

## Chapter 42: End of Xia Mansion Arc – Out She Went

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Not only would her face be lost, Wushuang would be implicated as well.

With Chengwen's several hundred million inheritances, why should she be so hung up on a puny villa?

Wu Rong silently jeered at Xinghe.

So what if the hussy stole the villa from her? Ultimately, the inheritance was in her name.

As long as she had a breath in her, the little bastard girl will never get the Xia Family inheritance!

The villa she would be considered as a charity for a beggar!

Wu Rong's mouth curled into a victorious smile and she intoned what she was thinking. She called Xinghe a beggar to her face multiple times purposely, wanting to get under her skin.

Xinghe ignored her completely.

"There's the door if you're done. Don't overstay your welcome, you're contaminating my house with your germs," Xinghe returned to Wu Rong her own words.

Wu Rong spat on the floor with disdain before turning to go pack.

She only packed the few valuables, leaving the rest behind. She considered them as donation to Xinghe, the beggar.

Nevertheless, no matter how much she consoled herself, she still felt humiliated.

The house was realistically hers, she should be the one chasing Xinghe away but now the house had changed hands and out she went.

She had always known the villa was under Xinghe's name but because she couldn't find the actual certificate and Xinghe had lost her memory, she assumed she could get away with it.

Who knew the little hussy would return to trouble her the moment her memory returned.

Thankfully, Chengwen's death was so sudden that he didn't have a valid will. With some tricks, she had managed to maneuver all of his estate into her name.

Wu Rong dragged her suitcase down the staircase huffily. When she saw Mrs. Chan's startled expression, a fresh pang of humiliation arose.

Wu Rong tossed her suitcase at Mrs. Chan angrily and ordered, "Follow me and take good care of my suitcase!"

"Where are we going?" Mrs. Chan asked, still stunned.

"Why do you care? But I swear it's much better than this dump," Wu Rong said with emphasis. She wanted to let Xinghe know she was still sitting on her father's wealth, the girl might have luckily won this battle but the war was ultimately hers.

Mrs. Chan intuited the situation immediately. She hesitantly looked at Xinghe who stared down at them from the second floor. Her once young mistress' face was frosted over.

Her expression told Mrs. Chan, she didn't care whether she stayed or left.

Mrs. Chan deliberated in her heart.

Even though her inner voice told her to not go with Wu Rong but she opted for the party that could offer her the more obvious benefits.

"Madame, please wait for me a moment, I'll go pack my things. I'll be quick." Mrs. Chan retreated to her chambers and soon enough emerged with her own suitcase.

Wu Rong's patience was wearing thin. The longer she stayed, the more humiliated she felt.

When she saw Mrs. Chan reappeared, she yelled sternly, "Catch up!"

She marched towards the exit. Mrs. Chan, pulling along two suitcases, scuffled after her in an unsteady manner.

“Wu Rong...” Xinghe called from the top of the stairs when Wu Rong had her hands on the door knob.

Wu Rong turned to sneer at her, “What else do you want? You are not getting anything else from me, you little b\*tch!”

Xinghe descended the stairs gradually and stopped in front of her. She looked Wu Rong in the eyes when she said, “I just want to tell you, from today onwards, you’re not to step into my house anymore. Also, I will one day reclaim everything that you have that is, by right, mine with all the added interest.”

Wu Rong laughed in her face. “In your dreams! But I have to warn you, I will not forget how you’ve humiliated me today!”