

## The Double 451

### Chapter 451

After Collins left, Leo slumped onto the couch, clutching a throw pillow as he observed his sister sunk deep in thought. After a moment, he sat up straight, abandoning the pillow with a serious demeanor. "Mira," he said earnestly, "you know, our family really isn't short on cash" He had wanted to say this for the longest time but kept getting interrupted.

Mirabella's lips twitched slightly. Alright then. Her curiosity, piqued by Zach earlier, hadn't been quenched, and now Leo was offering answers on a silver platter.

This was perfect. She was quite eager to learn what he meant by their family not lacking money. A puzzled expression crossed Mirabella's face as she said, "Aren't we still in debt, though?"

Leo, blissfully unaware he'd been duped, gave her an incredulous look. "Who told you we're in debt?" he asked. Was this why she was so adamant about making money?

Blinking in surprise, Mirabella replied, "I saw a group of debt collectors at our house not long ago."

"Debt collectors?" Leo's brow furrowed in thought, then something clicked, and he looked up at Mirabella. "Are you talking about a bunch of guys in matching black suits, beefy and looking a bit shady?"

Leo's eyebrows arched in recognition. His description was spot-on. No further details were necessary. She nodded.

Seeing this, Leo smiled with an "I knew it" expression. "You've got it all wrong. Those weren't debt collectors; they were the company's

accountants." "Company accountants?" Mirabella echoed, her elegant fingers tapping her chin in confusion.

“Yeah, the Davis family has tons of assets and, naturally, tons of paperwork to match. So they report to us monthly. That’s who you must’ve seen,” Leo affirmed. As for why the accountants looked like they belonged in a mob, he didn’t think it necessary to elaborate. After all, his sister was still a student. She just needed to focus on her studies, enjoy a lavish lifestyle, and live better than everyone else!

When Mirabella heard the words ‘tons of assets, she fell into a daze. Was this still the ‘poor family’ script she thought she had? Leo, noticing his sister’s stunned silence, scooted closer, concerning his voice. “Mira, what’s wrong?” Mirabella turned to him, a complex look in her eyes that shifted from his face t

his curly hair. It seemed the days of pretending to be poor were over. Now, she just needed to grab a handful of curls to calm her nerves.

Thus, a bewildered Leo, whose hair was being ruffled yet again, wondered what was going on in her mind. Where on earth did his sister pick up this odd habit of hair—ruffling? That was supposed to be his big brother move!

The next day was the weekend, and Mirabella and Leo were scheduled to record for the variety show “Country Comfort.”

The previous episode had seen record-breaking streaming numbers, and with the fallout from L OS, m Twitter okiggeinbidieht “Country cénitor “had ridden a wave of popularity. Before the live stream even began, the number of fans waiting exceeded the previous episode by several folds.

Collins had picked up the siblings early and drove them to the scenic village at ge: ins, thehiow’ s ee al location. On'the way, he took

€ opportunity to remind Leo about maintaining his public image, especially after the persona slip—ups in the last two episodes.

Though the mishaps hadn't hurt his

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Chapter 452

When they arrived, it was still early. The crew was busy fine-tuning the camera equipment, and the other three groups of guests were gradually showing up.

Before stepping out of the car, Mirabella meticulously secured her face mask. Today, her hair was coiled into a neat bun, and she wore a black hoodie paired with denim jeans — a casual look yet tinged with a cool vibe. She was a natural fashionista and easily pulled off any style.

“Collins, what's the theme today?” Mirabella casually asked Collins. Even though the production crew didn't provide a script, they must have shared some intel with the guests beforehand, especially considering all the hints Collins had dropped on the drive over.

Collins shot Mirabella a silent glance. She had never asked about the theme before; how did she guess he had received advance notice from the production? Her perceptiveness was downright scary.

“Today's theme revolves around money,” Collins divulged reluctantly, knowing too well that as this was a live broadcast, guests knowing too much beforehand could lead to slip—ups.

“Alright,” replied Mirabella nonchalantly, adjusting her mask without further inquiry.

Meanwhile, Leo, who'd been thumbing through Twitter on his phone, looked up, his handsome features a picture of confusion. “What are you guys talking about?”

Collins glanced at Leo, his eyes brimming with disdain. “Zip it, Leo. You're not exactly the poster child for ambition.” The live stream kicked off promptly at ten.

The chat was flooded with greetings, and Leo, now with headphones on, greeted the viewers with a smile. On the other hand, Mirabella merely poked her head into the frame for a quick hello before retreating to the background, playing the perfect secondary character.

Soon enough, the host emerged, spouting a slew of ad pitches before delving into the day's theme. "Today's task is an easy

one. "Every time you say it's easy, it turns out to be anything but," retorted Hans, the guest who loved to banter with the host. The host shot Hans a sideways glare. "Keep it up, and I'll make sure you get the short end of the stick."

Hans, undeterred, addressed the audience directly, "Folks, if I fail today's task, it's all because our host's pulling strings behind the

scenes." The chat erupted with laughter, instantly lightening the mood.

Taking a deep breath, the host ignored Hans' jab and snapped his fingers. A crew member approached, holding several envelopes. "This is your budget for grocery shopping. Shortly, a production vehicle will take you to the local farmers' market. Whatever you buy with this money is what you'll have to whip up for lunch."

With that, the crew members distributed the envelopes to each group.

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Leo, feeling the thickness of the envelope, expressed his surprise. "Feels REY stuffed C2 opened it, and his expression froze upon seeing the contents.

Noticing his puzzled look, Mirabella inquired, "How much is in there?"

Before Leo could answer, a gasp came from Hans' group. "The

production tarp says how to play his {Rickness made me think we had a decent sum, and it's just twenty bucks?"

Twenty single dollar bills sure made for a thick stack. Mirabella's lips twitched in amusement.

Leo pulled out the cash, counted it, and turned to his sister. “What do you want to buy with twenty bucks?”

## Chapter 453

Mirabella glanced at her brother with a touch of disdain and took the money into her hands. “Twenty bucks can get you quite a bit.”

Leo faced the camera. “Looks like my sister’s got game. This episode, I get to coast again.”

As his words hit the air, the chat in the livestream went wild, with messages scrolling fast.

[LOL, talk about winning by lying down. No one beats J Justin.]

[Justin: Right now, I feel like a pampered little princess!]

[Pfft, princess confirmed.]

Leo pulled out his smartphone, scrolling through the comments in the chat. His face turned dark. “Can you guys at least pretend to have some respect?” What was with this little princess’ nonsense?

Before long, the production crew rolled up in a van big enough for eight, and the four groups of guests got in one after another.

Mirabella took a window seat, with Leo right behind her. Next to him sat Michelle and Heather, who were both a bit frosty, given the embarrassment they suffered in the last episode. If it weren’t for the fact that they were live, they probably wouldn’t even bother with pleasantries, so once they got in the van, the silence was thick.

It was about a fifteen-minute drive to the town market. With nothing better to do, Mirabella fished out her phone and began scrolling through the livestream’s comments.

That was when she saw rows of neatly arranged usernames, all with eerily similar comments.

Lady's Lackey #1: Go, lady, go!

Lady's Lackey #2: Go, lady, go!

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Lady's Lackey #20: Go, lady, go!

This army of uniform usernames wasn't just flooding the chat with comments; they were also spamming gifts and creating razzle-dazzle spectacle.

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Mirabella touched her nose, musing to herself that the rich sure had a unique breed of followers, charmingly simple. However, they could have at least tried to vary the usernames a bit.

lower the

At her side, Michelle was also glued to her phone, scrolling through the livestream. Upon noticing the identical usernames and the constant gifting, she nudged her cousin Heather. "Look, these guys must be here to cheer you on." Michelle showed her phone to Heather.

Once they were in the van, Michelle muted her mic so the livestream audience could not hear her words.

Heather, initially annoyed by the uncomfortable ride and the bumpy country road that left her head spinning, found her mood lifting at the sight of the gifts and the spam in the chat. "It must be friends showing support," Heather said, her voice loud enough for the others in the van to hear as she tucked a curl behind her ear.

Heather's family, the Pledgers, had a reputation. Heather was often called 'lady' wherever she went, so it was likely that these 'Lady's Lackey' usernames were her supporters.

"Your friends are so generous. In just a short while, they've sent so many gifts, worth quite a bit," Michelle said, with a perfectly envious

tone.

"Man, I wish I had friends that loaded!" Hans chimed in from the side.

At that, Heather's vanity was stroked. She cleared her throat and modestly replied, "Oh, it's nothing, really. Not worth mentioning."

After her comment, Heather's gaze inadvertently swept over Mirabella by the window, who was looking down at her phone with the livestream on her screen. Heather's lips curled with a hint of scorn.

Mirabella was just a country bumpkin dazzled by a few shiny gifts. She was probably green with envy now.

Chapter 454

The car pulled up to the bustling market square of the small country town. Although the town wasn't large, it was teeming with life, with vendors lining both sides of the streets.

Each group member clutched a meager twenty bucks – barely enough to cover groceries, let alone any extras.

For Heather, who had never experienced rural life or the chaos of a crowded market, maintaining her usual poise amidst the throng of people was a bit of a stretch. The mere thought of diving into the farmers' market to buy produce was suffocating, let alone navigating the crowd.

In this little countryside locale, celebrities weren't idolized. Even if someone looked vaguely familiar, locals wouldn't fuss over them.

Having spent a good chunk of time in a small town like this with Catherine, Mirabella wasn't a stranger to the hustle and bustle of the market. Glancing at Leo, whose face was etched with curiosity, she just shook her head silently. Indeed, the online commenters had hit the nail on the head. Leo was a pampered little princess.

"Just stick with me," Mirabella said, pulling Leo along with a low voice.

Leo blinked, his delicate features and curly brown hair giving him an endearing and cool look. He stood out in the crowd like a natural spotlight. Setting aside his singing and dancing talents, Leo's raw appeal needed no embellishment. His all-angle beauty alone was enough to draw the idol halo. Stardom seemed inevitable for him. Leo was well aware of his assets and was completely compliant with his sister's instructions.

The crew had provided funds only for groceries and hadn't specified where to shop, so upon entering the market, they had to locate the vendors on their own.

With Leo in tow, Mirabella made a beeline into the heart of the market like a pro. Soon, they'd left Hans, Heather, and Gabriel's group trailing behind.

Heather, cautious of getting her clothes dirty from the bustling crowd, moved at a snail's pace. Hans and Gabriel, being polite, slowed down to wait for her.

Watching Mirabella and Leo disappear into the crowd, Heather's lips curled with disdain. "Country bumpkins indeed," she thought.

\*Justin and his sister seem pretty familiar with the countryside," Michelle remarked gently, glancing at Hans and Gabriel, hinting that the siblings might've been from a humble rural background.

Hans furrowed his brow but responded flatly. "This town's got just one main street. It's only logical to head straight in to find the vegetable stalls."



Michelle's expression stiffened briefly before she regained her composure. "Right, let's move quickly then," she said. "Sure," Hans replied and stepped ahead, not deliberately slowing down this time, widening the gap between them and Heather's group.

In the live stream chat:

[Does anyone else think Michelle's comments are a bit snide?]

[Looks like she's trying to put down Jzutin's sister again. Didn't she learn from the last episode?]

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[She was just making an offhand remark. Why do you guys have to be so harsh?]

[Pfft, she's not even fit to lace up our lady's shoes!]

Meanwhile, Mirabella and Leo had reached a vegetable stall.

Leo surveyed the heaps of greens on the ground and, after asking for prices, stood there crunching numbers to figure out what twenty bucks could get them.

After pondering for a bit, Leo scratched his head and looked at his sister. "Mira, got any idea how we should go about this?" Mirabella tilted her head, glanced at him, and simply motioned him closer with a crooked finger.

Chapter 455

Leo shuffled closer, only to hear his sister's voice cut through the calm.

"What do you fancy for lunch?" Mirabella asked, cool as a cucumber.

Leo shot her a look. "We've only got twenty bucks."

Translation: Dream on if you think we can eat whatever.

P

Mirabella's eyebrows arched playfully. "Oh, Your Highness, are you underestimating the power of twenty dollars?"

The moment the words 'Your Highness' hit his ears, Leo's face turned all shades of green. It was one thing for the viewers to tease him, but his sister joining in? Outrageous! He turned away, lips sealed.

Mirabella chuckled and softened her voice, a hint of indulgence in her tone. "Let's wait a bit later to go."

Leo couldn't help but face her again. "Why? Aren't we shopping now?"

"Later, there'll be fewer people, and the veggies will be at a discount," Mirabella replied, a seasoned pro at this game. She headed toward the bridge up ahead.

Leo mumbled under his breath, "As expected, my sister knows best."

Back in the livestream-

[LOL, Juztin has just totally exposed his cluelessness about life.]

[Juztin, you're failing as a big bro. Might as well be

the little brother at this point.]



reputation—a breath of fresh air in the industry. To the public’s knowledge, no one knew Juztin’s real name, only his stage moniker. Rumor had it that detectives had tried to dig into his background but came up empty-handed.

Usually, there were only two possibilities for such a dead end: either he was from a powerful, well-connected family that didn’t want their privacy invaded, or he came from humble beginnings.

A poor background wasn’t exactly a selling point in show business, so it was common for agencies to conceal such details. It made sense if nothing turned up.

But judging by the previous episodes, if Heather had to bet, she’d say these siblings were anything but blue-blooded. No one from a wealthy family would be so at home in the countryside.

She had initially entertained the thought of networking with Juztin, but after the last couple of episodes... please, he was not worth her

time.

Heather’s gaze drifted away, her thoughts already moving on.

## Chapter 456

Heather didn’t bother with Leo and Mirabella anymore, quickly teaming up with her cousin to tackle the tasks assigned by the show’s producers.

Ten minutes later, Mirabella pocketed her phone. Still basking in the joy of his little sister carrying him to victory in the game, Leo looked up at her and said, “When we get back, you gotta coach me some more. I wanna hit that Champion rank.”

Mirabella’s temples throbbed, and she rejected him without any hint of emotion, “I don’t have the time.\*

Leo touched his nose, a look of dejection on his face. "Are you tired of me?"

Mirabella gave him a sidelong glance. It seemed he had successfully tossed his agent's reminders to the back of his mind. There went his persona.

Mirabella scanned the now significantly less crowded marketplace and said, "Let's get to business."

At her words, Leo immediately straightened up and took the lead. "I got this!" After coasting through two episodes, he was determined to nail this simple task of grocery shopping!

Watching him stride ahead, Mirabella thought, "Well, if the little princess is happy, that's all that matters."

Leo meandered around before stopping in front of a stall run by an elderly man who appeared to be in his sixties. The old man didn't have much produce left, and what was there looked a bit wilted, clearly the leftovers after a day of picky customers.

Having been under Donald's thumb recently, Mirabella felt a twinge of empathy at the sight of the elderly vendor.

Leo, oblivious to his sister's mood, pointed to a pile of tomatoes and asked, "Hey, sir, how much for these tomatoes?"

The old man took in the young customers, especially Leo, who looked vaguely familiar. He paused before responding, "Two bucks a pound."

Ready to haggle, Leo countered, "How about three bucks for two pounds?"

Mirabella raised an eyebrow, surprised. She hadn't pegged the little prince as a haggler.

The old man shook his head.

“Then four bucks for two pounds?” Leo suggested.

There was a moment’s silence as the old man seemed taken aback. Did this young man not attend elementary school?

Mirabella, already covering her face, resigned herself to the inevitable.

The livestream audience was in stitches.

[Buddy, wake up, you’re showing off your IQ.]

[Old man: Two bucks a pound. Buddy: How about four bucks for two pounds? Old man: ...he must be a bit slow!]

[I can’t. I’m dying of laughter here.]

[Ah, this... this... truly a festival of joy for the simple-minded.]

Hans, who had been quietly following the siblings, suddenly patted Mirabella’s shoulder and said with empathy, “Hey, you’ve really got your work cut out for you.”

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Mirabella spread her hands in a gesture of helplessness.

As Hans and his partner walked away to fulfill their own tasks for the show, Leo was still trying to negotiate with the vendor. To prevent any more of her little princess’s intellectual prowess from being revealed, Mirabella pulled him away.

A confused Leo, still without his groceries, looked at his sister and asked, “What’s up now?”

“Your new mission, should you choose to accept it,” Mirabella said with a clear gaze and a solemn voice, “is to check the livestream comments on your phone.” With that, she walked away, leaving Leo with a puzzled expression.

After a solid moment of confusion, Leo took out his phone and entered the livestream. Seeing the screen filled with ‘persona shattered’ comments, he sank into deep introspection. The internet crowd sure was hard to please.

Meanwhile, at the Davis family mansion.

Delilah and Shawn, who had been watching the livestream, simultaneously covered their eyes when they saw their youngest son’s clueless close-up on screen.

Chapter 457

“Thank God that knucklehead used a stage name back in the day.” Shawn mused with a sigh of relief, “otherwise, w end of it out in public.”

Delilah cast a silent glance at her husband, choosing to remain wordless.

never hear the

“Our daughter’s the real star, though, isn’t she? Everything she does is done with such grace and care. She’s been her brother’s anget Shawn stroked his chin, his pride lifting his posture as he spoke of his daughter.

The mention brought a bittersweet expression to Delilah’s face. “I can’t even begin to think about all the hardships she must ve endured

growing up.”

Her composure under such trying circumstances was a testament to the resilience she had built from a young age. Every time Delilah read the online comments mocking her daughter as some country bumpkin, she felt a mix of anger and pain.

Shawn patted his wife's shoulder, trying to offer comfort. "That's all water under the bridge now."

The baby-switching incident had taken everyone by surprise, but thankfully, their biological daughter had returned to them, and she was nothing short of spectacular.

"Let's get back to the livestream," Delilah suggested, adjusting her position on the couch and picking up her smartphone.

Shawn hummed in agreement, but quickly, something seemed to strike him. He looked up at Delilah. "Oh, I almost forgot. Someone's been snooping around about us."

Delilah's brow furrowed slightly. "Who would that be? And why are they poking around us?"

"I overheard some chatter at the office yesterday. No clue who it is," Shawn replied with a shake of his head.

Delilah, struck by a thought, quickly suggested, "Maybe we should have someone keep an eye on Mira for a while."

"Yeah, I was thinking the same. We can't let what happened to Nick happen again," Shawn said, his tone heavy with concern.

The mention of Nick brought a tightness to Delilah's chest, and she let out a long sigh, deciding not to dwell on the topic anymore.

Meanwhile, Mirabella had efficiently picked up an assortment of groceries in record time. When Leo went through the bags, he was stunned to find a prime cut of meat among the purchases.



His sister wasn't just multi-talented. She had full marks in life skills, making him feel somewhat inadequate as a brother.

Soon, all the teams had gathered their groceries and converged in one spot. Out of the four groups, aside from Mirabella's hefty haul, the others had about half of what she managed to carry.

"You've got some serious skills, Hans complimented Mirabella, giving her a thumbs-up after a quick comparison.

"Mediocre at best," Mirabella replied with a modest lift of her brow. Even masked, her face radiated a mysterious allure.

Michelle, standing nearby, couldn't hide her annoyance at Mirabella's confident air. Keeping a smile plastered on her face, she chimed in, "You seem quite adept at this. Do you shop for groceries often?" It was a barbed question, insinuating a lack of funds for household help.

Mirabella's expression remained unchanged, offering Michelle a brief, indifferent glance before turning away.

Michelle's face stiffened for a fleeting moment, but she maintained her ladylike persona in front of the cameras.

Before long, the show's van pulled up, and everyone piled in. Upon returning to the village by noon, the production team had set up makeshift kitchens for the celebrity guests. These so-called kitchens were nothing more than simple wood-fired stoves.

Leo, who had never cooked before, looked at the humble stove with a frown. "This show's just out to make life tough for us."

Mirabella spared a glance at the princess of woes and, without a word, rolled up her sleeves. She began methodically unpacking the groceries, each item finding its place.

Seeing this, Leo followed suit, rolling up his sleeves as if preparing for battle.

## Chapter 458

“You don’t need to help, just take a seat and wait for dinner” Mirabella waved off the offer of assistance.

Leo’s hand hovered in mid air, his tall, lean figure standing still, a look of melancholy on his handsome face. Then he drew back his hand and rolled down his sleeves as if accustomed to rejection. After flashing a smile at the camera, he actually walked over to the side and sat down on a little stool, like an obedient kid

In the live chat room.

[Haha, the demineering sister is back online]

Love a sister who’s both awesome and cool]

(Sorry, but after this show, I’ve jumped ship from being a J Justin fan to his sister’s fan)

[Any tech wizards here? Need the sister’s contact deets!]

With nothing else to do, Leo pulled out his phone again, his face darkening as he read the comments. Then, leaning into the microphone, he started to sardonically hit back at the viewers.

“Jumping ship, huh? You’re all a bunch of fickle fans.”

“And those of you dreaming about getting my sister’s contact info, you’re daydreaming, pals,”

The cameraman beside him, shook his head helplessly.

Was this really the same Justina known for his aloof persona? It just didn't add up.

Half an hour later, Mirabella finished cooking three dishes and a soup, bringing them to the small dining table nearby. Each dish was modest in portion but presented exquisitely, and they smelled delicious like something straight out of a top-notch restaurant.

Leo was utterly astonished, barely believing his own eyes, "This was made with just twenty bucks?" His sister was seriously talented.

The cameraman, made sure to focus the lens on the small dining table spread.

[Those dishes look too fancy; it's like they were made by a Michelin-star chef.]

[Comparing her food to what I'm munching right now... my appetite is gone.]

[Twenty bucks for three courses and a soup. This girl is skill level max!]

[Props to the young miss!]

[Thumbs up for the miss.]

Then the screen was flooded with gifts, all from accounts named 'Miss' Minions, quickly overshadowing all other comments.

Mirabella, unaware of the live chat room's buzz, simply set the cutlery and turned to the cameraman. "We can cut the eating part, right?" The cameraman understood Mirabella's intent – she wanted to stay off-camera- and also remembered the director's specific instructions, so he promptly shut off the camera.

The live feed suddenly lost the siblings' feed, leaving only the split-screen views of the other three groups.

Next door, Heather had just finished frying up some shoestring fries.

After being penalized and made to cook on the last episode and the little mishap that followed, she practiced her culinary skills for a few days.

The fries were a bit uneven and slightly stuck together from a minor scorch, but overall, it was a big improvement from last time, so Heather was quite pleased with today's outcome.

She placed the dish on the small dining table, and the cameraman directed the camera toward it.

"Your cooking skills are improving so fast, Michelle praised from the side.

Heather arched an eyebrow, modestly responding, "It's a bit burnt, but the flavor should be better."

"It's already great. I can't even do that," Michelle murmured.

Heather just smiled.

Then Michelle took out her phone. "Let's take a picture for the memories."

After snapping a few shots, she dived back into the live chat room, eager to see what the viewers were saying.

Chapter 459

Michelle clicked into the livestream and was astounded by the sheer number of gifts flooding the screen.

Dozens of accounts were firing off rockets in rapid succession, millions being spent in a display of extravagant support. The grandeur was undeniable

Curious, Michelle zeroed in on the usernames of those splurging on gifts, all prefixed with “Miss’ Minions.”

She glanced up at her cousin Heather, who was the beneficiary of this lavish patronage. Her friends’ generosity was astounding. Though the Pledger family was well-established nobility, with millions being a drop in their opulent bucket, Heather’s presence on this reality show had certainly cemented her as a darling of the affluent elite.

Next to them, Hans had just finished cooking and decided to pop over to see how others were faring. He raised his eyebrows at the two dishes on the table. They weren’t visually stunning, but there was a clear improvement from previous attempts.

Heather, spotting Hans, couldn’t help but ask with a smile, “Did you wrap up your cooking session already?”

Hans nodded. “Just finished. I thought I’d see what culinary creations everyone else has come up with.”

With a playful eyebrow quirk, Heather casually inquired, “Are the other groups done as well?”

“Haha, I just got here. Haven’t had the chance to check on the siblings yet,” Hans chuckled.

“Well, I’m honored you chose to visit us first,” Heather joked. Her eyes then drifted to her cousin Michelle, who seemed lost in thought with her phone in hand. “Michelle, you can probably see what the other groups have made on the livestream, right?”

Snapping back to reality, Michelle nodded and then shook her head.

“What’s with the head nodding and shaking?” Heather asked with a hint of confusion. Even Hans turned his gaze towards Michelle.

Michelle walked up to Heather, reopened her phone screen, and handed it over for her to see.

“I wanted to check out the other groups’ dishes too, but right now, the gifts are taking over the screen,” Michelle said with a shrug of resignation.

Heather caught sight of the gift-givers’ usernames, that familiar “Miss’ Minions” crowd, and noticed the comments below praising the culinary efforts. She glanced again at the two dishes on their table, which were indeed far better than the previous episode’s.

Her lips curled into a knowing smile. She wondered who had arranged this grand gesture of support for her.

Hans, peering over, caught a glimpse of the gifts streaking across the screen and joked with a hint of envy, “I wonder whose deep-pocketed benefactor that could be. They’re loaded!”

Michelle looked at Hans, covering her mouth to stifle a giggle, and teased, “Hans, do you really need to guess? There are only a few female guests. Who do you think it could be?”

Hans, now paying attention to the usernames, crossed his arms and stroked his chin thoughtfully.

The sibling duo’s sister didn’t seem the type. Those two appeared modest and unlikely to orchestrate such a lavish display in the livestream.

It stood to reason that the magnate must’ve been from Heather’s group. With Michelle always in Heather’s corner and Heather hailing from a reputedly powerful family, it was clear that the show of support was orchestrated for Heather.

Once he pieced it all together, Hans turned to Heather and exclaimed with a sigh, “Heather, would your circle of magnates be missing a leg hanger accessory by any chance?”

Heather coughed modestly and replied, “You flatter me, Hans. It’s just friends coming through to boost the atmosphere, adding a little buzz to the livestream.”

As the mac was on, every word spoken by the group was broadcast live to the audience tuning in.

When Heather whered those words, it was as if she had announced to the world that these big spenders throwing money at the screen were all there for her. After all, she truly believed they were there to boost her profile. Among the guests, she was the only one deserving of such affluent followers. Mirabella didn't even cross her mind. As for her own cousin, Heather knew all too well she wasn't the magnet

for these

change, the chat room erupted

Holy smokes, are these whales diehard fans of Heather?]

falk about going big or going home. I just crunched the numbers, and they've dropped at least a couple million in tips.]

ve heard rumors that Heather hails from some mega-rich dynasty, but now it seems those tales are spot on.]

Umm... am I the only one who feels these whales aren't from Heather's camp?]

Then, as if a switch had been flipped, the chat was a monochrome sea of praise for Heather, swiftly washing away the lone voice of

dissent

Basking in the glow of adoration from her online audience, Heather felt a rush of superiority that peaked at that moment. The attention the felt Mrabella and Leo stole in previous episodes was now, at last, hers to revel in. Heather was in high spirits.

Meanwhile, the shadowy big shot orchestrating the digital shower of gifts, known in the chat as “Miss’ Minion,” picked up his phone and was taken aback to see that Heather had become the star of the chat room. He jumped to his feet, startling the dozen others seated around the conference table, nearly causing a cascade of dropped phones.

“What in the world is this Heather popping out of nowhere?” The Davis family’s stem overseer, Grady, in his forties and naturally emanating an intimidating aura, looked even more menacing. One of his subordinates coughed and, pointing at Heather on the stream, said, “It’s her”

Grady’s ability to disregard the rest was unmatched. He’d watched two episodes and still didn’t know the names of the other guests.

Catching sight of Heather’s face on his subordinate’s phone, Grady’s eyes filled with disdain. So, it was her.

This woman had tried to outshine Missy in the past episodes, only to be put in her place. Now, she had the audacity to claim that the gifts they sent were meant to prop her up.

Grady narrowed his eyes and commanded, “Change the nickname, now.”

“Do we really need to? Can’t we just blast her in the comments? With over twenty accounts, we can keep her face burning,” suggested a subordinate, not really wanting to part with the catchy ‘Miss’ Minion.

Grady gave him a sidelong glance, “What era are you living in? Haven’t you heard that we should be civilized and have class? Insulting people is the lowest form of retaliation.”

His subordinate caught his breath, mulling it over. It did make sense. They were civilized people, after all, and should handle matters in a civilized way.

“Alright, so what do we change the nickname to?” he asked.