

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

#Chapter 111 - Read The Double (or More ?) Life of The Fake Heiress Chapter 111

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Mirabella barely registered the look on Catherine's face as her phone buzzed in her pocket. Pulling it out, she saw it was Zach calling. Instead of answering immediately, she turned her attention back to Catherine. "Oh, by the way, Grandma, my brother Zach said he'd drop by to see you. He's downstairs right now."

At the mention of Zach, Catherine's worried expression was instantly replaced with surprise. Regaining her composure, she quickly said, "Your dear brother, Zach? Well, then, you better hurry down and bring him up."

"Sure thing," Mirabella nodded, chuckling as she noticed Catherine nervously trying to tidy her short hair. "No need to be nervous, Grandma. He's family."

Catherine, a bit embarrassed, stopped fussing with her hair. "I just want to make a good first impression, that's all." Mirabella smiled and gently pushed a stray lock from Catherine's forehead. "You look wonderful just the way you are."

Soon after, Mirabella went down to fetch Zach. "Grandma, this is my brother Zach," Mirabella said as she helped Zach set down some health supplements he had brought onto the cabinet, gently introducing him to Catherine.

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Zach's gaze fell on Catherine. Her face had a sickly pallor, probably from her illness, but her spirit seemed strong, and she had a kind and gentle look about her. No wonder Mirabella was so fond of her. Zach composed himself and nodded politely at Catherine with a smile. "Hello, Catherine. I apologize for the sudden visit. I hope I'm not interrupting your rest."

Catherine shook her head with a smile. "Not at all. I'm delighted you could come, Zach. Please, take a seat and make yourself comfortable."

"Thank you," Zach replied, taking a seat without further ceremony. Glancing at Mirabella, he added, "I must thank you, ma'am, for all the years of care and guidance you've given Mirabella. She's turned out to be quite exceptional."

Catherine's cheeks colored with modesty. "Oh, she's always been a remarkable girl, Zach. I can't take much credit. If anything, she's had to endure quite a lot with me."

Mirabella pulled up a chair beside Catherine's bed, her eyebrows raised with a proud tilt. "I'll admit I'm exceptional, but let's not talk about hardships, shall we? After all, have you ever seen someone who's had a tough time turn out as splendid and smart as me?"

"You and your lack of modesty," Catherine chuckled.

"Modesty depends on the company," Mirabella winked at Catherine.

Catherine shook her head with a smile and instinctively grabbed Mirabella's hand, holding it warmly.

As Zach observed the easy and affectionate exchange between his sister and Catherine, he

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couldn't help but contrast it with the atmosphere at home with their own family. It was a stark difference that stirred deep thoughts within him.

No wonder Mirabella had initially refused to leave with their argnis when they picked her up from Catherine's house, delaying her return for a year. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Catherine must have been the only family Mirabella had known for over a decade, the ariewpis(dcludty raised her. to St Mirabella to abandon that bond so abruptly would be too much for anyone with a conscience. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Zach's thoughts drifted to Summer. After the truth about the mix"UR came to light, Sumer left the Davis family with hesitation, swiftly reverting to her

birth father's surname. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

The Davises had never mistreated her, and although Summer later explained that her biological parents had pressured her, her actions still left a chill.

Awry smile tugged at Zach's lips. Comparisons could be harsh, illuminating hidden problems one might wish to ignore.

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Chapter 112 Zach reined in his thoughts and resumed the casual banter with Catherine.

Perhaps because Zach didn't appear as dreadful as Mandy had described, and his manners and conversation were quite polite, Catherine's floodgates of chatter seemed to burst open, and she talked his ear off without stopping. Of course, the bulk of the conversation revolved around Mirabella, with Catherine reliving memories from her granddaughter's childhood right through to her high school years, growing more animated as she went on.

Mirabella, the subject of the discussion, watched the two engrossed in conversation—one speaking with passion and the other listening intently—and couldn't help but press a hand to her forehead in mild frustration before standing up. "I'm going to use the restroom," she announced.

No sooner had she stepped out than Catherine turned to Zach with a serious look in her eyes. "I'll be entrusting Mira to your care from now on. The poor child hasn't had much parental love growing up, but I can see she's doing well now with her birth parents," she said. Her voice held a note of bittersweet contentment, and for a moment, a shadow of melancholy crossed her face.

Zach's brow furrowed instinctively, sensing something off about Catherine's words—as if she was saying farewell. 13

After a brief pause, he spoke up. "The truth is, Mira loves you very much. Even though she's back with us now, you'll always be the dearest family in her heart."

At his words, a warm glow filled Catherine's eyes—Mira was indeed the best granddaughter in the world. "You just take care of yourself, ma'am, and don't

overthink things,” Zach comforted her. Catherine smiled, indicating she understood.

Before long, Mirabella returned. Glancing outside at the darkening sky, Catherine began to usher them out. “It’s getting late, Mira. You and Zach should head back. I’ve got doctors and nurses to look after me. There’s no need to keep me company. You’ve got a heavy workload with your senior year studies. Head home and hit the books.”

Mirabella checked the time. “Should I stay a bit longer?”

Firm in her resolve, Catherine lay back down and pulled the covers over herself. “No, no, you go home. I’m tired and need some sleep.”

Mirabella sighed in resignation, approached the bed, and gently tucked in the blanket. “Alright then, rest well. I’ll come by after school tomorrow.”

Catherine hummed in acknowledgment.

Mirabella started to leave, then paused and turned back. “Oh, I forgot to mention that I entered another competition. I’ll bring you an international trophy to show for it soon.”

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“Alright, alright, I know you're

capable. Now off you go stop, m fussing mesathan ah lady.” Catherine's muffled voice came from under the covers as she turned away. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

For the first time, the usually confident Mirabella felt unjustly rebuffed. She touched her nose. and quietly exited the room.

Once the door closed behind her, Catherine, who had been facing away, suddenly ea, tei eyes

ened with tears,-a look of profound sadness and reluctance on her face. After a long moment, she sniffled and shakily retrieved her phone from beneath her pillow. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Meanwhile, Summer had instructed her driver to follow Zach's car all the way to the hospital. Seeing Zach emerge, her heart sank to new depths.

She had excused his dismissive behavior the day before by telling

herself it was acc! Mirabella.

t seeigchim Row, actually accompanying Mirabella to visit her grandmother and sharing laughs, Summer could no longer maintain her composure. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

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Although Zach was the most gentle and even—tempered of the Davis brothers, he was also paradoxically the most elusive and sharp—witted among them.

He could flash you the warmest of smiles, but you'd never really know what was ticking inside his head. Even Summer, who had been by his side for over a decade, never quite managed to peel back his layers.

When she observed Zach's interaction with Mirabella, the warmth he displayed was a stark contrast to anything she had ever experienced as his sister. It baffled her—how could their sibling bond of so many years not stand firm against the mere month Mirabella had been back?

Summer felt a knot of discomfort settle in her stomach. Stubbornly, she didn't instruct the driver to leave but sat silently in the car instead. Her gaze lingered out of the car window, fixating on the hospital's entrance, enduring numb hands and cold seeping into her bones. After some time, she saw Mirabella and Zach exit the hospital together, get into a car, and drive away.

"Miss, their car has left. Shall we continue to follow?" asked the driver, looking back at Summer in the rearview mirror.

Summer closed her tired eyes, her face drained of emotion. After a moment, she replied in a subdued voice, “No, let’s head home.”

In the car.

“That international trophy you mentioned earlier what’s that all about?” Zach adjusted his glasses and turned to his sister with a puzzled look.

Mirabella arched an eyebrow, leaned her head lazily against the window, and, with bright eyes, said, “If you place in the top five at the BrainSpark Nationals, you get to represent the country in the international competition.”

Zach fell into a thoughtful silence. Had his little sister really become so brilliant that she was venturing beyond national borders? Regaining his composure, Zach asked with a mix of emotions, “You're that confident?”

Mirabella cocked her head to the side. “What's so tough about it? It's just solving problems.” Mirabella’s nonchalant response left Zach momentarily breathless. After a pause, he managed a sincere, “Well, I hope you will succeed. When you win, just let me get a feel of that trophy, will you?”

Mirabella smiled slightly as she hummed in acknowledgment.

Then, something occurred to Zach, and he quickly said, “You know, I checked your competition

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results today-first place, huh? Tell me what you fancy for dinner, and I will make tonight a celebration for you.”

Mirabella started to shake her head, implying it was unnecessary, when Zach’s phone rang. She closed her mouth again.

The call came through the car’s Bluetooth system, and after glancing at the caller ID, Zach pressed the button on the steering wheel to answer. “Hey, Emmitt, what's up?”

Emmitt’s voice came through loud and clear, audible to Mirabella as well. She didn’t react much. She just shifted her gaze back to the passing scenery.

"I heard you're back from your business trip. Where are you? Ink?" Emmitt sounded pretty casual. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Zach glanced down the road and responded, "I'm at the diner with your sister. Wanna join us? It'd be nice to catch up." The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

"With Summer?" Emmitt asked almost reflexively.

Zach furrowed his brows. Was Emmitt still referring to Summer as his biological sister? After a short pause, Zach clarified, "No, not her." The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Then, glancing at Mirabella, he added in a deeper, deliberate tone, "With Mira."

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On the other end of the line, Emmitt fell silent for a couple of seconds before responding in a subdued tone. "I've got some buddies over, and we might have other plans later. It's just a bunch of guys, you know, and bringing Mirabella along might not be the best fit. Let's take a rain check, alright?"

Zach, still driving, replied nonchalantly, "Sure thing, man. Gotta focus on the road. Catch you later." "Alright."

After hanging up, Zach refocused on the road, stealing a glance at Mirabella. He didn't bring up Emmitt but playfully asked, "Mira, decided where you want to grab a bite yet?"

A smile tugged at the corners of Mirabella's mouth, her expression a mix of amusement and exasperation. "Let's just head home. Mom and Dad are probably waiting," she said, shaking her head.

Zach pondered for a moment but didn't push the issue. Celebrating didn't have to be crammed into one day. There was always tomorrow, the day after,

or the day after that. In any case, he was determined to make this sibling outing something special. -

By the time Summer made it back to the Gilbert family home, it was nearly seven o'clock.

Mandy had just gotten in herself, a glass of water in her hand. She eyed her daughter curiously, "Why are you home so late today?"

"Got held up at school," Summer replied, her mind clearly elsewhere, careful not to mention her hospital visit.

Mandy didn't suspect a thing, sitting down on the couch before something seemed to strike her. "The results from your competition were released today, weren't they?"

Summer had just set her bag down. Hearing Mandy's question, her eyes dimmed slightly, "Yeah, they're out. Scored 186. Ranked tenth nationwide."

Mandy frowned, turning to look at her, "Weren't you ranked sixth last time? How come you're tenth now?"

Summer seemed to have anticipated this question and calmly responded, "The preliminaries and the actual competition are different beasts. The difficulty ramps up considerably. Plus, there were quite a few of us tied for sixth last time. Out of over a hundred and twenty students nationwide, making it to the top ten is a big deal. There's a good chance I'll advance to the national finals."

Mandy didn't quite grasp the intricacies of the competition, but the idea of her daughter placing in the top ten among over a hundred and twenty students did impress her. Her expression

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softened considerably. "I didn't understand and thought you had slipped back. But it's clear you're truly outstanding."

Summer's gaze dropped, and she remained silent, settling down on a nearby couch, her fingers massaging her temples.

"By the way, how did Mirabella do?" Mandy casually inquired, setting her water glass down.

Summer's hand paused, and she reflexively answered, "F neteurel ret het spores. b n't really keep track of everyone else." The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Mandy's thoughts drifted to the embarrassment she had faced at the hospital in front of Qe. Ray Beealise of Mirabella) Ner eyes growing cold. "Summer, you're my pride and joy. You have to outshine Mirabella in every way. Do you understand?" The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Summer felt a twinge of discomfort at her words. Mirabella had aced the tests twice now. How was she supposed to outshine Mirabella?

With a self-deprecating chuckle, Summer said nothing, merely acknowledging with a noncommittal "Mm—hmm."

Mandy missed the nuance in Summer's expression, but after a moment's thought, she Added! "Heié's Hat we'll do: I'll hire a tutor to help you focus on your studies for a while." The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

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Summer pondered for a few seconds after hearing the suggestion. She lifted her gaze towards Mandy and asked, "Mom, doesn't Dad have some connections at the Education Association?"

Mandy paused, a flicker of recognition crossing her face before she nodded, "Yeah, he and the chairman often meet up for coffee, I mentioned your competition to your dad a while back, but I'm not sure if he's talked about you to anyone."

After a brief pause, Mandy reached for her smartphone on the coffee table. “Hold on a sec. I'll give your dad a call and ask.” Summer smiled sweetly, nodding obediently, her fingers rhythmically tapping on her knees.

Mandy ended the call shortly and looked up at her daughter, “Your dad said to focus on the competition. He’s mentioned you to his friend, even boasted about your knack for the sciences, and he’s looking for an opportunity to get you under the wing of a renowned tutor in Riverdale.” At the mention of Riverdale, Summer’s eyes lit up with immense surprise. Riverdale was a breeding ground for talent. Securing a foothold there meant not having to worry about the likes of Mirabella or having to rely on the Gilberts.

With this thought, the gloom that had clouded Summer's evening dissipated. She let out a silent sigh of relief, stood up, and sat down beside Mandy, affectionately wrapping her arms around her mother’s. “Mom, thank you and Dad for everything. You're so good to me. I'll work hard, | promise. | won't let you down.”

Mandy looked down at her dutiful daughter, the polar opposite of the irksome foster child, and couldn't help but smile with relief, patting her arm gently. “Thank goodness you're my own flesh and blood.”

Summer rested her head on Mandy’s shoulder and nuzzled in, the shadows in her eyes hidden away, saying nothing more.

The following day, the senior class at Parkside High School faced their first monthly exam of the semester. Everyone, except Mirabella, seemed to be carrying the weight of nervousness and fear towards the tests. Right before entering the exam hall, most students were frantically flipping through textbooks, the epitome of last-minute cramming.

The school had a dedicated examination hall, and this monthly test seemed exceptionally strict. Each room was fitted with detection devices that weeded out students attempting to smuggle in phones or cheat sheets. It was clear that cheating was off the table.

Although Mirabella had participated in the BrainSpark Nationals and excelled twice, her newness at the school meant her exam seat was allocated based on the previous term's grades. For fairness, she was placed in the last exam room. The bottom thirty scorers of the senior year were all her company in that room.

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As Mirabella entered the exam hall, the seated students turned their curious eyes towards her. By now, her competition achievements were common knowledge throughout the senior-class. While some still whispered doubts about her merits, they were a minority. Some even speculated that the sudden monthly exam was the school's attempt to quell the rumors of Mirabella's alleged cheating and preferential treatment by placing her in the last exam room. The content is on [NovelDrama.Org!](#) Read the latest chapter there!

Unaware of these murmurs, Mirabella found her seat at the Very end of the district of the school. She was if deliberately segregated. The distinction was pretty evident. The content is on [NovelDrama.Org!](#) Read the latest chapter there!

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Chapter 116

Chapter 116 The exam proctor strode into the room, delivering the test papers with an efficiency that spoke of years of experience.

It was English Literature in the morning. Mirabella stared at her paper with a sense of dread. Of all the subjects, English was her least favorite. The sight of those densely packed words always dragged her back to her childhood, to the days when the old sticklers of her family tormented her. Those dusty tomes of Shakespeare and Chaucer were the stuff of her childhood nightmares.

Ever since she arrived in this new body, she'd had an innate aversion to English, leading to an unsurprising neglect of the subject.

With a silent sigh and resistance coursing through her veins, Mirabella picked up her pen and began to write at a snail's pace. When it was time to hand in her paper, it looked complete, but as for accuracy... that was anyone's guess.

The afternoon brought Mathematics, which was much more Mirabella's speed. Effortless and straightforward, it hardly required a thought. Having learned her lesson from a previous deduction for answering beyond the syllabus, she was careful not to repeat the mistake.

Post-exam, everyone in class was flipping through textbooks, trying to estimate their scores.

"Queen Mira, don't you think today's math test was brutal?" Jenna asked, her face downcast after calculating she'd barely scraped through. But as soon as she'd posed the question, she regretted it. After all, she was speaking to the national competition's reigning champ—wasn't this just asking for trouble?

Mirabella cocked her head, letting out a rare, long sigh, "I found English to be the real difficult + beast."

Jenna was floored. "Am I hallucinating? Did I just hear you use the word 'difficult?'" Not just the use of the word 'difficult, but with an emphasis.

"I may be top-notch, but that doesn't mean I'm omnipotent," Mirabella replied with a playful flutter of her eyelashes, her tone infuriatingly nonchalant.

Jenna clutched her chest, feeling the sting of another ego blow. "Isn't English the easiest, though?" Jenna quickly steered the conversation back to safer waters.

Mirabella shook her head, her frustration evident. "For me, it's the toughest." Sensing her sincere distress, Jenna realized she'd stumbled upon a bombshell. "So, what do you think you scored in English?"

"I finished all the questions, but whether I pass will be a matter of luck," Mirabella mused, resting her chin on her hand, the image of despondency. She missed the simplicity of the BrainSpark Nationals—it was so straightforward compared to the hair—pulling complexity of English.

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Jenna's eyes nearly popped out of her head, "Queen Mira, don't tell me you've got a weak subject!" Mirabella gave her a sidelong glance. "Doesn't every normal student have at least one?"

“That’s true, but since when are you a normal student?” Jenna’s question was a piercing one. With two national competition victories under her belt, Mirabella was anything but average.

Yawning, Mirabella pulled her English textbook from her desk. “I know you’re just jealous of my brilliance.”

Jenna’s smile twitched, her eyes rolling as she suddenly flashed a mischievous grin, her voice laced with schadenfreude. “Imagine if you fail English, what will happen to your ranking this month... Oh, the horror!”

Mirabella raised an eyebrow. “Jenna, you seem to be taking far too much pleasure in this.”

Jenna cleared her throat, quickly masking her glee with a Seon een at all MnSest eager to gee tte exams over with and see the results.” The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Mirabella chuckled lightly, a knowing glint in her eyes.

“Hey, wanna hit the mall after school?” Jenna to ehhet hdde| swiftly, Haag the subject. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Mirabella shook her head, declining softly, “No, I’ve ag} Sorts personal! matterNo@ttend to.” The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

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Jenna didn’t press further and settled back into her seat.

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Just before heading out that morning, Mirabella had told Zach that she planned to spend the day at the hospital keeping Catherine company, and had politely declined his offer to pick her up from school. So, as soon as the class was over, Mirabella hailed a cab and made her way to the hospital.

But the moment she pushed open the door to the hospital room and saw its emptiness, with even the bed sheets neatly folded at the foot of the bed, her expression flickered with concern,

She was stunned for a moment, and her thoughts raced to Catherine's reaction the day before. A tight sensation gripped her chest as she pulled out her phone and quickly dialed a number.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is switched off..." Taking a deep breath, Mirabella ended the call, pocketed her phone, and turned to leave the room.

At the nurses' station, she approached the on-duty nurse with a calm demeanor. "Excuse me, do you know where I can find Catherine from room 503?" There was a steadiness in her voice, betraying no hint of the worry she felt inside.

The nurse was momentarily taken aback by Mirabella's stunning beauty, but quickly recovered and flipped through the records beside her. "Oh, Mrs. Catherine was discharged this morning," she replied.

When Mirabella heard this, her brows furrowed even more. She thanked the nurse and, without any hesitation, strode towards the elevator.

The nurse watched Mirabella's retreating figure, shaking her head in admiration. "That girl's beauty is on another level. She could give Hollywood stars a run for their money," she murmured.

"What's caught your eye?" asked another nurse who had just returned from the restroom, noticing her colleague's fixated gaze. Since Mirabella had already disappeared around the corner, the second nurse had missed her.

The first nurse, still captivated, said, "I just saw this gorgeous girl — like an angel. My heart was racing when she looked at me."

The other nurse chuckled. "Really, that dramatic?" She casually took a sip of water, then added, "Speaking of angelic beauty, Mrs. Catherine's granddaughter is a knockout. Catherine is the patient who has just been discharged from room 503 this morning. You probably haven't seen her granddaughter since you work days. I've got a photo of her. Let me show you..."

As she spoke, the nurse pulled out her phone and displayed a secretly snapped photo. "Look at this. Isn't she gorgeous? It's just a side face, but she's so photogenic."

The nurse was familiar with Mirabella, finding her truly captivating. Her aura was an intriguing mix of feminine and masculine, and she carried herself with a graceful, polite demeanor that

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subtly commanded attention. Whenever Mirabella visited, the nurse made sure to dote on Catherine a bit more than usual, hoping to catch her attention indirectly. And, quite secretly, she often snapped pictures of Mirabella when she wasn't looking.

"That's her, the very girl I just saw," the first nurse confirmed, recognizing Mirabella in the photo. The second nurse's face changed. "Where did she go?"

Pointing towards the elevator, the first nurse replied, "Right when you came back, she just got

"Oh no, why didn't you tell me earlier? Mrs. Catherine left something for me to pass on." The second nurse said, slapping her forehead in frustration. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

The first nurse touched her nose sheepishly. "You didn't see her. But she must have seen her. Hurry, you

might catch her." The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

With a quick nod, the second nurse stowed her phone, grabbed her envelope, and hurried towards the elevator. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

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As the sun began its descent into the horizon, the bustle of the hospital began to taper off, leaving the halls quieter than they had been all day.

The nurse descended in the elevator. Her footsteps echoed through the now-sparse lobby. She scanned the area, finding no sign of Mirabella. With a sense of urgency, she darted toward the main entrance, but her search there proved just as fruitless. Finally, with her shoulders slumped in defeat, she turned to head back inside.

Meanwhile, Mirabella was already nestled in the backseat of a cab, speeding away towards the apartment complex where Catherine resided. As the cityscape zipped by in a blur outside the window, her eyes flickered with an intensity. Her usually impassive face now carried a chill that was not typical for one so young.

She fished out her phone and dialed Catherine's number once more, only to be greeted by the cold shutdown prompt.

She should have recognized that something was off with Catherine yesterday. Mirabella pressed her fingers to her temple, and her expression grew even darker.

Twenty minutes later, the cab rolled to a stop at the entrance to the complex. After paying the fare, Mirabella hurried inside. Her pace quickened as she ascended to Catherine's floor. She pressed the doorbell with a sense of urgency.

The door swung open to reveal the face of an unfamiliar woman. "Who are you looking for?" the middle-aged woman asked, eyeing Mirabella with curiosity.

She was the caregiver Mandy had hired to look after Catherine and hadn't met Mirabella before. Mirabella's brows knitted together. "Isn't Catherine home?"

At once, the caregiver asked, "Oh, you're here for Catherine?" "Yes, is she here?" Mirabella asked, while her patience was wearing thin.

The caregiver sized up Mirabella again before replying politely, "Catherine fell ill and has been in the hospital for a while now, but... who are you, and what do you need with her?"

Mirabella didn't answer her question, instead repeating her own. "Is she truly not here?" "Well, I wouldn't lie to you. Catherine's been sick and in the hospital. Why don't you try calling her?" the caregiver said, perplexed by the young woman's intensity.

Noting that the caregiver seemed to have nothing to hide, Mirabella was left feeling uneasy. Without another word, she turned on her heel and left.

The caregiver stood there, confused, watching Mirabella's silhouette vanish into the elevator before murmuring to herself while closing the door, "What an odd encounter..."

Chania 118 Still puzzled, the caregiver walked to the phone and dialed a number, feeling that something wasn't quite right.

Over at the Gilbert family's villa, Mandy had just picked up the call. "You're saying a young girl came looking for my mother?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'am. She wouldn't give her name, but she seemed rather anxious. I'm not sure if something's wrong," the caregiver relayed the situation in detail.

Mandy's brow furrowed as she asked, "Was the girl tall, attractive, and looked like a student?"

"That's her, ma'am." Mandy's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "Alright, I understand."

After hanging up, Mandy crossed her arms and pondered deeply. The description from the caregiver could only mean one thing, but why would she suddenly show up at the apartment asking for her mother? Didn't she know that Catherine was still hospitalized? The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Descending the stairs in her comfortable home attire, Mandy noticed her mother's friend took a seat beside her, asking softly, "Mom, what's going on?" The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Mandy snapped back to reality and chose not to hide the truth. The caregiver looking at her

grandmother called. She said Mirabella stopped by your grandmother's apartment." The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

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When Summer heard the name Mirabella, her eyes instinctively narrowed, and she casually asked, “Didn’t she know Grandma was hospitalized? Why would she go to the apartment? Was she there to pick something up?”

Mandy shook her head. “It wasn’t to pick up anything. The caregiver said she only asked if your grandmother was at home, and when she heard she wasn’t, she left.”

With a puzzled look crossing her face, Summer said, “What could she possibly want then?”

After a moment's thought, Summer suggested, “Mom, this seems a bit odd. Maybe we should give Grandma a call to see what’s up?”

“That makes sense,” Mandy agreed, thumbing through her contacts to find Catherine’s number and dialed. Quickly, Mandy frowned and ended the call. “Her phone is turned off.”

“Turned off? What happened?” Summer said. Her concern was apparent.

Mandy's eyelid twitched as she stood. “I'll call the hospital.” She walked over to a cabinet,

rummaged through it, and pulled out a business card with the doctor’s number. Without hesitation, she dialed. “Hello... What? My mother has been discharged?” Mandy’s face was a picture of shock.

Summer, now standing beside Mandy, asked anxiously, “Grandma was discharged? She didn’t tell you?”

Mandy's mind was buzzing. “No, | was so flustered by our argument last night, and | didn’t visit the hospital today.”

Summer’s expression grew serious. “Why would Grandma leave without saying a word? She’s a stranger in town. She doesn’t know anything, and didn’t return to the apartment. Where could she have gone?”

Pressing her temples, Mandy suddenly had a dark thought and said through gritted teeth. “You're right. Your grandmother knew nothing at all. She wouldn’t know how to discharge herself without help.”

After a brief pause, she added, "It has to be Mirabella who took your grandmother. Besides her, who else?"

Summer lowered her gaze, and then shook her head. "That can't be right. Didn't you just say the caregiver mentioned she was looking for Grandma too?"

Mandy scoffed, "It's all an act, and you believe that?"

"But..." Summer tried to interject, only to be cut off by Mandy, "Enough, don't be so stupid. I don't want to hear my daughter making excuses for an outsider."

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"That makes sense," Mandy agreed, thumbing through her contacts to find Catherine's number and dialed. Quickly, Mandy frowned and ended the call. "Her phone is turned off." "Turned off? What happened?" Summer said. Her concern was apparent.

Mandy's eyelid twitched as she stood. "I'll call the hospital." She walked over to a cabinet, rummaged through it, and pulled out a business card with the doctor's number. Without hesitation, she dialed.

"Hello... What? My mother has been discharged?" Mandy's face was a picture of shock. Summer, now standing beside Mandy, asked anxiously, "Grandma was discharged? She didn't tell you?" Mandy's mind was buzzing. "No, I was so flustered by our argument last night, and I didn't visit the hospital today."

Summer's expression grew serious. "Why would Grandma leave without saying a word? She's a stranger in town. She doesn't know anything, and didn't return to the apartment. Where could she have gone?"

Pressing her temples, Mandy suddenly had a dark thought and said through gritted teeth, "You're right. Your grandmother knew nothing at all. She wouldn't know how to discharge herself without help."

After a brief pause, she added, "It has to be Mirabella who took your grandmother. Besides her, who else?"

Summer lowered her gaze, and then shook her head. "That can't be right. Didn't you just say the caregiver mentioned she was looking for Grandma too?"

Mandy scoffed, "It's all an act, and you believe that?"

"But..." Summer tried to interject, only to be cut off by Mandy, "Enough, don't be so stupid. I don't want to hear my daughter making excuses for an outsider."

Chapter 119 With those words, Mandy grabbed her phone, dialed Mirabella's number with a look of anger.

After descending the stairs, balrapells didn't immediately leave Cae neighborhood, steed anStOEs a benth i fon community garden and sat down. Catherine's phone was still unreachable. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

The caregiver's reaction didn't seem fake. Mirabella knew Mandy ne nd the odds of her whisking catherine away w in The only thing Mirabella could be certain of was that Catherine left of her own volition. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Massaging her temples, Mirabella took out her phone, pondering deeply before tapping on an app with an unfamiliar icon, about to log in when an unknown number called.

Mirabella paused, then quickly answered. "Hello... Sure, I'll be there in twenty minutes. Thanks."

After hanging up, she stood up, but her phone rang again. In hesitation, she slipped the phone into her pocket, she quickly walked out of the neighborhood. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

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The person on the other end of the phone was none other than the nurse from the hospital who hadn't managed to catch up with Mirabella.

Mirabella hailed a cab and made her way back to the hospital. Along the journey, Mandy bombarded her with a relentless stream of calls, but none of which she answered. Eventually, she simply blocked Mandy's number.

"Ms. Mirabella, I am terribly sorry. I should have called you earlier to come pick up your belongings. I was caught up with something and couldn't get around to it," the nurse apologized, handing over a letter to Mirabella with a look of regret.

Mirabella took the letter with a courteous nod. "No problem, thank you."
"You're welcome," the nurse replied with a smile. .

As Mirabella walked away with the letter, she paused and turned back to address the nurse "Can I ask if my grandmother was discharged on her own?"

The nurse shook her head. "I'm not sure about that. I was working the night shift. I wasn't here this morning." She paused and then offered, "Shall I ask one of my colleagues for you?"

A flicker of disappointment crossed Mirabella's eyes, but she quickly shook her head and declined, "No, that's alright," before walking away.

At the hospital's garden, there were public benches where people could sit and enjoy the greenery. Mirabella found a spot on a bench and opened the letter.

[Mira, I have gone back to my hometown. You take good care of yourself and don't worry about me. I'll take good care of my health. I'm waiting for the day you bring home an international trophy.]

The content of the letter was brief, and the handwriting was far from beautiful. It bore the slow and rigid strokes of an elderly person. In the corner where the name was signed, there was a dry mark where a tear had once fallen.

A lump stuck in Mirabella's throat as she could almost picture Catherine, her grandmother, writing this letter with a heavy heart and trembling hands. The days when they had only each other for company flashed before her eyes like scenes from a movie, bringing back a year of serene memories that stood out in her life.

Mirabella tilted her head back slightly. Her eyes fluctuated between clarity and dimness as the soft glow from a nearby streetlight cast a mix of warmth and solitude upon her face.

"That's a rare expression on you." Suddenly, a voice laced with teasing cut through the quiet. Mirabella slowly turned her head, and there he was: James, with his sharp features and lean figure, standing with his arms crossed and an air of nonchalance about him. She had no idea how long he had been there.

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Mirabella's brows furrowed slightly as she carefully folded the letter and asked, "What are you doing here?"

James raised an eyebrow playfully. "If I were not here, I would miss your rare moment of vulnerability, wouldn't I?"

Mirabella stood up and moved closer to James. Her piercing eyes locked onto him, and her voice was tinged with an icy detachment. "Having trouble seeing things? Let me get closer so you can have a good look."

A smile flickered at the corner of James' mouth as he beheld the girl standing so close. The stark contrast to

the quiet figure seated on the bench moments earlier. He raised his hands in mock surrender, chuckling, "Okay, my bad. Wrong choice of words." The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Mirabella let out a soft scoff and turned away from him, but a thought suddenly raced through her mind. Her gaze turned to James. There was a hint of suspicion in her voice, "Did you help my grandmother with her discharge from the hospital?" The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest

chapter there!

She knew that when Catherine had previous heart trouble, it had been James who had helped her find the hospital. Yes that her grandmother could leave without a trace and that James might have had a hand in it seemed all too probable. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!