

# The Unwanted Daughter: When Love Comes Too Late

## Chapter 4 He Always Let Her Understand Their Parents

Tracy let out a breath and said, "The etiquette school is too far from here. I had to hop between buses and walk a lot to get here." She didn't show up late on purpose—she just had no way to get here sooner. But Liam scoffed. "Still faking it, huh? I told you to call a cab, but you picked buses and walked to look pitiful." Tracy replied calmly, "I didn't have money." Benjamin snapped, "That's ridiculous! You lived here for years. We've never stiffed you on money!" Liam looked annoyed. "That's your excuse? Even your hair tie costs tens of thousands. Don't act broke." Daphne and Andrew stayed quiet but didn't look happy either. Seeing that they had completely forgotten, Tracy suddenly felt it was kind of funny. She stared at them. "You guys said I'd be able to focus on learning discipline without all these distractions. So when you dropped me off at Angelic Etiquette Academy, you took everything from me." Her eyes landed on Liam. "You're the one who yanked that expensive hair tie off my head." Even now, the memory of her hair being pulled still stung. Her words brought silence. They finally seemed to remember. Seeing that, Tracy asked, "Can I go rest now?" They didn't say anything, but Andrew cleared his throat. "I'll take you upstairs." Tracy nodded. "Thanks, Mr. Andrew." He paused, looking like he wanted to say something. But he just turned and led the way. Once they were out of sight from the others, Andrew finally spoke, "Tracy, we only did it for your good. Mom had the maids clean up the whole house for your return. They didn't pick you up today because ... well, to keep Erin happy. You pushed her down the stairs back then, and they want her to forgive you. You should understand them." Tracy didn't say anything. She just followed him. She'd heard his same speech too many times. Ever since Erin came back, Andrew always said the same stuff, "As the elder sister, you should be understanding. Say sorry to Erin. Dad and Mom feel guilty toward her. Just understand them, okay? You made a mistake, so you should accept the punishment. Be obedient ... " Unlike Liam, Andrew never raised his voice at her over her mistakes. Instead, after she tried to explain her innocence, he'd calmly but firmly tell her to own up and say sorry. Based only on what he thought was right, he decided she was guilty and declared her punishment. He made all her defenses and grievances seem like a joke. After he gave his usual lecture, Andrew waited, ready for her to snap back. He even had his usual lines ready to shut her down and tell her to be more understanding of their parents. But by the time they got to her old room, Tracy still hadn't said a single word. She kept her head down in silence until she opened the door. That was when her numb face finally showed a trace of surprise. Her room, the one she used to know, was now packed with various trendy outfits, shoes, and expensive bags. It looked like a carefully designed, high-end walk-in closet. But nothing inside belonged to Tracy. Andrew's face changed as something clicked in his head. He glanced at her and explained, "You know how Erin had a rough time while she was out there. Dad and Mom felt guilty and kept buying her stuff. Her closet filled up, and since no one thought you'd come back anytime soon, Mom turned your room into a second closet for Erin. It was her idea, and we all agreed. Erin's room is next door, after all. Don't blame Erin. She didn't want to at first—" "I don't blame Ms. Erin," Tracy cut him off, her tone flat. She didn't care why the room had changed. They were right. She took Erin's place and lived a good life for 18 years. That time was over now. She wasn't going to act clueless or try to hold on to things that weren't meant for her. Now, she just wanted a place to

sleep. She looked up and tentatively asked, “Can I sleep here tonight?” If not, she’d leave while it was still early enough to find a quiet spot to stay—somewhere safe, somewhere she could run if she had to. It’d be best to find something small and sharp she could use as a weapon. Having it in hand might help her sleep more easily. “Of course. This is still your home,” Andrew said as he pushed his glasses up. “I’ll go ask Mom which room she set up for you.” Tracy was about to say not to bother, but he was already hurrying off, like he didn’t dare to face her anymore. Downstairs, Erin was clinging to Daphne’s hand, tears running down her face. “Mom, it’s my fault. I’m the reason Tracy got sent to that etiquette school, or you wouldn’t have taken away all her things. She would have money for a cab and no need to take the bus. “She’s never even ridden a bus before. She probably didn’t know how to pay. I used to ride for over an hour and hike to school. She must’ve had a hard time getting back today.” Daphne looked heartbroken. “This isn’t your fault. Tracy was always petty and jealous. She pushed you down the stairs and refused to admit it. Your dad and I were the ones who decided to send her away. It had nothing to do with you.” Liam nodded. “Exactly. This is all on Tracy. “She’s cunning and manipulative. She probably stashed stuff somewhere. Otherwise, how else could she still afford bus rides? I bet she’s just acting all pitiful to make us feel bad for her. She’s always been good at pretending. We nearly bought it!” Just then, Liam noticed Andrew coming down the stairs and snapped, “Hey, did Tracy go back to her room? Get her down here—I need to call her out for what she’s up to!” Andrew shook his head. “She didn’t go to her room. I forgot that her room got turned into Erin’s closet. Mom, where will she stay?” Daphne, clearly annoyed at first, froze for a second when she heard that. With everyone staring at her, she looked a little awkward. “I ... I’ve been busy planning Erin’s graduation party. It slipped my mind. “But we’ve got plenty of guest rooms. Just have her stay in one for now. I’ll tell the maids to prepare a new room tomorrow. I’ll make it like her old one and make sure she doesn’t blame Erin for this.”