

Chapter 13

Mrs. Clark felt as if her throat had been choked. Despite trying for a while, she couldn't even greet Senior Colonel Sherman.

However, why was William in the same car as that little b*tch?

Was that car used to escort prisoners?

Who did Dorothy think she was to be in the same car as William?

Even for them, it would take desperate efforts to have the privilege of meeting someone like William!

However, Mrs. Clark was someone who had years of experience. She tried her best to control her astonishment and forced a smile.

"Senior Colonel Sherman, please don't take it to heart. Those words were a little harsh, but as her grandmother, it's for her own good."

Dorothy looked at her hand, which had been used to slap Martha, and burst into laughter when she heard Mrs. Clark's words.

"For my own good?"

Dorothy stared at Mrs. Clark and approached her slowly. She smirked and said, "In this case, I'll return all these favors then!"

Mrs. Clark felt that it was hard for her to breathe, and an invisible mountain-like pressure pressed down on her.

"You b*tch..."

Slap!

The clear slap echoed again.

It landed swiftly and accurately on Mrs. Clark's face.

Mrs. Clark's face was distorted, and several teeth flew out of her mouth as well.

Dorothy glanced at Mrs. Clark and said in a deep voice, "This slap is for your selfishness and disregarding your family's lives!"

Slap!

Before Mrs. Clark could react, a second slap followed closely behind.

"And this is for being a grandparent in vain and having eyes only for money!"

Slap!

"While this is for..."

Slap!

10 consecutive slaps were viciously thrown on Mrs. Clark's face.

Mrs. Clark's face was already severely swollen when the final slap landed, and there were no teeth left in her mouth. She could no longer stand, falling to the ground with a loud thud.

Mrs. Clark pointed at Dorothy in disbelief and anger, "What a b*stard! How could you slap me?! I'm your grandmother!"

The members of the Clark family were stunned by that sudden turn of events.

What on earth was going on?

Was that still the obedient Dorothy from five years ago, who didn't even dare to utter a word?

How could she have the audacity to slap Mrs. Clark in public?

Plus, Mrs. Clark was her biological grandmother. How could she dare to do that?

Dorothy looked at them with contempt.

"Dorothy?" Suddenly, an uncertain and faint voice rang from behind.

Dorothy turned around, only to see a thin, skinny woman looking at her with tears in her eyes.

"Mom..."

Dorothy shouted out of instinct.

Elizabeth Rogers, the mother of the original owner of Dorothy's body, approached Dorothy carefully, trembling and unsteady on her feet.

She wanted to touch Dorothy, but she didn't dare to do so.

"Dorothy, it's really you..." Elizabeth had long since burst into tears.

Dorothy gently wiped the tears from her eyes and hugged her, "Mom, it's me. I'm back."

Feeling Dorothy's warmth, Elizabeth cried even harder. She

hugged her tightly and said, "It's good that you're back. Welcome back..."

However, it didn't take long for Elizabeth to sense an eerie presence behind her. She instinctively looked back and met Mrs. Clark in the eyes, unconsciously shrinking back in fear.

"You b*tch, look what you've raised!"

Mrs. Clark's words were not enunciated properly since she had no teeth left, but her words made Elizabeth have chills all over her body.

She took Dorothy's hand, wanting to leave. "Dorothy, let's go. Let's get out of here now."

She was well aware of how evil Mrs. Clark was.

Dorothy had long been a thorn in the eyes of the Clark family. They would all die if they didn't leave while they still could.

Elizabeth's rough palms pressed against Dorothy's skin, leaving her with a wave of sadness.

The emotions of the original owner rose again.

Dorothy swept a glance at Mrs. Clark, stroked the back of Elizabeth's hand, and comforted her. "Mom, I'm here. It's going to be alright."

Looking at Dorothy's calm demeanor, Mrs. Clark felt a little uncertain.

However, she immediately regained her confidence as she recalled the past. After all, Dorothy was just a weak coward who had recently been released from prison. What else could

she do?

"Elizabeth, since Dorothy is your daughter, you should teach her a lesson!"

"Break her hands and legs now, or I'll kick you two out of the Clark family, leaving you with no place to stay!"



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