

The Double (or More ?) Life of The Fake Heiress

#Chapter 101 - Read The Double (or More ?) Life of The Fake Heiress Chapter 101

Chapter 101

Chapter 101

Zach slightly twisted his neck, tipped his head back, and then rose from the couch, hips swaying to a rhythm only he could hear...

Just then, Delilah and Shawn, fresh from the kitchen, were met with the sight of their son gyrating like he was having a fit. “Zach, what on earth are you doing?” Delilah asked, utterly bewildered.

Wasn't Zach always the epitome of decorum? What possessed him to indulge in such unseemly antics? It was utterly eye— watering!

Zach spun around, oblivious to his parents' expressions, his hips still swiveling as he spoke with a hint of excitement. “Mirabella gave me this bottle of pills, and man, the moment I took one, I felt like a million bucks! It's like magic!”

Delilah's mouth twitched. “Could you please maintain some decorum?” “Flailing about like that... is just not dignified,” Shawn added with a hint of distaste.

Delilah approached and spotted a porcelain bottle on the coffee table, similar in shape to the one her daughter had given her, though a different color — presumably indicating a different effect.

“Your sister's remedies are quite miraculous indeed. My migraine of over a decade has been nearly cured,” Delilah remarked with a sense of wonder. She'd previously never paid much attention to her daughter's medication. However, after taking it herself, she felt as if she had been hit with a stark reality check.

“Really? How come I've never heard you mention it?” Zach hadn't even spoken when Shawn chimed in with a puzzled question. All he knew was that the fragrance pills from his daughter were incredibly effective.

Delilah settled back into the soft embrace of the sofa. “Well, I was waiting to see if the effects would last before I told you.”

Narrowing his eyes, Shawn quietly asked, “Is it really that miraculous?” He remembered his daughter had also given him a bottle... albeit with a somewhat ego-bruising name. Still, if it worked, he wasn’t opposed to giving it a try.

“Have you heard me complain about migraines lately?” Delilah huffed. “I suppose not,” Shawn admitted, shaking his head.

“There you go!” Delilah said, spreading her hands before her gaze returned to Zach. “What’s bothering you, young man? You’re too young for this sort of discomfort.”

Zach felt something off about his mother’s comment but couldn’t quite put his finger on it, so he simply replied, “Occupational hazard.”

Delilah just nodded, her concern fading. As long as it didn’t interfere with his dating life. “Mira, where did you get these pills?” Zach felt more animated than ever and couldn’t help being curious. Mirabella’s eyes dropped slightly, but she maintained her composure. “I know a friend who’s into medicine.”

“I see,” Zach mused for a few seconds, deciding not to pry further. “This stuff works fast. It doesn’t have any side effects, does it?”

Despite the skepticism, Mirabella seemed understanding and, after a thoughtful pause, explained with rare patience, “The essence of alternative medicine lies in its ability to strengthen without causing harm. It fortifies the foundation of your body with minimal side effects. But, of course, there’s a kernel of truth in the saying that all medicine has its poison.”

Zach wasn’t an expert in these matters and couldn’t grasp the essence, but he did understand the bit about minimal side effects. Besides, his sister would never give him something harmful. “I guess I was a bit ignorant,” Zach admitted, scratching his head in mild embarrassment.

Mirabella arched an eyebrow. “It would be more concerning if you didn’t question it.”

Zach chuckled, feeling his sister was like a treasure trove of surprises.

Chapter 101

Meanwhile, Shawn, who had been eavesdropping on their conversation, suddenly found his gaze drawn to a cabinet

nearby.

Chapter 102

Chapter 102

“Shawn, what are you staring at?” Delilah asked, noticing her husband fixated on the cabinet next to them, a curious tinge coloring her voice,

Shawn, of course, wasn't about to reveal the true wanderings of his mind. He leisurely shifted his gaze away from the cabinet, his voice revealing nothing out of the ordinary, “Just wondering if having the cabinet here is messing with the room's energy flow,”

Delilah felt exasperated at his words, her tone laced with sarcasm as she retorted, “Seems to me you're the one blocking the energy flow standing there.”

Shawn was indeed beside the TV stand, and while he had kept a decent shape over the years, a lack of exercise meant he was a bit on the fuller side. Thankfully, his height meant that even a little extra width didn't make him look too out of shape.

Hearing his wife's jab, he feigned injury and shuffled aside, lamenting, “Ah, to think I was quite the looker back in my day.” He turned to his daughter, Mirabella. “Honey, you got any of those diet shakes?” Mirabella's brow twitched. “Dad, you just need to exercise. How about joining me for a morning jog?”

Shawn's head shook vehemently at the suggestion as if she'd proposed something horrendous. “No, no, no, I still feel pretty spry as it is. No need for morning jogs.” After decades without exercise, running was practically a death sentence for him. No way, he'd rather stay a little round.

“I think Mira's suggestion isn't half bad,” Delilah chimed in, nodding earnestly.

“Can't win with you two. I'm off to my room,” Shawn grumbled, then turned to open the nearby cabinet. He pulled out a wooden box, cradling it like treasure as he left.

Delilah watched her husband's actions with a puzzled murmur, "What's Shawn up to now?" Mirabella just smirked enigmatically. The old man was still pretty adorable. The next day, at 10 a.m., the BrainSpark Nationals city—level prelim results were published.

As soon as the clock struck ten, Jenna eagerly whipped out her phone, tapping into the website while rapidly asking, "Queen Mira, give me your contestant number. I'll check your score."

Mirabella tilted her head, tossing out her contestant number in a languid drawl. Jenna entered it and hit search. Perhaps due to the slow update of the website data and the sheer number of inquiries, the page took a while to load. When the score finally popped up, Jenna's eyes went wide, and to make sure she wasn't seeing things, she zoomed in on the display.

"Holy cow, Queen Mira, you're a genius! Two hundred points!" Jenna was completely flabbergasted.

The written exam was worth 150 points, and the three live questions together were 60 points, making the total possible score 210. Mirabella had scored a whopping 200!

What kind of genius was her? With only a written test, the prelims made a perfect score somewhat conceivable, and the questions were comparatively easy.

But the city—level prelims were a different beast altogether, harder with the addition of live questions. Scoring perfect was nearly impossible.

So, a score of 200 out of 210 was even more sensational than Mirabella's perfect score the last time.

Unaware of Jenna's mental gymnastics, Mirabella seemed puzzled at the score, "Only two hundred?" She had expected a perfect score, after all.

"Only?" Jenna looked at Mirabella, who seemed dissatisfied with her score, and blinked, "Queen Mira, you're really a

1/2

Chapter 103

Chapter 103

Mirabella, who refused to accept any defeat, furrowed her brow in frustration, her eyes darkening slightly, “I had answered all the questions, and I am a hundred percent sure I hadn’t made a single mistake. Where did the ten points go?”

Beside her, Jenna’s expression grew more complicated. She couldn’t begin to understand the world of an academic genius like Mira.

Unable to shed light on Mira’s dilemma, Jenna bowed her head once more, reverting to the BrainSpark Nationals’ official homepage, where there was a link to the national rankings.

Taking a deep breath to calm her nerves, Jenna’s fingertips danced across the screen, and she was swiftly directed to the national leaderboard.

First place, Mirabella, 200 points Second place, Vincent, 195 points Third place, Kent, 193 points

Jenna didn’t bother to scroll down any further. Her gaze was fixated on Mira’s name at the top of the list. Even though she had anticipated it, the reality still left her stunned. Lifting her head, Jenna extended her smartphone towards Mirabella. “Queen Mira, forget the missing ten points. You’re already the nation’s number one.”

Mirabella merely glanced at the screen with a grave expression. “This isn’t about being number one.” It was a challenge to her academic integrity.

Jenna’s lips twitched into an involuntary smile. “Maybe you should ask around about it?”

Mirabella found the suggestion logical. Standing up with a determined look, she said earnestly, “Right, I can’t just ignore these mysteriously lost points just because I came in first.” What about her pride?

Jenna couldn’t help but snort. “No, no, no, Mira, I just blurted that out without thinking. Don’t take it to heart!” As Mirabella exited the classroom, Jenna facepalmed, secretly admiring how much cooler Mira seemed. Meanwhile, Summer had just taken out her phone, preparing to check her own score from the competition.

“Summer, do you know how many points that foster girl of your family got this time?” Phone in hand, Madeline couldn't hide the shock on her face.

Having learned of Mirabella's perfect score and national top ranking in the preliminaries, Madeline had been keeping an eye out, so much so that she checked the rankings before even looking at Summer's results. As soon as she saw the scores, she rushed to find Summer.

Summer's hand froze as she held her phone, her expression unchanging as usual. “Oh, how many points did she get?” “You won't believe it if I told you—two hundred points!” At that moment, Madeline didn't know what to feel about such a score. Suspecting cheating seemed far-fetched. One could suspect cheating for a perfect score once, but to cheat and achieve such a result again... Wouldn't that be questioning the fairness of the entire competition? After all, the exams were not held internally at the school but were overseen by the Education Association itself.

Summer's mind buzzed as if something had snapped, and her usually calm complexion began to pale.

Two hundred points... How could Mirabella possibly score two hundred points?! Something had to be wrong. Summer refused to believe this.

Summer's thoughts were a mess. She tried to sort through the information in her head, but it only became more tangled. “Summer, are you alright?” Madeline finally noticed Summer's pallor, which made her appear vulnerably pitiable. She

12:35

Chapter 103

regretfully smacked her own mouth, feeling annoyed with herself. She had brought up Mirabella in front of Summer, Wasn't that just rubbing salt in the wound?

With an awkward smile tugging at her lips, Madeline casually unlocked her phone. “Ah, forget about her, Let me help you check your score.”

Chapter 104

Chapter 104 Madeline quickly scrolled through the national leaderboard on her phone until she spotted Summer's score and ranking. 186 points, ranked 10th in the nation.

Had she not seen Mirabella's score, she would've thought that was pretty impressive, But now... Madeline touched her nose, a forced smile creeping onto her face as she said, "Wow, Summer, you really aced it too, huh?"

Summer's thoughts, lost in a jumble of emotions, snapped back to the present with Madeline's voice. She masked the turmoil within and asked calmly, "What did I score?"

"486 points, right at number ten nationwide." Madeline's voice was noticeably softer when she said it, lacking the oomph she had when she mentioned Mirabella's perfect 200 score.

Hearing this, Summer's eyes briefly dipped in response, her tone flat, "Okay."

After her terse reply, she slid her phone back into her desk drawer and pulled out her physics textbook instead, burying her head in it. Her ponytail cascaded onto her shoulder, veiling half of her profile from view.

Madeline watched her, her heart heavy with sympathy, wanting to offer some comforting words but coming up empty. All of this was because of Mirabella. She stole Summer's spotlight after seventeen years, and now, she was back to rub salt in the wound with her over-the-top achievements. It was Infuriating. Why couldn't she just stay in the honors program and keep a low profile?

Madeline was positively seething!

Meanwhile, Mirabella made a beeline for Ms. Annette's office.

"Mirabella, I was just about to call you, and here you are." Ms. Annette's stern face softened instinctively at the sight of Mirabella. Mirabella looked puzzled, "Oh?"

"Congratulations on snagging the top national rank in the city preliminaries again. You're outstanding!" Ms. Annette couldn't hide her genuine admiration. She recalled how Mr. Morgan, that old stickler, almost misled her and she nearly made the mistake of turning away such a promising student.

Now that Mirabella had clinched the national top spot again, that stubborn old man must be kicking himself. The thought brought a smug smile to Ms. Annette's lips.

Mirabella was silent for a beat before she said, "Ms. Annette, I suspect there's been a mistake with my BrainSpark Nationals preliminary score."

Ms. Annette paused, "A mistake? What do you mean?"

"I don't think my score should be just 200 points. No, I'm certain it shouldn't be just 200 points," Mirabella said earnestly, her expression serious.

Ms. Annette stifled a laugh. "What do you mean 'just' 200 points? The total is 210!"

She regarded Mirabella with a mix of amusement and perplexity for a moment before asking. "So, what score do you think you should have?"

"Full marks!" Mirabella lifted her chin confidently.

Ms. Annette coughed, taken aback once again. Truth be told, she wanted to believe Mirabella, but she knew the competition's rigorous standards, and achieving full marks was nearly impossible.

"Mirabella, not scoring full marks isn't the end of the world. Don't be disheartened. You still ranked first in the nation and have smoothly advanced to the city finals," Ms. Annette consoled with a meaningful tone.

At that, Mirabella couldn't help but give a wry smile. "Ms. Annette, it's not about the full marks. I just want to know

12:35

Chapter 104

where those ten points went."

Realizing her misunderstanding, Ms. Annette chuckled and said, "Ah, I see... It just so happens that the folks from the Education Association are in Mr. Hammond's office right now. I was supposed to inform you to drop by but got sidetracked. Why don't you head over there now and ask them about the deduction directly?"

Chapter 105

Chapter 105

Annette paused for a few seconds, sensing Mirabella's nerves. With a reassuring smile, she added, "Just answer whatever they ask you, and don't be scared, okay?"

Mirabella flashed an 'OK' sign at Annette with a confident twist of her hand.

It wasn't long before Mirabella found herself stepping into Mr. Hammond's office. Aside from Mr. Hammond, two middle-aged men were seated comfortably on the couch, likely the representatives from the Education Association Annette had mentioned,

Mirabella cast a brief glance their way before respectfully nodding to Mr. Hammond. "You wanted to see me, sir?" "Mhm," Mr. Hammond responded with a warm smile and a beckoning gesture. "Come on over. Let me introduce you. These gentlemen are members of the Education Association. This is Mr. Scott, the secretary—general of the Education Association in our city, and next to him is Mr. Wade, an honorary member of the national Education Association." Mirabella nodded calmly to both men, her face betraying neither fear nor anxiety.

Scott raised an eyebrow, impressed by the girl's composure. Clearing his throat, he began, "Mirabella, if I may ask you a question?"

Her dark eyes focused on him, clear and sharp. "Go ahead."

Scott straightened up a bit before asking, "I've noticed that your answers in the last two tests deviated slightly from the school's curriculum. Did you have a private tutor or something?"

The query sparked curiosity in Mr. Hammond as well, who leaned in slightly, eager for the answer.

"No." Mirabella replied, her voice even. After a brief pause, she added a question of her own. "Does this have anything to do with the ten points deducted from my recent city prelims?"

Scott was taken aback by her lack of a private tutor and her keen insight. Nodding at her, he explained. "Your written and oral responses should have

been perfect scores. However, the methodology for the last two questions on your written exam was advanced beyond the curriculum. Although correct, we had to dock five points for each, considering a range of principles.”

“Advanced?” Mirabella’s brow furrowed in confusion.

Wade cleared his throat, stepping in to clarify, “Advanced, in this context, means using methods not typically taught at the high school level. That’s what we call ‘advanced’ or ‘beyond the syllabus.’

“So even if the answers are correct, it’s still not acceptable?” Mirabella pressed, puzzled. It seemed she still had much to learn about the academic world.

Wade hummed affirmatively, then added, “Going beyond the syllabus can breach fairness, but since the competition doesn’t strictly prohibit certain methods, giving you zero for those questions wouldn’t be fair either. So, a ten—point deduction was the compromise.”

Mirabella fell into a thoughtful silence. So, using the simplest method wasn’t always best. She had to stick to the complex, traditional path. She definitely had underestimated the academic sphere.

After a moment, she spoke up. “So, for future tests, I need to stick to high school—level knowledge to avoid arbitrary deductions?” “In theory, yes,” Scott said with a grin.

Mirabella massaged her temples, slightly disheartened. “Alright, I get it.” She had outsmarted herself this time. Sometimes, too much cleverness could be a disadvantage.

Wade, who had been silent, looked up, his gaze holding a mysterious promise. “If you make it to the international stage, you won’t have to worry about being ‘advanced.’”

Scott shot a surprised look at Wade. Though merely a member in name, Wade wielded considerable influence across Riverdale’s associations, not to mention his position as a biology professor at Prestige College.

To hold such high hopes for a young girl who had only shown a glimpse of potential seemed a bit premature. Yet, there was a sense that Mirabella was not just any student, and perhaps, just perhaps, she was destined for a stage far grander than the local school competitions.

a)

Chapter 106

Chapter 106

Scott wasn't trying to belittle Mirabella. When the preliminary test scores came in, he thought Mirabella showed promise and was worthy of recommendation. However, after a detailed interrogation, he discovered that she was a recent transfer from a small town.

Perhaps Mirabella's foundational skills were solid, but could the teaching standards of a small town really match those of the big city?

She answered beyond the syllabus in the prelims, showcasing her sharp wit, but there were so many top-notch students from all over the country competing. What made her stand out?

Having witnessed many underdogs rise to the occasion in his years of experience with the competition, Scott realized that being impressive wasn't necessarily indicative of international competition potential. So, he held his tongue, offering no further comment.

On the other hand, Mirabella found Wade's remarks somewhat novel, a playful smile tugging at the corners of her mouth as she inquired, "Will there be a veritable gathering of maestros at the international competition?"

Wade watched Mirabella, momentarily taken aback, before nodding subconsciously. "That's a given."

The normally silent Hammond quietly observed Mirabella, noticing the spark of competitiveness on her face, and couldn't help but stroke his chin thoughtfully. It seemed the international competition stage was about to get lively this year. He was genuinely curious about the true extent of this young lady's abilities.

After a brief exchange with Mirabella, Scott and Wade didn't press her with further questions, sending her to her classroom. Once she left, Scott set down his cup, turning to Wade, "Wade, you seem rather optimistic about Mirabella."

Wade offered a smile, simply stating, "She's promising."

"But her? In the international competition?" Scott was skeptical, especially since she was a humanities student.

"Don't underestimate anyone," Wade said with a penetrating gaze, then shifted his attention to Mr. Hammond, his tone suggestive, "You seem to have good fortune on your side."

Mr. Hammond smiled in agreement, nodding nonchalantly. "I tend to think so, too."

Scott's gaze flitted between the two, his curiosity piqued. Was there really something extraordinary about this student? As he sipped his water, Wade suddenly remembered, "Oh, doesn't Parkside High School have a campus celebrity who entered the competition?"

Mr. Hammond raised an eyebrow. "Are you referring to Summer?"

"That might be the name," Wade vaguely recalled. He looked back at Scott. "The Chairman mentioned her to me. How did she fare?"

"She did quite well, let me check." Scott pulled out his phone and soon reported, "186 points, ranking tenth."

Hearing this, Wade's interest in Summer waned, though he politely remarked, "That score isn't too shabby. There's hope she might make it to the national finals."

Scott, recalling the Chairman's instructions, opened his mouth to speak, "Well"

But before he could continue, Mr. Hammond interjected. "Summer's performance has always been stable, but she seems to be focusing on other pursuits. What really matters is that she'll learn from this experience." Mr. Hammond commented nonchalantly.

“That’s true. Perhaps pursuing stardom offers a brighter future,” Wade chuckled, then turned back to Scott, “You were about to say something, Scott?”

Chapter 107

Chapter 107

Scott offered a sheepish smile. Judging by Wade’s demeanor, he knew it was no longer prudent to suggest a meeting with Summer. He shook his head and said, “It’s nothing.”

+ Wade didn’t press further. He glanced at his watch, stood up, and announced, “We should be heading out.” Mr. Hammond rose from his seat. “Alright, let’s grab a bite before you head back to Riverdale.” “Sure,” Wade replied, raising his hand to signal there was no need for a formal farewell. He then left the office. Scott nodded at Mr. Hammond and followed Wade out.

Back in the classroom, Mirabella returned to her routine, deliberately ignoring the varying looks from her classmates that seemed to change with each passing day. The first thing she did was dive into her books. After the harsh lesson of losing precious points, she concluded that she hadn’t studied hard enough. It was time for some serious reflection!

Jenna observed Mira, who now seemed to radiate an aura of formidable combat power as if one could get hurt just by getting too close. Jenna couldn't help but touch her nose in wonder. This girl had returned from the teacher's office transformed, obviously having clarified what went wrong on the test, and the blow to her pride was evident.

Feeling like Mirabella’s supportive friend, Jenna believed that while she couldn’t be much help academically, she could offer consolation in times of disappointment. She strategized for a moment before gently poking Mirabella’s arm. “Hey. Queen Mira, don’t beat yourself up. It’s just a wrong answer on a test. You’re still top nationwide, so it’s really not a big deal.”

Mirabella turned her head, her deep eyes landing on Jenna with a weighty gaze, After a moment, she said somberly, “No, you don’t understand the agony of being penalized for an answer that’s beyond the syllabus.”

Jenna, a bit confused, sputtered, "What? What's this 'agony of a beyond-the-syllabus answer' you speak of?" After several seconds, Mirabella shook her head and looked away, choosing not to elaborate further.

Jenna was left wondering if she had just been subtly insulted for her intelligence. After pondering Mirabella's words, Jenna's eyes suddenly widened in realization, "Wait, Queen Mira, you got penalized for that?"

Without looking up, Mirabella confirmed. "Yes, even though my answers were correct, I still lost ten points." She was clearly not pleased.

Jenna was dumbfounded. So, was her assumption that Mira was devastated because of a wrong answer just her imagination?

She was so wrong. Mira would never be daunted, not in this lifetime.

With a heavy sigh, Jenna silently pulled out her textbook. If she didn't buckle down, she feared she wouldn't even deserve to be disappointed.

After the last class of the afternoon, Mirabella packed her things and left the classroom. As she descended the stairs of the academic building, fate would have it that she bumped into Summer, marking only the second encounter of the semester. The previous one was by the school gate.

Mirabella's expression remained unchanged, merely glancing at Summer before averting her gaze and continuing toward the school exit.

Summer paused, seemingly surprised to see Mirabella, too. The competition results had soured her mood, which was why she left the classroom later than usual today. Had she known she'd run into Mirabella, she would have left earlier. Though frustrated internally, Summer's face didn't betray her feelings, like two strangers indifferent to each other's presence. She adjusted the strap of her purse and walked towards the school gate, albeit at a slower pace than usual.

Chapter 108

Chapter 108

Mirabella had barely stepped off the school grounds when her phone buzzed in her pocket. Fishing it out, she saw it was Catherine calling, and without

hesitation, she pressed the answer button. "Hello, Grandma... Alright, I'll be there soon."

After hanging up, Mirabella's gaze hardened slightly before she made her way to the curb, ready to hail a taxi to the hospital. But as she stepped toward the street, a sleek black sedan rolled up and stopped right in front of her. The window slid down, revealing Zach's handsome, refined face.

Mirabella tilted her head slightly, eyeing Zach in the driver's seat with a hint of surprise. "Zach?" Her gaze briefly flitted across the car's emblem, her expression unreadable.

Last time, it was a BMW. This time, it was a Mercedes. The rumors about her brothers' lack of ambition seemed to be overturned once again.

Zach, oblivious to his sister's scrutiny, arched an eyebrow and said, "Hop in, I'm your ride home today." Mirabella shook her head and replied, "I'm not heading home just yet. I need to swing by the hospital." "The hospital?" Zach's confusion was evident.

"The lady who raised me fell ill the other day and was admitted. I'm going to see her today," Mirabella explained without holding back.

Upon hearing this, a more serious expression settled on Zach's face. "Let me drive you there, and I might as well pay a visit to the old lady, too."

After a brief consideration, Mirabella didn't object, slid into the passenger seat, and gave him the hospital's address. Meanwhile, Summer stepped out of the school gates, noticing Mirabella getting into the black Mercedes. Her eyes narrowed thoughtfully, and after a few seconds, she briskly made her way to the luxury vehicle the Gilbert family had sent for her. Opening the door, she settled inside.

"Follow that black Mercedes," she instructed the driver. Twenty minutes later, Mirabella and Zach arrived at the hospital.

Zach felt it was inappropriate to visit empty-handed, so he suggested Mirabella go ahead to the ward while he popped into a nearby store to pick up some things. Since he insisted, Mirabella went on ahead and soon reached the floor where Catherine was staying.

In the room, beside Catherine, were two other people, Dr. Erik and Dr. Ray.

As Mirabella pushed the door open, Catherine's face immediately lit up with joy and excitement. "Mira, you are here."

Mirabella smiled, her clear eyes filled with a gentle warmth. "Yeah."

She walked over, casually dropping her messenger bag onto a nearby chair, then turned her attention to the doctors. "May I ask what brings you here to see me?" Her voice was calm and tinged with curiosity.

Dr. Erik glanced at Dr. Ray before standing up, his demeanor polite. "Well, during our checkup on Catherine, we noticed she's recovering remarkably fast. After inquiring, we learned that Catherine has been taking some additional medication."

Mirabella's brows quirked slightly, already anticipating their question.

"This afternoon, I managed to get a sample of the dissolved medication from Catherine to analyze. It seems to have an extraordinary effect on the heart, so I was wondering, Ms. Mirabella, through which channels you acquired it." There was a hint of hope in Dr. Erik's question.

Mirabella glanced at him while methodically peeling an apple with a fruit knife, responding coolly, "I'm afraid that's a personal concoction made by a friend of mine. It's not for sale."

Both Dr. Erik and Dr. Ray couldn't hide the flicker of disappointment in their eyes.

Chapter 109

Chapter 109

Despite their disappointment, Dr. Erik and Dr. Ray both understood the rarity of the medicine. They knew that even without the formula, the precision required in crafting the remedy, especially with the meticulous measurement of each ingredient, was incredibly challenging. Traditional herbal concoctions often demanded a level of care that mass-produced pharmaceuticals did not require. Hence, drugs produced through such specialized techniques were not only scarce but practically priceless. The concept of "not for sale at any price" aptly described their exclusivity.

Aware that they wouldn't glean much more from Mirabella, Dr. Erik, and Dr. Ray decided not to impose any further and stood to leave the room.

Just then, the door swung open, and Mandy stepped in, flustered to see both Dr. Ray and Dr. Erik in the room. Her concern was palpable as she practically ignored Mirabella and asked with an urgent tone, "Has something else come up with my mom's health?"

The two doctors were taken aback but quickly regained composure, Dr. Ray, ever the diplomat, replied, "No, nothing like that."

At this, Mandy's anxiety eased, and a bittersweet smile crossed her meticulously made-up face. "I feared the worst, seeing you here, Dr. Ray."

Dr. Ray adjusted the ID badge pinned to his lab coat and replied with a gentle smile, "We were merely inquiring about a certain medication Catherine has been taking. No other reason."

Mandy paused, "Medication? What medication?"

No sooner had she spoken than she seemed to remember something, her eyes suddenly fixed on Mirabella. Her polite facade vanished, replaced by accusation, "Did you give my mother one of those herbal concoctions again?"

Mirabella glanced at her with a look of indifference, clearly not interested in engaging.

Mandy's irritation bubbled over as she massaged her temples, "Mirabella, haven't I warned you not to meddle with my mother's treatment? After all the hard work she's done raising you for seventeen years, is this how you repay her?"

"Mandy, what nonsense are you spouting now? It's not at all what you think. The doctors themselves said Mira's medicine is excellent!"

Catherine was exasperated by her daughter's foolishness. Mandy always jumped to conclusions when it came to Mirabella, blinded by her own prejudices, especially after marrying into wealth.

Mandy scoffed, "I didn't want to tell you there was an issue with the herbal remedy she's been giving you, but now you're still stubbornly making excuses for her."

Dr. Ray suddenly looked up, fixing Mandy with a perplexed gaze, and interjected, “Hold on, Ms. Mandy, perhaps there’s been some misunderstanding?” Caught mid-rant, Mandy was taken aback by Dr. Ray’s Interruption. It took a moment for her to regain her voice. “Dr. Ray, what do you mean?”

“Ms. Mirabella’s herbal treatments are not problematic. In fact, without them, your mother might not be in a regular room but in the ICU,” Dr. Ray said, his tone now devoid of any earlier courtesy.

Having witnessed all sorts of human dramas, Dr. Ray had quickly picked up on the tension between Mandy and the young girl beside her, likely due to a lack of blood relation, which explained the sharpness in Mandy’s voice.

He wasn’t one to meddle in family affairs, but he couldn’t stand by and watch someone being unjustly accused without knowing the full story.

Chapter 110

Chapter 110

Mandy’s eyes popped wide open, disbelief etching every feature of her face as her speech stumbled over itself in shock. “How... How could that be? Her medicine... | even went to the trouble of showing it to a doctor, and he said that the medication was...”

Her words were abruptly cut short by another interjection from Dr. Ray. “Which doctor did you consult? Someone from our hospital? If it was one of our doctors, I’d have him escorted out immediately! Or do you think | am just a figurehead without any knowledge of pharmacology?” Dr. Ray shook his head, clearly exasperated. Talking to some people didn’t just reveal their emotional intelligence, but it laid bare their intellect as well. Some folks seemed sharp, but they left much to be desired in certain areas.

Mandy’s face flickered between shades of pale and flushed as she battled with embarrassment, especially stung by Dr. Ray’s last two sentences, which were a clear jab at her.

Mandy’s mouth opened and closed, as she hesitated to reply. She knew she was in the wrong, lowered her voice, and awkwardly tried to explain, “Dr. Ray, you’ve got it all wrong. | didn’t mean that... It’s just... my foster daughter is

clueless about these things. She grew up in the sticks, so how could she possibly source quality medication for my mother?"

Upon hearing this, Dr. Ray's lips twitched into a smirk, but he held his tongue and strode out of the room. Dr. Erik merely gave Mandy a cryptic smile before following Dr. Ray out.

A person in possession of such precious medicine couldn't possibly be a simple country bumpkin. Even if she didn't know much, acquiring such a drug was no small feat.

Watching the direction in which Dr. Ray and Dr. Erik departed, Mandy's expression was a mix of ugly and awkward. She stood there, feeling like a clown, ridiculous and pitiful.

After a moment of reflection on Dr. Ray's words, Mandy suddenly turned her glare onto Mirabella, her words laced with spite. "You must be quite pleased, seeing me make a fool of myself in front of Dr. Ray, aren't you? Satisfied now?"

Mirabella's lips curled into a mysterious, light smile. "Did I ever tell you about the value of my medicine?"

At that, Mandy suddenly remembered the remark Mirabella made a few days ago about the worth of her medicine, and her face soured even more.

"Is that how you talk about the value of medicine?" Mandy let out a self-deprecating snort. "Do you feel proud now? Like you've played us all for fools?"

"Enough, Mandy," Catherine couldn't hold back any longer, her voice filled with disappointment. "You misunderstand and then pin the blame on Mira. You're becoming more and more

unreasonable." Llanno? Mom, who is your real family, huh?"

Chapter 110

She paused, casting another scornful look at Mirabella. "Fine, I'm just an eyesore here, messing up your ~ preciputérnllly bonding, Enjoy cultivating this so-called kinship." With that, Mandy stormed out of the room. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Catherine watched the door for a long while before her gaze fell, heavy with bitterness. She then reached out and took Mirabella's hand. "Sweetheart, I shouldn't have asked you to come today. I'm sorry you had to go through this." The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest

chapter there!

Mirabella gently squeezed Catherine's hand in return. "I'm not bothered by it, Grandma. You don't need to feel guilty."

Hearing this only made Catherine feel worse. Her grandchild was just too kind-hearted, always soothing her feelings. Her misunderstandings and accusations were completely unfounded. No matter the grievance, Mirabella always remained calm and composed. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

With a heavy sigh, Catherine felt a firm decision take root in her heart.