

The Scorned Heiress: No More Mercy

Chapter 9

At the mention of the Dennis family, Tara's eyes turn instantly lethal. "Perfect. It's about time I show them exactly how well their discarded daughter is doing."

Danny nods in approval. "I'll pick you up at seven on Saturday night." He pauses, adding smoothly, "Dress to kill. My private physician isn't showing up to a gala in a lab coat."

Tara accepts the sleek black card. "Then I won't hold back."

She left her previous life with nothing but the clothes on her back, so she genuinely needs the funds. Besides, charging a premium to save a billionaire's life is just good business.

Danny leaves her in the capable hands of his assistant, Grace, instructing her to cater to Tara's every need before stepping out.

Very thoughtful.

Once Danny is gone, Tara takes a long, hot shower and collapses into bed, sleeping like the dead.

When she wakes up, she feels incredibly refreshed. Breathing the air outside the toxic Dennis household is genuinely intoxicating.

She checks her phone and immediately groans. Her inbox is flooded with aggressive texts from her former family. She completely forgot to block their numbers.

Fuelled by a fresh wave of spite, Tara decides to respond to every single one.

Jake: 'Where are you? Get back here right now, we need to talk!'

Tara: 'Get the hell out of my life.' She immediately blocks him.

She scrolls down with a cold smirk.

Nikolai: 'Tara, stop acting like a psycho. Come home before you do something you'll regret.'

Tara: 'My only regret is not leaving sooner.' Blocked.

Alec: 'You ungrateful bitch. We gave you everything. How could you do this to us!'

Tara: 'You're worse than scum.' Blocked.

The hypocrite, Jade: 'Tara, where are you? Are you really never coming back?'

Tara: 'Don't worry, I don't need to be in the same room to expose what a manipulative bitch you really are.' Blocked.

Charles: 'You insolent brat, get your ass back here immediately. We have business to discuss.'

Tara: 'Mr. Dennis, we severed ties. Discuss what? The thirty percent shares? Keep dreaming. I'll take them to my grave.' Blocked.

She tosses her phone onto the mattress, stretching her arms above her head.

One word: Satisfying!

They disguise their panic as concern, but all they want is her company shares. Disgusting hypocrites.

With the trash finally taken out, the beautiful afternoon sun calls to her. It is time to go shopping for the charity gala.

She dials Grace. "Grace, I need a ride to the mall."

Thirty minutes later, Tara struts into Capital City's most exclusive luxury shopping district.

She heads straight into a high-end designer boutique.

"Welcome, Miss. These are our latest seasonal arrivals," the sales associate greets her warmly.

"I'd like to try this one on," Tara says, pointing to a stunning champagne-colored gown on a display mannequin.

Just as the associate reaches for the dress, a painfully familiar voice screeches from the entrance, "I'll take that dress!"

Tara turns around. Of course, it is Jade.

Talk about terrible luck. Stepping in dog crap would be less annoying.

Tara narrows her eyes as Jade struts over, practically glowing in a flashy designer outfit, with Alec trailing behind her like a loyal guard dog.

Jade spots Tara, and their eyes lock.

“Tara?” Jade gasps dramatically, her voice grating on Tara’s nerves. “What are you doing here? Mom and Dad are worried sick about you. Hurry up and come home.”