

The Double 461

Chapter 461

Grady's lips curled into a cheeky grin as he declared. Let's call it Heather is Shameless Squad

Those nearby snorted at his words. Wasn't calling someone shameless basically an insult? Was the boss completely

misunderstanding the concept?

But then, "Ahern, sure, that works. I'll change it right now his underling said, already editing has profile to swap out this

Ainigus 7 Heather is Shameless Squad 2'

At the long conference table, the rest of the crew followed suit, updating their nicknames to match.

Pleased, Grady plopped back down into his chair and added, "Now, let's flood her stream with giffs, make it rain, and

then bounce before Miss catches wind of it."

"Roger that!"

"Got it!*

And just like that, the chat was dominated by a barrage of rockets from users all bearing the name Heather is Shameless Syd

Viewers who had just been idolizing Heather as a big spender were now dumbfounded by the sudden change. The wealthy patrons they had assumed were her loyal fans had turned the tables with nicknames that dissed her

[What's with these big spenders and the name change? Aren't they supposed to be Heather's entourage? What's going on here...]

[The vibe switched so fast, I'm still trying to catch up with this plot twist.]

[So, these big spenders... they aren't really here for Heather?]

[Heather just said in her stream that these big spenders are from her squad, and now they've all changed their names]

[I knew it didn't make sense for these big spenders to praise Heather. Just look at the meals she makes; none of them are even remotely appetizing. Now she's been called out.]

[Today's been a surreal day for sure. I'm dying to know who these guys really are.]

Meanwhile, Heather, blissfully unaware of the mockery unfolding in her stream, continued chatting with Hans.

Michelle, about to put her phone away to join dinner, paused mid-swipe when she saw the new round of gifts with the trollish usernames. A single troll targeting her cousin Heather was one thing she was a popular figure, after all, and haters came with the territory. But a whole squad with identical, numbered usernames? That was clearly a coordinated effort.

Stunned, Michelle realized that these people weren't there to support her cousin. They had only changed their

usernames to mock Heather after she had mistakenly acknowledged them as her own wealthy patrons during the

livestream.

Michelle looked up at her cousin, who was still laughing and chatting with Hans, her grip on her phone tightening. She

wasn't sure whether to break the news of the livestream's turn of events.

Noticing Michelle's strange expression, Heather turned and asked, "Why are you staring at me like that?"

Michelle's eyes flickered and she forced a strained smile, shaking her head, "It's nothing, really."

Sensing something was off, Heather furrowed her brows, about to probe further, when Hans interjected, "Heather, I'm

going to check on the other groups."

Heather nodded politely, letting her gaze linger on Hans as he walked away. Then, turning back to Michelle, she said,

"Hand me your phone, sweetie. I want to see how the others are doing."

Chapter 462

Michelle hesitated, her fingers hovering over the screen of her iPhone.

Heather caught the flicker of unease on her cousin's face, and after a brief moment of contemplation, she pulled out her own phone from the depths of her trench coat. She swiftly opened the livestreaming app.

The reality show 'Country Comfort' was a hit, and the app's main page featured it prominently—no need for a search.

As Heather entered the live room, a barrage of rocket emojis and flashy virtual gifts filled the chat. A smirk played on her lips as she lifted her gaze, ready to thank her viewers in front of the camera, but then, as if a delayed realization hit her, her eyes fell once more.

These nicknames, these... were they mocking her? Weren't these people here to support her?

Heather's face paled. Her hand trembled, almost dropping the phone as she read one mocking comment after another-[Is Heather feeling awkward yet?]

Just a minute ago, they adored her. How did the chat turn into this?

Gripping her phone tightly, Heather composed herself. The camera was still rolling. She took a deep, silent breath and stowed her phone away. As if she hadn't seen a single comment, Heather maintained her smile. She didn't bother explaining, simply suggesting to Michelle that they start on dinner. After all, she was an acclaimed actress; keeping cool under pressure was part of the job.

Michelle glanced at her cousin, then quietly took her seat at the small dining table.

Their enthusiasm had vanished, and they picked at their food listlessly. It was a good thing Hans had left. Their embarrassment would have only deepened.

Meanwhile, Hans had moved on from Heather and Michelle to join Gabriel's group. After a quick look around, he headed for the sibling duo, Leo and his sister. The cameraman followed closely behind. From a distance, Hans saw the siblings sitting with their backs to the door, already eating, and without a camera crew in sight.

Sneakily, Hans looked into the camera with a mischievous grin and whispered into his lapel mic, "Folks at home, do you want to see the sister's face?"

The chat instantly flooded with eager affirmations.

Stealthily, Hans crept into the small kitchen where Mirabella and her brother were dining. He was about to surprise them when Mirabella turned around.

Seeing Juztin's sister still masked, Hans' expression turned playfully suspicious. "I have a feeling she knew we were coming," he

mumbled into the mic.

Mirabella raised an eyebrow and waved her phone in the air.

Realization dawned on Hans. "Ah, the cat's of the bag," he said. She must have heard his earlier announcement in the livestream.

Embarrassed but curious, Hans approached and asked, "So, what have you two been up to-" He paused, noticing the empty dishes, and couldn't hide his astonishment. "You've finished eating already?"

The pace seemed almost too fast,

2 8 F 9 € 95

Leo set down his chopsticks, his handsome face beaming with pride. "My sister is a decathlete of dining."

Impressed, Hans let out a whistle. "The world owes me a sister like that."

Leo tilted his chin up, a glint of brotherly pride in his eyes. "My sister's one of a kind."

The sibling-bragging contest had begun, and Leo's eyes shone with pride.

Chapter 463

Hans watched Leo gazing at his sister with that unmistakable look of adoration and couldn't help but chuckle, "Sibling bonds are really something, aren't they?"

It was all too common for people to play up the picture-perfect family on screen for the sake of ratings, but how many of them actually shared this kind of rapport behind closed doors?

With a soft smile that quickly retreated, Mirabella lowered her head again to glance at the stream of comments flowing on her live chat.

She had joined the livestream too late to witness the flood of virtual gifts, so now her screen was filled with a barrage of comments from viewers dying to see her face. Of course, she had missed the moment Heather was awkwardly cornered by the audience asking if she was feeling 'awkward or something?'

Soon after Hans had left, the curiosity from viewers who wanted a glimpse of the elusive sister spiked once again, expressing their disappointment. There was this thing about people. The more elusive something was, the more it piqued their interest. And so, the internet's curiosity about Mirabella had soared to new heights.

Then, as if on cue, the cameraman made a quiet return, camera in hand.

Mirabella logged out of the livestream and was about to put her phone away when a Messenger notification popped up. She hesitated for a moment before tapping on the message.

Adler: [This is you, isn't it? [Image]] The image was a screenshot from the livestream. Pressing her fingers to her temples, Mirabella replied, [No, you've got it wrong.]

Back at the Riverdale Research Institute, Adler, who was lounging in front of his computer, alternating between the livestream and his phone, saw Mirabella's response. He scrutinized the livestream once more and shot back, [Come on, no kidding, I know it's you.] He snapped another photo from his computer screen and sent it her way.

Upon receiving the second photo, Mirabella looked up, only now realizing that the cameraman had returned to the room.

Touching his nose self-consciously, Adler sent another message. [You, joining this kind of cheesy show? That's not your style.] Mirabella typed back with an emotionless face. [You have a problem with that?]

Adler could almost feel the impatience emanating through the screen as he typed back, [No... | mean...]
Mirabella: "You reached out all of a sudden, got something to say?"

Spot-on as always, the boss had guessed right.

After a moment's thought, Adler replied, [We'll talk after your livestream ends.]

Seeing this, Mirabella sent a terse [Okay] and put her phone away.

Adler leaned back in his chair, his eyes landing on a data sheet lying on his desk. After a long moment, he picked it up, pulled open a drawer, and stashed it away.

The afternoon's livestream ended amidst a series of contrived challenges set by the production team. As everyone parted ways, the other guests exchanged farewells.

Heather, still reeling from the mocking she'd endured from the audience during the midday livestream, had been visibly out of sorts for the rest of the day. Watching Mirabella and Leo drive away, her expression turned stormy.

Her assistant, already holding the car door open, inquired softly, "Heather?"

Smoothing her expression, Heather murmured and climbed into the vehicle.

As the car began to move, Heather turned to her assistant in the driver's seat. "The accounts that were targeting me at noon... have you found out who's behind them?"

The assistant, ever vigilant of the livestream's goings-on replied "Still no lead, but it feels like some rival fanbase stirring up trouble on purpose."

Heather frowned at this. Initially, she had thought the same, but upon reflection, it didn't add up.

If it had been rival fans looking to ruffle feathers, they, b foolish that kind of money.

Chapter 464

Beside her, Michelle was fidgeting with her smartphone, her curiosity having gotten the better of her earlier, prompting her to screenshot the pre-nickname—change flurry of tips that had hit the chat. Now, she scrolled through her gallery, pulled up the images and mused, "I don't think this is the work of haters."

The transformation from 'Miss' Minions' for 'Heather is Shameless Squad' seemed to be a direct response to her cousin declaring those high-rolling fans as her own. It was after that claim that the tide turned.

Just this morning, that same crowd was spamming messages of encouragement like 'Go Miss, you can do it! which definitely meant they were rooting for someone.

The misunderstanding arose when her dear cousin assumed the 'Miss' they referred to was her, leading to that awkward scene at noon.

There were only three women among the guests on the show, so...

A light bulb went off in Michelle's head, her eyes widening as she turned to Heather, "Could it be that these people are from Jzutin's camp? Maybe he's paying them to rally behind his sister, to build up her image?"

She knew herself well enough to admit she didn't have such devoted fans. Eliminating her cousin from the equation left only Jzutin's

sister.

Michelle's musings echoed the suspicions that Heather had been harboring all afternoon. Despite her belief that Juztin's background was modest, his star status over the years must have netted him a fortune. Dropping a few million in tips wouldn't be out of the question for him.

Then, something else occurred to Michelle. She tapped her phone back to life and revisited the livestream.screenshots. She noticed that the broadcast's split-screen had only three pairs, and notably absent was the sibling duo.

"Look at this," Michelle said, showing Heather the phone. "During the tipping frenzy at noon, the act of them wasn't even on camera. That's odd, isn't it? It's like... they set you up to be embarrassed on air."

Heather's eyes

fell on the evidence, and the missing piece of the puzzle clicked into place. There was no need for further scrutiny. The truth was clear.

The whole charade of tipping extravagantly and then playing ignorant, only to have someone humiliate her in the process—it was quite the strategy.

Heather's face turned a steely shade of grey. She'd been in the business long enough to have seen all manner of schemes, but this level. of malice was a first for her.

The assistant driving the car had been eavesdropping on the cousins' conversation. After a few seconds of silence, he tried to offer some consolation. "I don't think it's that bad... | mean, Heather and Juztin don't even run in the same circles and have no overlapping interests. There's no reason to do something like this."

And besides, in terms of clout, Juztin was clearly a notch above, though the assistant wisely kept that last thought to himself. He knew Heather all too well — short-tempered, vindictive, and only receptive to praise.

With a scoff and a roll of her eyes, Michelle pocketed her phone and said lightly, "Who can say? Maybe they're just looking for an excuse to drag my cousin down. Just another day in showbiz."

The assistant gripped the steering wheel a bit tighter and returned to his silence.

Michelle then looked back at Heather and added, "Considering the mishaps we've had with unceasing incidents in the past few years, today's sick stunt seems like a predictable next step."

She couldn't help but think the worst of people, especially when it came to Mirabella's arrogance, as she had hit on livestreams as some mysterious high school prodigy. "Never seen anyone so shameless," Michelle thought.

Heather's face, usually so carefully made up, was now reflected in the fogged-up car window. Her eyes a turbulent mix of emotions.

Chapter 465

Michelle fiddled with the hem of her skirt as she sat, her hands resting on her knees. It was as if the silence from Heather had jogged her memory, prompting her to speak up, "I remember, in the first episode, Justin's sister mentioned she was studying at Parkside High School. I'll hit up a buddy of mine who's an underclassman there, and see if he knows her."

Heather turned to glance at her, puzzled by this sudden interest in Justin's sister.

Pressing her lips together, Michelle's eyes dropped slightly, and after a brief pause, she said in a soft but steely tone, "If she really goes to Parkside High School... then today's livestream fiasco isn't over yet." The lightness in her voice did little to mask the malice lacing her words.

At this, the gloom in Heather's eyes seemed to dissipate somewhat. Justin was untouchable, but his sister? That was another story.

With a subdued 'hm, Heather simply advised, "Just keep it low-key, okay?" "I got it," Michelle replied, her voice a gentle whisper.

The assistant driving in front glanced in the rearview mirror, his expression unchanged, as if these dark maneuvers were just part of the job. He sighed internally, already foreseeing the grim fate awaiting the girl Heather had set her sights on. It was a shame, really, to get tangled with the likes of them.

Meanwhile, in another car.

Collins was recounting the day's events from the livestream, "You should've seen Heather's face, man. She was just bragging about her posh fanbase when they all switched their usernames in unison. It was a complete train wreck, happened in less than a minute. | almost died laughing."

Mirabella, lounging in her seat, perked up at the mention of the on-air humiliation that had unfolded.

"I've disliked that woman since the start of this show," Leo confessed without reserve. Targeting him was one thing, but repeatedly going after his sister was beyond annoying.

When Collins heard Leo refer to Heather as 'that woman, he couldn't help but grimace, throwing in a reminder, "Heather was crowned Best Actress at last year's film festival, a rising starlet!"

"Please, I'm the chart-topping heartthrob of the music world, and you don't see me bragging," Leo scoffed, glancing at the back of

Collins' head. "Ha, heartthrob? Did you miss the new tag your fans are slapping on you?" Collins couldn't resist a jab, "Our little princess." That turned Leo's face thunderous.

"Didn't | tell you to watch your image before we came? You were supposed to maintain your cool, but no, you went full naive sweetheart," Collins shook his head in exasperation.

Leo clamped his mouth shut, choosing silence over argument.

"No wonder you always turned down these types of show invites. You knew yourself," Collins paused, but didn't continue with the disdain. "Well, your persona may have crumbled, but your fans' love has only grown. Just embrace being the sweet princess from now

on.

Leo was speechless. Damn it, talk about a devil for an agent!

Mirabella just smiled quietly, turning to look out the window as the dial exchange beeped in her pocket. Pulling it out, she saw a message.

Adler: [Hey, can you help me analyze a data report?]

After pondering for a few seconds, her fingers danced across the screen

with a reply. [Sure, I'll get to you on Friday.] & the message was sent, she forwarded her personal email address to Adler.

Back at his end, Adler felt a wave of relief wash over him as the

release of tension that had gripped him was suddenly gone.

Chapter 466

Adler fired up his laptop, clicked on the web browser, and logged into his email account. Swiftly, he sent a pre-prepared encrypted file to Mirabella's inbox. Next, he shot her a quick message on Messenger. [Sent the file, the password is...]

Mirabella glanced at the email notification on her screen, but didn't bother to open it right away, instead she typed back. [Is it urgent?]

Adler replied. [A bit, but no rush. Tackle it when you can.] Knowing that Mirabella was a student, Adler felt a tad guilty for pressing her, but he was in a pinch.

Upon seeing his response, Mirabella simply said, [Alright.]

Adler heaved a deep sigh, refrained from further conversation, and sent Mirabella a 'bowing in awe' emoji before putting down his phone. He hadn't planned on enlisting Mirabella's help with the data

report, but the antics at the institute were absurd. Without thorough data analysis and experimentation, those clowns were eager to roll out a product.

If the product was flawless, great, but a single deviation in the data could turn their findings into a calamity. As a specialized researcher, he couldn't risk the one-in—a—million chance of disaster.

Meanwhile, after wrapping up the Messenger chat with Adler, Mirabella slipped her phone back into her pocket.

Collins, who was driving, shifted the conversation to a more serious tone. “Heather comes from a heavy-hitting family background. She’s been butting heads with you and your siblings lately, especially after today’s live—streaming incident. | reckon your sister could get caught up in suspicion, so be extra careful these days. Especially you, Leo, don’t let anyone catch you off guard.”

Leo’s lips twitched in annoyance. “Why should | be on alert if my sister is the one under suspicion?”

“Because she’s kept a low profile, but you haven't. If Heather sies some paparazzi on you, your sister could get caught in the crossfire.”

Collins had heard about Heather’s competitive nature; many in their circle had fallen prey to her schemes. With a powerful family to back her, it wasn’t strange for her to wield so much influence. Leo’s brothers seemed to be doing well for themselves, but even they paled in comparison to a well-established dynasty like Heather’s. So, Collins had advised Mirabella to steer clear of Heather, not wanting a reality show to stir up needless trouble for her.

Upon hearing this, Leo fell silent, all too aware of the industry’s dark underbelly. His reluctance to have his sister more involved was simply to protect her from online scrutiny and criticism.

After some thought, Leo suggested, “Maybe I'll move back to my private residence for a while.”

Mirabella glanced at her brother, recalling the paparazzi they had encountered near his villa, and remarked, “That might just draw more attention.”

Leo looked at her and touched his nose. “My place is secluded, and nobody knows it.”

Mirabella raised an eyebrow, clearly thinking him naive,

Collins, observing the sibling dynamic from the front seat, couldn't help but facepalm. The peony Was Ss
tony ns viele rincess Leo'

Oniker was apt. This was hardly the typical older brother-younger sister dynamic. It was as if their roles were reversed.

Chapter 467

Leo was about to say something more when a glance from Mirabella shut him down completely. He instantly chickened out. That was just how it went.

With a silent sigh, Leo resigned himself to the fact that this would be his life now.

Three hours later, Collins dropped the siblings off at the Davis family's estate, and soon after, he drove away. Exhausted from the day, they had dinner and then retreated to their respective rooms.

After freshening up, Mirabella blow—dried her hair and sat down at her desk to boot up her laptop.

She navigated to her email and downloaded the encrypted file Adler had sent her. After entering the password, the file opened — it was a PowerPoint presentation.

She flicked through the slides with a few clicks of her mouse. The data flew by, and after a quick review, her brow furrowed slightly. It was highly confidential experimental data. Why on earth would Adler share this with her?

Sure, she had casually helped him a couple of times in the past, but it was just that casual. After all, her assessments of their experimental data were purely speculative, without any real hands—on experience.

Mirabella stared at the screen, her fingers still, lost in thought for a while before she closed the file and shut down her laptop. Soon after, she stood up, lit a candle to wind down, and then slipped into bed.

The next day, on the way to school. Mirabella sat in the passenger seat, idly spinning her phone in her hand, the data from Adler still on her mind.

Her gaze occasionally drifted out the car window, and after passing a few traffic lights, she suddenly sat up straight. In the side mirror, she noticed a black sedan that had been tailing them something about it seemed off.

If they were just heading in the same direction, there was no reason for it to follow so closely, especially since there had been several opportunities to overtake.

Pondering for a moment, Mirabella looked over at Shawn and mentioned, "Dad, that car behind us seems to be following us."

Shawn let out a surprised "huh" and glanced at the rearview mirror. His face darkened upon seeing the tail. These clowns were tailing so closely that they even got his daughter's attention.

Shawn turned his focus back to the road and said, "Um... probably heading the same way as us, right? This road leads to the school."

Mirabella took another look behind and murmured, "Maybe."

Shawn didn't say anything more. Instead, he reached for his phone from the console, slowed down the car, and sent out a text. Soon after, the car behind them sped past and left them far behind.

Shawn tossed his phone back into the console and PAO m

appeeticg Yai s. "See that car, honey? Was that the one?"

Looking up at the sedan, Mirabella nodded, "Yeah." "Ha, you see? You were overthinking it. Just someone on the same route as us," Shawn chuckled, trying to cover up his unease.

Mirabella didn't scrutinize Shawn's expression and simply hummed in agreement, deciding not to dwell on it further. Perhaps she had been overly cautious.

Before long, they arrived at the school gates. Shawn waited until Mirabella got out the sedan, watching her until she was completely out of sight. Only then did he pick up his phone again and make a call.

Chapter 468

Not long after Shawn hung up the phone, a sleek black sedan pulled up, parking right behind his car. Had Mirabella been there, she would have recognized it as the same car that had been tailing them.

Grady stepped out and made his way to the driver's side, tapping on the window. It lowered, and he respectfully greeted, "Mr. Shawn."

Shawn gave him a slight nod, his voice tinged with mild annoyance. "Grady, your tailing skills need some work."

At those words, Grady's heart sank a bit. He hardly knew how to explain that he had been as discreet as possible in his surveillance. He did not understand how he still got spotted by the young lady. After all, the young miss was just a girl, naive to the ways of the world. If others heard of this, where would he, the chief steward, put his reputation?

Clearing his throat, Grady replied, "I'll be more careful next time."

"Yeah, you've been working hard these days."

Grady shook his head with a smile. "It's no trouble. Looking after the young miss is my duty." Something crossed Shawn's mind; raising his eyebrows, he commented, "You guys did well yesterday."

Grady was momentarily taken aback, then realized Mr. Shawn was referring to the incident in the livestream chat. His expression turned cold. "Those nobodies thinking they can ride on the young miss' coattails?"

Was the Davis family's darling princess someone to be trifled with? Without much further conversation, they both soon left the school grounds. °S == ZzFE

Meanwhile, Mirabella entered her classroom and took her seat. After a moment's thought, she pulled a spiral notebook from her desk and began to write.

It was still study hall, no teachers were around, and the students were left to their own devices.

Before long, Mirabella's notebook was filled with a long list of symbols and equations a complex array that was neither purely literary nor scientific.

Jenna glanced over, intending to strike up a conversation. Still, noticing Mirabella's deep concentration, she refrained from disturbing her and quietly pulled out a math worksheet to practice.

When Vincent arrived at the back door of The Advanced Class, Mirabella's figure was the first thing he saw. He was carrying something in his hands and paused only for a few seconds before stepping inside.

As Vincent approached, Mirabella was still engrossed in her data analysis and didn't notice someone standing by her side until a couple of minutes had passed, and she suddenly looked up.

Seeing Vincent, Mirabella was slightly startled, and her arm was casually draped over her notebook, concealing its contents. Vincent's

gaze shifted from the notebook, and after a pause, he explained, "I didn't understand what you were writing."

It would have been a surprise if he had. Mirabella's eyebrows lifted as she asked, "What do you mean?" As she Ki Der eyes inadvertently swept over the item in his hands, and her expression darkened slightly.

Noticing the swift change in Mirabella's demeanor, Vincent coughed and handed her the rolled-up paper. "I heard you got a challenge from someone at Eagle High School. I had my cousin fetch some math competition problems compiled by a renowned teacher."

"I don't need them, thanks," Mirabella responded flatly, rejecting the offer.

Truth be told, she hadn't yet shaken off the terror of the agminated by the three irasstvel oxes of

rksheets Nick had sent.

Seeing her reaction, Vincent set the papers on her desk and said in an even tone, "Do you remember that guy, Jack?"

Chapter 469

Mirabella racked her brain, but no memory of such a person surfaced. With a shake of her head, she replied, "I don't remember

him.

Vincent's mouth twitched slightly, his expression turning complex. "Remember the BrainSpark Nationals? The guy who was consistently in third place? I heard he had some mishap and didn't make it to the nationals."

"So, you're saying Jack is the one who's thrown down the gauntlet with me?" Mirabella's mind quickly connected the dots.

Vincent nodded. "Exactly." He paused, then added, "Jack's a legend at Eagle High School, a real competition junkie. He's been in countless contests, especially a whiz in math."

Mirabella had indeed snagged the top prize at the last international BrainSpark Nationals, but that was a more general all-rounder contest, not a test of a singular skill. Facing Jack, dubbed the 'Math Competition King, meant she might not have the upper hand.

Of course, Vincent's concerns were based on not fully understanding Mirabella's past achievements. Although she had aced her last math test with a perfect score, a math competition was a different beast from regular school exams in terms of difficulty.

"So, don't underestimate him. If he's openly challenging you, he's come prepared. These practice tests will do you good," Vincent concluded, reinforcing his advice.

Mirabella nodded, her eyes briefly scanning the papers strewn across the table before she asked, "You're entering the math league, too, right?"

Caught off-guard by her question, Vincent still nodded in affirmation. "Yes."

With a slap on the table, Mirabella declared, "Good. To show my gratitude for your kindness, Mr. Vincent, I've decided to send you a little something. A token to wish you luck in the competition."—

"Huh?" Vincent was taken aback, not quite processing her offer.

As Mirabella whipped out her phone to text her mother, she asked Vincent, "What's your address?"

Vincent, increasingly puzzled, asked, "Why do you need my address?"

Jenna, who had been furiously taking notes but also eavesdropping, twisted her head with a curious glance at her classmate.

Surely Mirabella wasn't planning to send him a pile of test papers? The last time she asked for Jenna's address, she sent her a box full of them.

Chewing on her pen cap, Jenna managed to hold back her words, deciding the fear of being overwhelmed by a mountain of study materials shouldn't be hers to bear alone.

Mirabella, eyebrows arched, looked at Vincent and countered, "Would it be convenient for you to pick it up at Mr. Knox's place?" She had been to the Mendoza Estate once with James and roughly remembered the address.

Despite his suspicions, Vincent eventually divulged his current residence to Mirabella.

After Mirabella sent the address and instructions to Delilah, ensuring the delivery would arrive the s day with lo egurier SUOk she pbekbted her phone. "All set. You'll see what I've sent when you get home. Don't thank me too much," Mirabella said, her lips curling into a 'good Samaritan' smile.

Witnessing this, Jenna was certain Mira had struck again, dispatching another box of study digesard bast papers ISHaking er head, Jenna couldn't help but send a sympathetic 'you poor, unsuspecting soul' look Vincent's way.

Feeling Jenna's gaze, Vincent couldn't shake off a forebodin

feeling. red his grandfather's errand and pulled out an item from his pocket, placing it on Mirabella's desk.

Chapter 470 Vincent slid an embossed, gold-trimmed Invitation across the table, catching Mirabella's gaze before she picked it up.

"Grandpa Knox is celebrating his birthday tomorrow, and he'd like you to join us for dinner," Vincent said in a measured tone, revealing the true purpose of his visit to Mirabella.

Mirabella was slightly

aback that Knox would include her in his birthday plans, considering their limited interactions. After a brief pause, she set the own and replied, "I'll need to check in with my folks first."

Her response was neither a yes nor a direct refusal.

Vincent nodded in understanding, "Of course." After a moment's hesitation, he added, "My grandpa really hopes you can make it." With that, Vincent didn't linger any longer and promptly made his exit through the back door.

Jenna, who had been scribbling notes nearby, leaned in with a curious look towards the gilded card on the table and teased, "So, Queen Mira, you and Vincent are chummy enough that family invites are flying your way?"

Mirabella gave Jenna a sidelong glance. "What's with the insinuation?"

"Just genuinely curious," Jenna coughed. "Why would his granddad invite you to a birthday bash?" "Must be my irresistible charm," Mirabella quipped, a smug expression painting her face.

Jenna rolled her eyes in silence.

Mirabella grabbed the pile of test papers from the table and casually flipped through them before handing them over to Jenna. "You might want to give these math challenge problems a shot,"

Jenna was still traumatized by the unfinished assignment shoved on her the last time, and vehemently shook her head. "No way, those are divine gifts from the math gods are meant for you. I can't indulge in such sacrilege." The mere sight of test papers made her hands tremble.

"They're no use to me, but right up your alley," Mirabella said nonchalantly, pausing for a beat before adding, "Remember, you're aiming for Radiant Ridge College. If you're not busting your hump now, when will you?*",

Jenna rolled her eyes. 'Could it be that you're just offloading these on me because you don't want to do them yourself?

Patting Jenna's shoulder, Mirabella turned her attention back to her own work and picked up her pen, resuming her scribbling on a draft

paper.

Jenna gazed at the five fresh sets of math papers on the desk, deflated like a punctured balloon, and slumped over the desk in despair. Why did she have to end up with such a sadistic friend?

With a deep sigh, Jenna picked up her pen again and resigned herself to grinding through the papers. After solving a couple of problems, a thought struck her, and she set the pen down to fish out her phone.

and she sets

“Queen Mira, I’ve got someone I think you should meet.” Jenna pulled up a hard-won photo from her album and held the phone up for Mirabella to see.

Mirabella lifted her gaze, briefly scanning the phone’s screen.

The photo showed a man’s profile, sharp and likely handsome, dressed as usual that exuded a sense of composure and

restraint. Jenna’s voice tinged with excitement. “What do you think? He’s quite a catch, isn’t he?” “And?” Mirabella drawled disinterestedly.

“That’s my cousin, twenty-four and currently unattached,” she raised her eyelashes, the ‘distantly unattached’ as if it were a selling point.

Mirabella gave Jenna a knowing look,

cutting through the reticence, “Haney, your type is not up on a

date?”