

Her Riches 75

Chapter 75 Let Her Be Despised

“What happened to Inez?” Jerome asked after turning off the television.

“Inez was taken away by Treyton, who said he found a doctor to perform surgery on her. But something went wrong during the operation, and Inc...”

Madelyn was crying her heart out, her face filled with grief. She continued to sob while saying, “I went to Treyton’s house to seek justice, but he just wouldn’t return our dead daughter to me, and he even drove me away!”

She gripped her chest as she sniffled.

Jerome quickly poured her a glass of water, helped her sit down, and gently patted her back to help her catch her breath.

“What should we do then? Treyton is not someone the Mossey family can afford to mess with.”

Upon hearing the tragic news about his daughter, Jerome’s eyes welled up with tears. However, the person he had to face was Treyton, and he could do nothing about it.

On one side, it was his daughter’s lifeless body. On the other, it was Treyton, a man who single-handedly ruled the entertainment industry. Moreover, with Treyton having the backing of the Harris family, the wealthiest family in Salinsburgh, Jerome dared not provoke him even though he was heartbroken by his daughter’s death and wanted Treyton to pay the price.

He was caught in the middle, torn between two sides.

Natasha sat nearby. Her face clearly showed her unabashed delight in the misfortune of Inez.

As Madelyn recovered from her grief, she saw Natasha beside her, smiling so widely her eyes curved. The sight infuriated her even more, and she pointed at the latter while cursing loudly, "You despicable b*tch! It's because of you that my daughter suffered! If it wasn't for your bad luck, Inez would never have had that car accident! And now, I have to send off my child before my time!"

Natasha scoffed and laughed. "I didn't make her drink and crash her car, nor did I send her to Treyton and force him to perform surgery on her. What does her death have to do with me? Stop trying to slander me by throwing all kinds of dirt on me."

She rolled her eyes disdainfully and placed the crystal glass heavily on the coffee table.

"It had to have been you, you b*tch! How else would you have known about Inez's death in advance last night? Don't even try to argue! I'll beat you to death today!"

Madelyn was furious. She grabbed the TV remote from the coffee table and threw it at Natasha.

"Stop it, all of you! What kind of behavior is this!"

Jerome let out a loud yell, forcing the two women to stop their confrontation.

Natasha shifted slightly on the couch to put some distance between herself and Madelyn before speaking calmly.

"Tomorrow is the day Mave promised to give an explanation to the public, and we can take this opportunity to announce Inez's death."

"What do you mean by this? Inez has already passed away, and you still want to take advantage of her like this?"

Madelyn became emotional again, and Jerome quickly grabbed her, signaling for Natasha to continue speaking.

“Tomorrow, we’ll hold a press conference to announce Inez’s death and place all the blame on Gwendolyn. This way, we won’t offend Treyton and can still gain the advantage of having the masses on our side.”

She had been planning for the press conference tomorrow for quite some time.

Even if Gwendolyn is dead, I’ll make sure that her reputation gets tarnished and she’s despised by everyone!

After pondering for a moment, Jerome nodded in agreement to her suggestion.

“All right, we’ll go with your plan. Arrange for this matter.”

Jerome, still looking downcast and sad, sighed and led Madelyn upstairs.

As there was still one day left before the public announcement, all media outlets continued to pay close attention to this matter on the Internet, and the onlookers were also waiting for the truth to be revealed.

On that very night, many people were tossing and turning, struggling to fall asleep.

Of course, Gwendolyn had not forgotten and was eagerly awaiting the grand performance tomorrow,

In the dead of the night, she remained wide awake without a trace of sleepiness.

After tossing and turning in bed for a while, she got up again and walked to the cabinet. She then stood on her tiptoes to reach for a small wooden box on the top shelf.

Gently opening the small wooden box, she found a photograph at the very bottom.

It was a wedding photo of her and Maverick, and it was the only one.

If it had not been for Declan insisting on her taking a wedding photo with Maverick back then, perhaps this nominal marriage of three years would have ended without even a single photo of them together.

She held the photo tightly, her gaze deep and mysterious.

Her knuckles turned slightly pale from exerting too much pressure, yet her indifferent face revealed no emotions.

She was so engrossed in what she was looking at that she did not even hear Treyton knocking on the door a few times.

Treyton stood quietly by the door, watching her and silently sighing in his heart.

Is she still unable to let go despite Maverick's cold and heartless attitude toward her?

Just as he was about to step in and offer comfort, Gwendolyn's actions in the next second left him stunned in place.

She picked up a pair of scissors, aimed at the center of the photo, and without hesitation, cut it in half. Then, she proceeded to cut Maverick's half into tiny pieces.

"Kiddo, what are you doing?"

Treyton walked in and patted her shoulder reassuringly. "I thought you couldn't let go and was thinking about him again..."

"How could that be?"

Gwendolyn sneered, causing the expression on her face to suddenly become incredibly sharp and fierce.

“It’s time for him to repay the debts he owes me for our three years of marriage.”

The night was long.

There was someone else who was unable to fall asleep peacefully. Natasha was tossing and turning on her bed.

Throughout the day, Maverick had not contacted her, and she was busy preparing for the conference the next day, so she did not have time to call him either.

Tomorrow would be the day he promised to give the public an explanation.

If she did not talk to him for a bit, she felt uneasy somehow.

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She sat up and leaned against the headboard, reaching for her phone on the bedside table. Opening her contacts, she dialed his number.

A busy tone rang out from the phone.

The call never went through, and all that could be heard was the familiar female voice saying. “The number you have dialed is currently switched off.”

On weekdays, Maverick would occasionally mute his phone for work, but he never turned it off.

Flustered, Natasha was just about to call back when her phone rang first.

After seeing the name on the screen, she picked up the phone and anxiously asked, "Where's Mave? Where is he?"

"Ms. Mossey, I'm at the back door of the Mossey residence. Could you please come down here in person?"

The sound coming from the phone was very faint.

Natasha was startled and quickly changed into casual clothes. Then, she gently and quietly left the house.

While waiting at the back door, Noah kept looking around until he finally saw her approaching him swiftly.

"How did you get here? Isn't Mave with you? Why isn't he answering my call?" Natasha's face was filled with confusion and unease.

She glanced at Noah, who lowered his head in silence.

Under the dim light, she could see that his hair was disheveled, his clothes were torn, and there were even wounds on his face. There was also a strong smell of blood emanating from him.

"What happened to you? Who did this to you?" Her emotions shifted from confusion to shock, and her heart grew increasingly uneasy.

"Upon learning that Gwendolyn jumped off the plane. Boss immediately drove off to search for her and hasn't returned yet. The distance between the signal towers in that area is quite large, so Boss probably didn't receive your call. Moreover... it's likely that he won't be back anytime soon."

"What? He went to find Gwendolyn?" Natasha felt a sudden tightness in her chest and quickly asked, "Has my plan been exposed?"