

Her Riches 73

Chapter 73 Something Feels Off About Inez

Eloise jolted awake, feeling immensely relieved that Gwendolyn hadn't lost her life this time. Otherwise, she and Treyton might never have had a chance to be together again.

She slumped to the ground while pondering how to make amends for everything she had done before.

After pondering for a while, she picked up her phone and called Treyton.

The busy signal kept ringing from the other end of the phone, making the waiting period feel exceptionally long.

"What's the matter?" Treyton's impatient voice rang out. "If there's nothing, I'm hanging up."

"Wait! Don't hang up first! Trey, I really need to talk to you!" Eloise gripped her phone tightly as if she was afraid that he would hang up any second.

"If you want me to persuade Mr. Ferguson to lift your confinement, then forget about it. As for the engagement, I'm still thinking over it."

"No, I'm actually looking for Gwendolyn. I don't have her contact information... Could you please pass her the phone?" Eloise's voice grew softer as she spoke

"You're looking for her? Ms. Ferguson, I would advise you to abandon any further ill intentions toward Gwendolyn. I will not allow you the opportunity to hurt her," Treyton warned in a low voice.

"That's not it. I want to talk to her so I can apologize. Eloise bit her lip. "Please give her the phone. Trey, I'm begging you."

"Apologize?"

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Treyton was even more astonished. However, since Eloise was far away in Salinsburgh and kept locked up, she couldn't possibly cause much trouble. Reluctantly, he agreed to her request.

He gently knocked on the door of the temporary operating room before opening it slightly and waving to Gwendolyn, who was inside.

Gwendolyn shot a glance at Kieran, who was still focused on performing surgery, before tiptoeing out of the room.

"What's the matter?"

Treyton handed his phone to her. "Eloise is looking for you."

"Looking for me?"

Gwendolyn took his phone from him suspiciously and glanced at the screen. "What is it? Can't behave yourself even when you're back home? Now you're even calling me to give me a hard time?"

"No, I called to apologize to you."

Eloise's voice no longer carried the arrogance and domineering attitude from the past, but her many years of living as a wealthy and prestigious socialite still made it impossible for her to be completely humble.

"I admit that I was wrong for what I did in the past, and I apologize. As long as you don't interfere with my relationship with Treyton in the future, I'm willing to get along with you peacefully."

Gwendolyn remained silent.

It seems that she has discovered my true identity, hasn't she?

Noticing that there was no response from the other side, Eloise felt a bit uneasy and continued, "To show my sincerity, I will consider Inez's matter as a gift to you."

"A gift?" Gwendolyn couldn't stop a chuckle from escaping her lips and said, "All right then. I look forward to it."

Eloise wasn't even upset when Gwendolyn hung up on her. Instead, she dialed another number immediately.

The call was answered almost instantly by Natasha, who was at the hospital.

"How did it go? Did you find Inez?"

"There's no need to look for her anymore because she's already dead," Eloise said coldly.

"Really?" Natasha's voice was filled with joy. "Are you sure? She was at Treyton's villa, right? Was she killed personally by someone you sent? She-"

Eloise interrupted her and said, "That's enough. You don't need to know the details; you just need to know that she's dead. I'm calling simply to inform you that our collaboration is over."

Natasha never expected Eloise to make her decision so quickly. Her eyes widened in shock when she heard the latter's words.

"Why? Just because both Gwendolyn and Inez are dead?"

“That’s right. Because of this, Treyton wants to call off the engagement, and my parents are already aware of it.” Eloise’s voice rose a few octaves. “I’m already struggling to protect myself, and I don’t have the time or energy to continue working with you. Anyway, the two women who posed the greatest threat to you are already dead, so your path to becoming the heir to Mossey Group should be smooth sailing.”

“But-”

“There’s nothing more to say. Let’s just leave it at that” Eloise cut her off impatiently and directly hung up the phone.

Natasha wanted to say something more, but all she heard in response was a busy tone. *novelbin*

As she stared blankly at the call history on her phone, she felt very happy but a bit puzzled. She had dealt with the two people she hated the most, and it was certainly worth celebrating. However, Natasha couldn’t help but feel suspicious due to Eloise’s unusual behavior.

She felt that Eloise was behaving much more strangely than usual tonight, but she couldn’t quite pinpoint what was off about the latter.

Regardless, since she couldn’t figure it out, she decided not to dwell on it for now. She tossed her phone aside and lay down on the bed.

Even though she tried to dismiss these doubts from her mind, Eloise’s words remained deeply rooted in her thoughts, lingering persistently and refusing to fade away.

The more Natasha thought about it, the more upset she became. She decided to sit up and stared at the ceiling with her head tilted back.

Something was very odd about Eloise tonight. Natasha simply couldn’t help but feel suspicious of her former partner-in-crime.

Both of them worked together initially due to their own interests. Perhaps only they themselves were truly aware of the level of trust between them.

“Oh, it looks like you’ve recovered pretty well!”

Just then, Madelyn walked in with a housekeeper and saw Natasha sitting on the bed. Frowning with disdain, she demanded, “Hurry up and eat. Stop staring at the ceiling and pretending as if you’re deep in thought.”

Natasha could never get used to the meals provided by the hospital.

Even with the VIP meal, she only took a couple of bites before tossing it disdainfully aside. Therefore, she kept insisting that the Mossey family bring her food.

As a result, Madelyn often mocked and made sarcastic remarks toward her, both openly and subtly.

Natasha took the meal handed to her by the housekeeper. Upon seeing Madelyn, she was immediately reminded of the dead Inez, which put her in an exceptionally good mood.

“Yeah, I recovered quite quickly, which is great news for the Mossey family. After all, I am the heir to the family. If something were to happen to me, what would become of the family?”

As she stirred the fruit and vegetable salad, she lifted her head and glanced sideways at Madelyn.

Madelyn rolled her eyes without hesitation and said scornfully, “As expected of a mistress’ child. You’ll always be a little b*tch. You’ll never be able to escape that identity your whole life. Even if you’re in a high position now, what does it matter? What isn’t yours will never truly be yours.”

Having said that, Madelyn turned her head away, not even bothering to look at Natasha in order to avoid further upsetting herself.

Taking in how calm Madelyn appeared, Natasha couldn’t help but wonder.

Inez disappeared mysteriously, yet Madelyn is showing no signs of anxiety or unease.

Something about this just doesn't feel right.

At that thought, she gave Madelyn a cold glance and said, "I'm just injured and will be discharged from the hospital soon, but your child is rather pitiful. After all, she has left this world forever."

With the air of a victor, she watched with delight as Madelyn's expression gradually shift from calmness to panic-stricken.

"What did you say?"

Madelyn lunged forward, grabbing Natasha by her hospital gown. "Explain yourself! What happened to my daughter?"

"Are you

deaf?" Natasha swatted Madelyn's hand away in disgust. "I said, your daughter will never appear in this world again because Inez's dead!"

"Impossible! That can't be true! You're lying! My daughter is clearly alive and well, so how could she possibly be dead? You're lying to me! You're just jealous of her, and that's why you're cursing her!"

Madelyn was agitated, her fingers trembling with anger as she pointed at Natasha.