

Ready to Rule: The Real Heiress Strikes Back

Chapter 4

The guy who came to pick up Lydia hadn't even shown up in a car. He just hitched a ride on a tractor from the village. Milana looked at him and didn't bother hiding her contempt. If Lydia thought she'd ever live a life as comfortable as she had with the Smith family again, she was just dreaming.

Lydia frowned a little and bent down to grab her backpack, but Jack beat her to it. He scooped it up, his eyes blazing with anger as he stared at Milana. "We thought you'd treat Lydia with some respect. How could you try to get rid of her with just five thousand dollars?"-

Milana shot back with a cold stare. "If it weren't for us taking her in, she would've frozen or starved out there eighteen years ago. And you can tell the Norwood family that we don't want anything for raising their daughter. We just want them to leave us alone from now on."

She was terrified the Norwoods would try to latch onto them again, so she made sure to draw the line right then and there.

Jack was shaking with fury, pointing at Milana. "You... you're unbelievable! Mr. And Mrs. Norwood even wrote a thank you letter and—"

"Save it," Milana cut him off, her voice dripping with disdain. "I don't need it. If you both disappear from my sight, that'll be thanks enough."

Lydia spoke up, her voice calm but distant. "I'll leave after I prepare medicine for Grandma."

Milana just scoffed, "Don't bother. Your grandma's already asleep."

Sandy chimed in, her chin lifted high and eyes full of resentment. "Lydia, if you know what's good for you, just get lost. There's no place for you in the Smith family."

All those years, Sandy had blamed Lydia for stealing her life, making her suffer in some backwater village. Letting Lydia leave without demanding payback for those lost eighteen years was already generous in her eyes.

Lydia's face looked almost ghostly pale in the rain. Her lips curled up in a faint mocking smile, and her dark eyes locked onto Sandy For at her*** other expensive clothes, Sandy stilooked hopelessly out of place.

Sandy felt a chill run down her spine under Lydia's gaze, but she forced herself to scoff. "What are you staring at? I'm the real Smith heiress. You're nothing."

Lydia's lips parted, but Milana jumped in before she could speak. "Lydia, how many times do I have to tell you? Leave."

Lydia didn't bother arguing. She looked back at the house one last time, set her bamboo basket by the door, and turned away, her shoulders slumping ever so slightly.

Her grandmother's words echoed in her mind. "Lyds, whether you're a Smith or not, you'll always be my precious girl."

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Milana and Sandy watched Lydia finally walk out and exchanged, look of relief and satisfaction. They'd beer worried she'd use grandma' affection as an excuse to stay.

Jack glared at the two women on the steps, his voice trembling with anger. "You'll regret this, just wait and see."

Milana let out a laugh, shaking her head like she couldn't believe what she was hearing. "I've already done more than enough for her. What's there to regret?"

Jack wanted to say more, but Lydia called to him softly, "Jack, let's go."

He swallowed his words and

followed her, fury burning in his

chest. The Smiths had no idea what they'd just thrown away. Mr. And Mrs. Norwood had prepared ten sets of priceless jewelry, ten luxury homes in the capital and a billion in cash as a thank you gift One day they'd realize just how badly they'd messed up.