

## When Love Lasts Chapter 11

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### Chapter 11

Heather hadn't known why Lara had called their friendship quits before this, but now she finally understood. After all, it was no secret to the village what kind of person Lilly was. "I can hear myself just fine, but can you? I'm telling you I will not pay for that ridiculous diploma of yours anymore, so if you want to keep going to college, then figure out a way to pay your way through it! Don't think I don't know you've been working part-time while you're away at school. Where's the money from that job, then?" Lilly demanded hotly. At once, Heather fell silent, but this only spurred Lilly on. "I bet you gave that money to that poor, good-for-nothing Ryan, didn't you? Why can't you be more like Lara and have better taste in men? You know you can't go far with a third-rate diploma, and without a well-paying job lined up for you, you could at least marry rich! What are you doing letting that pretty face go to waste? You're not even trying!" Heather wasn't sure what she was supposed to say to this, other than that she and her mother had very different worldviews and that they couldn't last five minutes without arguing. While this was happening, Alaric sat on the other side of the dining table, unable to so much as get a word in. After a pause, Heather said with renewed determination in spite of the sadness and anger in her eyes, "I will not be like Lara and trap rich men into marriage, and I refuse to be shallow and money-obsessed like Ryan! So what if I have nothing but a diploma to my name? Just because I haven't made anything of myself, it doesn't mean I won't in the future. I can make my own fortune, and regardless of how small that may be, it'd still feel a hell lot better than spending someone else's cash!" Alaric finally spoke up, and he gave her a thumbs-up as he said, "That's right, Heather, you keep those spirits up! I bet you're going to be something amazing one day!" He was the only one in the family who could stand on her side. Upon hearing this, Lilly did not argue with Heather any further. After all, there was little point in arguing when it reaped no benefits for anyone. As such, she finished her dinner and set her dishes aside, then stood up as she snapped irritably, "Hurry up and do the dishes so you can go and pick up some herbs from the mountains." "Fine," Heather grumbled unhappily. However, that clearly set Lilly off because she went on to say, "Ever since you started that program of yours, you hardly ever come home during term breaks, and now that you have, it's only right that you help out around the house! Pick those herbs and categorize them when you get back, then wash them and let them air-dry. I was hoping that you could have picked up some medical skills or two when you stayed with your grandmother and that you could be a doctor or something, but you couldn't even get into medical school! You ended up in some engineering school and picked up interior design instead. I don't even know what you were thinking!" Words like these stung, but this wasn't the first time Lilly had said them. Heather was already used to it by now, but there were times when she couldn't stand her mother's overbearing and condescending attitude, and she would retort. Alaric, on the other hand, was always the good guy who tried to cut through the tension and pull mother and daughter apart before they ripped each other's throats out. Right now, after Lilly had lashed out at her daughter, she went downstairs to the pharmacy. Heather waited for Alaric to finish his food before she rose to stack the dishes together. When he saw how unhappy Heather was at home, he pointed out, "Heather, how about if you go over to the city where your brother is and find a job there during the summer break? I'd feel a lot better that Elliot would be there to take care of you, too." "Dad, am I an embarrassment just like Mom said?" Heather suddenly asked, sounding despondent. "Why is she always so hard on me?" During her final year of high school, she had pretty much given up on her studies in order to take care of her father, which was why she couldn't get into the medical school that Lilly had hoped she would. As soon as she graduated high school and started seeing someone romantically, she had to put up with Lilly's various disparaging remarks as well. Presently, Alaric flashed her a comforting smile and said, "I think you're a pretty swell girl, Heather. You've been nothing but an angel. You take care of us, and you are considerate, not to mention a hard worker who won't settle for less. Your mother just wants you to strive for better. Most parents have too much hope in their children's success sometimes, you know?" "I know," Heather said weakly, feeling much better about herself as she grinned at her father. "Thanks, Dad." She hoped that the reason behind her mother's hostility against her was because of the reason Alaric had given. Meanwhile, Lara had had someone look into Heather, and when she found out that Heather had left Wrewell for her hometown after she couldn't find a job and subsequently broke up with Ryan, she finally let out a sigh of relief. The next step in Lara's plans was to find a way to get the dean to expel Heather so that she would never have to show up in Wrewell ever again. Only then would Lara feel as if she had secured her position as the young mistress of the Forger Family. She became considerably happy at the thought of this. It's been two months. That villa back in my hometown ought to be close to completion by now! Lara proceeded to tell Daniel, the butler, to inform Peter to ready a vehicle so that she could make a glorious return to her hometown. These days, the streets in the little town were bustling with people, not just because the sky was clear and the weather was splendid, but because there was a ruby-red BMW worth over a million cruising slowly down the road. The villagers were standing on either side of the road as they watched the gleaming red BMW drive past them, their eyes lighting up like they were staring at precious jewelry. Lara had initially wanted to buy a red Lamborghini that was worth over ten million, but Peter had dissuaded her from doing so because he claimed that a Lamborghini was not meant to be driven on muddy and bumpy country roads. As such, left without a choice, Lara settled for the BMW instead. When it went past Heather's family pharmacy, Lilly dragged Heather out of the shop so that they could stand by the roadside and watch this one-car parade. It had been two months since Heather last saw Lara, and now, the latter was sitting behind the passenger seat with the windows rolled down, and she was putting her arm out to wave at the villagers. Her face was heavily made-up, and on her finger was a sparkling diamond ring. She was dressed even better than she usually did, and her red lips matched her alabaster skin perfectly. Heather had thought that something might have happened to Lara at the beginning, but as it turned out, Lilly was right; she had married a rich man, which had been a long-time dream of hers, and now she was living it. Pursing her lips to hide her smile, Heather gave the envious Lilly an exasperated look, then shook her head and returned to the shop. Alaric was seated behind the cashier looking through the books when he saw Heather walk in. With a helpless smile, he asked, "Do you wish to be like that as well, Heather?" "Well, I'm no saint, so I guess I kind of wish I had that kind of luck. But I hope to become a really established interior designer one day so that I can buy a flashy car with my own money. Now that's an accomplishment!" She grinned, feeling hopeful for her own future. As she said this, she reached for the basket and strapped it to her back.