

Love Drug (Summer and Fraser)

Chapter 11 Peyton Jumps Into the Pool

Summer wasn't actually giving Trevor a chance.

She knew perfectly well that he would never choose her over Peyton.

The moment Peyton had any kind of "episode," "Trevor would drop everything for her.

Finished

She remembered her own birthday this year. She had been about to blow out the candles and make a wish when Trevor got a call from Peyton.

Without hesitation, he left.

Leaving her and a room full of friends awkwardly staring at the uneaten cake.

Meanwhile. Peyton had confidently entered the Stewart family's banquet hall with a proper invitation.

Julia's face immediately darkened. "Who let her in? What the hell is wrong with you people?"

The servants shrank back, none of them daring to answer.

With an air of authority, Julia stormed over and blocked Peyton's path, her voice sharp. "Miss Smith, this is the Stewart family's private event. What exactly are you doing here?"

Peyton stood there, completely unbothered. Her tone was perfectly polite.

"Mrs. Stewart, hello. I'm here to see Summer."

Julia looked her up and down, sizing her up with disdain.

A cheap, manipulative little homewrecker.

Julia's voice was dripping with contempt. "Mrs. Stewart? The mere sound of you calling me that is an insult. The Stewart family does not welcome you. Leave immediately, before I have security throw you out."

By the poolside, Trevor and Summer could see everything through the floor-to-ceiling windows.

Julia was standing there with the servants, looking like she was bullying the poor, weak Peyton,

They couldn't hear the conversation, but it wasn't hard to guess what Julia was saying.

Summer watched the scene with amusement before shifting her gaze to Trevor.

His expression didn't change, but his brow furrowed ever so slightly.

Summer knew him too well.

That was the prelude to his anger.

Sure enough, Peyton's eyes darted around until she spotted him by the pool.

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She moved gracefully despite her haste.

Tonight, she wore a white spaghetti-strap dress, a soft pink knitted shawl draped over her shoulders.

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Her face was pale, her long hair flowing as she ran. Every detail, from her makeup to her delicate outfit, was meticulously planned to perfection.

Breathlessly, she called out. "Trevor."

Then, as if suddenly noticing Summer's presence, she forced a warm, friendly smile. "Summer."

Trevor's expression remained unreadable. His voice was low. "Why are you here?"

Peyton bit her lip. "I came to apologize to Summer about the wedding. I didn't realize the Stewart family was hosting an event tonight."

Came looking for Summer? To apologize?

How ridiculous.

If Peyton really wanted to apologize, why wouldn't she do it privately? Why show

up at the Stewart family's banquet?

Peyton knew perfectly well that Summer didn't live here.

And yet, she had come anyway, with a formal invitation in hand.

Which meant she had planned this from the very beginning.

Summer didn't bother exposing her lie just yet.

Julia, who had followed Peyton outside with the servants, was fuming. She was

just about to call for security when she noticed Trevor.

Gritting her teeth, she held herself back.

Julia's voice was cold. "Miss Smith, today is an important day for our family. If you have no business here, I suggest you leave."

Peyton completely ignored Julia.

Instead, she lifted her tearful eyes to Trevor, looking like a lost fawn-helpless, vulnerable, making anyone watching instinctively want to protect her.

"Trevor, am I interrupting?" she asked softly. I'm so sorry. If I had known tonight was a special occasion, I never would have come."

Summer crossed her arms, smirking.

She didn't say anything.

She was curious how long Trevor could hold back.

Julia, however, was losing patience fast.

This girl was still playing innocent?

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Please. Back in her day, Julia could crush two of these manipulative little actresses without breaking a sweat.

And Peyton thought she could play games here?

What a joke.

Julia snapped. "Guards, escort Miss Smith out immediately!"

At her command, several tall, burly security guards stepped forward to remove Peyton from the premises.

But Trevor's cold, sharp gaze swept over them.

Under his powerful aura, the guards hesitated and instinctively stepped back.

Trevor's voice was firm. Your health isn't great. I'll have my driver take you back to the hospital."

Peyton's eyes widened in disbelief.

She looked up at him, her expression heartbreakingly innocent, tears threatening to fall.

But she didn't dare argue.

Instead, she turned to Summer, her voice trembling.

"Summer. I'm so sorry. Please don't be mad at Trevor. I'm the one who's sick. The wedding was my last wish -I never wanted to cause problems between you two. Please, tell me what I can do to make it up to you."

She looked pitiful, almost saintly in her self-sacrifice.

It was enough to make any bystander's heart soften.

Unfortunately for her, Summer was immune to her act.

She might not love Trevor anymore, but that didn't mean she had forgotten the humiliation Peyton had made her suffer.

Her WhatsApp messages were proof.

Message #999:

"Summer, you will always be a pathetic loser in my hands."

"Trevor spent the night with me again. You must be so lonely waiting for him, huh?"

Hahaha!"

And that was just the beginning.

Summer's smirk deepened. Her tone was casual, almost amused.

"Alright. If you jump into the pool, I'll forgive you."

Julia raised a brow, watching her daughter with interest.

Finally, Summer wasn't letting herself be bullied.

But then she frowned.

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Why wasn't she handling this privately?

Why provoke Peyton in front of Trevor?

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Fool. Didn't she know that this was exactly how men developed their protective

instincts?

By now, several guests had wandered over, drawn in by the tension.

The fiancée versus the first love.

If he would win?

Trevor's expression darkened further, his voice filled with warning. "Summer, if you're angry about the wedding, take it out on me. There's no need to do this." Summer looked at him calmly, then smiled mockingly.

"Trevor, you're already this distressed? Then why bother saying all those sweet words to me earlier? Did you want me to think you still cared?"

Peyton stole a glance at the massive rectangular pool—easily over a thousand square feet.

She calculated her options.

Her health wasn't the greatest, but her heart had been doing well lately.

Besides, it was summer.

The water wouldn't be too cold.

And she knew how to swim.

Most importantly, Summer was an idiot.

Did she really think making her jump in would do anything except push Trevor further away?

Peyton decided to take a risk.

"I'll do it." She nodded, her voice full of determination. "Summer, if this is what it

takes for you to forgive me, then I'll do it."

With that, she took a deep breath and leapt forward.

With a loud splash, she hit the water, sending waves rippling across the surface.

The crowd gasped.

This was getting good.

Then someone muttered, "Wait.. is Peyton sinking? I heard her health isn't great.

What if she drowns?"

Almost immediately, another loud splash.