

Her Riches 96

Chapter 96 Too Far

The previous incident at the Wright residence still haunted Sheralyn.

She didn't think she would lose initially, which was why she arrogantly made the bet.

Now that she had lost the bet, she began feeling afraid,

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After all, the previous incident happened at the Wright residence, and she had only lost face in front of those housekeepers who had signed a confidentiality agreement.

If she was unhappy, she could just take it out on the housekeepers. Who would dare to criticize her?

However, this time, if she were to kneel and prostrate herself to that despicable person in front of so many outsiders, how could she continue to mingle with high society in the future?

There was no way she would kneel no matter what!

She hid behind Frida and argued unwillingly, "It was just a joke. Why are you taking it so seriously?"

Joaquin folded his arms and sneered, "So you deny losing when you lose a bet. I didn't expect the Wright family to be a bunch of shameless creatures."

Frida was left bewildered by the criticism.

After asking Sheralyn about the matter, she learned about Sheralyn's bet with Gwendolyn and tried to smooth things over with kind words.

“Gwendolyn, please show some mercy. Sheralyn is still young, and we can’t take a child’s joke seriously. Besides, how will she face people in the future if you embarrass her in front of so many others?”

Gwendolyn smiled and countered, “If I were the one to lose the bet, would you have passed up the opportunity to humiliate me?”

Of course not! Ever since this wretched woman got divorced, she doesn’t even consider me as her former mother-in-law. All I can think about all day is ways to get back at her!

Of course, Frida couldn’t say that out loud.

She gave a gentle smile. Just as she was about to speak Sheralyn snatched the opportunity away with her words.

“How can that be the same? I am the daughter of the Wright family! Who do you think you are? Of course, my reputation is more important than yours!”

After hearing this, Gwendolyn’s face darkened completely.

“You’ve got to be willing to lose if you dare to bet. Mrs. Wright, you keep saying that she’s a child. Have you forgotten that Ms. Wright is already an adult, and she is responsible for her words?”

These words were spoken by Yulia as she walked down from the stage.

She stepped forward and continued, “If out of it, I’m afraid her reputation in high

Ms. Wright doesn’t honor the bet and tries to weasel her way

society won't be good either."

"What's it to you!"

Sheralyn grabbed Frida's arm and glared at her resentfully.

Frida looked back and forth between her and Gwendolyn, saying doubtfully, "Ms. Sullivan, you're speaking up for her as soon as you step out. It seems like you've known each other for quite some time, no?"

"It's just a matter of principle."

She didn't look at Gwendolyn, and both of them appeared as if they were complete strangers.

Frida glanced back and forth between the two, not giving it much thought.

Sheralyn, however, became furious.

"I don't care! The bet earlier doesn't count! I will never bow down to you, you wretch!"

After she finished speaking, she recklessly tried to push Joaquin away and leave the venue.

A cold glint flashed in Gwendolyn's eyes as she spoke. That's not up to you."

As soon as the words were spoken, Sheralyn had a bad premonition. Suddenly, she felt a pain in the back of her knee as something hit her.

"Ouch!"

She was in so much pain that she couldn't stand firm and fell forward, falling flat on her face right at Gwendolyn's feet.

Joaquin and Yulia burst into laughter on the spot.

Her fall was utterly embarrassing!

If she had the sense to kneel herself, she might not have ended up in such a miserable state.

Gwendolyn looked down at Sheralyn, who was by her feet, a faint smirk on her lips. "Good girl, you're so obedient. Next time, remember not to make bets so casually."

Sheralyn tried to struggle to her feet, but her knees were in too much pain to muster any strength. Her hands slipped, and she fell back down to her knees.

Joaquin was close to laughing his butt off.

It was a shame that most of the people had already left the scene by now, so only a few had witnessed Sheralyn's embarrassing state.

Out of fear of offending Wright Construction Group, they could only cover their mouths and sniggered.

Sheralyn felt both embarrassed and annoyed.. "You wretch! How dare you plot against me!" Beside her, Frida's face turned green. She hurriedly went to help Sheralyn up.

Yet, after pulling for a while, she failed to lift Sheralyn up. Instead, she was dragged by Sheralyn,

causing her to slip and fall as well.

Upon seeing this, Gwendolyn was slightly taken aback and was flattered. "Mrs. Wright, you're being too kind. There's no need for you to personally pay me such great respects, although I can handle such courtesy from you as well."

Joaquin's unrestrained laughter filled the air.

Frida was furious, her chest heaving with anger as she glared up at her.

Due to being in a public setting, she could only grit her teeth and say, "I advise you not to take it too far! Show some restraint!"

Gwendolyn blinked, her eyes sparkling.

"Too far?"

She paused for a moment, her expression gradually turning cold. "But I don't think I've done nearly enough. After all, your head hasn't knock on the ground hard enough yet."

Sheralyn felt apprehensive. Before she could react, something flew toward her.

Suddenly, she felt a sharp pain in the back of her neck, causing her to lose her strength. Her head felt weightless, and it slammed heavily onto the ground.

Someone let out a soft hiss as the head slam was so loud that it sounded painful!

When she raised her head again, there was a large, red, swollen bump on her forehead, which looked quite comical.

"Ahh!"

Sheralyn became infuriated and felt too ashamed to face anyone. She felt like going home and smothering herself to death with a blanket!

Frida felt both frustrated and heartbroken.

Nevertheless, this time, it was ultimately Sheralyn's fault, and she couldn't just openly curse or say anything inappropriate in front of a group of outsiders.

In the end, Frida helped the limping Sheralyn and left the venue.

After most of the people had left, the two bodyguards who had been hiding in the shadows and throwing stones at Sheralyn finally emerged.

Gwendolyn smiled generously. "Well done, you'll get raise after this."

Meanwhile, in the mountain range connecting Fairlake and Lightspring, Maverick had practically gone - through the entire area in his search over the past few days.

The various technological instruments they brought along had run out of power.

The task of finding who they were looking for became increasingly challenging.

His subordinates sighed in frustration, but they dared not say anything, fearing punishment from their boss.

Maverick leaned against a tree, silently smoking a cigarette.

If something really happened to her, it wouldn't be possible to search for so many days and find absolutely no clue whatsoever.

The leader of his subordinates came over, looking quite helpless, and said, "Boss, is it possible that we got the wrong information? Could Ms. Shalders have fallen somewhere else? Maybe it was too dark so Noah couldn't clearly see the approximate location where she had landed. What if she fell into a river? The signal in the mountains is too weak, and we can't send more people. Maybe we should..."

Before he could finish speaking, Maverick's expression grew increasingly serious. His dark eyes narrowed as he uttered, "No, she's not dead."

"What?"

The subordinate was dumbfounded.

How could someone possibly survive a fall from such a high altitude?

Maverick's lips were tightly pursed, and he said nothing further.

Zachary's information couldn't be wrong, and Noah didn't lie either. She did indeed fall from the plane.

Moreover, the detection equipment he brought couldn't have malfunctioned. Even if someone fell into the river, there would still be some traces.

Therefore, there was only one possibility left.

His eyebrows furrowed, and he suddenly thought of something. "Return to Fairlake!"

"Yes, Boss!"

His subordinates immediately relayed the order, and a group of people quickly packed their belongings, eager to fly back to Fairlake as though they had wings.

Just as they were about to leave, a group of people suddenly appeared, supporting each other as they walked toward them.