

Love Drug (Summer and Fraser)

Chapter 6 You Look Good in That Dress.

Finished

Summer clutched the blanket and scooted back. "It's only fair. I slept with you, you slept with me. So we're

Fraser couldn't come after her for this anymore.

Fraser withdrew his hand, his fingertips still holding onto the warmth of her skin.

With one hand in his pocket, he stood over her, watching her quietly with his dark, unreadable gaze.

"Get dressed and come eat breakfast. With that, he turned and walked out.

Only after he left did Summer pick up the dress.

One look, and her face twitched.

It was a deep purple, form-fitting dress, embroidered with sprawling rose patterns. The material was silky. high-end, and obviously expensive.

She had never worn something this sultry and bold before.

Trevor had always preferred her in simple, pure-looking outfits.

But the truth was, she had never liked that style. She hated looking innocent and delicate because it only made it easier for Margaret Stewart to bully her. =

Still, she had endured it for Trevor. Back then, he was the most important thing in her world.

Looking back, she had been a complete fool.

Love really was a disease.

She shook off her thoughts and tossed aside the blanket, revealing her pale skin- now covered in dark bruises and marks. A clear testament to just how little Fraser had held back last night.

One by one, she put her clothes on.

Surprisingly, the lingerie fit perfectly.

Summer was speechless. How did Fraser get her size right in just one night?

She barely even knew his size... only that it was big. Very big.

She shook the heat from her face.

It's normal to think about it. Any woman would still be thinking about a man like that after a night like last night. Completely normal.

Brushing off her thoughts, she quickly got dressed, freshened up, and stepped out of the bedroom.

The villa had a grand, Z-shaped staircase. Because of the way the dress hugged her curves, Summer walked down a little more carefully than usual.

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The second he saw her, a flicker of surprise flashed across his eyes.

His taste was excellent.

Finished

Summer was tall and slender, her long, slightly curled hair framing her delicate features. Her bright, clear eyes were striking, and even without makeup, her complexion was smooth and fair.

The dress gave her a regal, elegant air-more confident, more refined than ever before.

Leaning back lazily in his chair, Fraser tapped his fingers rhythmically against the table, watching her silently as she walked down.

He wondered what her reaction would be if she knew the exact thought running through his mind right now-how much he wanted to rip that dress off of her.

The corner of his lips lifted slightly.

Feeling his deep, heated gaze locked onto her, Summer tugged at the hem of her dress.

It wasn't short, but the high slit meant that every step she took revealed a fleeting glimpse of her long, pale legs.

She frowned. "Is there something on my face?"

A trace of warmth flickered in Fraser's dark eyes. "You look good in that dress."

Summer wasn't unused to compliments.

Men had told her she was beautiful countless times before.

But Fraser's simple "not bad" made her ears turn slightly red.

For a moment, the air between them felt thick with something unspoken.

The sun was bright overhead as Fraser's sleek, black Ferrari sped down the road. The scenery blurred past the windows.

Summer had planned to take a cab back, but without her phone or wallet, she had no choice but to hitch a ride with Fraser into Havenbrook.

She gave him an address: Brookhaven Estates.

A middle-class neighborhood.

Not cheap, but not exactly high-end either.

For someone with her status as the Stewart family's eldest daughter, it was a bit underwhelming.

Fraser glanced at her. "You don't live at the Stewart residence?"

"Mm." She glanced back at him. His tone was casual, just making conversation, so she didn't bother explaining further.

When they arrived. Summer reached for the door handle.

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Before she could get out, Fraser lazily caught her wrist. "You're just leaving like that?"

His tone was almost teasing-like a lover reluctant to say goodbye.

Summer blinked. Was she supposed to invite him upstairs for tea or something?

She cleared her throat. "Thanks for saving me

Seeing that he didn't respond, she quickly added, "I'll treat you to a meal sometime."

Then, realizing how ridiculously wealthy he was, she corrected herself. "Of course, if you're willing to

humor me."

Fraser tapped his fingers lightly against the steering wheel, his gaze sharp and unreadable. He didn't acknowledge the dinner invitation at all.

"Usually, when two people sleep together, they say goodbye with a kiss, don't they?"

Summer stiffened.

"Fraser, do you do this every time you part ways with a woman?"

Amusement flickered in his deep-set eyes. His voice dropped, slow and teasing.

"I don't have 'women. But Summer, if you want to be mine, I could consider it. We're quite compatible, after all."

Summer's lips twitched. "I don't want to be your woman."

Fraser's definition of "his woman" was probably nowhere near what she would call a proper girlfriend.

She had already failed miserably at being Trevor's girlfriend. She wasn't about to throw herself into another disaster.

Jumping from one fire pit straight into another-if she did that, she wouldn't just be unlucky. She'd be downright stupid.

Fraser smirked, lowering his voice deliberately. "Is that so? That's not what you said last night. You were practically begging me-

Before he could finish, Summer clamped a hand over his mouth.

Fraser raised an eyebrow, the amusement in his expression growing.

His quiet laughter vibrated against her palm.

His sharp features were half-covered by her hand, but his dark, gleaming eyes burned into hers.

Her heart skipped a beat.

Avoiding his gaze, she quickly pulled her hand back. "Well... I'll be going now.

Goodbye."

Not waiting for another word, she yanked open the door and bolted.

With a soft chuckle, Fraser watched her retreating figure.

His gaze darkened slightly, sharp and focused-like a predator watching its prey.

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Chapter 6 You Look Good in That Dress

Summer, you started this. You think you can just walk away?

Finished:

Summer returned to her apartment—a simple, two-bedroom, one-bath space

around 1,100 square feet.

One bedroom, one study. Cozy, not extravagant.

It wasn't a luxurious penthouse, but the small balcony bathed in sunlight, filled with plants, made it feel like

home.

Trevor had always complained that her place was too small. He had never once set foot inside.

Instead, he had bought her multiple high-end apartments, urging her to move.

But Summer liked this one.

Because she had bought it with her own money.

Taking a deep breath, she grabbed an empty box from the storage room.

One b

by one, she packed away everything Trevor had ever given her.

By the time she was done, the box was completely full.

No surprise there. It was proof of five years of love.

And there were still so many things she had left at his villa.

Sitting on the floor, she stared blankly at the box of memories.

A photo album. A few property deeds. Several pieces of expensive jewelry. And an engagement ring.

The properties alone were worth tens of millions.

For years, she had naively believed that Trevor would eventually warm up to her.

Then Peyton had come back.

And the ending had been painfully predictable.

First loves. They never lose.

Summer exhaled slowly.

She would sell the properties.

Consider it compensation for the years she had wasted on that man.

Chapter 7 Discussing Your Marriage with Trevor

The next day, Summer went to the nearest mall to get a new phone and SIM card.

The moment she turned it on, dozens of missed messages flooded in.

Before she could even check them, her phone started ringing.

Julia Chapman.

Her biological mother. The Stewart Group's matriarch.

Summer hesitated for a second before answering.

Finished

The moment the call connected, Julia's irritated voice rang out. "Summer, what have you been doing these past two days? You didn't answer my calls or reply to my messages. Do you even consider me your mother? Why can't you be more thoughtful like Margaret?"

Summer instinctively replied. "I was kidnapped, so I lost my phone-"

Julia let out a cold laugh. "Kidnapped? That's the excuse you came up with? What, you want to use this to milk money out of the Stewart family? You're just like that woman who raised you. I can't believe you're even my daughter."

A dull ache spread through Summer's chest.

Julia always said things like this when she was angry.

Summer was the Stewart family's real daughter.

Before she was reunited with them, her name had been Summer Leonard.

Twenty-three years ago, Julia Chapman had given birth in a private hospital.

At the same time, in another hospital room, a nurse named Yolanda Finley also gave birth to Margaret. But Margaret was born with a serious congenital illness. Yolanda had no money for treatment, and to make things worse, she had a gambling-addicted husband, Quill Leonard.

Fearing that her daughter would suffer through a life of hardship, she made a cruel decision.

Taking advantage of her position, she secretly swapped Margaret and Julia's newborn daughter-Summer. From that moment on, their fates were sealed..

The Stewart family doted on Margaret, raising her like a treasure. Even her name, Margaret, meant "precious pearl."

Meanwhile, Yolanda treated Summer with cold indifference, using emotional manipulation to control her.

It wasn't until three years ago, when Margaret got into a car accident, that the truth came out through a

DNA test.

The Stewart family was shaken. After raising Margaret for twenty years, they couldn't bear to part with her.

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Chapter 7 Discussing Your Marriage with Trevor

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Summer still remembered her first day in the Stewart residence.

Julia had given her a cold, assessing look, her brows furrowing in displeasure. "You got dirt on the custom Luscaro carpet Lordered last month.

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Finished.

Then, looking her up and down with distaste, she added. "What the hell are you wearing? Is this how Yolanda raised you? No manners, no sense of presentation. You show up looking sloppy in front of your elders Typical. A woman like Yolanda could never teach you anything good. You'd better learn how to behave properly now that you're part of the Stewart family.

Harvey Stewart, her so-called brother, had been even more direct. He scowled in disgust. "I only have one sister, and that's Margaret. I don't know where this random stray came from, but I'm not accepting her."

Her father. Jasper Stewart, had been calm and emotionless. He simply stated, "From now on, you're my daughter. You and Margaret should get along. And Margaret....

She had stood there with a mix of resentment and satisfaction in her gaze, as if saying. See? Even though you're their real daughter, they still love me more.

Then, as if playing the part of a saint, she spoke softly, "Mom, Dad, since Summer is back, I should leave the Stewart family

Julia panicked immediately. "Margaret, none of this is your fault. Yolanda is the one to blame. You will always be our precious daughter. I would never let you leave."

Julia was still ranting on the other end of the phone.

Snapping out of her thoughts, Summer cut her off, her voice sharp and cold. "You're right. I'm not your daughter Margaret is. Happy now?"

Julia's anger boiled over. "Summer, is that any way to talk to your mother? They say the one who raises you matters more than the one who gave birth to you, and it's true! Margaret is a hundred times more thoughtful than you-she'd never be this disrespectful!"

Summer's eyes burned slightly. "Then why are you calling me? Let's just cut ties for good."

"Summer! You're trying to give me a heart attack, aren't you?" Julia took a deep breath, nearly choking on her frustration.

Every time they talked about Margaret, Summer became unbearably stubborn.

But Margaret wasn't the one to blame. She had done nothing wrong. The real villain in all this was Yolanda.

And Yolanda had already paid the price-locked away in prison.

Julia forced herself to calm down. Tomorrow was too important.

"Tomorrow is the Stewart Group's 30th anniversary gala. We're hosting a banquet, and I expect you to bring Trevor. Your father and I will take the opportunity to discuss your wedding."

Summer already knew the truth.

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Chapter 7 Discussing Your Marriage with Trevor

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Ever since she was brought back into the family, Julia had never shown her much affection. In fact, she seemed to resent the twenty years Summer had spent being raised by Yolanda.

But when Juba found out that Summer was dating Trevor?

She had finally started treating her better.

Summer didn't hesitate. "Trevor and I broke up."

Julia's voice shot up. "What? Break up? Did I hear you wrong, or have you completely lost your mind? What kind of childish tantrum is this? Do you even realize how much the Stewart family has grown in recent years, all because of the Larson family's support? A

a member of this family, you need to consider the bigger picture. And let's be honest- Trevor is the best match you could possibly get. What more do

even want?"

The Stewart family owned large shopping malls in Havenbrook.

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After Summer returned to them, thanks to her relationship with Trevor, they had expanded from ten locations to thirty-dominating nearly a third of Havenbrook's commercial districts.

Summer's tone was steady. "He already had a wedding ceremony with Peyton. Do you really think I'd be pathetic enough to throw away my dignity and beg him to take me back?"

Julia frowned at the mention of the wedding. She had heard about it.

But whose fault was that? If Summer had held onto Trevor more tightly, Peyton wouldn't have had the chance to take her place.

Summer was her biological daughter, but she had none of her cunning.

Not surprising-after all, she wasn't raised by her. She had been completely ruined by Yolanda.

"I heard about the wedding. It was fake. Just young people messing around. As a woman, you need to be patient. Once you marry Trevor, you can deal with Peyton however you want. But right now, you have no official status. If you keep making a fuss, you'll only push Trevor away for real."

"What Trevor does is no longer my concern. I am never going back to him."

"Summer-Summer! Hello?"

Julia stared at her phone in disbelief.

Summer had actually hung up on her.

Furious, she took a deep breath, then immediately dialed another number.

The call connected.

"Trevor, it's Summer's mother."

She didn't hesitate. "Yes, about Summer-don't take her tantrum seriously. She's just jealous, acting childish, hoping you'll coax her. If she did anything to upset you, I apologize on her behalf. Just come to the Stewart Group's 30th anniversary banquet tomorrow. Her father and I want to discuss your marriage."

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Chapter 8 The Stewart Family Heirloom Belongs to Margaret

The Stewart Group's 30th Anniversary Gala.

The grand chandelier sparkled brilliantly, casting dazzling light over the opulent villa.

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In the center of the banquet hall, a renowned pianist played a smooth, elegant melody. Waiters in crisp tuxedos moved between the guests, carrying trays of wine.

The men attending were dressed in sharp suits, and the women wore luxurious designer gowns.

Summer had chosen a simple, high-neck, one-shoulder black dress. The fabric hugged her curves perfectly, sleek yet understated.

She had refused the dress Julia had sent-a deep V, backless gown that oozed seduction. There was no way she would wear something like that.

As she stepped into the hall, her gaze landed on Margaret.

Margaret wore her hair in an elegant updo, her makeup flawless, her blue velvet gown dripping in extravagance. The deep V neckline and exposed back sparkled with scattered diamond embellishments. The long train of her dress trailed behind her, making her look like a noble princess.

One hand carried an Hermès crocodile leather purse, the other clung affectionately to Julia's arm.

Whispers floated from a corner of the room.

"Look at Margaret, acting so high and mighty, making sure everyone knows she's the favored one. But honestly, who in high society doesn't know about the Stewart family's real and fake daughter scandal?"

"Yeah, what is the Stewart family thinking? They treat the fake daughter like a treasure while their real daughter gets ignored."

"I saw Julia taking Margaret on a shopping spree the other day, buying her tons of luxury goods. She had two bodyguards following her, carrying bags full of designer items."

"Summer is so disappointing. She was brought back to the Stewart family, and instead of driving Margaret out, she let herself be completely overshadowed. She's the real daughter but gets treated like the fake one."

"You don't get it. The Stewart family wants both daughters, but emotionally, of course, they're going to favor the one they raised for twenty years."

"If you ask me, Summer's only chance to turn things around is to marry Trevor."

"Speaking of Trevor, does she even have that chance anymore? You heard about his wedding for Peyton, right?"

"She's really pitiful. Her real parents prefer the fake daughter, and even her fiancé is in love with someone else."

Julia spotted Summer arriving late and immediately frowned.

Her eyes flicked behind her, searching. No Trevor.

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Chapter 8 The Stewart Family Heirloom Belongs to Margaret

Her expression turned even darker.

Her voice was low but displeased. "Why are you alone? Where's Trevor?"

Finished

Summer's gaze swept over Margaret, who clung to Julia's arm like she was afraid someone would take her place.

She had no interest in explaining and simply replied, "He didn't come with me."

Truthfully, since the kidnapping, Summer had not contacted Trevor once.

She had seen his missed call.

But what did it matter?

The moment he had told her kidnappers they could do whatever they wanted to her, she had already given up on him.

Margaret's entire body tensed the second she saw Summer.

She hated her.

Ever since Summer's return, her perfect life had been shattered.

Jasper and Julia still loved her, but her status was no longer secure.

At first, Summer had been no real threat.

But as soon as the Stewart family started viewing her as Trevor's future wife, things had changed.

Margaret could not allow it.

She was terrified that one day, the Stewart family would wake up and cast her out. If that happened, she would have nothing.

So, she had to make sure she was the only daughter of the Stewart family.

Keeping her emotions in check, Margaret put on a perfect, gentle smile.

Summer, why are you dressed so plainly? Tonight is the Stewart Group's 30th anniversary, and half of Havenbrook's elite are here. As Dad and Mom's daughter, shouldn't you care about representing the Stewart family properly?"

Julia turned to look at Summer properly for the first time.

The black dress highlighted her fair skin, and the fitted design accentuated her elegant figure.

But while the rest of the Stewart family was decked out in lavish designer outfits and expensive jewelry. Summer wore not a single accessory.

She looked far too... simple.

"I sent Zoey to deliver a gown to you. Why didn't you wear it?"

Summer let out a mocking laugh. "In your eyes, Margaret is the real daughter of the Stewart family. You're all one bir hanny family. What I wear doesn't make a difference."

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Chapter 8 The Stewart Family Heirloom Belongs to Margaret

She rarely spoke to Julia this way in public.

One, because Trevor disliked it when she acted "unruly."

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Two, because she had once held onto the foolish hope that Julia would love her like a mother should.

But after everything that had happened-the kidnapping. Trevor's betrayal, and the fake family affection- she was done.

Her

r voice wasn't loud, but they were in the middle of the banquet hall.

People had already started to take notice.

Julia's face darkened. "Do you know what day it is? Summer, don't make a scene."

Summer smiled. "Sorry, but twenty years ago, you didn't teach me how to behave. So, you have no right to tell me what to do now."

Without another word, she turned and walked away.

Julia's expression was ugly, but with so many people watching, she had no choice but to swallow her anger.

Margaret, on the other hand, was secretly delighted.

She quickly comforted Julia. "Mom, Summer is so disrespectful to you. She's too ungrateful! But don't worry. Even if she doesn't care about you, I do. You'll always have me."

Julia sighed and patted Margaret's hand.

Why was her biological daughter so stubborn, while her adopted daughter was so much more considerate?

At the buffet table, Summer picked up a plate and grabbed a slice of strawberry cake.

Margaret followed her.

Holding a cocktail in one hand, she smirked.

"Summer, after three years, you still haven't learned anything. You think acting out like this will make Mom and Dad notice you more? They raised me for twenty years, not twenty days. To them, I am their real daughter. That bond isn't something you can break.

"So be smart-leave the Stewart family before I make you leave."

Summer took a bite of cake. The strawberries were a little sour.

"Are you done?" she asked coolly.

"What?"

Summer's expression turned icy. "If you're done talking, then get lost."

Margaret scoffed. "Still pretending to be the Stewart family's daughter?"

She lifted her hand showing off the necklace around her neck-a six-pointed star-shaped diamond

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Chapter 8 The Stewart Family Heirloom Belongs to Margaret

pendant.

Smirking, she asked. "Recognize this?"

Sutter's fingers froze around her fork.

She slowly put the cake down.

The only person in the Stewart family who had ever genuinely loved her was her grandmother.

But only a year after Summer returned, she had passed away.

That had been one of the greatest pains of her life.

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Finished

Before her death, her grandmother had left behind two heirlooms-one was a pair of jade earrings, the other, a six-pointed diamond necklace.

By Stewart family tradition, the jade earrings were for the family's sons, while the diamond necklace was always passed down to the Stewart family's daughter.

On Margaret's 18th birthday, the family had gifted the necklace to her.

But before passing away, Summer's grandmother had explicitly stated that the necklace must be returned to

Summer.

Summer had assumed Julia had taken it back but simply refused to give it to her.

Yet here it was-still hanging around Margaret's neck.

A sharp pain shot through her chest.

Margaret saw the flicker of sadness in Summer's eyes and felt a rush of satisfaction.

Smirking, she said, "This necklace has stayed with me all these years. That just proves who our parents really consider their daughter."

She leaned in, her voice dropping to a vicious whisper.

"And you? You're nothing."

Then-

"Ahh!"

A sharp, ear-piercing scream shattered the air.

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Chapter 9 Trevor Stands Up for Summer

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Just as Margaret was basking in her own self-satisfaction. Summer suddenly took a step forward.

With one swift motion, she yanked the six-pointed diamond necklace straight off Margaret's neck.

Margaret barely had time to react. All she felt was a sharp, burning pain as the chain was forcibly torn away, scraping across her delicate skin

The sting was instant. A thin line of blood surfaced on her neck.

The commotion immediately drew the attention of the entire banquet hall.

Curious onlookers turned their heads, eager for gossip.

Julia rushed over in a panic.

"What is going on?"

Margaret, her face streaked with tears, threw herself into Julia's arms.

"Mom, Summer was speaking to you so disrespectfully, so I told her not to act like that. and she just lost it! She ripped my necklace off! My neck-she almost broke my neck!"

Julia's gaze snapped to the bloodstains on Margaret's skin, then to Summer, her expression darkening.

"Summer, what the hell do you think you're doing?"

Summer met her glare calmly.

Raising the necklace for all to see, she slowly turned it between her fingers. The six-pointed diamond sparkled brilliantly under the grand chandelier, sharp, intricate, undeniably valuable.

Summer's tone was lazy, unhurried. "I was just taking back the necklace my grandmother left for me. No need for all this fuss, is there?"

Julia's eyes flickered.

She had been so busy tonight that she hadn't even noticed Margaret was wearing the necklace.

If she had seen it earlier, she wouldn't have allowed it.

When Madam Stanton passed away, Julia had tried to retrieve the necklace from Margaret. She had even offered to exchange it for jewelry of equal value.

But the moment she brought it up, Margaret burst into tears, sobbing about how she wasn't loved anymore.

Ever since Summer returned, Margaret had grown sensitive.

Julia had spent twenty years raising her-how could she bear to break her heart?

So, in the end, she let it go.

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Chapter 9 Trevor Stands Up for Summer

That way, both daughters would be happy.

Finished

Julia pursed her lips. "This necklace was given to Margaret when she turned eighteen. At the time, you weren't part of the Stewart family yet. You can't blame anyone for that."

Summer let out a laugh, mocking, razor-sharp,

You really do dote on

make you pay for it?"

Our fake daughter. What, aren't you afraid Grandma will crawl out of her grave to

Gasps rippled through the crowd.

Fake daughter

The words hit like a slap.

Coming from Summer, it was an outright declaration of war.

Margaret snapped.

The burning pain on her neck was nothing compared to the humiliation searing through her chest. Her hands clenched into tight fists. She wanted to scratch that smug look right off Summer's face.

Julia's expression turned ugly. Her voice dropped into a sharp his

"Summer, enough! If you had never returned to the Stewart family, this necklace would have always been.

t's!"

Summer's lips curled in amusement, but the smile never reached her eyes.

That's right. I had never come back, everything would still belong to Margaret.

They never really wanted me back in the first place.

Jasper had been busy entertaining guests in the main hall.

But the escalating noise from the banquet floor finally forced him to step in.

The moment he saw what was happening-Margaret in tears, the guests whispering, the mess his daughters were making-his expression darkened. This was embarrassing.

His voice was stern. "Enough. Stop causing a scene. We're making a laughingstock of ourselves. We'll discuss the necklace later. Margaret, go see the family doctor for your neck."

Margaret's eyes filled with fresh tears. Her voice trembled.

"Dad. Summer attacked me. And now you're taking her side?"

To Jasper, this was just a petty argument between siblings.

Nothing worth ruining the Stewart Group's 30th anniversary over.

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Chapter 9 Trevor Stands Up for Summer

All he cared about was resolving this before it damaged the family's reputation.

His gaze shifted to Summer.

"Summer, return the necklace to Margaret. We'll sort this out after the banquet."

A wave of hushed murmurs spread through the room.

Some people looked at Summer with sympathy. Others with ridicule.

Summer stared at the scene in front of her.

Julia, arms wrapped protectively around Margaret. Jasper, standing firm in his defense of her.

They looked like a perfectly loving family.

And she?

She was the unwanted outsider, the villain disrupting their peace.

She bit down hard, forcing back the sting in her nose.

This necklace belongs to the Stewart family's real daughter. Why should she give it back?"

The voice was cold, firm, carrying a subtle edge of anger.

Every head in the room turned toward the source.

The next moment, Summer was pulled into a familiar embrace.

She looked up.

Finished

Trevor

His sharp jawline, his emotionless expression.

Summer's brows knitted together. She immediately pushed him away.

Trevor was dressed in a crisp gray suit, his tie meticulously straightened. His entire presence was precise, composed, and impossibly distant.

But the moment he had spoken, the air in the room shifted.

A powerful, oppressive aura blanketed the hall.

Jasper's eyes flickered.

The Larson family's wealth far surpassed the Stewart family's.

To him, it didn't really matter which daughter got the necklace.

But if Trevor was backing Summer, then giving it to her would be more beneficial.

He immediately forced a smile, trying to smooth things over.

"Tema don't mind this little semiment between mu daughters The necklasa kar

slumur kalsınmal in

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Chapter 9 Trevor Stands Up for Summer

Stewart family's daughter, so of course, it rightfully belongs to Summer:

Margaret's heart plummeted.

Jasper's tone had changed. His stance had shifted.

Trevor had barely said anything, and just like that, her parents were no longer defending her.

Tears welled in her eyes as she turned to Julia for support.

Julia understood her silent plea.

But Summer was Trevor's fiancée.

And the Stewart family's business relied heavily on the Larson family.

Finished

Even though Julia adored Margaret, even though she was furious at Summer's behavior, at this moment, there was no way she would go against Trevor.

She sighed and gently patted Margaret's shoulder before letting go.

Turning to Trevor, she forced a warm smile. "Trevor, you're late."

Then, she addressed Margaret directly.

"Margaret, your sister Summer is getting married soon. The necklace will be her dowry. When you get married. I'll buy you a new one."

Margaret froze.

Her mind reeled.

Everything had turned against her in an instant.

Jasper and Julia had switched sides, just because Trevor had shown up.

Her neck was still bleeding.

But suddenly, no one seemed to care.

Mocking eyes swept over her.

She could feel their judgment, their silent laughter.

Her face burned.

Overwhelmed with humiliation and rage, she clenched her fists, then stomped her foot in frustration and

ran from the room.

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Chapter 10 We Broke Up the Day of the Kidnapping

Margaret ran upstairs to her room.

She grabbed everything within reach and hurled it across the room, one by one.

Finished

Outside the bedroom, the crashing and smashing sounds were so loud they could be heard through the

closed door.

Zocy, along with the family doctor, stood waiting outside.

She had been working for the Stewart family for over twenty years, essentially serving as their housekeeper.

She had watched Margaret grow up-spoiled, arrogant, and impossible to discipline.

Back when she was the Stewart family's rightful daughter, it was understandable why everyone indulged

her.

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But now that she had been exposed as an still just as entitled, if not worse behind closed

doors.

Zoey couldn't understand why Summer's parents insisted on keeping Margaret in the family.

Miss Summer was a hundred times better than her.

By the time Margaret had smashed everything in sight, the humiliation from earlier had finally eased a

little.

Alright, Summer, tonight you only won because Trevor was on your side. That's the only reason Mom and Dad favored

"you.

Since Trevor is your biggest support, the man you love the most... I'll make sure he leaves you.

I want you to suffer.

Margaret pulled out her phone, scrolling to Peyton's WhatsApp chat.

A wicked smile spread across her lips.

She and Peyton weren't exactly friends.

But they had a common enemy.

She had visited Peyton at the hospital once. The two of them hit it off instantly and exchanged contact information, knowing they could be useful to each other one day.

After sending the message, Margaret finally felt better.

She opened the door and let the doctor in to treat her neck wound.

There was a good show waiting to unfold.

After the earlier commotion, Jasper ordered the staff to change the music to a waltz, signaling the guests to

Chapter 10 We Broke Up the Day of the kidnapping

Julia was still frustrated with Summer's attitude over the diamond necklace, but seeing how Trevor had defended her, she swallowed her anger.

As Mrs. Stewart, she had lived a life of luxury and privilege for decades,

The Stewart family's wealth and status mattered to her.

And no matter how difficult Summer was, she was still her biological daughter.

If Summer married Trevor, it would secure the Stewart family's connection to the powerful Larson family.

Julia believed she had to strike while the iron was hot,

Just as she was about to bring up setting a wedding date, Summer abruptly grabbed Trevor and dragged him

outside.

Julia was speechless.

Ungrateful girl! Can't you see I'm doing this for your own good?

By the pool outside the villa, Summer put distance between herself and Trevor.

Arms crossed, her gaze was sharp and ice-cold.

"What are you doing here?"

Trevor stared at her intently.

Her makeup was flawless, her long, wavy hair gleamed under the lights, and her one-shoulder black dress hugged her figure perfectly.

She rarely dressed so boldly, and he had to admit-it suited her.

But then he remembered the call she hadn't answered,

Summer had never ignored his calls before.

She used to pick up within three seconds, every time.

His voice dropped a little. "Why was your phone off?"

A cold smirk tugged at Summer's lips.

"You didn't care if I lived or died, but now you care about my phone?"

She continued, her voice slow and deliberate. "Let me remind you, Trevor-on the day I was kidnapped, while you were holding a wedding for Peyton, we broke up."

Trevor frowned.

He didn't like hearing the word break up from her mouth.

If she hadn't brought it up that day, maybe he wouldn't have reacted so coldly.

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He let out a soft scoff, voice tinged with mockery.

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"If it wasn't for me just now. Margaret would've crushed you completely. Summer, you sure have a sharp tongue when it comes to me, but with the Stewart family, you're nothing but a pushover. What does your temper only work on me!

Five years together he knew exactly how to strike a nerve.

But this time. Summer didn't get angry.

Instead, she chuckled, completely indifferent, as if she were speaking to a stranger.

"Oh, right. Thanks for earlier. Let's just call it my breakup compensation for the five years I wasted on you."

Her detached, emotionless attitude made Trevor's brows furrow even tighter.

He didn't believe Summer truly wanted to break up.

If she wanted to be favored in the Stewart family, she needed his support to keep Jasper and Julia in check.

This was just her way of throwing a tantrum, protesting his wedding with Peyton. He took a step closer, his tone softening slightly.

"You've been giving me the silent treatment for days. You even pulled that whole kidnapping stunt. Fine, Summer, I won't hold it against you."

He continued. The wedding with Peyton was just to fulfill her last wish. If it really bothers you that much, I promise our wedding will be even more grand."

His tone was so condescending-like he was granting her a favor, giving her the greatest possible

compromise.

Summer found it utterly laughable.

She had loved this man for five years, yet he didn't understand her at all.

He actually believed the kidnapping was something she orchestrated, just to get his attention.

At that moment, she realized just how foolish she had been.

She took another step back.

Her heels were now only half a meter from the pool's edge.

Every fiber of her being rejected Trevor's presence.

Her lips curled into a mocking smirk. "Trevor, you really think a more luxurious wedding will make me forgive you? That I'll go back to waiting for you like before?"

She continued, "I'm completely done with you. In fact, I sincerely hope you and Peyton are locked together forever. A fake wedding is so boring-you should go ahead and make it real"

Trevor's expression darkened.

In the past, as long as he told Summer he wouldn't hold a grudge and offered her a more extravagant

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wedding, she would always take the chance to make up with him.

But tonight, she was different.

She felt unfamiliar.

And it irritated him.

Pressing his fingers against his temples, he forced himself to be patient.

"Summer, stop being dramatic. My patience is limited. Just tell me what you want, and I'll consider it as compensation."

Summer was about to respond when, out of the corner of her eye, she spotted someone.

Peyton.

Dressed in a white gown, standing at the villa entrance, looking as delicate and frail as ever.

Summer's lips curled into a smirk.

Trevor, if you truly care about me, then tonight, in front of everyone, choose me over Peyton.

Just once.

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