

Her Riches 77

Chapter 77 The Feeling Of Being Spit At

Natasha did not back down either. "It's been a few days, Gwendolyn, yet you're still as arrogant as ever. Everything should be based on evidence. If you want me to be proven wrong, then show me the evidence!"

"I am the evidence!"

A gentle and delicate voice suddenly rang out from outside the venue, resounding and clear.

Following that, a bodyguard pushed a wheelchair into the room.

The person in the wheelchair had a pale complexion, and her tired face could not hide the frailty of someone who had just recovered from a serious illness.

Gwendolyn tactfully stepped aside, allowing everyone present to clearly see who had arrived.

"Inez? Aren't you supposed to be dead? How can this be... What's going on?"

Natasha could hardly maintain her facial expression any longer.

Originally, she was so thrilled about the demise of the two major thorns in her side that she could not sleep for several nights.

But now, not only were those two despicable women still alive, they even had the audacity to show up at the event and humiliate her!

She was so infuriated that she almost had a heart attack on the spot!

“Inez! My daughter!”

Madelyn rushed to Inez’s side without any hesitation, squatting down in front of her. Trembling, she reached out her hand and gently caressed Inez’s face.

This living, breathing woman is indeed my daughter. Inez is still alive!

“My darling... I knew you were blessed with great fortune and would be safe. Nothing would happen to you...”

She hugged Inez tightly, resting her head on the latter’s shoulder while crying out loud.

Following closely behind Madelyn, Jerome was also agitated beyond measure. His eyes reddened as he exclaimed, “It’s good that you’re awake, it’s good that you’re awake! My dear daughter, you’ve suffered!” Up on the stage. Natasha stared at the harmonious family reunion unfolding before her eyes.

When she heard Madelyn’s words, it took her quite a while to react. It turns out that Madelyn has known all along that Inez isn’t dead.

So, everything that happened yesterday morning was nothing but a show? Even Eloise has been lying

to me?

She simply could not accept that fact.

Why? Why does everyone have to side with that despicable woman, Gwendolyn?

Her eyes filled with hatred. Seizing the opportunity when everyone’s attention was drawn to the reunited family of three, she cleared her throat and let out a cough that was neither too soft nor too loud.

“Even if Inez is back safe and sound, that still doesn’t absolve you of your crimes!” Her gaze toward Gwendolyn was sharp as a razor.

Pulling a nearby chair out, Gwendolyn sat down, resting her chin on one hand and asking with great interest, “So tell me, what crimes have I committed?”

“You bribed ten thugs to lure me into a remote, dark cabin in the outskirts, where they brutally attacked me, causing severe injuries that landed me in the hospital. The evidence is irrefutable! How do you explain this?”

A layer of sweat formed in the palms of Natasha’s tightly clenched fists, which were hidden under the podium.

“It seems you are becoming increasingly adept at distorting the truth. Ms. Mossey.” A hint of disdain and amusement flashed across Gwendolyn’s face. “I give you the explanation and clarification you

want now!”

As soon as the words dropped, she raised her hand and gestured.

Before Natasha could even process what Gwendolyn had just said, a group of police suddenly burst into the venue.

They surrounded Natasha completely.

“What are you guys doing?”

Natasha’s face turned pale as she held onto the podium to steady herself.

“Ms. Mossey, we suspect you of being involved in Ms. Inez’s car accident, kidnapping Jennifer, and hiring someone for the frame-up. Please come with us and cooperate with the investigation.”

The policeman in charge showed her his police badge and had someone restrain her.

“No, it’s not like that! Let me explain! You can’t arrest me!” Natasha cried out in desperation.

The police skillfully twisted her arm behind her back and swiftly snapped on the handcuffs, saying, “We’ll find out if it’s you once we get to the station.”

The reporters had long since been left speechless, and the cameras in their hands were reduced to mere decorations. All the reporters and onlookers were shocked by this sudden turn of events.

Judging from the words of the police, it was crystal clear who was lying.

A barrage of camera flashes targeted Natasha’s flustered face, and the sound of shutters clicked incessantly.

“It’s her who harmed Inez! I knew she had ill intentions ever since she came back!” Madelyn accused Natasha passionately, not forgetting to add fuel to the fire.

Jerome was furious, too. He picked up the microphone on the stage and announced with a hearty voice.

“I apologize for the disgrace brought upon the Mossey family, and I assure everyone that I, Jerome Mossey, will not tolerate such a disgraceful family member. I solemnly announce to the public that, starting today, Natasha Mossey will no longer be the heir to Mossey Group, and I will permanently sever our father-daughter relationship. She is no longer a part of the Mossey family!”

Even her father, the only blood relative she had left in the world, chose to abandon her.

Natasha’s initial despairing tears gradually transformed into unrestrained laughter.

The laughter sounded somewhat unsettling.

Under the watchful eyes of the crowd, she was forcibly dragged into the police car.

At the Mossey residence, Noah slowly opened his eyes, squinting at the sunlight streaming in through the window. It took him quite a while to finally sit up with some effort.

He was already severely injured when he escaped last night. After Natasha settled him in a secluded servants' quarters, he could not resist the exhaustion and drowsiness and fell into a deep slumber.

It was almost noon by then. The other housekeepers in the Mossey residence were bustling about, with no one noticing that someone was staying in the long-abandoned servants' quarters.

Noah sat on the couch with his arms crossed, falling into deep thought.

Staying in the Mossey residence was not a long-term solution. He had to find a new place as soon as possible, preferably somewhere away from Fairlake.

He was unaware of everything happening outside, even being silly enough to feel heavy-hearted at the thought of parting ways with Natasha.

Sighing, he lay back down on the bed, staring at the ceiling in a daze.

The door creaked open with a gentle push.

He lifted his head and looked toward the direction of the door, only to see a doctor wearing a white coat and a face mask walking in.

Last night, Natasha had mentioned helping him find a doctor for treatment, but he had not taken her words to heart.

I'm surprised she seems so concerned about me.

He was deeply touched and sat up, politely asking, "Are you the doctor sent by Ms. Mossey? Please

have a seat."

"Yes, it's me."

The man dressed as a doctor pushed his glasses up while lowering his head, making it difficult to discern his expression.

"Thank you for your hard work," Noah said, letting down his guard and nodding politely.

"Don't mention it. Since I've accepted Ms. Mossey's money, it's only right for me to help her with these matters."

After the doctor gave Noah a brief examination, he took out a syringe.

"What kind of medicine are you injecting for me? Is there no need to prescribe some other medications as well?"

Noah frowned slightly, but he stretched out his arm regardless.

"This is a medicine that will aid in your recovery. Well give you this injection first, and then I'll take care of what needs to be done next." The doctor picked up a pair of tweezers, grabbed a piece of cotton, soaked it in iodine, and wiped the spot for injection.

Noah watched his unskilled movements, growing increasingly suspicious.

Although he was seriously injured, his wounds were all superficial. All he needed was to have his injuries disinfected and the bleeding stopped, followed by taking some internal medication such as antibiotics.

Previously, when he worked as Maverick's assistant, he had helped severely injured people without the need for injections or undergoing such complicated treatments.

Just when the needle of the syringe was about to pierce his skin, he grabbed the doctor's hand and shoved him away. He shouted angrily, "You're not a doctor! Who are you?"