

The Scorned Heiress: No More Mercy

Chapter 4

Thud!

The man hits the concrete hard and instantly blacks out.-

Bianca stands there, completely shell-shocked. “Tara, since when do you know hand-to-hand combat?”

Tara brushes the dust off her dress, her tone entirely nonchalant. “A girl who grew up on the streets has to learn how to survive.”

When she returned to the Dennis family, she hid her sharp edges and played the perfect, obedient daughter to protect the family’s reputation. But they mistook her restraint for weakness. She followed their rules and even agreed to their arranged marriage, only for them to trample her dignity at every turn.

She bends down and rips the mask off the groaning thug. “Talk! Who sent you?”

This is no coincidence. They were clearly staking out the hotel.

The thug grimaces in pain but keeps his mouth shut. “Nobody! We just saw you two dressed fancy and wanted to make a quick buck!”

Tara scoffs. She presses the sharp heel of her stiletto down on his fingers, slowly applying crushing pressure. “I’ll give you one last chance.”

“Ahhh! Okay, okay, I’ll talk!” The thug breaks out in a cold sweat. “A-a woman hired us! She said if we snatched you, snapped some compromising photos, she’d pay us fifty thousand dollars, and we could even...”

Bianca gasps. “Who could it be? Jade?”

A lethal coldness flashes in Tara’s eyes. She pulls out her phone, snapping clear photos of the two men. Her voice is like ice. “Call the cops.”

The next morning, Tara walks back into the Dennis estate alone.

The moment she steps into the lavish living room, she finds her biological parents and three brothers crowded around Jade, fussing over her. Clearly, the injuries were minor if she is already discharged.

Tara stands by the entrance, taking in the sickeningly sweet scene with a mocking smirk playing on her lips. Jade must be the mastermind who ordered her kidnapping last night.

As if sensing her presence, Jade looks up. She offers Tara a faint, triumphant smirk, her eyes glittering with silent provocation.

Tara's gaze turns frigid. Pure fury rushes straight to her head. She marches right up to Jade and delivers a vicious, resounding slap across her face.

Smack!

The sharp sound echoes through the massive living room. Jade's head snaps to the side, five bright red finger marks blooming instantly across her luminous skin.

Dead silence drops over the house.

A second later, Deanna shrieks and throws herself in front of Jade. "Tara! Are you out of your mind? We haven't even interrogated you about disappearing last night, and you come home throwing hands?"

Jake springs to his feet, his face livid. "How dare you hit Jade? Apologize to her right now!"

Without missing a beat, Tara swings and slaps Jake right across the cheek. "In your dreams! Shut your mouth, she deserved it!"

Nikolai roars, "Are you a psycho?"

Smack!

Tara backhands him just as fast. "Shut up!"

Alec opens his mouth to yell, and Tara mercilessly slaps him too.

Perfect. Equality for all. She isn't biased like them; everyone gets a slap. She has reached her absolute breaking point, and they have crossed her bottom line.

Charles looks like he is about to have a stroke, but before he can bellow, Tara shoots him a lethal glare. "I suggest you keep quiet, or I won't hold back on you either."

Jade clutches her cheek, tears spilling out instantly as her voice trembles. "Tara... why did you hit me? I never wanted to fight with you..."

Tara stares her down, her gaze sharp as a blade. "You know exactly what you did. The kidnappers confessed everything."

Charles frowns heavily. “What kidnappers?”