

Ready to Rule: The Real Heiress Strikes Back

Chapter 20

The luxury cars and motorcycles were all tucked away in the garage. Lydia stood there, a heavy bunch of keys in her hand. This was honestly too much.

"Sweetheart, you haven't eaten anything since you woke up, have you? You must be starving." Cameron's eyes sparkled with pride. "I asked the kitchen to make all kinds of breakfast. I hope you find something you like. Let's go try it out."

Lydia nodded quietly. "Alright."

Mr. Norwood was waiting in the living room, sitting on the sofa. When he saw Lydia walking back between Cameron and Kylie, he gripped his cane even tighter, his voice dropping low. "So now that you have your real daughter, you're just forgetting about the other one? Did you see how upset Lucinda was?"

Cameron and Kylie suddenly felt guilty. They really had forgotten about Lucinda just now.

"I'll go get Lucinda for breakfast," Kylie said, already heading for the stairs.

Mr. Norwood scoffed. "Let me warn you. No matter how much you love your real daughter, don't show such obvious favoritism in front of Lucinda."

Lydia looked at the old man, her face calm. "And you think saying that in front of your actual granddaughter isn't favoritism?"

That shut him up right away. He glared at Lydia, clearly annoyed. "You always have something to say, don't you? Well, let me be clear. I like Lucinda more. She's smart, polite, well-educated, and knows how to behave. Not like you. You don't have a clue how to act properly."

"Dad!" Cameron and Kylie both called out, their voices anxious.

Lydia didn't even get mad. She just smiled, a little mocking. For a second, she looked like a rebellious teen. "You can like whoever you want. But just so you know, I don't like you either."

"Lydia!" Mr. Norwood's face turned bright red. He pounded his cane on the floor with a loud thud. "Look at her! What kind of attitude is that? How could you ever compare this girl to Lucinda? So rude and disrespectful. Cough... cough, cough!"

He suddenly clutched his chest and started coughing hard.

Cameron hurried over, worried. "Dad, please calm down. Don't make yourself sick over this."

Instead, the old man just got angrier. "What do you know? If you really cared, you wouldn't have let Lucinda go upstairs crying by herself! She's been your daughter for eighteen years. Just because she isn't your real daughter, you're just going to ignore her now? You... you..."

His words trailed off as he got more worked up. He grabbed his shirt, his face turning pale, features twisting in pain.

"Dad! Please, calm down!" Cameron rushed to support him, searching his pockets. "Where's your medicine?"

Kylie panicked, shouting to the nearest maid. "Hurry! Go get his medicine from his room!"

"Yes, ma'am!" Two maids dashed off as fast as they could.

But the old man's body was already starting to convulse. Lydia quickly stepped forward, pressing her thumb firmly under his nose. "Bring me a towel!" she called out to one of the servants.

Her grandfather's body shook harder, his limbs going stiff. His jaw was clenched so tight that Lydia could see a hint of blood at the corner of his mouth.