

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

#Chapter 121 - Read The Double (or More ?) Life of The Fake Heiress Chapter 121

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James wasn't at all surprised when Mirabella spoke her mind, after all, the girl had a sharpness about her that was beyond imagination.

"You guessed right," he admitted without any attempt to hide it.

At his words, it felt like a tension within Mirabella finally eased. She wasn't really worried that Catherine would do anything rash, but she needed to know where she was,

"Your grandma rang me up last night." James explained succinctly, "Seems she didn't want you caught in the middle of whatever is brewing between her and the Gilberts, so she asked if I could drop her back at her place."

"I understand," Mirabella sighed softly. How could she not see Catherine's intent? After a brief silence, she collected her thoughts and asked, "Where is she now?"

James glanced at his watch. "She should be home by now."

As if sensing that Mirabella needed reassurance, he added, "Don't worry, I arranged for someone to escort your grandma. No mishaps."

Mirabella gave a small nod of thanks, fixing James with a serious look. "Thanks a lot."

James raised an eyebrow. His tone was nonchalant. "Are we still on formal terms? Come on, my lifesaver." Mirabella gave him a sidelong glance and a half-smile. "Also since when did I acquire a tutor?"

With a lazy shrug. James played along. "Just a beautiful misunderstanding."

Mirabella chuckled, pocketing Catherine's letter and turning to leave the hospital.

“Let's keep up the misunderstanding then.” Her voice trailed away as she waved a goodbye. Her silhouette stretched long under the streetlights. James smiled thoughtfully and followed

after her.

Outside the hospital, Mirabella reached for her phone to check the time, only to find it had died. She put it back in her pocket and after a brief pause, she looked up at James. “Did you drive here?”

“Huh?” James looked at her, puzzled.

“I'm out of battery, and I don't have cash on me. How about Mr. James plays the good guy and gives me a lift?” Mirabella asked without any trace of formality.

James arched an eyebrow. “I thought you'd invite me for dinner.”

“Expecting a high school kid without a penny to her name to treat you? Tell me, Mr. James, is that really appropriate for a tutor?” Mirabella emphasized each word with clear articulation.

A twitch tugged at James' lips. “What if I treat you?” 1/2 Pals

Mirabella waved off the offer. “No thanks. My family will worry if they can't reach me.”

“Let's on” James said, rubbing his temple without further teasing.

They quickly got into the car. Inside, James gripped the steering wheel with one hand, his eyes closed.

His head tilted, his fingers pressing against his temple. His complexion was unusually pale, and there was a hint of fatigue around his eyes. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Mirabella only glanced at him briefly before asking casually, “Rough night?” “Is it that obvious?” James' voice was low, and he turned to look at her as he spoke.

Mirabella's eyes narrowed slightly as she pieced together his recent trip to Riverdale and Cat in the Hat. “She suddenly said, almost in

disbelief, "You didn't rush back overnight because of my grandma, did you?"
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James continued massaging his

temple, eee Wonca im lightly. 'WYtersthe work's done.

naturally it's time to head back." The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read
the latest chapter there!

At that, Mirabella fell into a thoughtful silence.

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Chapter 122 After a while, she lifted her gaze to James again and said nonchalantly. "You know, the

soothing incense | got for Granny online the other day really did the trick. You go to my school in a few days, and I'll give it to you after school."

Hearing this, James thought back to the eBay shop she had mentioned before, where she found those soothing incense, and chuckled while shaking his head, "No worries, | just need a few good nights' rest."

Mirabella touched the tip of her nose. "Alright then..." She paused but added, "Just hit me you change your mind." "Sure thing." James replied lightly, not really taking it to heart.

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Twenty minutes later, Mirabella thanked James and quickly walked into the apartment complex.

By now, the night had fully settled in. As she ascended the stairs to her apartment, she used her keys to enter, only to find Emmitt, who hadn't been around for a while, sitting on the sofal with his arms crossed. His face was ashen.

The air was tinged with tension. Narrowing her eyes slightly, Mirabella casually tossed her shoulder bag onto a cabinet.

Emmitt's gaze snapped to her as he rose to his feet. His eyes were dark and piercing. "Can't you keep out of trouble for just one day?"

"Emmitt, you better cool it and watch your tone," Shawn said and frowned. His voice was heavy.

Faced with Emmitt's sudden accusation, Mirabella remained composed, though her eyes lacked warmth. "That's a strange thing to say. What outrage have | committed to get you so worked up?"

Emmitt, seeing her cool demeanor, felt his anger rise even further. "What have you done? Where did you take Summer's granny?"

At that, Mirabella put two and two together, thinking of the countless calls she had received from Mandy, and she had a pretty good idea why he was so furious. Catherine hadn't returned to the Gilbert family, and since she had also visited the apartment where Catherine lived, the Gilberts naturally assumed she had hidden Catherine away after learning the old lady wasn't in the hospital.

After all, she was the most likely suspect.

When Mirabella didn't respond, Emmitt took a deep breath, trying to keep his emotions in check. "I get that you're close to Summer's granny, but you can't just whisk her away without telling

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anyone." Mirabella's lips curved in an amused smirk. "I'm curious, who told you | took Catherine? Was it Summer?" Emmitt's brows knitted. "She just made a call...

Before he could finish, Mirabella cut him off, "S187 Pronee you're vinged: bath inle was taker by me. Now I'm telling you, she wasn't. How will you judge that?" The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Zach raised an eyebrow slightly at his sister's words. His little sister sure knew how to use the Socratic method.

Emmitt was briefly taken aback by her question but quickly recovered, "Fine, you say you didn't take her! Why didn't you answer calls from the Gilberts? And why was your phone off? Isn't that obviously making them suspect you?" The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Mirabella found this even more amusing. With deliberate calm, she fished out her phone from her pocket,

pressed the power button, and

the screen briefly lit up with a low battery

warning sign before shutting down again. "See? Dead battery." Her voice was light as she extended the phone toward Emmitt with a hint of sarcasm. "If you don't believe me, feel free to check it yourself, maybe?" The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

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Emmitt's gaze lingered on the smartphone that Mirabella was offering him, but he didn't reach out to take it. After a moment, he tilted his head to the side and spoke with a deep voice, "If you really didn't pick up Catherine, then why did you hang up on the Gilberts?"

"Isn't it normal to hang up on them? That stepmother of hers was never kind to her, so why should she be obliged to answer her calls? Where does this rule come from?" Zach interjected with a nonchalant tone.

"Yeah, Zach's got a point. If it were me, I wouldn't just hang up; I'd have blocked them ages ago." Delilah had no fondness for the Gilbert family, and it showed in her voice.

Emmitt looked at Zach with a complex expression. It was one thing for their parents to spoil Mirabella rotten, but his sharp-witted younger brother was siding with her too.

Shaking his head after a pause, Emmitt spoke with a note of disappointment, "You can spoil her all you want, but we need to sort out this issue with Summer's grandma."

Continuing, he turned back to Mirabella, “Why don’t we take a trip to the Gilberts? If you didn’t take Catherine, then an explanation is due...”

Before he could finish, the smartphone on the coffee table began to ring. He halted mid—sentence, and his gaze involuntarily scanned the caller ID on the screen. Seeing it was Summer calling, Emmitt didn’t pursue the conversation further. He walked over, picked up the phone, and pressed the answer button, “Hey, Summer...”

“Emmitt, we found Grandma. She went back to her place in Elm Reek by herself. I’m sorry. It was my mom who misunderstood Mira. It’s also my fault for jumping to conclusions and bothering you when I couldn’t reach Mira. I hope I didn’t cause any misunderstanding...” Summer’s voice was soft and fragile through the phone, filled with regret and apology as if she was on the brink of tears.

Holding the phone, Emmitt listened to Summer’s words and thought back to his earlier anger toward Mirabella. His head started buzzing. So, he had wronged her?

“...Emmitt, are you listening?” Summer’s voice came through the phone after a long silence, tinged with a touch of vulnerability. Emmitt closed his eyes briefly, then replied coolly. “I got it.” He said nothing more and hung up.

Summer, sensing the chill in Emmitt’s last few words, felt an inexplicable annoyance. She held the phone tightly for a long while before finally letting go.

When Emmitt looked back at Mirabella, his demeanor had lost its initial assertiveness. He opened his mouth to speak, but his throat felt clogged, both dry and uncomfortable, and he couldn’t utter a word.

Mirabella’s face showed little emotion as she met his complex gaze. “It seems you’ve figured out the truth,” she said simply. 12:15

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“I’m going upstairs.” Mirabella didn’t wait for Emmitt to respond. A quick glance at her watch and Zach in the hall, she walked toward the staircase at a steady pace. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

“Emmitt, we all know you and Summer have been close since you were kids, but let remind you of sprgtydcasiGhe dreally understand who your blood relatives are,” Zach said coolly. leaving that thought behind as he too ascended the stairs. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Hearing those words, Emmitt felt a burning sensation on his Face agit all his streggth, hac-bedn sapped in that nyornent The phone slipped from his grasp and fell to the floor with a thud. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Chapter 124

Chapter 124 Shawn stood up, grabbed the cellphone from the floor, and placed it on the coffee table. Without a word, he just patted his eldest son on the shoulder and walked away.

Delilah let out a disappointed sigh. “You’re just too hard on Mira. She’s your sister, not a stranger. But you’re always so reluctant to trust her a little more. Take tonight, for instance. If you’d just kept your cool, things wouldn’t have blown up like this.”

Emmitt’s hand, hanging by his side, clenched tighter. His face twisted in a grimace of shame and embarrassment. When he had received Summer’s tearful call earlier that night, he’d rushed to judgment against Mirabella without a second thought. He was convinced in his gut that his sister was nothing but trouble. Even if she did have a close bond with Summer’s grandma, surely whisking her away without a heads-up was not okay, right?

And now what? A self—mocking smile flickered across Emmitt’s lips. After all his bluster and accusations, it had all been a big misunderstanding.

Compared to Summer, Mirabella seemed to do nothing but irk him with her antics. Even when she aced a competition, he only briefly saw her in a new light before once again being disappointed by her aloof and uncommunicative demeanor.

Today’s drama felt eerily similar to that past incident. But in the end, he had to admit he was the problem. Even if she had explained, he wouldn’t have believed her.

She had challenged him, saying, "If I told you I wasn't the one who took her, how would you judge?" But his first instinct had still been disbelief.

Indeed, what was the point in explaining when you knew you wouldn't be believed? If he was in her shoes, he wouldn't bother to explain either.

Emmitt rubbed his face and forced a wry smile.

Fresh out of the shower, with her hair still dripping wet, Mirabella grabbed the hairdryer and her charging phone, holding down the power button. In seconds, it came to life, bombarded with a flurry of texts and missed calls, including several from Emmitt and a few from unknown numbers.

She scrolled through them, turned off the hairdryer, and dialed Catherine. This time, there was no cold, disconnected tone. Soon, the call connected.

Mirabella held the phone without speaking, and on the other end, Catherine also remained silent. The line was filled only with faint breathing. After a long pause, Mirabella softly called out, "Grandma."

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"Yes, dear... I'm here." Catherine's voice came through, accompanied by the soft sound of something being knocked over, which was almost drowning her out. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Mirabella pressed a hand to her forehead in resignation and pulled up a chair and water. With a sigh, she asked, "Are you set on having me listen to you knock things over?" The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

As if on cue, the background clatter ceased.

Two seconds later, Catherine's meek voice explained, "Ahem. I was just trying to pour myself a glass of water and wasn't paying attention."

Mirabella raised an eyebrow, and leaned back lazily in her chair as the warm light of the heater cast a cozy glow on her face. She drawled, "Yeah, I get it. No need to elaborate." The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Chapter 125

Chapter 125 Catherine had her little tricks to mask her emotions, and Mirabella knew them all too well.

Mirabella Idly twirled a lock of damp hair that had fallen over her shoulder. Her voice was nonchalant. "Look at you, all gutsy now, sneaking back to your hometown without a peep."

At that, Catherine chuckled nervously, a hint of fear in her voice. "Well, I wasn't alone. Mr. James arranged for someone to bring me back."

Mirabella let out a soft snort. "You just met the guy. What if he tricked you? Where would I find another grandma like you?" Catherine felt a sour lump in her throat, suppressing the discomfort as she whispered, "I know James is a good man." "Don't pull a vanishing act on me again, okay? If you want to go somewhere, just tell me. Do you really think I'd stop you?"

After a brief pause, Mirabella's gaze softened, and her voice was more serious than ever. "With me here, no one will ever force you to stay somewhere you don't like again."

She knew Mandy had always wanted to move Catherine to the city, but Catherine was reluctant. If it hadn't been for Mirabella returning to the Davis family, Catherine probably wouldn't have agreed to move. It was her own selfishness that made Catherine live unhappily in the city for this time. She wanted to take care of Catherine for the sake of her body's original owner, but she had overlooked whether the old lady wanted to be taken care of at all.

Catherine's voice was choked as she hummed in agreement, "If Mandy gives you trouble again, don't worry about my feelings. Do what you have to do, and don't let yourself be wronged."

Mirabella spoke flatly. "So, all this heartache of yours is because you overthink everything."

Fearing the conversation would weigh on her emotions, Catherine hurriedly said, "Alright, alright, it's getting late. I'm off to bed." Without waiting for Mirabella to bid her goodnight, she hung up the phone.

Mirabella listened to the dial tone, chuckled, shook her head, and set the phone down. She picked up the hairdryer and continued drying her hair. Soon, there was a knock at the door.

Mirabella had just finished drying her hair. She swept it back casually and headed to the door. "Zach?"

Zach stood with his hands behind his back, more scholarly without his usual frameless glasses. He pressed his lips into a slight smile and asked, "Haven't had dinner yet, have you?"

Mirabella looked surprised, then nodded.

Zach stepped aside, tilting his chin toward the stairwell. "Come on, I'll whip up something for you to eat." After a brief pause, he added, "Emmitt's gone. No need to worry about any awkwardness."

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Without any fuss, Mirabella accepted, "Well, thanks, Zach."

They descended the stairs, one after the other. It was ne ne 'chock,

d,DehlatrandSh ia ad already retired to their rooms. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Rolling up the sleeves of his pajamas, Zach scanned the fridge. Finding only eggs anda tomat spectpuehed hi

Nese) alld eh fi turned to Mirabella with a helpless expression. "Not much to work with. How about some pasta?" The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

"That's fine. I'm not picky." "OK," Zach nodded and took out the eggs and tomato. "Take a seat in the living room. I'll have it ready in a jiffy."

Mirabella hummed softly in response but didn't leave. Instead, sh ie erased her evan anijeerinhghinst the wall, calmly watching the figure in the kitchen skillfully prepare the meal. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

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About ten minutes later, Zach ladled out the spaghetti onto the plates and brought them to the table. "Give it a taste. Let me know if it's okay."

Mirabella picked up a fork and after just one bite, she looked up with a mouthful and mumbled, "Tastes pretty good."

Zach sat down beside her, arching an eyebrow with pride. "Well, of course. I've been cooking since I was eight, you know." That meant he had a good fifteen years of culinary experience under his belt. He was a veritable veteran.

At his words, Mirabella fell into thought. When she was eight, hadn't she accidentally blown up her family's potion lab a few times?

"By the way, at the hospital yesterday, after you went to the restroom, Catherine asked me to take care of you. Something felt off about it then, and I meant to talk to you, but it totally slipped my mind." Zach smiled apologetically. "I had no idea Catherine planned on leaving. If I had been more attentive yesterday, maybe today's drama wouldn't have unfolded."

Mirabella paused, looking at Zach, who had a hint of guilt on his face. Her voice was calm, "Zach, you shouldn't blame yourself. Even without what happened yesterday, today's events would have happened eventually. She never really settled in here. It's probably for the best that she's gone back to her roots."

Zach gave a wry smile and shook his head. "I was supposed to be the one comforting you, but here you are, making me feel better."

Mirabella just smiled and went back to her spaghetti. When Zach watched his sister, quietly eating, his heart was filled a mix of emotions. Even when facing Emmitt's questions earlier, she had not shown a hint of panic, and she was as composed as an adult. If Summer had been in her shoes, it would have been a flood of tears and grievance, and that was not even considering the whole thing was a misunderstanding.

They say the squeaky wheel gets the grease. With Mirabella's quiet, stubborn nature, it was no wonder she sometimes got the short end of the stick. He

sighed silently and shifted the conversation to lighter topics, carefully avoiding any mention of Emmitt.

The next afternoon, after the last of the exams, Mirabella stepped out of the exam hall to find Summer waiting in the corridor. "Can we talk?" Summer asked. Her face betrayed no particular emotion, although her voice carried a condescending note. Mirabella lazily lifted her eyelids. Her tone was clearly impatient. "I'm busy."

Summer's eyes narrowed, and she turned to follow. "No matter what, you're part of the Davis family now. You should leave my grandmother's affairs alone. It's for the best for you, for the

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Gilbert family, and for the Davis family. You don't want to stir up misunderstandings and unhappiness again because of you, right?"

Mirabella stopped in her tracks, glanced at her coldly. "Are you trying to teach me how to live. my life?"

That look took Summer aback, but

she quickly regained her composure, saying to Summer,

"Don't be too greedy." The content is on

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A playful smirk crossed Mirabella's lips. "That's a lovely key." She chuckled softly and continued walking without looking back. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Frowning, Summer watched her go and didn't pursue further. She suddenly remembered the game they had played during their call the previous night. After a moment of contemplation, she turned and headed down another staircase. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Back in the Prodigy Class classroom, Summer pulled out her phone from her desk and typed out a text message to send to Emmitt.

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It had been ten minutes since Summer had sent out the message, and yet, there was no reply. Anxiety began to bubble within her. This was something that never happened before. With a sigh, she sent another text, (Emmitt, I'm at our usual spot.]

On the other end, Emmitt was zoning out with his phone in hand. When he got Summer's first message, his initial reaction was to reply instantly. But the events of the previous night, coupled with the words his family had said, froze his fingers. He couldn't type a word.

He had been taking care of Summer ever since their childhood, and he knew her better than anyone. Even after she rejoined the Gilbert family, he never saw her as a stranger. The thought of doubting her had never crossed his mind — until now.

Emmitt massaged his temples and opened Summer's second message that just came in. After a moment of silence, he finally stood up, grabbed his car keys from the drawer, and left the office.

At an upscale bistro downtown, within a private room on the second floor.

Summer had been there since the class was over, having instructed her driver to drop her off. From five o'clock straight through to six, as the sky darkened outside the window, her heart sank a little more with each passing minute.

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Emmitt hadn't responded to any of her messages. She didn't know if he was simply busy or intentionally ignoring her. It felt like ever since that phone call last night, something had shifted silently between them.

Clutching her phone, Summer wanted to call Emmitt, but she resisted the urge repeatedly. She kept telling herself to stay calm, not to panic.

Finally, at nearly seven, the door to the private room creaked open.

Hearing the sound, Summer stood up so fast that her phone clattered onto the table, which she ignored. Her eyes, slightly reddened, locked onto the belated

Emmitt. Her lips trembled, and her voice was choked with emotion. "Emmitt, I thought you weren't going to show."

Emmitt met Summer's restrained, wounded expression and instinctively wanted to explain. Yet, he found himself looking away. His tone was as casual as ever, "Sorry, got held up by a client at the office."

At his words, Summer's face turned a shade paler. Her whole frame seemed to sway as if she might collapse. She steadied herself on a nearby chair, sniffled, and said in a subdued voice, "It's okay... I can wait for you."

Emmitt's hands clenched at his sides before he pulled out a chair and sat down, avoiding her gaze. He nonchalantly picked up a menu. "What's your fancy? Dinner's on me tonight." He pressed the service bell promptly, summoning the waiter.

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"I'm fine with anything." Summer murmured softly.

"Then let's go with the usual" Emmitt said, closing the menu.

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waiter.

As soon as the waiter departed, Summer looked up to Emmitt. Her smile was tinged with bitterness. "Emmitt, are you mad at me about last night?" The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

"I know I shouldn't have jumped to conclusions. When I couldn't reach Granny, I thought Mira took her. I hardly slept all night worrying about the possibility of it might cause. I apologized to Mira today, but she seemed like she didn't want to see me... Emmitt, I'm sorry. You can yell at me. It's all my fault." Her voice broke as she spoke, and her pale face looked all the more pitiable. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

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Emmitt's gaze rested on Summer's face, which was once radiant with vitality, now drawn and lifeless. Her reddened eyes were seemingly brimming with endless regret and remorse. Even her usual meticulous attention to appearance had been cast aside, all for the sake of an apology, an explanation.

Watching Summer in this state, Emmitt felt a whirlwind of emotions. His lips twitched as if he wanted to say something, but then the image of Mirabella — cool, aloof, and prideful — flashed before his eyes. Mirabella didn't cry or make a fuss. Even when misunderstood, she wouldn't stoop to justifying herself, stubborn as a mule.

After a moment, he finally spoke with a softened voice. "What's done is done. There's no need to bring it up again. As for the apology..." Emmitt paused, then simply added, "... it's not necessary. Mira, she won't dwell on it."

Summer's eyes lowered slightly, and her fingertips nervously twirled on the tabletop. With tentative care, she added, "But is that really okay? After all, I'm the one who caused the misunderstanding... Emmitt, you don't need to worry about me. As long as it makes Mira happy. I'll do whatever it takes."

When Emmitt heard this, his brow furrowed involuntarily, and then he replied firmly, "It's alright." Summer's heart skipped a beat; suddenly she felt unsure of how to interpret his demeanor.

Soon, the sound of the waiter knocking at the door interrupted them. Summer wanted to probe further, but with the interruption, she simply fell silent. As the server entered, she quickly slipped her sunglasses back on. After the dishes were served and the waiter left, Summer took off her sunglasses once again.

She glanced at Emmitt across from her, who was now attentively cutting into his steak, and she realized the earlier conversation couldn't be continued. Thus, she too picked up her knife and fork. Her dining was absent-minded as her thoughts wandered.

For a while, the private dining room was enveloped in silence, both lost in their own worlds.

After the meal, as Emmitt went to settle the bill, Summer left the room, again donning her sunglasses and a face mask to avoid recognition.

Stepping out of the restaurant, she looked at Emmitt, about to speak.

“Do you need a ride home, or...?” Emmitt asked first.

“I’ll head home,” Summer replied softly.

Emmitt nodded. “Alright, let’s get you back.” After saying that, he headed towards the parking lot.

Summer watched his retreating figure. His presence reminded her of a time when there was no rift between them. Her eyes lowered, and she subdued the flurry of thoughts within. Perhaps

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she was overthinking things.

Twenty minutes later, Emmitt dropped Summer off at the gates of the Gilbert family mansion.

“Emmitt, drive safely, okay? I’m heading in,” Summer said gently as she unbuckled her seatbelt. With a quiet acknowledgment, Emmitt watched Summer exit the car. He didn’t immediately start the vehicle but instead gazed through the windshield at the grandeur of the Gilbert family mansion, with its decorative lights casting hazy halos and the three-story building standing like a miniature castle, a testament to the family’s wealth.

Suddenly, Emmitt’s lips twisted into a wry smile. There was a trace of bitterness in his-eyes. @teKaCnile, his, han Sil resting on the steering wheel, finally moved, and he turned the car The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

around, driving away.

As soon as Summer entered the house and changed her shoes, she encountered the scene of the slaidase. She furrowed her brows but didn’t bother with a greeting. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Colton was lounging on the couch, engrossed in a TV show. Summer approached and called out sweetly, "Dad, I'm home."

Colton looked up at Summer. His rounded face broke i a emilelas he © ually inquired, iin, what kept you out so late today?" The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

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Summer opened her mouth to speak, but Aiden cut her off with a dismissive chuckle. "What could she possibly be up to? A date, obviously."

With a carefree swagger, Aiden strolled into the living room, collapsing onto the couch with a languid sprawl.

"A date? What date?" Colton straightened up. His smile vanished in an instant as he squinted at his daughter, his interest clearly aroused.

Summer's flash of irritation was quickly masked as she hurried to explain. "No, nothing like that. Just had dinner with a friend. That's why | got home a bit late.

Colton had always disapproved of Summer wasting time on frivolities, only showing her affection because of the pride she brought him in public.

"Pff, must be a boyfriend." Aiden said, with a smirk playing on his lips. Then he raised an eyebrow, adding, "I saw it all from upstairs."

Summer shot Aiden an icy look. "Don't talk like that in front of Dad. It's not any boyfriend. It's Emmitt from the Davis family where | used to live."

"Yeah, right. You're not even related, so who knows?" Aiden blurted out without a filter.

Summer's face soured, but with Colton present, she couldn't lash out at Aiden. Instead, she retorted with barely concealed anger, "You're my brother. Do you have to be so unpleasant?"

Aiden snorted and reclined on the sofa, propping his feet up on the backrest. “Oh, please. I don’t have a sister like you. Remember how you looked down on the Davis family when you first came back? And now, after six months, you treat them like they’re gold. Wow, you change faces faster than a character in a play.”

Summer’s expression stiffened.

“Enough, Aiden. That’s no way to talk to your sister.” Colton glanced at his younger son. There was a hint of reprimand in his words, but his tone was far from harsh.

Aiden pouted but didn’t dare to act up in front of Colton. He kept quiet.

Colton then turned his gaze back to Summer. His eyes gleamed with a trace of displeasure. “You’ve been quite close with your foster parents and their family?”

Summer clenched the hands by her sides and replied calmly. “Not really. Besides studying. I spend time training at the studio. I only contact them occasionally for a meal. That’s all.”

Hearing this, Colton looked away and cleared his throat, “I understand your gratitude to your foster parents for their years of care, but some people are better to keep a distance from. They don’t help you, and they might even lower your status. You understand what I’m saying, Summer?”

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Summer lowered her gaze slightly, and her expression was contained as she responded softly. “I understand, Dad. I’ll head back to my room then, read a bit, and prepare for the next competition.”

Aiden let out another scoff as she spoke. Summer heard it but didn’t react.

Colton, reminded by his daughter’s mention of the competition, suddenly remembered the “@hight.

er, school ned ow, go to the Education Association yourself. Dalton has prepared some review materials for the competition. Be sure to sweet-talk him a bit.” The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Summer blinked in surprise. “Dalton?”

“Oh, I forgot to tell you. My friend Dalton is the chair: f theo IT1

ucatigg aesdaIne Colton explained. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

When Summer heard this, her eyes widened, and a look (sheer soy" spread peross Kereate: “Thanks aS content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Chapter 130

Chapter 130 Colton chuckled, with a twinkle in his eye as he teased, “Don’t let me down now. I’m counting on you to make me proud.”

“Don't worry, Dad. I'll bring home a top spot for you,” Summer replied. Her voice was bubbling with high spirits. With the Education Association’s competition materials in her grasp, she’d definitely come up short against that Mirabella! A fiery determination flickered in Summer's

eyes.

“Alright, enough chit-chat. Scoot off to your room and hit the books,” Colton said with an impatient wave of his hand before his attention drifted back to the TV screen.

“Okay.” Summer murmured, spinning on her heel and heading for the staircase.

Once she was out of sight, Aiden, who had been slouched on the couch, propped himself up and frowned at Colton. “Dad, you’re not seriously sending Summer to get the test answers, are you?”

The whole thing about “materials” just screamed fishy to him. Colton shot him a dismissive glance and said, “This is grown-up business.”

“Dad, do you even realize what you're doing? It’s called cheating!” Aiden tossed the balled—up throw pillow from the sofa in frustration. Cheating was not the right way!

He remembered when Summer first came back, her grades were decent but nothing like they were now. Was his dad pulling strings all along?

Colton's brow furrowed slightly. "What are you talking about? Don't you review before a test? Don't you buy study guides?" "It's not the same thing," Aiden retorted, half amused, half annoyed. Pressing his temples, Colton replied with a hint of resignation. "Let's drop it. You should head to bed. School's waiting tomorrow."

Seeing the conversation go nowhere, Aiden shook his head in disappointment and stormed off to his room. Lying in bed, staring at the ceiling with wide eyes, Aiden just couldn't wrap his head around it. Why had his parents' principles become so unrecognizable since Summer's return?

The sister who was raised in the countryside never caused this much trouble, did she?

As thoughts of Mirabella crossed his mind, Aiden recalled the embarrassment she had caused him at the hospital. With a huff, he sat up abruptly, grabbed his phone, and found her contact details that he had sneakily saved while visiting grandma.

When he stared at the string of digits, his fingers hovered over the call button, moving back and forth several times before he tuffed his hair and decided to send a text instead.

Chapter 130

[Hey, scaredy—cat. you asleep yet?]

[Scaredy—cat, | haven't settled the score for last time at the hospital. Just wait, I'm not going to let you off easy!]

After sending two texts and waiting without a reply. Aiden tossed his phone onto the pillow in frustration, then buried himself under the covers, gruffly pulling the blanket over his head.

When Mirabella checked her messages the next morning, she couldn't help but scoff (af theo mM D ttiness afaifae InSe After skimming through the texts, she shook her head, deleted them without a second thought, and got ready for her day. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

While she was getting dressed in her school uniform, Mirabella's thoughts drifted back to James and Gi ae troupledNespression, Despite his refusal of

her offer for Incense of Calm, she felt the need to repay the favor owed. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Crafting the incense wasn't the tricky part; sourcing quality herbs was the challenge. Using Corn C on substituted Swoud certainly halved the effectiveness. After pondering for a moment, Mirabella dressed and stepped out of her room. The content is on NovelDrama.Org! Read the latest chapter there!

Over breakfast, she casually lifted her gaze to Shawn and inquired, "Dad, is there a place around here where I can find a good herbal market?"