

Her Riches 49

Chapter 49 Who Set Whom Up

It was a female voice.

+25 Bonus

“Shut up if you don’t want to die.” A brutal man with a scar on his face pressed a dagger against a girl’s cheek while another man stepped on her chest and laughed wickedly.

The girl was so scared that she could only nod in cooperation.

Seeing her behave herself, the two men grew even smigger. “Sweetie, it has been a while since we have had a taste of a woman. We’ll let you go as long as you serve us well.”

The girl started bawling upon hearing that

The two men smiled evilly and began to lay their hands on her.

One of them began to undo the buttons of the girl’s shirt. Suddenly, the man felt a heavy blow on the back of his head, which then started bleeding profusely. Wailing, he quickly covered it before collapsing onto the floor.

It gave the scarred-faced man a scare. He turned around and saw a woman behind them.

Gwendolyn was clad in white professional attire with a high heel in her hand, radiating a powerful
aura.

When the scarred-faced man saw her, his eyes immediately lit up. “What a fierce little beauty! I like it.”

Gwendolyn, playing with the high heel in her hand, sneered, "Shut up. One like you are not worthy to say that."

Her words infuriated the scarred-faced man. After cursing at Gwendolyn, he raised his dagger and dashed toward her.

However, Gwendolyn overpowered him with a few blows, and he couldn't clamber to his feet after that.

The girl trembled as she curled into herself, her eyes lilled with terror.

Her cheeks were slightly red, as if she had just drunk alcohol.

Seeing her like that caused Gwendolyn's heart to wrench. Something immediately flashed across her mind.

She shook her head, and the strange feeling she had earlier disappeared completely. Was that a hallucination? Ugh... Perhaps I'm too tired today.

Gwendolyn didn't give it much thought and looked at the teenage girl, who appeared around eighteen or nineteen years old. "You're safe to go home now."

Before she could turn around and leave, she felt someone clutching her wrist.

She shifted her gaze over and met the girl's expectant eyes. "Miss, I was having some alcohol with my friends before I lost my way. My phone was broken by those two thugs. Could you please send me home?"

Seeing the hesitation in Gwendolyn's eyes, she continued, "I'm Stella. Help me, please. I'm begging you."

Gwendolyn checked the time on her phone and noticed it was already half past nine at night. It's already late. This training facility is located at a more remote place and quite dangerous for a girl.

"Let's go. Where do you live?"

"Frohablol Suburb 2, house number 308."

Stella followed behind Gwendolyn, seemingly feeling more at ease by clutching the latter's arm tightly.

Only when she approached the car did she loosen her grip and sit in the back seat.

She seemed exhausted and soon drifted off to sleep while leaning against the car seat.

Gwendolyn glanced at Stella through the rearview mirror from time to time. She continued to drive the car silently when she saw the latter fall asleep.

About twenty minutes later, Gwendolyn noticed her phone was running out of battery and called Stella a few times to ask for more details about the address. However, Stella did not respond and remained slumbering in the back seat. Seeing that, Gwendolyn didn't disturb her further and continued to drive based on what she could remember.

The windows were closed, and the atmosphere inside the car was silent.

The astute Gwendolyn took a couple of sniffs and suddenly realized something was amiss.

Stella said she was drinking with her friends. Although her face is flushed, there's no stench of alcohol on her body. Furthermore, the training facility is located in a remote suburb with no bars... That means she's lying, and our encounter was on purpose!

Just then, she felt a strong gust of wind approaching.

She instinctively clutched the hand that was swinging toward her from behind.

The thumb-length syringe was a hair's breadth away from piercing into her neck.

"W-When did you find out?" Stella didn't expect Gwendolyn to be so quick-witted. As a vicious glint flashed in her eyes, she stopped pretending and tried to stab the needle into Gwendolyn's neck with

both hands.

Gwendolyn knew she couldn't hold on much longer with only one hand. Seeing the car moving at a constant speed in the suburbs, she suddenly had an idea and pulled the handbrake abruptly.

The locked wheels instantly caused the car to skid. In the next instant, it flipped over and rammed into the guardrail before rolling onto the roadside grass.

Since the driver's seat was equipped with airbags, Gwendolyn only received a minor scratch on her forehead and soon got out of the car.

Ah... what a pity. This car hasn't been with me for long, and yet it's been sacrificed for the greater good already. She clicked her tongue at the sight of the wrecked Volkswagen.

Seeing no sign of Stella coming out from the wrecked car, Gwendolyn went forward to open the car door. Shortly after, she carried out Stella, who had been injured and fainted, and put her onto the

grass.

After some time, Stella finally regained consciousness.

Disbelief filled her eyes when she learned that Gwendolyn had saved her life. "Why did you save me? I harmed you. You should have killed me."

Gwendolyn shot her a cold glare. Instead of answering, she asked, "Who instructed you to do this?"

Stella immediately went silent and turned away.

Gwendolyn curled her lips into a smile. "Let me guess. Was it Natasha? Or Eloise? Or... both of them?"

Based on my understanding of Natasha's capability, even if he could devise such a detailed plan, it was simply impossible for her to hire such a skillful female assassin. Furthermore, she will become the heiress of Mossey Group soon. I'm pretty sure she and Eloise are in cahoots.

Stella ignored her. "It's my mistake for falling into your hands. Just kill me."

"Kill you? That's boring." Gwendolyn flashed Stella a taunting smile.

Stella didn't understand what she meant.

The suburbs were dim at night. Only a few streetlights were by the roadside and illuminated the place.

Gwendolyn's eyes glinted brightly. "I checked the syringe. It's filled with sleeping drugs, isn't it? They asked you to knock me out so that you could take me somewhere to torture me. Am I right?"

Stunned, Stella stared at Gwendolyn incredulously. She got it right! How could such a pretty woman like her be so meticulous?

Seeing Stella staring at her silently, Gwendolyn flashed the former an innocent smile. "Since they told you to do so, just do it then."

"W-What did you just say?"

Five minutes later, Stella sent a text message to a certain someone's phone: Mission accomplished. I'm sending her to the abandoned hut in the suburbs.

Upon receiving the message, Natasha was so happy that she almost leaped from her bed.

Finally, this b*tch fell into my hands! How dare she make in the laughingstock on the internet! I swear I will have my revenge for that!

She couldn't wait to see Gwendolyn in misery.

With a glint of malicious excitement in her eyes, she texted another person: She will be there soon. Bring ten strong men over and beat her up before doing what we agreed on previously.

Almost immediately, she received a reply: Things will be easy if the remuneration is satisfactory.

Vaguely feeling a pang in her heart, she gritted her teeth and transferred another five hundred thousand to the other party.

Money is nothing as long as I can torture Gwendolyn.

Not long after she put down her phone, she received another message from Stella: I think we've given her an overdose of sleeping drugs. She seems to be dying now. Please hurry over.

Seems to be dying? No way! I want that b*tch to be tormented when she's aware and can suffer a fate worse than death!

