

## Chapter 72: I'll Show Her!

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How come she felt totally different from the past...

Mubai stared at Xinghe wantonly, completely oblivious to Tianxin who sat beside him.

Tianxin's fingers almost snapped the stem of her wine glass from sheer anger.

But when she saw Wushuang waltz over to Xinghe's side, she smiled.

She wouldn't even need to even lift her own fingers to have Xia Xinghe taken care of, there was a long line of people who wanted her dead!

Xia Wushuang would be at the front of the line.

When Wu Rong married Xia Chengwen, she already had Wushuang. Wushuang was three when she joined the Xia Family.

Xinghe was two years older than Wushuang but was the prettier and smarter of the two.

Xinghe would return to Hwa Xia to stay with her father for a period of time annually. Every time she returned, Chengwen would pamper her with the best of everything.

Whenever Xinghe was around, Wushuang would have the feeling that she was an outsider, her position as the little princess of the house would be seriously threatened.

Therefore, Wushuang's hatred towards Xinghe was deep-seated. She often wished Xinghe would just disappear into thin air.

As they grew older, the distance between the sisters grew bigger. Xinghe got increasingly competent and attractive. Theirs was a sibling rivalry taken to its ugly extreme.

Wushuang felt sorry for herself, living in Xinghe's shadow, and her hatred kept bubbling in the dark.

After 20 years of sedimentation, that hatred had become as natural as the air she breathed.

The desire to destroy Xinghe would rise in her heart whenever the two stepsisters meet.

It was an urge that she herself could barely control anymore.

Especially now when Xinghe showed signs of bouncing back from her deplorable state. It pushed Wushuang to the edge of sanity, consumed by hatred and anger as she was.

She couldn't allow the b\*tch Xinghe any moment of satisfaction.

How could she face her old self that had suffered silently by Xinghe's hands for the past 20 years if she had left Xinghe be?

Therefore, when she saw Xinghe walking to the exit alone, she naturally followed, a plan already hatched.

Xinghe strode past a waxed column and saw Wushuang who was approaching through the reflection.

She smiled inwardly and whipped her body around suddenly, confronting the other woman face-to-face.

Wushuang was slightly astonished by Xinghe's sudden movement.

She didn't have time to cover the wickedness in her eyes and Xinghe caught it.

Then again, Wushuang had no reasons to hide her true nature in front of Xinghe anymore. She was no longer the lesser sister, between the two, she was the woman with a higher status. Gone were the days where she had to force herself to greet Xinghe with smiles.

With an icy cold stare, Wushuang said caustically, "Xia Xinghe, it has been such a long time. Who would have thought you could still make a pointless effort for a comeback? Not me, obviously. Honestly though, I am truly glad for you. I'm impressed actually. Not any woman could be immoral enough to mingle with her ex-husband for alms while knowing he's already engaged to another woman, a woman who would have full custody of her own son at that. Just, how do you do it?"

Wushuang concluded with a triumphant cackle.

Xinghe replied calmly, “So you’re here to laugh at me?”

“Yes, that’s right!” Wushuang admitted, “But laughing at you is not enough, I will destroy you! Xia Xinghe, do you know how much I hate you?”

Xinghe from six years ago might not.

But the present Xinghe certainly did.

“I know you hate me. But I just have one question, you’re a foster child raised by Xia Family’s charity so who are you to hate me?”

The term, ‘foster child’ stung, and that coupled with Xinghe’s lofty tone sent Wushuang into an outrage.