

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

## **#Chapter 41 - Read The Double ( or More ?) Life of The Fake Heiress Chapter 41**

### **Chapter 41**

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"I think you should let go of that thought. Remember when Mirabella came home the other day? You spoke to Summer, sounding so distant and formal, and asked her to call you Ms. Delillah from now on... Do you really think she didn't pick up on that?" Shawn started to dissect the situation with a level head.

Delilah couldn't help but let out a wry smile at his words. "The truth is, I was ticked off by the way she w

was talking, too. She knew Mira had just come back from the countryside, and she made a point of emphasizing that in front of her. If anyone else had heard her, they'd probably look down on Mira. How could I not be a bit harsh? How would Mira feel hearing those words?"

She paused, then continued, "Summer's been with us since she was a baby, and even though this mix-up happened, I've always seen her as my own child. It hurts to see her upset. Do you think I don't feel it, too?"

Despite her love for both, Delilah couldn't deny that when it came to her biological daughter and the girl she'd mistakenly raised, her blood ties made her more sensitive to her own flesh and blood.

Delilah had raised Summer for seventeen years, and Summer had never suffered a moment's slight in the Davis family. On the other hand, Delilah's biological daughter had ostensibly grown up in an affluent household, but in reality, she'd been left in a remote town by the callous Gilberts.

The old lady who had raised Mirabella from infancy truly cherished her. Still, the tough environment and the loneliness of being a left-behind child must have weighed heavily on Mirabella's childhood.

Every time Delilah thought about these things, her heart ached. Now that her daughter was back, she only wanted to make up for the seventeen years they had lost.

Shawn saw his wife slipping into guilt again and couldn't help but wrap his arms around her shoulders, offering comfort, "Mira's a sweet girl. Nobody could dislike her. Emmitt feels the same."

That Saturday, Mirabella decided to visit Catherine with some goodies in tow.

Catherine lived in a senior residence in the city, set amidst a tranquil neighborhood without schools or large shopping centers nearby — ideal for the elderly. Mandy could be quite harsh and petty and loved putting on airs, but she was decent to her own mother.

Before heading over, Mirabella had called Catherine, so when she rang the doorbell, it didn't take long before the door swung open. Catherine's eyes reddened at the sight of her granddaughter, and she quickly ushered Mirabella inside.

The house was spacious and well—decorated, with all sorts of furniture and appliances. Despite this, there was a palpable sense of emptiness.

Mirabella glanced around briefly and then turned her attention back to her grandmother, who was fumbling with fruit and glasses of water in a fluster, much like a child.

"Grandma, come on. Let's just sit down and have a proper chat," she said, guiding Catherine to the couch.

Catherine's gaze stayed on Mirabella's face for a long while before she finally said. "You don't look like you've lost weight. Seems like your birth parents are treating you well."

"Yeah, they've been good. They wanted to visit you, actually, but I thought it might be an imposition, so I suggested another time," Mirabella replied with a smile. "Let's do that soon. But today, it'll just be us having a proper catch-up." Catherine's wrinkled face lit up with joy, though the dark

circles under her eyes betrayed her exhaustion.

Mirabella reached out to hold her grandmother's hand, casually checking her pulse under the guise of a gentle touch. "Haven't been sleeping well?" she inquired casually.

“No, I’ve been resting just fine,” Catherine replied hastily, not wanting to cause any worry. But the truth was, ever since she’d moved to this place, insomnia had plagued her night after night.

Mirabella raised an eyebrow but simply asked, “Have you been taking your medication on schedule?”

Chapter 42

## Chapter 42

Chapter 42

Catherine was nocking fervently like a student being scolded by a teacher, ‘Yes, dent. I’ve been taking my medication on time. | haven’t missed a single dose.’”

Mirabella withdrew her hand. “Do you still have that incense | gave you?”

“| do... | light it every evening.” Catherine's voice faltered slightly as she spoke,

Mirabella looked at her with a sly smile. “If you lit it every night, you wouldn’t be plagued with insomnia and palpitations.” to pack it when | moved.”

At this, Catherine quility bowed her head. After a pause, she admitted, “Truth is, | forg

Ashadow flickered in Mirabella’s eyes, but her voice remained airy. “Is that so?”

Whenever Catherine saw this expression on her granddaughter, her heart would thump uncontrollably, yet she brazenly responded, “Really, I’m not lying to you.”

Mirabella’s lips curled into a half-smile. She didn’t call out Catherine’s obvious evasion, Instead, she stood and moved behind her, her slender tingers resting atop Catherine’s head. “Relax, let me give you a little massage,”

Catherine wanted to refuse, but looking into Mirabella’s calm and indifferent face, she instinctively clamped her mouth shut. For some reason, she had grown to fear Mirabella’s earnest demeanor, always feeling like nothing could be hidden from her, It was odd. Catherine was the elder, yet she felt like a kid.

Half an hour later, Mirabella withdrew her hands and asked softly, “How do you feel?”

Catherine opened her eyes, slightly embarrassed. “Wonderful, I nearly fell asleep.” Her gaze fell upon Mirabella’s hands. “You’ve been at it for a while; aren’t you tired?”

Mirabella sipped water from a glass on the side table. “Not at all. I’ll bring you some more lavender Incense later.” “Okay.” Catherine beamed. To her, the incense didn’t matter. What mattered was that her granddaughter would come again.

Feeling invigorated, Catherine stood up and headed for the kitchen. “I picked up your favorite pork ribs and some trout at the market today. These dishes take a while to cook, so just relax in the living room. Dinner will be ready soon...”

Mirabella watched Catherine chatter with a distant gaze, reminiscent of their time in the small town.

With nothing much to do, Mirabella wandered around the house before leaning lazily against the kitchen doorway to watch Catherine cook.

Soon, the doorbell rang. Busy with the pots, Catherine asked Mirabella to answer the door, suggesting it might be the water delivery.

However, when Mirabella opened the door, she was not surprised to see who was standing outside.

“What are you doing here?”

The visitors were none other than Mandy and Summer, with the Gilbert family’s butler in tow, carrying several boxes of gourmet treats. Mandy’s face darkened the moment she saw Mirabella.

Mirabella simply glanced at her and walked back inside, not even bothering to offer a perfunctory greeting.

“So rude!” Mandy sneered coldly.

Summer hadn't expected to encounter Mirabella here either. She looked at Mandy's annoyed expression and said softly. "Mom, don't be upset. Let's go inside."

Catherine turned down the stove and stepped out of the kitchen. "Mira, is it the water deliv-"

Her words trailed off as she caught sight of Mandy stepping into the house, her smile instantly freezing.

## **Chapter 43**

### Chapter 43

"Why'd you show up today?" Catherine grumbled discontentedly, pausing before seemingly noticing Mandy's companion for the first time. "Oh, Summer's here too, huh?" Her tone was laced with a hint of dismissiveness.

Summer's expression stiffened momentarily, but she managed a smile and greeted, "Hey, Grandma,"

"How come | can't come over? Are Summer and | strangers now and not supposed to be here or something?" Mandy was almost amused by her own mother's irritation.

"Why didn't you at least give me a call before dropping by?" Catherine muttered under her breath. She wouldn't have invited Mira over today if she'd known Mandy was bringing Summer.

\*Summer went out of her way to pick up some nice things for you, and you're acting like you don't even want to see her. Mom, can we not play favorites so blatantly?"

Mandy felt like Mirabella utterly bewitched her mother, who showed such coldness to her own flesh and blood. It was like she was beyond saving.

"You never showed much affection for Mira either!" Catherine snapped back with a hint of sarcasm. Mandy pinched the bridge of her nose. "Let's not argue about it. | just hope you can treat us equally, that's all."

"Who wants to argue with you? You came in here all accusatory, ruining a perfectly good mood," Catherine huffed, displaying her stubborn streak.

Mandy's face darkened instantly, and Summer, noticing the tension, quickly interjected with a smile, "Mom, didn't you buy Grandma a beautiful emerald jewelry set? Why don't you show it to her?"

As she spoke, Summer instructed the butler to bring the box over and looped her arm through Catherine's, "Don't be upset, Grandma. Let's sit down and see if you like the jewelry, okay?"

With Su Summer mediating. Catherine's mood softened enough to allow herself to be led to the sofa.

However, upon seeing the emerald bracelet Summer presented, Catherine didn't reach for it, flatly rejecting the offer. "At my age, I'm not keen on such trinkets. You girls keep it."

Summer paused awkwardly as Catherine firmly declined. With no choice but to respect her wishes, Summer reluctantly placed the jewelry back in the box.

Soon after, Catherine's gaze fell on Mirabella, who was lounging in an armchair nearby, idly fiddling with her phone. Catherine's eyes softened unconsciously as she said, "Mira, why don't you take a look at this jewelry? Do you like it?"

Caught off guard, Mirabella looked up, blinking in confusion.

Mandy's temples throbbed as she approached Catherine, exasperated, "Mom, she's a student. What's she going to do with emerald jewelry?"

Catherine pursed her lips and retorted. "If she won't wear it, I could give it to Mira's birth mother.

Mandy's eyes widened. "Mom, have you lost your mind? Do you have any idea how much this emerald is worth?" Catherine looked at her with a puzzled expression. "Aren't you giving these to me?" The implication was clear. It was a gift for Catherine, so it was normal for her to give it to whoever she wanted.

"The gift is for you, but it's not meant to be passed on!" Mandy inhaled deeply, struggling to suppress her frustration.

Catherine opened her mouth to respond, but Summer swiftly interjected, glancing at Mirabella. "Grandma, Mom personally chose this jewelry set for you, and it's quite valuable. It might not be suitable to give away. How about

this? I'll go to the mall right now and pick out a new gift for Mira to take home to her mom, okay?"

## Chapter 44

### Chapter 44

Although Mandy knew Summer was trying to provide her an out, the thought of dropping more cash on a present for that unsophisticated woman from the Davis family just didn't sit right with her. So, with a snort of derision, Mandy's gaze landed squarely on Mirabella. "Conning an old woman out of her money under the guise of kindness—is that your game?" she sneered.

Mirabella lifted her eyes, her delicate features marked with an air of Indifference. She looked at Mandy, her expression neither angry nor upset.

Mandy's brow furrowed at the sight, and she pressed on. "If you're after money, you could've just come to me. Why keep bothering an old woman? Do you find that amusing?"

Catherine glanced at Mirabella, worried she might take offense, and quickly interjected, "Mandy, how can you say such things?"

Mandy's face darkened. "Mom, please, this is between us." She then strode over to Mirabella, looking down on her with a mix of contempt and superiority. "Alright then, how much do you want? A hundred grand? Two hundred? Three hundred thousand should keep your family comfortable for years, right?"

Mirabella arched an eyebrow, her lips curving into a sly smile. Though she lounged lazily in her chair, Mandy's aggressive stance didn't faze her. Tucking a stray lock of hair behind her ear, Mirabella slowly stood up. "Only three hundred thousand? After all that talk, I thought you would offer me thirty million. It seems you're not that concerned about an old woman being swindled after all." Her voice was light, dripping with disappointment.

Mandy could only laugh in disbelief. "Ha, thirty million? You've got quite the imagination."

Mirabella stared at her as if she were a simpleton. "So you don't have even thirty million to your name. I'd be embarrassed to have said all that earlier if I were you. How awkward."

Mandy nearly choked on her own outrage. Was this bumpkin suddenly possessed by some sort of defiant spirit? Mirabella couldn't be bothered to engage with Mandy any further, turning her attention to Catherine with a note of regret in her soft voice, "It seems I won't be able to spend time with you this weekend after all."

Catherine understood that Mirabella was about to leave. She wanted to ask her to stay, but after witnessing Mandy's behavior, how could she have the courage to ask Mirabella to stay?

Catherine sighed, mustering a weak smile. "Don't take what Mandy said to heart." Mirabella nodded, murmured a nonchalant 'hmm,' and headed for the door.

When Mirabella left, Mandy fumed, "Mom, don't let her in again. Did you see how arrogant she was? She doesn't respect her elders at all!"

Exhausted by her daughter's rant, Catherine rose silently and retreated to the kitchen. She turned off the simmering of ribs and

stared blankly at the prepared vegetables. After a moment, she wiped her eyes and exited the kitchen. Without a word to Mandy or Summer, she went to her room and slammed the door shut.

Startled by the loud bang, Mandy's face darkened even further. "What's Grandma's problem now? Throwing a tantrum?!"

Summer glanced at the closed bedroom door and whispered, "Maybe Grandma just really likes Mirabella." Hearing this only soured Mandy's mood further. "Mistaking trash for treasure is the epitome of ignorance!"

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