

Chapter 52: Not Qualified to Even Hold Your Shoes

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

A fierce look crossed Xinghe's face and her dexterous fingers flew over the keyboard.

Her ten digits worked so fast that Xia Zhi had trouble following them.

He knew beforehand that his sister was a bit of a psycho when it came to her programming skills, but his breath was still taken away every time he saw she worked her magic.

"Sis, what are you doing?" Xia Zhi leaned forward to ask.

Based on his sister's concentration, she must be doing something important.

"You rest," Xinghe ordered without taking her eyes off her laptop.

Xia Zhi lay back down obediently and stopped pestering her.

Actually, Xinghe was gathering all the information she could on Chui Ming.

His personal details kept pouring into Xinghe's laptop...

Her speed and work ethics was not one bit less than an actual FBI agent's!

While Xinghe was thinking about ways to take revenge against Wu Rong and Wushuang, they were planning the same thing in return.

The mother-and-daughter pair was very happy because Chui Ming had helped them punish Xinghe at Wushuang's behest.

"Such a waste, the target should have been the little hussy herself," Wu Rong said with an evil sneer. Her mouth curled up in disdain and anger at the mention of Xinghe.

After Chengwen's death, she not only inherited his wealth but also his status in the society, everyone had to be deferential towards her.

That little b*tch, though, had the guts to humiliate her at her own home!

She wouldn't be able to stomach this humiliation until she saw, with her own eyes, the little b*tch's stone cold body.

Wushuang consoled her with a smile, "Mom, why rush? Eventually, it'll be her turn. Plus, we must make sure she is alive and well to witness the demise of her uncle and cousin."

Wu Rong laughed heartily. "My dear daughter, you're right. The little c*nt must be suffering at this very moment. Serves her right for crossing us. She's still too young to be our competition."

"Mom, you're wrong, just look at how ancient she is now, the problem isn't her age," Wushuang said with utmost condescension, "She has always been a useless c*nt. Now that she has nothing, I can smother her to death with a single finger!"

"Of course, the little b*tch is nothing compared to my precious daughter," Wu Rong said as she gently took her daughter's hands into her palms. She massaged them lovingly as she continued, "Even the old Xinghe didn't have the qualification to hold your shoes much less now. I don't understand why that dead father of hers kept treating her as such a treasure, even at his death bed, he still wanted to give her a good marriage. Alas, hahaha..."

Wu Rong laughed satisfactorily thinking about the retribution that she felt had justly fallen upon Xinghe the past few years.

Wushuang joined her.

Wushuang picked up where her mother left off, "Alas, God rightfully decided she doesn't deserve to have such a good life so it ended in a divorce. Not only that, she went from the divorce right into the sh*thole of poverty. So what if she regained her memory now, her life has long been over."

In everyone's eyes, Xinghe's life was indeed over.

The car accident that year had forced her to drop out from the illustrious Academy S and lose her right to the inheritance.

Now, she was divorced, a used product.

Which man of good standing would want a woman like her?

Even if there was one, it would be to become his mistress that couldn't see the light of day.

No matter how capable she foolishly thought she may be, it was impossible for her to rise to the top again.

A life of wealth and luxury was not so easily attainable, especially for a useless c*nt like Xinghe.

Therefore, she could only struggle the rest of her life. One of her legs was already in the coffin, Wushuang didn't feel like she should help her along because she wanted to savor Xinghe's desperation and hopelessness.

Wushuang's heart leaped with joy imagining the depravity and despair that would characterize the rest of Xinghe's life.

However, she felt the little b*tch still hadn't suffered enough.