly shameless!"

Hearing this, everyone basically understood what was going on.

Rory had confirmed it herself, after all.

Some of the people, who were showering Gwendolyn with praises mere moments ago, now looked at her with anger and hatred in their eyes, wishing they could kill her with their gazes.

Samantha was so delighted that her eyes were filled with unconcealed joy.

She lifted her chin, looking as if she was the victor.

“Did you hear that? Ms. Richardson said so herself that you’re not her apprentice. What a slap to your face! Now that you’ve angered Ms. Richardson now, I’d like to see how you’ll suffer!” exclaimed Samantha.

Treyton frowned and was about to say something when Gwendolyn grabbed his wrist from behind.

She then took a step forward and smirked. “I never said I was Rory’s apprentice, so how is this a slap to my face?”

Samantha was taken aback.

Meanwhile, a hint of embarrassment flitted past Mokingston’s face, for was the one who brought it up earlier. Indeed, Gwendolyn did not admit to being Rory’s apprentice.

But she didn’t deny it either.

Hence, it seemed like she was deliberately attempting to cause a misunderstanding.

Gwendolyn’s words failed to satisfy the crowd, and the voices of contempt grew increasingly louder.

“Then how do you explain the fact that you’ve stolen Ms. Richardson’s techniques, huh?” Samantha snorted.

Gwendolyn covered her mouth, and her grin grew even wider. "Are you sure I was the one who stole her techniques instead of her learning from me?"

When she said that, the entire audience was in an uproar, and countless criticisms were thrown at Gwendolyn.

"Oh my goodness! How dare she! Who gave her the guts to be so arrogant?"

"She even called Ms. Richardson by her first name. How rude of her! She's a waste of a beautiful face!"

Mokingston, too, shook his head when he heard this. He let out an inward sigh, thinking Gwendolyn was beyond saving.

On the other hand, Samantha was amused by Gwendolyn's arrogance.

"All right. I'll clarify everything today and make sure you can never recover from this,"

As she spoke, Samantha pulled away the microphone and brought the phone to her ear, then said something to Rory on the other end of the line.

Having received confirmation from Rory, she hung up the phone and called for Madelyn

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"Mrs. Mossey, please have someone turn on the screen. I'll video call Ms. Richardson and project it onto the screen so that everyone can see if Ms. Richardson recognizes that thief!"

Madelyn didn't move and turned to look at Inez.

Inez was looking at Gwendolyn.

Sensing Inez's gaze, Gwendolyn gave the woman a slight nod in response. The expression on her face remained as calm as a millpond.

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Inez sighed at that.

The party involved was so composed that Inez deemed her concern to be unnecessary. There was nothing she could do but fulfill Samantha's request.

Soon, the large screen in the center of the stage was turned on.

Hoping to win Rory's favor, Samantha confidently took center stage to ensure that she was the first person Rory would see as soon as the call was connected.

The video call was successfully connected, revealing Rory, who was sitting on a chair. Years of practicing martial arts made her look much younger than her age, and she did not look like she was in her fifties at all.

Samantha displayed an elegant and respectful demeanor as she politely bowed to Rory.

"Hello, Ms. Richardson. I'm Samantha Lane from the Lane family and also the person who called you. I'm sorry for bothering you at this time, but 1-"

Samantha had yet to finish her sentence when Rory's expression turned sour, clearly showing her impatience.

"I don't have time for your pleasantries. Where is the person who had the guts to copy my techniques and pretend to be my apprentice?" Rory interrupted

Samantha's expression stiffened in front of everyone.

Though she quickly regained her composure, she did not forget to hold Gwendolyn accountable for this embarrassment she had suffered.

"Look, Ms. Richardson. That is the woman! She even had the audacity to say that you were the one who learned from her!"

As Samantha spoke, the camera shifted its focus to Gwendolyn.

A faint smile hung on the latter's lips as she looked directly into the camera. "Long time no see, Rory."

Some of the audience started to waver when Gwendolyn publicly addressed Rory by the latter's first name,

Could it be that they really know each other?.

Upon seeing Gwendolyn's face on the screen, Rory was stunned for quite a while. She even put on her glasses and leaned in to get a closer look at the screen.

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Uncertainty began to well up in Samantha when she saw Rory confirming something repeatedly.

Rory noticed that there were guests behind Gwendolyn and seemed to realize something. She stood all of a sudden and bowed deeply toward the latter.

Then, she uttered something that no one ever expected her to say.

“Master, I didn’t expect it to really be you. My apologies. I shouldn’t have treated you with such disrespect,” was the jaw-dropping response.

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Everyone was stunned as they watched the scene with their eyes widened and jaws agape.

What’s going on here? Rory, who’s in her fifties, is addressing a twenty-three-year-old Gwendolyn as her master? Even TV shows aren’t this dramatic!

Gwendolyn merely smiled and magnanimously accepted the woman’s apology. “It’s not your fault. Someone was instigating, after all.”

Samantha, the instigator herself, was shocked and took two steps backward in disbelief.

Before she could speak, Sheralyn piped up first, “Impossible! How could this be?”

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Outraged, she pointed at Rory and questioned the woman, “You’re not Rory at all, are you? You’re just an actress she hired! How could a parentless child like her possibly be Ms. Richardson’s master? I refuse to believe this!”