

Chapter 37: Back to Collect What you Owe me

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But the hussy had the audacity to report to the police, accusing me of plotting her murder years ago.

Sending them to the streets was already kindness on my part.

Of course, Wu Rong didn't say these things out loud. She glanced at Xinghe contemptuously. She was not afraid in the least even though she knew Xinghe was there to cause her trouble.

She had inherited the Xia Family's entire family fortune; why would she be afraid of Xinghe?

Wu Rong said with a sneer, "Mrs. Chan, have you gotten senile, why did you let a stranger into the house? Our house is not a youth center; entry is not permitted to anyone."

Mrs. Chan replied with a voice that was as soft as a mosquito's, "But Madame, this is Young Lady Xia..."

"Mrs. Chan, you've really gone senile! This house only has one young mistress and it is Wushuang. You think any random walker could be a young mistress?"

Mrs. Chan was cowed into silence.

Xinghe didn't even flinch at Wu Rong's aggression.

She stared icily at Wu Rong as if branding her for death.

Wu Rong ambled slowly down the stair, leveling a stare that was equally sharp back at Xinghe. "Xia Xinghe, what are you doing here? Get your dirty *ss out of my house or I'll have the security throw you out."

Xinghe retorted, "Is that so? I wonder what gave you the power to throw me out."

"This is my house! Isn't that grounds enough? I'll say it one more time, get out. You're contaminating my house with your germs," Wu Rong uttered with vehemence and spite, a complete 180 from how she was 6 years ago.

Before Xia Chengwen, Xinghe's father passed away, Wu Rong was a kind and loving stepmother.

Alas, how kind she was back then would be equated to how vicious she was later.

Xinghe blamed herself for not seeing through her act before it was too late.

"Your house?" Xinghe said as she inched closer to her, shooting daggers with her eyes, "Wu Rong, you really think I'm oblivious to the truth of my father's death, my own car accident, and the tricks you've pulled in his will?"

Anxiety flashed temporarily across Wu Rong's features.

She fixed her eyes at Xinghe and said slowly, "So you have recovered your memory."

"That's right, I'm back to collect what you owe me."

Wu Rong laughed mockingly. She didn't care whether Xinghe had recovered her memory or not, the girl was still the same nobody.

"I owe you? I'm your father's wife, after his death, everything naturally falls into my hands, so what do I owe you? Who are you to ask for his inheritance?"

Utilizing the loophole in the law, Wu Rong didn't consider Xinghe a threat to her claim over Chengwen's assets.

"Xia Xinghe, even if you dare to challenge me in the court of law, I'm not afraid! But you should be because I'm going to sue you for libel!"

Wu Rong had already contacted her lawyers to draft up the paperwork when she heard Xinghe went to the police to report her.

She was going to make sure the little hussy regret crossing her!

"I welcome you to do that, we'll see who wins and who loses," Xinghe said with an unwavering tone. This made Wu Rong doubt herself, afraid that Xinghe did have some dirt on her.

However, she quickly tossed her doubt out of her mind, after all, she was too clever for the hussy to have anything on her.

“You have my word. I’ll personally send you off to jail,” Wu Rong spat with ruthlessness. She turned and ordered, “Mrs. Chan, call the security to toss her out!”

Mrs. Chan was stunned.

Wu Rong shot the old maid a laser-sharp gaze, adding, “What, even you are rebelling against me now?”

“Of course, not, madam...” Mrs. Chan had no choice but to call for security.