

Warning: My Mommy is A Savage! By: Seeking A Peaceful Life

Chapter 1

Hilton Hotel

Nine-month pregnant Charmine Jordan struggled to walk along the aisle while looking at her surroundings, as though she was searching for someone.

Today was her big day, her engagement day with Julian Cabell. It was almost time, but he was nowhere to be seen.

As she waddled, however, she then heard a soft yet familiar voice.

“Julian, darling, are you sure you want to get engaged with that adopted daughter? She’s not even carrying your child!”

Charmine stopped dead in her tracks and turned to the source of the voice. She saw her older sister, Tiffany Jordan and Julian—her fiancé—by the staircase.

“Of course I knew,” Julian replied in his low and throaty voice. “I was in the room next to hers when she was assaulted. If she found out that you planned everything, she wouldn’t have given you her 15% shares,” Julian added, with one arm wrapped around Tiffany’s small waist.

Tiffany, in her frustration, growled. “I don’t get it. She was adopted into our family, but why would Grandpa give her fifteen percent of the company shares?!” Tiffany whined, her face as delicate and deceivingly beautiful as ever. Leaning on Julian’s chest, she continued, “Julian, darling, do you dislike me for doing that? You must be thinking I’m cruel, don’t you? Knowing that I’m not actually related to the Jordan family, you want Charmine over me now, do you?”

“Don’t be silly, my love. The second your mom swapped you into the family Jordan, you’ve already become a member of the Jordan family. Also, Charmine’s tacky and ugly. So what if she’s a genuine Jordan family member? I wouldn’t even love her even if she was royalty! Don’t you worry... Once I get

ahold of all her shares, I'll leave her for you and give you a huge engagement party that you deserve. For now, let me make it up to you."

Charmine could not believe what she had just heard; shock shot up her body as though she was struck by lightning. She never knew the child in her body was not Julian's. Julian was not the one who deflowered her, but it was by a complete stranger ordered by her sister instead? That she was—in fact—the Jordan family's actual heiress, but her identity was swapped by Tiffany's mother?

Charmine would never forget the abuse she had undergone just for being 'the adopted child'. Back then, Tiffany was her only source of comfort; the big protective sister who told her it was okay to not study and just have fun.

All this time, Charmine thought Tiffany was the closest thing to a family, that she would give Tiffany all her best gifts and opportunities given by their grandpa, including the opportunity to study abroad in America. Never did she expect that Tiffany was the one ruining her life for 18 years! Worse still, her fiancé knew everything all this while, yet he allowed these things to happen. Julian even conspired with her sister!

"Swash..."

The unexpected turn of events sent Charmine reeling back in shock, staggering backward, that she knocked down a nearby vase.

This alarmed both Tiffany and Julian, both still in bliss in each other's embrace. They looked over with dilated pupils. "Charmine... What are you doing here?!" Julian called out, a vexed frown on his face as he did.

Tiffany hastily pushed Julian away and put on her clothes. "Charmine, dear, it's not what it seems. This is just a joke; Julian only loves you—"

Charmine scoffed at Tiffany's feeble choice of words. "In love with me? In love with my shares, in love with all my properties, you mean! Julian Cabell, Tiffany Jordan, I want everyone to know the truth

today!" Charmine scrambled to run downstairs.

Everyone was downstairs: guests of the highest class in Burlington City, family friends of both Jorda and Cabell families. Charmine wanted everyone to know Tiffany was the adopted child, that Tiffany was nothing but a cruel and evil woman.

"Charmine, don't you dare make a scene!" Julian held her wrist, stopping her from running. "Need I remind you that you're pregnant? If it wasn't for your shares, we wouldn't be having this engagement at all. You've no right to be arrogant. Besides me, nobody else would want a pregnant eighteen-year-old!"

Julian was right; she was only 18 years old. She was meant to go to a university, but Tiffany changed everything when she arranged for Charmine's tragedy. Unable to further her studies, her only option was to get engaged with Julian and become a full-time wife that everyone despised. She used to look at the prospects of this future with such fondness, but today's events made her sick to the core.

"I'd rather die alone than to be with a bastard like you!" Charmine swung his hand away and continued running downstairs.

It was then the unsettling realization hit Tiffany: If word got out, she would be done for.

"Charmine!" She reached out, and it seemed as though she wanted to hold onto Charmine. Instead, however, she gave Charmine a harsh push.

"Ahh!"

Charmine was caught off-guard, and her heavy body fell off the stairs. Her body—round with a child—rammed against the wall. Warm blood began to ooze between her thighs.

"Julian, darling, what now... What now...?! I didn't mean it... I wanted to hold her..." Tiffany whimpered, though her action did not match her tone. "I'm scared...!" Tiffany cried as her face turned

pale with fear.

“Calm down. She knows our plan, so she deserves this. She asked for this herself!” With a barbaric look, he sprinted down the stairs toward the fallen girl. He then gave Charmine’s belly a vigorous kick.

One! Two! Three!

“Aahh!”

An excruciating pain pierced through Charmine’s belly. This was the man she grew up with; the person who put up with her as an adopted child; the man who promised Charmine her future. How can he be so cruel to her?! She hated this! She loathed this!

More and more blood stained her white gown as the floor gradually turned red...

It was not long before Charmine, in her infinite pain, succumbed to darkness.

Chapter 2

Five years later, at the Jordan family mansion’s gates...

A dazzling black motorbike raced into the compound and, with a 360-degree drift, stopped by the entrance. Built with high-end tech, the vehicle was easily a beauty with a matte finish. An elegant-looking leg came into view from the clouds of dust. A woman got down from the bike and, taking off her helmet, her long hair fluttered with the wind.

Charmine Jordan stared at the words ‘Jordan Family Mansion’ as her red lips curled into a faint smirk. She had at last returned after five long years. A whirlwind of tragedies fell upon her the last time she was here; she almost lost her life to the kicks on her belly, had suffered a miscarriage, and was framed to be cheating on Julian when she was—in fact—set up by Julian and Tiffany. With her dignity and reputation torn into shreds, the Jordan family took away her company shares and forced her to reside in Africa overnight. As though it was not cruel enough, they gave her bare minimum living expenses to survive with. In the past five years, she endured inhuman torture and suffering. Now, she was ready to

take back all that belonged to her! She took her first long step, then another, as she made her way toward the mansion.

In the garden, waiters were serving guests with expensive canapé and wine while renowned guests exchanged greetings. Today was the 70th birthday of Senior Jordan; every renowned celebrity and upper-class families in Burlington City gathered at the mansion. A group of people surrounded Senior Jordan enthusiastically, greeting him with gifts and regards.

“Dad, this is your favorite tea. I brought you this classic hundred-year-old Pu-erh tea, worth five hundred thousand.”

“Grandpa, this is Qi Baishi’s renowned ‘High In The Sky’, and the asking price is nearly five hundred million. Wishing Grandpa longevity like the character in the painting.”

“Grandpa, here’s a jade Buddha I specially requested to be made for you, worth five billion. I hope you like it!” A soft and beautiful voice was heard from across the room. The voice sounded serene like the heavens’ glow.

Tiffany Jordan then walked forward in elegance, her features beautiful and delicate as ever. Her beauty attracted everyone’s attention. Four assistants followed behind her as they carried a board clothed with red silk, and an ingeniously and beautifully carved jade Buddha sat on the board. Under the bright sunlight, it exuded a luster like the secrets of ancient forests. The texture was thicker, colder, and deeper than jade itself.

The crowd fell into an uproar at that moment.

“My god! What type of jade is this? The color is so dense; I’ve never seen it before!”

“That’s Czech No.1 Black Green Meteorite Stone! Asking price is five billion!”

“What? Czech No.1? The one and only Black Green Meteorite Stone in the world?”

“Correct! According to reports, Czech No. 1 has a very special material that’s even harder than the hexagonal diamond. It belongs to a type of iron meteorite, and no hydraulic press could crush it!”

“God! Out of jades and pearls, Tiffany chose to give such a unique and one-of-a-kind meteorite stone!”

“How kind of her! Tiffany is indeed the most celebrated supermodel in the world. I can’t believe she’d purchase the meteorite stone and have it carved into a Buddha statue!”

Words of praise filled the air, referring to Tiffany with nothing but admiration and respect. Tiffany, on the other hand, was secretly reveling in the praises. She strongly believed that, sooner or later, Grandpa would be charmed by her and eventually give her the 15% of shares. With that, she would become the Jordan Group’s biggest shareholder. Outwardly, she maintained her humble façade, her head hung low. “Please, everyone, don’t over-praise me. I just want to make Grandpa happy with my five-year savings. I’m just happy Grandpa likes it.”

“I like it. Of course I like it!” James Jordan nodded repeatedly, a pleased expression adorning his face.

Out of the blue, someone spoke out, “ Who’s that? She seems familiar!”

Everyone stopped dead in their tracks the moment they shifted their gazes. From the garden’s entrance by the far end of the aisle, Charmine walked along the red carpet with her black leather jacket and pants. With hair long yet slim, Charmine’s dark hair fluttered as she walked. She bore a clean and neat outlook, and though she exuded arrogance and boldness, she appeared serene, much like calm water.

Tiffany’s beaming disposition plummeted in an instant. It was Charmine! Had she not stayed in Africa for five whole years? As she checked, was she not meant to have become burnt and ugly? How did she turn out so beautiful?

Her parents were stunned, too. Why did she come back? Such a disgraceful adopted daughter... This was not the right time to return!

Joey Yu, Charmine's mother, hastily stepped forward and pointed at Charmine. "What are you wearing? Do you know where you're at? Go to the backyard, don't shame us!"

"Charmine might've come to celebrate Grandpa's birthday," Tiffany spoke up, despite her inward displeasure. "Why don't we let her stay?" she added, the pretense of a supposed loving sister never slipping.

All the attention fell onto Charmine.

"Celebrate? She came here empty-handed. How's that 'celebrating'?"

"An adopted kid, taking the family's money for nothing, how could she afford anything? She is as good as not asking for more money!"

"Senior Jordan saved 15% of the shares for her, yet she showed up empty-handed!"

"What are you still doing here, adopted kid? Get lost! What are you looking at? You can't even afford to set your eyes on this stone. Do you know how much this is? Five billion!" Cousin Amelia Jordan said as she pushed Charmine, being the bully she had always been.

"I bet you haven't seen this much money after spending years in Africa. Didn't even show up with a fifty-dollar gift. How dare you show up?"

Unfazed, Charmine's red lips curled into a faint smile. "Who said I came empty-handed? What a coincidence that I prepared a Czech No.1, too." As she spoke, she clapped her hands, and four assistants came forward with a Buddha statue.

The statue was the exact same as the one Tiffany gifted to Senior Jordan!

It was...identical! What happened?

Chapter 3

Everyone was in shock. "Isn't there only one of Czech No.1?"

"How is Charmine gifting the Czech No. 1 as well? How are there two of them?"

Amelia was the first to react, a mocking cackle escaped her lips. "Haha! What else could it be? She must've wanted to save her face and bought a fake one. Little did she know that Tiffany gifted the same thing. Shame that the cat's out of the bag, no? Hahaha!"

"Charmine, are you not ashamed of yourself? Can't you bring something else if you're that penniless? Why would you bring a fake item? I must've been blinded back then when I brought you home out of pity," scowled Joey Young.

Joey loathed Charmine since day one, but little did she know that the woman before her was her actual daughter. The Tiffany she adored was the adopted kid sneaked into the Jordan family, carefully planned by Tiffany's biological mother, Lara Zabel.

Before Charmine could even reply, Tiffany walked up to her. "Charmine, how could you do this? Don't you know that stones have Reiki?" she swiftly reprimanded her, playing the role of a genuinely concerned sister. "Fake stones can inflict harm to the body. How could you do such a thing to Grandpa? Please apologize to Grandpa; I believe he and everyone else here would forgive you if you do."

"Apologize? You're the one who should be apologizing!" Charmine retaliated. "The Czech No.1 black green meteorite was found in the southern part of Czech. According to experts, its Mohs hardness scale reaches 11, with the ability to crush even diamonds. Needless to say, things that are made with this meteorite stone can't be damaged by a knife or hammer."

Confident, Charmine then added, "Want to know if this statue is real? Allow me!" Without giving time for anyone to react, Charmine picked up a hammer and smashed Tiffany's Buddha statue.

Dong!

The moment the hammer crashed onto the Buddha statue, the supposed 'Czech No.1' shattered into pieces all over the grass. Swiftly, Charmine turned to her Buddha statue and swung the hammer.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

With a stronger hit each time, the Buddha statue remained undamaged, yet the color turned darker. Everyone was stunned, unable to comprehend what was happening before them. Unbelievable!

"What! How's this possible? Does that mean Tiffany's gift was fake all along?"

"These broken pieces are obviously some advanced artificial glasses! We were almost fooled!"

"My thoughts exactly. How can a supermodel like Tiffany earn up to five billion in just five years? Now it makes sense; she's a fraud!"

What was once a resounding choir for Tiffany's generosity and prosperity quickly darkened into an atmosphere of condemnation.

"If you knew that fake stones cause harm to the body, how could you do such a thing to Grandpa?" Charmine scorned, a permanent frown on her face as she did.

"I didn't know... I really didn't!" Tiffany shook her head vigorously. She turned to Senior Jordan and hastily sputtered, **"Grandpa, I went to Czech just for this...!"**

Grandpa wanted to believe his granddaughter, but the truth that unraveled right before him made it impossible for him to do so. He merely waved it off. **"Alright, I understand. You might've been deceived in a foreign land,"** he commented. **"Step back. Someone please come and clear the rubbish."**

In an instant, a few staff came forward to clear the broken bits. Tiffany's face ashened as she looked at the pieces of shattered glass being cleared. The 'rubbish' they were clearing was not just her five billion dollars... They were also taking away her reputation, her dignity!

Humiliation had never hit her this hard before. How did Charmine have so much money? She could not even make five billion as a supermodel in five years, so how was it possible that Charmine made five billion in Africa? Impossible! Where did her money come from?

James Jordan could care less about what had happened; what mattered was the young girl before her. Five years ago, he had no choice but to send Charmine abroad to recover, but his longing for his precious granddaughter had never diminished. Now that Charmine returned with such maturity, James rose from his seat and walked toward Charmine.

As Senior Jordan stood before her, he held Charmine's hand fondly. "Oh, my child," he spoke, "it must've been difficult for you in the past five years. From now on, no one can change your status as my granddaughter, and nobody can send you away from me," Senior Jordan consoled her. "Grandpa will transfer you the promised fifteen-percent share."

Instantly, the crowd fell into chaos.

Senior Jordan was so loving to this adopted child, and he was even willing to give her the 15% share of the family's business! The adopted kid who suddenly disappeared for five years was suddenly showered with the biggest blessing anyone in the Jordan family could ever ask for. She was indeed an attractive woman with a generous heart; her future seemed rather bright as of this moment.

The guests surrounded Charmine to congratulate her, and words of adoration and praise were sent in her way. Tiffany, on the other hand, was left alone like a moon among glowing stars. She was completely tossed aside, just like the broken bits cleared away earlier. Nobody cared.

Eventually, someone did see her, but their only comment was, "Tsk, what a fraud!" The moment this person walked away, Tiffany balled her fists. How did Charmine steal her spotlight away so easily? No. That was it. Charmine did it on purpose. She came back to take revenge on what happened five years

ago. Tiffany would not let this slide. With malice darkening her eyes, Tiffany took out her phone.

[I want her dead.]

Meanwhile, a tall and well-built man stood at the mansion's attic with one hand in his pocket, emitting an aura of indisputable class and elegance. He saw everything that had transpired at the garden below, and his eyes were strongly glued onto Charmine. She was no ordinary woman.

He snapped out of it the moment his phone rang. Answering the phone, he instantly spoke, "Did you find anything on the girl from five years ago?"

"Sorry, Bro. I tried my best, but I don't have any leads on the girl's identity. We do have a situation, though: Momo's missing!"

"What?" The man swiftly turned and walked away.

Chapter 4

The celebration gradually receded, and the only ones left in the garden were members of the Jordan Family. Worn out by today's celebration, Senior Jordan decided to retire to his room and rest.

The moment Senior Jordan left, however, Joey Young turned her hate-filled eyes at Charmine. "You're an evil and cruel adopted kid," she growled. "Tiffany had been protecting you ever since you were a kid and loved you dearly. How could you do this to her?!"

"I didn't do anything. Did I make her buy the fake meteorite stone?" came Charmine's nonchalant reply, undismayed.

This only fueled Joey's anger. "She was scammed, and you didn't even bother to warn her? You even humiliated her in front of everyone! Is this how you treat your sister?!"

"Someone please drag her out. The Jordan family cannot accept this kind of person!" Adam Jordan,

the patriarch, barked to his men.

Several securities came forward, ready to drag her out. Charmine merely shrugged them away and coldly fixed her jacket. "No need. I can walk."

She did not intend to stay at the mansion anyway.

"Charmine, where else can you stay? Mom and Dad won't be angry for long, so just apologize to them, will you? I'll be heartbroken if you stay on the streets..." Tiffany frowned. Of course, she was not genuinely 'heartbroken'; quite the contrary even.

"No need. I actually bought a villa group, some twenty blocks of houses. I'm actually quite busy collecting rents." With a faint smile, Charmine pulled out a few hundred sets of keys and swiftly turned away. The sound of keys jingling accompanied her every step.

Everyone stared with eyes wide like saucers. She bought so many properties! Where did she get her money from? How did an adopted kid get so much money?

Charmine then approached Tiffany and stood next to her, shoulder to shoulder. "Hey fraud, you better get ready," she spoke in a hushed tone, though the warning was more than palpable in her tone.

"Now that I'm back, I'll be taking what's mine. Oh, and those who hurt me before? They better pick a god and pray."

Though she had a non-threatening smile on her face, Charmine's 'smile' was akin to a monstrous piranha in the dark; deadly.

Tiffany turned paper-white as her legs went weak. She was terrified. The Charmine who used to be quiet and shy had turned into this woman with such a powerful aura. Charmine continued to walk to the exit, proud of herself.

[She's left the mansion!]

Charmine put on her helmet and left on her motorbike. Now was not the right time to make her official comeback. Even if she stayed, everyone would have tortured her for being 'the adopted kid' except Grandpa. After all, Charmine came back for revenge; not for them to treat her badly. The day she would make her official return would be a mass celebration, welcomed by everyone.

The sleek motorbike sped from Burlington City to the villa. Not long after, her phone rang. Stopping at the side of the road, she answered the phone. She heard panting from the other side before the person spoke, "Miss Jordan, why didn't you let us know you've returned? We could've arranged your transportation. My boss has prepared for you a five-star villa—"

"No, it's fine," Charmine interrupted. "I'm only back for some personal business, so I won't be staying over."

"But—"

"I'll contact you when everything is resolved. But, if you're too bored, do help me check the identities of all the guests at Phoenix Hotel on Valentines' Day five years ago, especially all the men who were on the top floor."

Charmine lost her chastity in Phoenix Hotel five years ago in 2015, and her life was ruined from that night onward. She wanted nothing more than to find the man who destroyed her life; she would make him pay when she did.

"Of course, I'll be on it right away," Kay, the person on the other end, replied.

Once she ended the call, Charmine started her motorcycle once more and sped off. She was so focused on making plans that she was completely unaware of the van closely following not far behind. Situated outside of Burlington City, the villa was only 800 meters away, but no outsider would come as it was very quiet and secluded.

Everything happened too fast. The sound of a vehicle was heard, loudly so, and it came from behind her.

Bam!

The van powerfully rammed against Charmine's motorbike, and the impact threw her high up in the air before she fell onto the side of a road near a steep slope.

Weakened, Charmine squeezed her eyes shut and gripped onto whatever she could to keep herself from falling. However, this did little to no help, as she rolled down the hill, with nothing to break her fall. The motorbike crashed and broke apart, with black smoke coming from the remnants.

Once he got down from the van, the driver immediately looked at the dangerously high and slippery hills.

As his eyes searched the area where Charmine had fallen into, his fingers fumbled on his phone.

"Miss Jordan, Charmine jumped from her motorbike and rolled off the hill."

"Look for her immediately! I want her body; dead or alive!"

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With serious injuries all over her body, Charmine rested at the bottom of the hill. Unfortunately, Charmine would not have her time to recuperate as she heard noises that came from the road above her. They were coming for her!

She would have given them a piece of her mind had she not sustained this much pain. Once she

collected her thoughts, Charmine scrutinized her surroundings carefully and, not long after, saw a cave covered by bushes. Without wasting any time, she went inside. In the silent cave, Charmine rested against the walls of the cave and sighed.

However, the silence was broken when a child-like boyish voice called out, "Mommy! Mommy!"

Before Charmine could react, a soft and warm body coated with mud ran into her arms. When she looked down at this small figure, her eyes were met with a small yet round face, paired with watery doe eyes. The boy looked up at her and blinked.

Chapter 5

The moment their eyes met, Charmine felt as though a warm feeling was spreading throughout her being. It felt as though she was reunited with a person so dear to her. Chris Bailey—the little boy—held onto Charmine and clung tightly to her.

"I was chasing a kitten before I came across you, Mom, but now I can't find it," the boy muttered. "But I'm happy now, since I found you again!"

While this took Charmine by surprise, she soon recovered from the shock. Gently grabbing the boy by his collar, she pushed him away. "I'm not your mother. Where are your parents? I'll bring you to them."

The boy's initial cheery expression then morphed into one of pain. Suddenly, the boy began to sob. "Waa... My chest hurts..."

Charmine released his collar out of guilt, but before she could get a word out, the boy went right back into her arms.

"My chest hurts... Hug... Mommy, hug..." The boy nestled further into the embrace.

Charmine was flabbergasted. Why would the parents leave such a cute boy behind?

Just when she was about to speak, a snake as thick as her wrist slithered into view, and it seemed to aim for the boy's ankle. With scales dark as ink, the snake's sharp fangs were noticeable. No doubt, it was a king cobra; one that could inflict fatality!

"Watch out!"

Charmine grabbed the boy with one hand and grabbed the snake with the other. Triggered by the sudden movement, it turned toward Charmine and bit her instead. The snakebite gave her a sharp pain, but she fought against it. Once she covered the boy's eyes with one hand, Charmine swung the snake at hand and smacked it against the cave.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Sounds of the snake slammed against the walls of the cave echoed, and before long, the snake went limp as it died. Just as Charmine threw the cobra far away, her body started reacting to the toxin. She went soft and slumped against the back of the cave once more.

As her hand dropped from covering the boy's eyes, the boy cried, "Mommy, Mommy! Don't scare Momo...! Please don't scare Momo! Wait here; Momo will go get Daddy!" Panicked, the boy ran out of the cave as fast as he could.

Once he got out of the cave, he took out his phone and clicked on a chatroom. Once he sent his location, he swiftly hit the 'record' button and whimpered, "Daddy, I'm here! I found Mommy, but a snake had bitten her! She needs help!"

Anthony Bailey was searching the Jordan family's mansion with his hundred or so bodyguards. Suddenly, his phone lit up. He read the message and frowned. 'The kid went as far as ten miles away! He needs a lesson! And who's this 'Mommy' he's talking about?' he thought to himself.

He got into a car and speedily called a contact of his. "Niall, bring the cobra serum to the location I sent you, right now."

The moment Anthony reached the cave, he saw Chris weeping next to an unconscious woman.

“Mommy... Mommy! Wake up! Don’t scare Momo...!” Chris wailed as tears streamed down his face like waterfalls.

‘Who’s this? Chris seems too attached, considering she’s a stranger...’ Anthony studied the knocked-out Charmine. Pale and unconscious, her facial features were so stunning that it was hard to look away from her. ‘That’s her: The adopted daughter, Charmine Jordan.’

Chris saw his dad and ran toward him. “Daddy, please help Mommy!” he wailed. “Mommy is dying! I don’t want Mommy dying...!”

“Calm down. I’ve asked Uncle Nial to bring over the serum,” Anthony assured the little boy the best he could.

It did nothing to cease the boy’s tears. “It’s too late... It’s too late! Mommy was bitten for almost an hour, and she’ll die soon if we don’t clear her blood!” Chris sobbed as he shook his head vigorously.

As he scrutinized Charmine’s body, he noted that the snake had bitten her thigh. If one were to suck out the blood, the pants would have to be removed...

“Listen, Momo. There’s a difference between a boy and a girl. Uncle Nial will be here shortly.”

Chris refused to listen, and it was as though his mind was overridden in utter fear. “Help mommy! Daddy help Mommy! Momo had just found Mommy; Momo doesn’t want Mommy dead. Momo doesn’t want to have no mommy... I don’t want to be laughed at! Daddy, help her! Please help her!” The boy was spurting word after word as he pulled Anthony to Charmine.

“Momo, stop making a scene,” Anthony warned him with a stern look.

“Ah!”

Suddenly, the boy’s eyes rolled to the back of his head. He then fell onto the ground with white foam coming out from his mouth.

Anthony’s look instantly changed. The boy had been weak since he adopted him. Whenever something terrible happened, his body would cramp up.

Nial Bailey—who happened to be a medical doctor—had constantly warned him that cramps and strokes would affect the development of Chris’s brains and intelligence. That was why they had always been cautious throughout the years and allowed Chris to have his way all the time. It had been over a year since this had happened...

“Alright,” came the reply of defeat, “I’ll help her.”

Anthony had to kneel at Charmine’s heel and reached out to remove her pants.

Chapter 6

Anthony had no intention to do what he was about to, but this woman had undeniably piqued his interest. His family had been trying to get him married throughout the years, but now...

“Daddy... Daddy...” Chris’s bright voice brought him back to reality.

Anthony noticed that the two darkening spots were quite terrible to the eye. It might be too late to save this woman by the time the serum arrived.

Pushing all thoughts aside, he bent down and started sucking the blood out of the wound. Chris, who was laying on the ground, saw this and chirped with joy, “Daddy touched Mommy, and Daddy kissed Mommy. Now Daddy needs to take care of Mommy!”

The boy never ceased to surprise him.

...

When Charmine regained her consciousness, she found herself in a monochrome-colored room, and nicely furnished at that.

'Where am I? Wasn't I attacked by a cobra? I need to clear the wound now!'

When she looked down, however, she realized her clothes had been changed. Moreover, her clothes were swapped with an oversized white shirt that reached her knees.

'My wounds are cleaned and bandaged...? Who did this?'

"You're awake?" a deep velvety voice was heard from across the room.

Charmine looked up and saw a tall muscular figure walking in from the door. The man was dressed in his tailored suit, his facial features looked as though carved with the finest detail. His aura felt exorbitant, lathered with class and refinement.

It was Anthony Bailey.

The man who was at the top of the pyramid; the Bailey family's thirteenth heir, a family of extreme wealth for 500 years. This was Anthony Bailey.

"Was it you who saved me? Were you the one who changed my clothes?"

"Mhm," he softly replied.

As he approached her, he then knelt before her. "Don't worry, I'll take responsibility over you."

He took out a small cotton box and gave it to Charmine. The box automatically opened; sitting in the box was a heart-shaped diamond ring.

"What are you doing?" Charmine frowned.

"Proposing to you," Anthony answered.

"..."

Rumor had it that Anthony paid no interest in women, and even his son had a surrogate mother. Why would he propose to her?

Of course... The son! The boy's features were similar to Anthony's, too. So the boy she had saved turned out to be this wealthy man's son? Why did he allow his son to wander in such a dangerous place and, out of the blue, was proposing to her now? What an irresponsible man!

"Are you insane? You helped me change and now want to marry me?" she scoffed.

"I'm a man of principles," Anthony deadpanned.

"According to your principles, doesn't it also imply that the men who go to beaches would have to bring home a bunch of wives? More than thousands of men saw me when I went to the beach, so do I have to marry every one of them, too?"

Thousands of men? Anthony did not like what he heard.

Once she got down from the bed, Charmine gently patted him on his shoulder. "Mr Bailey, we're all adults. I don't need you to take care of me; just take good care of your son. Don't spend all your time making money. Your son doesn't have a mom, and if you don't do something about it, it could affect his character development."

Charmine left the room after telling him off for good. Her, dressed in an oversized shirt that showed off her long and slim legs, gave off strong masculinity laced with elegant femininity.

Anthony's face went stiff in awe. Was his proposal rejected?

Any other woman in the world would die to marry him, yet this woman rejected him without a second thought?

He turned suddenly and asked in a slightly raised tone, "Is there someone else?"

"Ah?" Charmine was confused.

Anthony looked right into her eyes, and pronounced each syllable as he said,

"I sucked out your toxin."

Wait a minute. Was the snakebite not at her thigh?

Chapter 7

Chasing after her, Anthony went to stand in front of her path, and it effectively blocked her. He took out the small box once more.

“Miss Jordan, please consider,” he asserted, languid yet evident with determination.

Charmine was speechless. Must she accept his proposal? Who placed such a ridiculous mandate?

She gently plucked out the ring from its box. Needless to say, it was a beautiful heart-shaped diamond ring perfectly cut, and the exquisite workmanship was evident with the ring itself. It was one of the best cuts in the world.

Yet...

With a faint smile on her red lips, she tossed the ring away. Just like that, a perfectly cut diamond ring was thrown away like it was rubbish.

Anthony and his assistant were stunned.

The assistant felt like everything was a blur. Charmine literally rejected his boss and threw the diamond ring into the bin!

Unperturbed, Charmine nonchalantly spoke, "I am thankful that Mr Bailey had saved me and nursed me back to health, but I won't marry you. Marriage isn't a game, and a victim doesn't have to marry the rapist. You're too naive."

With that, Charmine left.

The corners of Anthony's lips quivered in displeasure. Was she implying he was a rapist? Was she genuinely comparing him to one? What deplorable attitude! This woman was being ludicrous. Anthony scoffed. Would she still reject him if he sucked her all over? He was quite intrigued to find out.

Nonetheless, the most important thing was that she survived the fall from the hill.

"Luke, send her the evidence we've found."

"Ah?" Luke, the man addressed by Anthony, was confused.

What was going on? Charmine was so rude to him, but not only was he not angry, he even wanted to send those evidence to her? What happened to his calculative and remorseless boss?

"Forget it, I'll do it myself." Since Luke did not react, Anthony walked to his office and turned on his laptop.

...

By this time, Charmine had reached her villa. Once she got changed into her own clothes, she threw the white shirt into the bin. It was not long, however, until the ringing of her phone broke the silence.

Picking up the phone, she noted the person on the other line panting. "Oh my lady, are you alright?" spoke the person at the other end, voice evidently worried and panicked. "Why did you return home?"

Wasn't it nice back here? Also, why didn't you let Kay and his team protect you? Do you know that my heart nearly combusted when I heard about your accident?! That evil woman actually paid for the murderers... I'll make her pay for it now!"

Nobody knew this, but Charmine had a fair share of accomplishments she had gotten on her own in the past five years. These, in turn, made everyone look up to her, paying attention to her every move. She never sought aid of any kind, yet many people wanted to help her out.

Charmine cradled her phone between her shoulder and neck. "Don't bother. Pass this message on: I'm taking care of some personal stuff back here at home, so leave me alone."

"W—What? Are you sure?" the man asked worriedly.

Charmine scoffed. "If I didn't believe I could settle this myself, I wouldn't have returned."

She ended the call.

Simon Gray—who was on the other end of the call—sighed. Without much to go around, he could only relay Charmine's message.

As Charmine logged into her mailbox, an unread email was brought to her attention. Once she clicked on the unread email, she was met with screenshots of Tiffany's conversation with the driver, with details of Tiffany's plan and order for Charmine's murder. There was also a record of the transaction from Tiffany's account to the driver's as well as video footage of the accident. Everything she was seeing would be enough to convict Tiffany.

Who did this? Who could have gathered all these in such a short time and, what more, sent them to her for free?

Charmine had the impression that this could be the work of a party looking forward to working with her, trying to earn a favor from her. When she searched for the sender's name, however...

Anthony Bailey?

Why on earth would this man go through such lengths to help her, even after she rejected him in a rather ridiculous manner? Indeed, he did deserve to be in such fame and wealth with such generous heart and capability.

No matter; Charmine found no reason to reject help offered without strings attached. As she saved the screenshots, a sliver of mischief glimmered in her cunning dark eyes.

...

At the same time, inside a lavishly decorated bedroom in the Jordan family's mansion...

Tiffany was sitting in front of her piano as she toyed with a doll, a smug smile on her face as she did. There was no way Charmine could have survived that high drop. At the very least, she would be incapacitated or disfigured. Once admitted to the hospital, she would have ways to kill Charmine and take the 15% share from her.

With her silky pale hand, Tiffany sharply ripped off the doll's head.

Ding!

A notification showed on her phone.

Who would message her private phone at this hour? She clicked open the anonymous email.

Her face rapidly morphed into one of complete, unadulterated horror.

The email contained her conversations with the driver.

How...? How could this have happened? She contacted the driver with an anonymous sim and, for extra precautions, even paid with her overseas account. How could this plan have fallen apart so terribly?

Though her face was blatantly horror-stricken, she fumbled to text as though unfazed.

[Who are you? What do you want? How much? Give me a number.]

[I don't want your money. You have two options. The first is to host a press conference and apologize to your sister in public. Option two: Send me a nude. If you can't make up your mind in ten minutes, these screenshots will go public.]

Nude? Nude? Was this person out of their mind?!

Tiffany pictured it with an angered and distorted face.

Who could this be?

She quickly replied, [Absolutely not. Give me a number, I'll pay you any amount you desire. Just so you know, I'm the heiress of the Jordan family, so you can't afford to mess with me. If you choose to cooperate with me, however, I'll reward you generously.]

Undaunted, the person merely replied, [You have nine more minutes to decide.]

Tiffany gritted her teeth; she had no choice.

Chapter 8

Fists clenched tight, Tiffany called her manager, Veronica Ramos right away.

“Find out who sent me the anonymous email in the next five minutes. I want his information,” ordered Tiffany.

Tiffany believed she could blackmail this person into conceding defeat once she obtained their information. Nobody could ever walk over her.

Alas...

Five minutes later, Veronica called her again, but she came without good news.

“Tiffany, I’m sorry. I found the best hacker in town and used up all my connections and resources, but we still couldn’t break in the sender’s IP address.”

“How is this possible? I thought we had the best team?!” Tiffany’s fear had gotten the best of her as her voice raised a few octaves. “Now we can’t even break into an anonymous IP?!”

She was the most celebrated supermodel in the world, armed with the finest of resources and best connections. There was no way such a thing could happen to her.

“The hacker has skills we can’t compete against. We don’t know their identity, and even the best hacker in our team couldn’t break his IP. Tiffany, perhaps you could come up with other plans to keep him silenced. If this goes public, your reputation will be completely ruined,” Veronica tried to reason with her, and a sigh escaped her lips soon after.

Tiffany fell onto her bed in disbelief. Veronica was her manager and assistant. If she—a person who possessed the best resources in town—said she could not help, anyone else would be useless.

What could she do? Host a press conference and confess her wrongdoings? What difference would this make from the screenshots going public? Should she send this person her nude then? Her reputation would be just as ruined as the first option.

She received another email.

[You have three more minutes.]

In the email, a screenshot of a typed-out post on Weibo was attached. The screenshot read:

[The most famous supermodel Tiffany Jordan paid for her sister's murder!]

Tiffany turned pale as her hands quaked without restraint.

If this was to be revealed, it would make headlines around the world, and she would likely end up in prison!

[Don't send this. Wait. I'll send you nude right now.]

She had no choice but to run into her bathroom, she even picked up the cucumber she prepared for her eye mask.

However much she did not want to do such a shameless thing, she had no other choice. The perpetrator was most likely some crazy fanboy who wanted to entertain himself with her nude photo. Also, even if her nude got circulated, she could insist they were photoshopped by others and easily think of ways to dissolve this chaos. She could even gain more male fans with her nude. The outcome of this choice was more bearable compared to the other.

Holding onto these thoughts, Tiffany bit her lips and took a nude in the bathroom.

...

At Violet Villa...

Cross-legged in front of her computer screen on the desk, Charmine muttered quietly as she sipped her wine,

“Three, two, one.”

An email showed up in her inbox at that instant.

The email had Tiffany’s photo attached to it. Under the shower head was Tiffany in her bikini, thoroughly soaked. She looked into the camera holding a cucumber, imitating that of a seductive gaze.

Charmine smirked. The fish took the bait.

Oh, well. Nobody could blame Tiffany for choosing this option, however ugly it was.

It was then when a man dressed in casual wear suddenly entered through the door of the study room.

With a deadpan look, the man stared at Charmine coldly and spoke, “Charmine, you might have the budget, but don’t forget the real reason why you’re back.”

“Of course I remember. Things are going as planned.” Charmine took a sip of the wine as she saved the photo.

The man glanced at her computer screen and added, “This alone won’t do you good to fight Tiffany

Jordan. It's only when you get more fame that you can take away Tiffany's every belonging. Go to the audition tomorrow."

With that, the man threw a file on her desk and turned to walk away.

Charmine picked up the file and studied the content; it was the document for Chanel's audition.

Chanel was an international luxury brand known for its beautifully designed clothes, bags, and amazing perfumes. Many people took pride in buying an item from Chanel.

Chanel just so happened to announce that they would host their 10th Annual Jewelry Show on the top floor of Ocean Pearl, Mount Claire in two days. Therefore, in the audition tomorrow, they would hire a supermodel to make the final appearance during the show. This would make a huge difference to the fame and reputation of a supermodel.

Charmine scanned the list of names. Besides Tiffany, the supposed 'most famous supermodel', the other 49 candidates were world-renowned supermodels, guests of Milan Fashion Week, Victoria Secret's Show, and the likes.

Charmine was still new in this field, considering she had just returned from abroad, yet this man already had such a difficult task arranged for her.

The man knew what he was doing.

Charmine rearranged the folder and her attention went back to the photo on her screen. A sly smile went on her lips. Tomorrow would be interesting.

Tiffany's reputation was at stake.

Chapter 9

The following day had come, and Veronica came over to pick up Tiffany.

Tiffany was dressed in her best gown, face meticulously decorated with makeup. Her mother, Joey Young, walked her to the door. "I'm sorry, Tiffany, but I can't go to the audition with you today. Your dad and I have a project to discuss after all. We wish you the best for this audition and getting into the final appearance. Mommy knows you're the best!"

"Thanks, Mommy." The mother-and-daughter duo shared a hug before Tiffany got in the car.

Once the door closed, the sweet and innocent smile on her face was replaced by an entirely different look. It was darker.

Tiffany had been plagued with anxiety and concern since Charmine's return. Tiffany knew the truth: Her poor biological mother was sentenced to death three days after giving birth to her. To ensure that her child would have a better future, she swapped Tiffany with Joey's actual daughter, and poor Charmine was left on the street instead.

Would Joey love her the same once she found out the truth?

When she saw Tiffany's difficult expression, Veronica assumed Tiffany was still concerned about what happened last night. "Don't be too concerned about it, it's just a photo," she assured her. "Even if it got out, it wouldn't be such a big deal. You should focus more on getting the opportunity to make the final appearance. Everyone will be attending the show tomorrow, and I even heard that someone from the Bailey family would be coming. Scoring this role would definitely double your value, and nobody would remember what happened during Senior Jordan's birthday."

"I know what to do." Tiffany nodded.

Last night's event no longer bothered her; the hacker must have been a pervert like many of her crazy

fans. Since the perpetrator did nothing to release her photos last night, there was no way the hacker would publish in the future. They probably just wanted to keep these things to themselves.

“By the way, I gathered that Charmine Jordan signed up for the audition when I looked through the list in the morning,” Veronica added. “The girl had just returned to the country and had no previous experience at modeling. It’s hilarious that she even signed up!”

Instead of joining in with Veronica’s mocking, Tiffany’s brows furrowed at the mention of Charmine’s name. Right, she did threaten to take everything away from Tiffany. It was no surprise she would be at places like this, though there was no way Charmine could compete with a supermodel like Tiffany.

She sneered with utter disdain. Tiffany aimed to capture the audience with her brilliance today, and they would adore her. That would show Charmine how far away she was from her league.

Inside the Grand Ballroom of Hotel Vienna, a long T-stage stood elegantly, surrounded by luxurious chairs seated by the hosts, designers, and sponsors.

One by one, models made their appearances on the stage. They were all dressed in a simple gown and makeup, though expressionless as they were. Chanel was to present a necklace named ‘The Glowing Forest’ with the final appearance. The necklace was made with platinum, carved in the shape of a leaf, along with a green fluorite stone hidden in the leaf. The stone consisted of platinum, white gold, silver and light green, and it exuded an air of perpetuity and elegance. Therefore, the chosen model to make the final appearance would have to exude an aura that matched the necklace or, more preferably, more than that.

Nial Bailey looked down as he sat on a hidden seat on the second floor.

“Bro, didn’t you say the special lady would appear today? The audition is almost over. Where is she?”

“Exactly! Where’s Mommy? These women are so ugly and bland-looking, thinking they’re cool and refined. My eyes are drooping already...” Chris muttered.

Anthony rubbed the boy's hair and spoke, "She'll be here anytime." He then averted his gaze to the entrance.

"Uh...You've only seen her once and you're so sure?" Nial asked, tone laced with disbelief and mockery.

"No one believes in love at first sight until that special person comes along and steals your heart," Anthony replied with an unintentional smirk on his face.

"Lord, save me from this burn!" Nial howled dramatically. He acted as though he was attacked and struggled to stop his imaginary wound from worsening.

"Bro, are you my actual brother? Seems like I was wrong from the beginning. I shouldn't have been born, and then I needless to have a brother like you. Without a brother like you, I don't have to listen to what you just said! Your existence is a pain to a single man such as myself!"

Chris then chimed in, "Uncle Nial, you'll still have me even if Daddy's not here! I'm almost old enough to go to school, too. Where's your child, Uncle? Oh wait, you're not married and you don't have a wife. How can you make a baby then?" Chris continued to chatter without restraint. "Poor you, Uncle. Even if you're married, you can't get a baby as adorable as me." Chris looked at Nial sympathetically.

Nial was met with more slaps to his face. What had he done to deserve this?

All of a sudden, the crowd below them grew aroused as noises of appreciation were heard.

"Oh my goodness... What a stunner!"

The three stopped bickering and immediately turned to look at the stage.

Chapter 10

Tiffany finally made her appearance in a white linen gown, simple and elegant, as though she came from a classic novel. Her hair cascaded down her shoulders, a floral band rested on her head. The gown fluttered with every step she took, and it was the autumn leaves that danced mid-air in a picturesque scene of a fairytale. Her exquisite face stood out from the other dull and tasteless models, though she still carried a fey-like poise. Her appearance was the personification of heaven on earth as she emulated the beauty of a goddess from a painting.

The copy of the necklace was brought to life on her elegant neck.

The designer of the necklace, Aida, was awestruck by what she saw. "OH MY GOD! That's it! She's the one!" she beamed. "This is exactly what I had in mind. It's her! We'll sign her!"

"Amazing! Why is there such a pure and refined woman on earth? So honorable and spotless, like a blank white cloth!"

"Definitely worthy of her immeasurable fame and reputation for being the best supermodel in the world. Her innate temperament isn't something ordinary people can compete with."

"Hmph!"

"So pretentious," Chris muttered.

"Mhm." Anthony passed him a chocolate bar, agreeing to the boy's opinion.

Nial, on the other hand, looked at them in confusion.

Tiffany Jordan seemed nice. Why was she called 'pretentious'? These two were hopeless!

Meanwhile, Tiffany enjoyed the words of adoration from the audience. A smile broke out on her face, and it was akin to sunshine in summer.

She knew it in her heart now; she would be the chosen one to make the final appearance.

As expected, when she walked to the panel, the host and designers called on her.

“Models who have yet to come out, don’t bother coming. Tiffany Jordan, it’s you. You’ll be the ambassador of the necklace and will make the final appearance at tomorrow’s show!”

“I agree! It should be Tiffany. We’re all convinced by her win!” Amelia spoke up as she happily agreed.

The other competitors nodded with conviction. They were out of Tiffany’s league and they accepted it. After all, it was Tiffany Jordan that they were losing to, the most famous supermodel in the world!

Tiffany humbly—as much as she could be—lowered her head. “Everyone is being too kind. I’ll have no other choice than to accept this offer. I won’t disappoint everyone.” Her soft voice was sweet like heaven on earth.

The producer confidently brought the contract up to her on the stage.

Tiffany’s lips curled into a beautiful smile, and this time, the grin was sincere. She knew Charmine would not be able to do anything to her once she got this role. It was foolish of her to even think of competing with her. Why did she not look at herself in the mirror?

As Tiffany reached forward to accept the contract, a strange sound was heard.

Beep!

Suddenly, the big screen in the hall lit up. A photo then appeared on the screen.

It was the photo of Tiffany under the showerhead. Her body was covered, or uncovered, by a thin and almost transparent layer of bikini, as seducing as imagination could go. Above all, she had a fetching expression; red lips slightly parted, pink cheeks flushed, and her eyes charming like silk. To put it simply, she was rather tantalizing to the eye.

In an instant, the crowd was plunged into chaos.

“My goodness... Is this the Tiffany Jordan? She’s much different from what she pretends to be!”

“She has such a pure and innocent outlook. Who would’ve thought she could be this coquettish!”

Tiffany was frozen in shock. This caught her off-guard entirely.

She had gone through many scenarios of the photo leaking online last night, but not in a million years would she have thought the photo would be exposed in an event such as today.

Veronica was the first to recover from the shock. “Someone please turn it off!” she yelled.

It was foolish of her to think anyone would want to take down a private photo of Tiffany Jordan.

Everyone in the audience was either admiring with their eyes glued to the screen or taking photos for their ‘collection’. The panel, on the other hand, were re-evaluating if Tiffany was still suitable to become their brand ambassador.

As noises of displeasure and mockery occupied the room, Tiffany finally regained her senses.

“Turn this off, please! Turn this off! This... This wasn’t me!”

Not her? Why would she panic if this was not her? There were no true friends in the entertainment industry. Who would help her?

The photo was still blaring through the screen.

Finally, Tiffany could not take it anymore. She took a stool nearby and threw it right against the big screen.

Bam!

The screen finally went black. Broken.

The photo was gone at last, but...

The judging eyes remained. She was no longer the supermodel in the past; no longer the pure and charming Tiffany Jordan she pretended to be.

“It’s not me, I swear. Someone set me up! Someone did!” Tiffany shrieked, her face pale and anxious.

“Miss Jordan, we’re deeply sorry that such a thing happened. We hope you could go back and resolve this,” the manager spoke and delivered the ultimatum.

Just like that, her opportunities were taken away from her.

In an attempt to save her career, Tiffany quickly reached out and held onto the manager's hand. "Didn't we have a deal? That photo was Photoshopped; it really wasn't me in that photo. I don't do these things. How could anyone assume the photo is real without asking me first?" she whimpered as tears rolled down her face, touching and convincing. Alas, the innocent face she pulled only reminded everyone of what they just saw on the screen.

"We're deeply sorry, Miss Jordan. Let's discuss this next time." The manager pulled her hand away and ordered the securities, "Someone please send Miss Jordan out, and bring her the bill of her damage to the screen."

A few securities came forward and showed Tiffany out, expressions of mockery and disdain on their faces as they did.

Tiffany could not stand this poor attitude toward her. She was brought up as the heiress of the Jordan family, treated with utter respect and admiration. She had never been more embarrassed in her life.

However much she hated it, she had no choice but to leave with her hands covering her embarrassed face. The moment she was out from the hall, her poor and pitiful expression distorted into a murderous mien.

Who could it be? She had to find out; she wanted the person dead!

As her mind was thrust into a maelstrom of thoughts, an elegant figure in dark green walked toward her. The woman had bright red lips, her dress fluttering as she walked. She was indeed stunning and attractive.

It was Charmine Jordan.

Tiffany snapped out of her chaotic thoughts when she saw Charmine close enough to her. Suddenly, everything made sense.

“It was you, wasn’t it? You were the one who displayed the photo on the screen! You tricked me into sending you nudes, didn’t you?!”

“Does it even matter if I did it?” Charmine sneered, with her hands on her waist as she stood proudly before Tiffany. She had no intentions to run away from the accusation.

This pushed Tiffany to the edge, her eyes burning with anger. It was Charmine. She truly was the hacker, the one who caused this catastrophe!

No longer caring about her image, Tiffany screamed through gritted teeth, “Charmine Jordan, you’re my sister! How can you be so evil?! I want everyone to know the truth; I want everyone to know how evil you are!”

“Please. By all means, go ahead. You attempted to murder me, but I found out. You didn’t want the truth to be revealed, so you bribed me with your nude. You can even tell everyone about the two options you were given, and how you chose to send nude instead of apologizing. I’ve got every media’s contact nationwide, so feel free to have your pick,” Charmine spoke nonchalantly, scrolling through her phone unfazed by the woman before her.

“You—” Tiffany trembled with anger, completely at a loss for words.

Who would have thought that Charmine would find out about her dirt and use it against her? The truth should be revealed.

Noticing that someone was near their perimeter, Tiffany’s vicious expression was instantly replaced by a much gentler look, with tears suddenly springing back to life. “I’ve no idea what you’re talking about... I’ve never done such a thing to you! How could you make up such lies about me?” Tiffany sobbed as though she was bullied. “I know you’ve always been jealous of me, and that’s why you made the photo public. You want to replace me, don’t you? Had you asked me in person, I would’ve gladly given you this chance, this role! Why did you have to ruin my reputation?”

Once she noticed Tiffany in tears, Veronica instantly went up to them. “Exactly. Tiffany has such a

beautiful soul, so why did you treat her so badly?" she scoffed. "The Jordan family brought up a bastard for nothing!"

Charmine laughed to herself. It was no surprise that Tiffany was at the top of the entertainment industry: She could turn lies into truth, like black into white. Finding it a complete waste of time, she indifferently replied, "Oh, you're absolutely correct! Yes, I want to ruin you, so bite me!"

Charmine flipped her long voluminous hair. "Aren't you bored from saying the same thing every time? Boring!" With that, Charmine turned and left, her dark green dress fluttering with her every step.

Tiffany was seething with rage like an active volcano ready to erupt. This was a completely different Charmine from the shy and weak younger sister she once knew; Charmine had become bold and wild. How on earth did she turn to be so arrogant?

Tiffany could not accept this. "You better watch out, Charmine Jordan. I won't let this slide."

Entering her limousine, she commanded, "Listen, Veronica. I want to destroy her with all of Jordan's resources."

...

Meanwhile, in the ballroom, the audition continued once the damage was controlled.

Eventually, the manager announced, "And now to our final contestant: Charmine Jordan."

Charmine pushed open the grand, heavy door. All eyes were glued on her, including the trio on the second floor. Dazzling, she walked with grace to the stage in her simple yet elegant heels. Dressed in a dark green gown, her beauty was brought out with her fiery red lips. One word could easily wrap things up: breath-taking.

Sensing a threat, the models began muttering to one another, "Who is she? I've never seen her before."

"Isn't she the adopted daughter? She has no experience modeling. What does she think she's doing here?" Amelia Jordan scorned.

Everyone else let out a sigh, disdaining Charmine.

"Isn't it humiliating that anyone thinks they can audition for Chanel these days?"

"The ambassador needs to be fair and beautiful. She's so overdressed, she must've thought this was a Victoria Secret's audition."

"Can someone in charge please ask her to leave? She's wasting everyone's time." The crowd began to complain.

The manager looked at Charmine in contempt. "Why is there an extra on the name list? Security, send her out."

"I just need a minute," Charmine muttered under her breath, not once stopping as she walked toward the stage.

Nobody believed in her. The securities stopped her from moving forward.

"Get out! Don't waste our time. We're not like you, wandering around doing nothing. Our time is precious, unlike yours."

Comments (1)

goodnovel comment avatar

Rose SB

I thought Amelia Jordan couldn't attend?

[VIEW ALL COMMENTS](#)

Chapter 12

Chris Bailey pulled on Anthony Bailey's sleeves. "Daddy, Daddy, help Mommy! Someone is bullying Mommy!" he whined.

With a passive expression, Anthony reached for his phone, searched for a contact, and dialed it. Once the person answered, he spoke, "Charmine is mine, people."

In the hall, the person-in-charge looked at his phone dubiously before he looked at Charmine who was currently held back by the security. He was scared to death with what he had just heard. Goodness... This woman was Anthony Bailey's people?

"Stop it. Stop! Don't hurt this lady here!" he shrieked as though downright fearing for his life.

What just happened?

The securities were befuddled while the crowd went quiet in disbelief. Was she not unwanted? What changed his mind?

The person-in-charge walked up to Charmine in an instant and bowed to her. "You must be Miss Jordan. You said you needed one minute, right? Please, take all the time you need," he sputtered, and rather respectfully at that. "Here at Chanel, we've always strived to be fair and just. If you're willing to give it a try, we welcome you wholeheartedly."

Charmine frowned; his attitude changed at the speed of a reader flipping her book. Who was on the line of his call?

It was then when she felt a peculiar gaze glued on her. Following her instinct and looking up, she saw a man looking right into her from a glass door on the second floor.

It was Anthony Bailey.

What was he doing here? Anthony's lips curled into a grin—that he himself was unaware of—when he caught her looking up at him. Chris, on the other hand, waved enthusiastically at Charmine.

Charmine was startled. Why would Anthony help her? The kid was acting weird enough, but his father was even stranger! She already told him off yesterday, so what was he doing here? Had he genuinely fallen for her?

Anthony's grin slowly receded, replaced with a frown. Women would usually throw themselves at him at any given chance, but why was Charmine acting all weird and resistant?

Noticing Anthony's powerful gaze, the man trembled in fear as he quickly added, "Miss Jordan, is there anything you'd want us to help you prepare?"

"No, I'm fine." She marched toward the stage, confident in herself.

What Charmine needed, as of this second, was to take away everything from Tiffany; her opportunities and fame. Of course, the crowd had no clue what was going on. They merely persisted in mocking Charmine's choice of dress and her ignorance to compete for this role.

She was perceived as the toad wanting to eat the meat of a swan. A chance already seemed way too generous for people like her. Who was she kidding?

Even the designer did not understand what the person-in-charge was doing. How could he give this chance to a person like her? It would be a disgrace if this woman were to touch the designer's product.

"Not anyone can put on with my design. If the panel decides to let a no-body stay, I'll quit designing for Chanel," the designer protested.

With that said, all the lights in the ballroom suddenly went off.

After a few seconds of darkness, a light green spotlight appeared as it flitted to the T-stage. A wooden stump mysteriously appeared on the stage. Charmine sat on the stage as she leaned against the stump with one hand supporting her chin. The delicateness of her facial features was displayed in all its glory.

She leaned back languidly, as though she was resting on a summer's afternoon. Her dark green dress splayed out into a retro-like beauty.

Her flaming red lips did not impede her elegance from being emitted. On the contrary, it made her seem more of a mystifying fey with an aura of coldness and perfection.

In the darkness, fireflies began to appear as they flew to her. Some landed on her curled up lashes while some landed on her palm. It was picturesque, just like the painting of phantasmagorical heaven.

The jewelry placed on her neck was a mere copy of the actual necklace, but even the copy seemed to have come alive when paired with her exquisite face.

Everyone was awestruck by what happened as they were left breathless with the scene. Things became apparent: One did not have to dress in a simple gown nor wear a pretentiously innocent smile to portray exquisiteness. A truly beautiful woman could display it even with flaming red lips.

The crowd went pin-drop silent. Everyone was stunned by her beauty.

The silence remained until the end of her performance, when everyone finally recovered from the spell of her beauty and applauded thunderously.

"Brilliant!"

“That’s what the true ‘Glowing Forest’ embodies!”

Recovering from her own state of shock, she completely disregarded what she had said before. “Who is she? I’ll have to take back what I said. Sign her!” she beamed. “We have to sign her!”

On the second floor, Chris was jumping for joy. “Mommy is so pretty! Mommy is so pretty! Daddy, go on! She’s too pretty; you have to chase her now before someone else does!”

“Speed isn’t always the key to success,” Anthony said flatly as he ruffled the boy’s hair.

“Hmph. You’re too slow! I’ll help you!” Chris pushed him away and ran downstairs.

Anthony frowned, “Stop him!”

Nial followed suit, running after Chris.

Comments (2)

goodnovel comment avatar

Onuorah Joy Ogochukwu

is a repeated story line from kufu books app. is nice sha

goodnovel comment avatar

☆SHORTIE☆

Wow!! I really like this story so far!! Great Find!!!

[VIEW ALL COMMENTS](#)

Chapter 13

In the ballroom, Chanel’s executive manager was about to sign Charmine.

“Mr. James, are you sure you want to sign a nobody? She has absolutely zero stage experience!”

Amelia Jordan protested.

“Exactly. She’s just witty! I can bring fireflies to cheat like her, too. Matter of fact, anyone could, but these are cheap tricks that won’t hold up on such a big occasion like tomorrow’s.”

“Alright, why don’t you ladies show us some tricks? You’re all pretentious, thinking yourselves as supermodels as you put on dead-like expressions,” the manager refuted. He then turned to Charmine and, seemingly changing expressions in a 360-degree manner, spoke with confidence, “Miss Jordan, please sign here. Just do what you did up there and it’ll do fine. We believe in you.”

Charmine sealed the contract with her signature.

Pleased, Charmine then turned to Amelia Jordan and spoke, “Miss Jordan, you gotta try harder tomorrow. Please don’t end up foolish like today, losing to some inexperienced person like me with your three-year modeling experience.” The corners of her lips curled into a sneer as she turned and left.

Amelia’s face turned red in anger. While she was not as famous as Tiffany, everyone knew her name. She was also an actress, and because of her arrogant and straightforward manner, she was marketed as the ‘wild and blunt’ one that her fans were crazy about. She always had her way wherever she went, respected by everyone, and yet... An adopted daughter like Charmine spoke to her in such a rude tone and—to rub salt into the wound—even secured the opportunity! This drove Amelia crazy!

...

Charmine left the hotel and walked straight to the parking lot. Luxurious cars lined up one after another in this park while Charmine’s dinged-up motorbike sat quietly by the corner.

As she was about to put on her helmet, a kid came running out from nowhere.

“Mommy! Mommy!” With his sweet voice, Chris ran into Charmine. He clung tightly to her thigh, his

small figure much like an accessory on her leg.

Charmine wanted to push him away, but who could resist such an adorable doe-eyed plump boy?

Unable to fight back, she bent down and ruffled his hair. "Darling, why are you here alone? Did your dad neglect you again?"

"No, I ran away from him. I miss Mommy... Will Mommy come home with me?" Chris nestled further into her embrace.

"Oh darling, I'm not your mother. I have my own house, so I can't go home with you." Charmine frowned.

"No, you're my Mommy. My dad promised to make you my mommy! Daddy loves you, and he's been thinking about you every day since he met you. Last night, he even went to sleep with a photo of you!" the boy rambled on and on. "Today, he parted with his project worth at least a few billions just to watch you, to protect you."

Charmine was speechless. Was Chris telling the truth? Also, did Anthony genuinely go to sleep with her photo?

She ruffled his head affectionately and said, "Momo, you're still young. Don't become like your dad. Love is sacred; there's no such thing as love at first sight," she explained. "Love at first sight isn't love, it's just 'sight'. In other words, it's a simple attraction based on physical appearances. It's like a hobo hitting on a pretty girl, and this is illegal. It's bad!"

Anthony overheard her last sentence as he got there. His handsome face turned dark instantly, like the sky before a heavy rain.

Hobo? She thought of him as a hobo?

Comments (2)

goodnovel comment avatar

Sherria Graves

A hobo is like a homeless person, like a bum

goodnovel comment avatar

Nylesoj Cabili

what is hobo mean?

[VIEW ALL COMMENTS](#)

Chapter 14

Chris did not expect Charmine to be so dull; he thought he would have impressed her with what he said about Anthony.

He wanted to say more, but Charmine merely carried him and put him aside. "Momo, go back to your father. I have some important things to attend to," she spoke. "Go home, will you?"

"Mommy..." Chris looked up at her with his puppy eyes, in an attempt to change her mind with his pitiable look.

Charmine would be lying if she claimed this had no effect on her, but she was reminded of the reason why she made her return.

With her focus returned, Charmine hopped onto her motorbike.

Poor Chris was pouting so much that his lips might reach the sky; his plan had failed. He had to think of another way.

He swung his meaty hands carefreely as the engine ignited.

Click!

The tire at the back was deflated, slanting the front.

“Mommy, your tire was shot by a dart!” Chris yelled as though stricken with fear. “Someone tried to attack you!”

Charmine quickly got down from the bike and, sure enough, saw a silver dart embedded in the tire. Who would play with darts these days? With a dart, no less. This seemed strange to her.

When he noticed she was growing suspicious, Chris hastily went up to her and held her hand. “Don’t worry, Mommy. I’ll ask Daddy to send you home!” With that, he yelled into his phone, “Attention, Daddy! Attention!”

Her suspicion grew even more, but it still did not add up. Chris was just a five-year-old, and he could not have thrown that dart... Or so she thought. His convincing ‘terrified’ expression made it less likely that he was even involved.

A black, low profile-looking van pulled over. Rolling the window down, Nial quickly spoke, “Miss Jordan, Momo, get in the van!”

Chris opened the door to the passenger’s seat and got in quickly. “Mommy, get in! We’ll give you a ride, nothing else. I promise!”

Charmine noted that only Nial was in the van and, if that was not enough reason, her bike needed repair anyway. Without thinking too much of it, she went into the van.

She regretted her decision the second the door closed. Anthony was in the van, too.

'What can I do now? Can I still get out?' she thought.

Seeing her expression changing by the rear-view mirror, he hastily stepped on the accelerator before she could change her mind.

'Alright, it's now too late,' she sighed internally, staying as far away from Anthony as possible.

Luckily, Anthony was reading his newspaper and did not seem to pay any notice to her. As usual, he exuded aristocracy laced with indifference and coldness, an aura so uncommon yet so unperturbed by its surroundings.

Everything seemed fine. Perhaps she overthought things.

Suddenly, the van made a sharp turn. Caught off-guard, Charmine fell against Anthony.

Rip!

The newspaper Anthony was holding onto got ripped apart as Charmine fell against him.

"..."

Awkward silence blanketed them. It was as if the entire world went quiet.

Damn the angle. Anthony had such handsome side features, so much so that her heart started beating loudly against her ribcage.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

This was not right. Why was her heart beating so quickly? She hastily held onto the front seat as she tried to get up.

Just as she was about to get up, the van made another sharp turn, and Charmine fell right back onto Anthony.

This time, she fell right into Anthony, face-to-face with his clothed rock-hard abs.

Chapter 15

The unmistakable masculine scent from Anthony entered her nostrils and occupied her senses. With her heart picking up the pace, Charmine was angry and embarrassed altogether.

‘Ugh! Nial must’ve done it on purpose!’ she fumed internally.

Just as she was about to lash out, she heard Chris from the passenger seat, his voice pleading as he spoke, “Sorry, Mommy, please bear with us. Uncle Nial likes drifting, you see. He was an F1 racer last year.”

“Nial, please drive carefully. This is a highway, not a racing track,” Anthony huffed in a low and authoritative tone.

Charmine’s voice was lodged in her throat when she heard him. Anthony then held Charmine by her arms and—with a much gentler and concerned voice—said, “Are you hurt?”

He had a genuinely concerned face, and Charmine thought she was overthinking things again. She pulled herself up and distanced herself in an instant. “I’m fine,” she replied as she held tightly onto a handler in the van, securing herself.

With such a strong grip, no more turns could make her fall... At least that was what she thought before the van made another sharp left turn out of the blue.

Skrreeek!

Proud Charmine successfully prevented her fall this time, but it was not the case for Anthony. He fell onto her this time, and he intentionally grabbed onto her dress for stability.

Rip!

The cloth at her waist was torn out, and that side of her waist was exposed.

“Anthony Bailey!” Charmine yelled his name through her gritted teeth. She could not take it anymore!

The van then came to a stop.

“Miss Jordan, you’ve reached your destination,” Nial announced as he turned to look back, guilty of the situation he caused. “I’m so sorry. I’m really sorry! Once I get my hands on the steering wheel, I just can’t help but drift.”

“Uncle Nial, I’ve told you so many times to get rid of this habit! This isn’t the first time you tossed Daddy in the air!” Chris told Nial off, crawling to the backseat to help Anthony. “Daddy, are you alright?”

“Fine.”

Anthony regained his balance and fixed his crumpled suit before he looked at Charmine with genuine concern. “Miss Jordan, I’m sorry for the inconvenience caused. I’ll buy you the exact same dress to show my sincere apology. For now, cover yourself with this.” He put on a spare white shirt on Charmine. His voice, though masculine in itself, was gentle and caring as he addressed her.

Charmine swung her fist as though she wanted to hit him, but she pulled it back before it could even graze Anthony. Chris seemed innocent, Nial appeared guilty, and the handsome Anthony had his

serious face on. They seemed as clueless as she was.

Certainly, a man like Anthony was unlikely to pull on such tricks...

“No need. Thanks for the lift, but don’t bother about my dress. Treat it as my pay for petrol.”
Charmine went off the van swiftly.

Anthony, however, had a different thought in mind. “I don’t owe people, especially if it’s a woman,” he abruptly spoke up. “It’s better if we keep things clear. I’ll bring you a new dress myself.”

Charmine almost tripped over as she got out of the van. She did not want him to buy her a new dress, nor did she want to ever see him again. However, if she rejected his offer, it would seem as if she wanted him to owe her something. Not worth the trouble, it was better if she ran away.

It was only after she was far out of sight when Anthony finally looked at Chris and Nial, his eyebrows raised with a knowing smile. “Alright, what do you want?”

Nial demanded enthusiastically, “I need you to help me get out of all the pre-arranged blind dates set up by our family for one year!”

Chris, on the other hand, clapped joyously as he chirped, “I want you to marry Mommy and make me a sister!”

“Consider them done.”

Chapter 16

Charmine walked into Violet Villa with the man’s shirt still on her. She could not fight back the incident

that kept looping in her mind nor calm her burning cheeks. Anthony was not the ideal man in mind, but she could not deny that his muscular physique was rather beguiling, especially those abs, so firm and hard...

All caught up in her thoughts, she never noticed a figure approaching her.

Slap!

Charmine did not see it coming. She was slapped harshly at her cheek and it began to burn.

At that moment, a few guards hidden around the perimeter wanted to step out from the shadow they were hiding in. Kay, their leader, stopped them. "Wait. The boss asked us to stay out of it, and it's best we respect that."

"We can't just stand here looking at Boss getting attacked? She's so precious, and everyone in our organization treats her with utter respect. The person can't just hit her and not face us. I'm going out," one of the guards spoke, angrily as he did.

"Calm down," Kay assured him. "I'm not too worried. She'll get back at him... Just watch."

Recovering from the shock, she looked up to see a high school boy standing in front of her. With hair dyed bright silver, he was dressed in ripped jeans with an oversized shirt, and it gave him an edgy yet cool air.

It was Robert Jordan, her eighteen-year-old brother by birth. Sadly, he was used by Tiffany and, indirectly, was corrupted by her influence. He disdainfully remembered Charmine as the adopted daughter, that all she wanted was to steal the Jordan family's money.

Robert glared at her as though she was a villain. "How dare you do such a thing to Tiffany? She doesn't even hurt a fly! Why would you make up such nonsense to hurt her? Do you know that she cried herself to sleep, and yet wouldn't even let me speak to you about it?! She has such a kind heart. You?

What have you done? If it weren't for our family bringing you home, you would've died a long time ago! You're a bastard without a soul!"

Wordlessly, Charmine wiped the blood on the corner of her lips, an ominous glint in her eyes as she did so.

Robert had his fair share in fighting people from a young age, but he had never come across such a daunting look.

His surprise lasted for a moment before he regained his composure. "Listen, you're just an adopted kid, and you've no right to stare at me with that look of yours!" he barked. "I'll tell you something: The surveillance cameras here are all broken. Even if I kill you right here tonight, nobody would ever find out or even mourn at your death."

Momentarily stunned, Charmine said, "What? The surveillance cameras are all broken?"

"Of course! Why else am I attacking you?" Robert sneered at her. "Hah! Are you scared now? If I were you, I'd return Tiffany's rightful final appearance and ambassador role to her before it's too late."

Her lips then curled into a sadistic smirk. "No, but thank you for telling me that." Then, she swung her leg up and powerfully kicked Robert right at his chest with her high heel.

Thump!

The solid kick sent him flying to the end of the room, where Robert quaked in pain. At least a few bones were broken.

The guards watched in disbelief. She was a real tough boss, alright. How could a kick send a 1.7 meter tall boy like Robert zipping through the air?

Her clothes fluttered as she inched closer to him. It was as though she was a victorious warrior returning from war.

Utterly startled, his eyes squinted at her as he attempted to shield his abdomen with his arm. “Wh... What are you trying to do?! Go away!”

Charmine had such astounding, seemingly polished skills that she broke his ribs with just a mere kick. There was no way he could match her in strength.

As she stood before the cowering Robert, she eyed him balefully, “Didn’t you say the cameras are all destroyed? How could I let such an opportunity pass?”

With that said, she raised her leg again and pressed the tip of her shoe onto Robert’s head and exerted force into it.

Chapter 17

Splash!

Robert’s head was pushed into a sink filled with dirty water.

Charmine shoved his head further in with her heel. “Wash your head off those false and filthy thoughts!” she jeered. “Think about this: If Tiffany wanted the best for you, why didn’t she encourage you to study harder? Why did everyone in the family end up avoiding and despising you?”

Robert struggled to breathe under the water, unable to get up as Charmine’s incredible strength kept him down. Suffocating, the dirty water shot up into his mouth and nostrils the moment he opened his mouth in his struggle. It was only when he nearly passed out that Charmine removed her leg.

Harshly pulling him by his hair, Charmine growled, “Robert Jordan, don’t be such an idiot; that’s all I’m leaving you with. If you do this to me again, I won’t let you off so easily. Not even if we’re related.” She let him off and left.

Robert sat beside the sink as he struggled to catch his breath. Unbelievable! What changed the shy and quiet adopted kid into such a skilled woman? Who managed to break his ribs with just one kick without even trying?

'What an evil woman! She even tried to strain my relationship with Tiffany. Had she not hurt Tiffany enough already? I'll get her one day!' he scowled to himself.

Meanwhile, Charmine went into her bathroom on the other side of the villa. She instantly removed her makeup and rinsed the taste of blood off of her mouth when a man walked through the door, handing her a pack of ice. "Why not just get a DNA test?" the man spoke first.

"Eric, do you think Tiffany doesn't know what she's doing? She probably pays off every hospital and clinic in Burlington. It's likely she would change the test result even before the DNA is tested." Noting her swollen lips in the mirror, Charmine continued, "So what if they find out I'm the actual child? They don't like me anyway."

Eric frowned.

"Though, I'm actually looking forward to the part when the truth is revealed and that Tiffany had torn them apart." Her lips curled into a mirthless smile as she cooled her swollen lips with the ice pack.

Eric's frown deepened. Who would have thought that someone else would hold as much grudge as him, or perhaps even more?

"Anyway, there's something more important to attend to." He handed Charmine a phone.

Charmine was met with a Twitter news feed with the following headlines: [Who is Charmine Jordan's sugar daddy?] read the first; [Tiffany Jordan Photoshopped in nude] stated the second; [Tiffany Jordan's resources stolen!] was the third.

The hottest discussion topic in the search bar was, [Tiffany Jordan was auditioning for Chanel's show, but a Photoshopped nude of her was put on the big screen, and she ended up losing the role.]

Looking at the comment section, she read the following:

[What a coquettish woman! Our Tiff is so adorable and pure, she's unreal! She'd never do such a thing!]

[Why now of all times? She's obviously playing dirty just to get the role.]

[What an evil woman.]

[Exactly! I wonder what men she's sleeping with. How could a newcomer take up such an important role?]

[I'm disappointed at Chanel for having her as their ambassador. Boycott Chanel!]

[Boycott Chanel! Boycott Charmine Jordan!]

[Leave, Charmine Jordan. You're not welcomed.]

The entire forum was filled with unpleasant comments toward Charmine.

Charmine merely rolled her eyes as she scoffed, "This is nothing to me."

Nothing? Everyone was bashing her in the forum. How could she act so calm?

“This is your first fight, Charmine,” he warned. “You ought to win this.”

“Isn’t making the headline something worth celebrating for?” Charmine walked to the wine cellar and poured herself a glass of red wine. She poured one for Eric, though he turned it down.

His look darkened; it was no wonder why no one could help her. The things that happened within the past five years had turned her cynical. “Can’t you be more serious?” he asserted. “This isn’t a joke.”

Meanwhile, the executives at Chanel were having an emergency meeting regarding this very situation. They could not let Charmine have the role if everyone was criticizing her online.

Charmine merely reclined herself on the sofa languidly as she took a sip of her wine. “Don’t you worry. Why would I set this up if I don’t have a Plan B?”

With that, she started typing on her phone.

Chapter 18

Her private account on Weibo was bombarded with messages.

[You’re so evil! How could you do such things to Tiffany Jordan? Why didn’t you Photoshop your own photos as well?]

[What a b*tch. You should be dead by now. I hope you and your family could die in peace!]

[A nobody like you thinks you can audition for Chanel? How many men are you sleeping with to get that money? Beware of HIV!]

Charmine scrolled through the messages and scoffed as she typed:

[Sleep around for money? More like sleeping in money!]

She then attached three photos: a high stack of house deeds, a pile of luxury car keys, and a street view of High Street in Burlington.

These photos quickly became the staple topic in the entire Weibo. High Street Burlington was a famous commercial street known for housing hundreds of international luxury brands along the street as long as 2000 meters. The high stack of deeds was of High Street Burlington. Furthermore, the luxury car keys were of supercars worth millions of dollars!

[God, she's a billionaire!]

[Impossible! These must be fake! She's just an adopted kid, there's no way she could afford any of these.]

[I checked these, and they're for real! A quarter of the properties in High Street Burlington belong to Charmine Jordan! Even the wealthiest family Bailey only own half of the properties.]

[Huh? So it's possible that she's only sleeping with people from the Bailey family. Still, wealthy families like the Baileys won't take in an adopted kid like her for sure! But who else is she sleeping with?]

[Even if everything is of her own, she had to have bought off the final appearance and ambassador role! She's burning cash for her fame!]

[Totally! She has nothing but money.]

[She's buying for her fame, and Chanel is willing to play along with her? Money can work wonders, eh?]

Suddenly, the topic shifted entirely.

[Charmine Jordan bought fame with money, bullying Tiffany Jordan!]

Nonetheless, Charmine was not fazed; she had expected as much. She then replied:

[Buying fame with money or not, we shall all find out tomorrow night!]

'Find out tomorrow night'? How could a fraud like her be so confident?

...

At the Bailey family's mansion...

Chris Bailey was initially scrolling through his laptop in silence when he suddenly jumped up in agitation. "Mommy is so cool. I've never met a woman so cool! I'm fangirling over Mommy!"

"You're a boy," Anthony deadpanned. He placed Chris to the side as he powered up his laptop.

Chris frowned in confusion. "So many people are bullying your wife, Daddy. How can you still focus on your work? You're so mean!"

"Keep quiet. I'm sorting out Mommy's stuff," Anthony muttered, enigmatic yet charmingly so.

Although Charmine had it under control, Tiffany was still cunning enough to have pushed all the lies onto Charmine. The discussions on the forum should have been [Tiffany Jordan's nude], but Tiffany successfully turned the tables.

That could be changed.

With his slender fingers doing wonders on his keyboard, the headline instantly changed to:

[Professor Zero analyzing Tiffany Jordan's nude]

The video clip started with Professor Zero, in his mid-sixties with greyish hair, as he addressed the audience:

"Hello, everyone. I'm the National Photo Analyst, Professor Zero. As you may have known, I work for the government, and my job scope consists of analyzing the validity of all kinds of photos and images, assisting our departments to validate the proof from crime scenes.

"As I came across a heated discussion recently, I was interested to clear some mysteries with the resources I have. To be honest with you all, I myself am a big fan of Tiffany Jordan. She's such a pure and hardworking young lady, and I even inspired my granddaughter to look up to her great achievements at such a young age!

"Therefore, when I saw that photo of hers, I was agitated by the false accusations of her. Thus, I took out some spare time to analyze this photo so I can find out if it was Photoshopped or merged by AI tools."

Professor Zero then turned the camera to his computer screen as he powered up a complicated software. As the program was running, he continued to explain, "This is a powerful photo analyzing software, accessible only to professionals. It can analyze the validity of any kind of photos, whether they've been Photoshopped or artificially merged.

"Usually, this program is used for important government-assigned projects. However, I've requested special permission to use it for this occasion, helping everyone to dissolve the mystery."

He uploaded Tiffany's image onto the program, a message displayed on the screen:

[In progress 9%]

A few seconds later, some codes popped up filling the screen with complex computer language. The professor turned to the camera and, seemingly excited, added, "This is what the program has analyzed. Right here, it's processing all the data of this photo."

He continued to speak as he scrolled down. Suddenly, his pale old hand halted with a shake.

[The image is 100% original]

The words were clear as day.

In an instant, hundreds and thousands of comments appeared below the video.

[This is impossible! Tiffany Jordan would never take photos like this! Is this mistaken?]

[That's very unlikely! Professor Zero is a professor; he wouldn't make up things like this. Also, only government officials have access to this program, so the result is legit.]

[Does that mean Tiffany Jordan actually sent out the photo? I can't believe she's so wild.]

[Well, if we look at it properly, how could there be a woman pure and beautiful like her? She's nothing but a great deceiver.]

Comments from her haters' filled the forum, and the topics that stirred hate for Charmine shifted into:

#Tiffany-nude

#The-photo-is-legit

#Professor Zero

The photo had been validated by Professor Zero, so there was nothing her fans could help her with. With that, Tiffany's reputation was forever tainted with this.

Chapter 19

At the Jordan family's mansion...

Tiffany staggered onto the sofa, terrified.

'How could this be? It was going so well... How did it all turn so wrong? Why would Professor Zero make such a clip ruining my reputation if he claimed to be a fan, and going so far as publishing the clip?!' she exploded, ranting deliriously to herself.

It was then when Julian Cabell walked into the room, wearing an exquisitely tailored suit. "Tiffany, what's the photo abo—"

"It's bullsh*t! Bullsh*t! " Tiffany snapped before he could finish his sentence.

Julian stopped short. He had never seen Tiffany like this before.

Once she realized it was Julian, Tiffany hastily recollected herself and rushed to him as she whimpered, "Julian, Darling, I didn't mean to yell at you. I was just very disappointed at Charmine." She then continued as she simmered in resentment, "I've never done her wrong all these years, except for the one time five years ago. I can't believe she can be so evil. I wonder what she has done for the past five years in Africa, making so much money, buying properties, and even made acquaintance with Professor Zero. For all we know, she must've bribed him to make a false claim since we know nothing of photo analyzing. He could get away with any lie!"

Her entire being shook as she cried, as though Charmine had been the one doing her wrong. “Julian, Darling, we grew up together. Do you really think I’m that kind of person? Why would I ruin my own reputation?” Her act was utterly flawless that it was hard to not fall for her facade.

“Please, don’t cry. Of course I trust you.” Julian hugged her as he rubbed her back. “I can’t believe Charmine Jordan has become so cruel in just five years.”

Tiffany pushed him away gently, looking as though terrified. “Yes, and she’ll come at us for revenge. After all, I did push her down the stairs by accident, and you even kicked her. With what she is now, there’s no doubt she’ll come at us at all costs, destroying us.”

“Hah! She won’t be able to,” Julian scoffed. “Don’t worry about this. She has wronged you twice, I won’t let it pass,” came Julian’s assurance. Once he sat her down comfortably, he picked up his phone and logged onto his Weibo account with millions of followers.

In the past five years, Julian’s parents have retired and handed him the family business, and this made him the CEO of Mile-End Group.

Originally rated as ‘Top Ten Highest Achieving Company’ in the country, Mile-End Group owned malls, theatres, hotels, travel agencies, and more. Under Julian’s management, coupled with his callousness and charm, his excellent marketing skills on Weibo successfully pushed the group into the top five. Even Senior Jordan thought of his abilities highly, approving Julian and Tiffany’s marriage. However, they were not allowed to get engaged before Charmine returned the engagement token, so they had not been able to be official in the past five years. For this, they held a grudge against Charmine.

Julian made a post on Weibo and tagged Charmine.

[Hah. “We shall all find out tomorrow night”? Only a fraud like you can tell such lies! If you can really make it to the show tomorrow night, I, Julian Cabell, owe you 100 million! @CharmineJordan]

As the youngest CEO, wealthy and handsome, he had the nickname of ‘National Husband’ worshipped by over 40 million fans on Weibo. Within seconds, his post received at least 200,000 replies.

[Ahhh! My husband finally posted on Weibo. So hot and dominating!]

[Even our National Husband cannot stand that b*tch Charmine Jordan!]

[Rumours have it that Julian Cabell is seeing Tiffany Jordan. Is he standing up for Tiffany?]

[These are all unimportant! Didn't Charmine ask us to wait till tomorrow night? If she's got what she claimed, why is she hiding?]

[Haha! Isn't it ironic that the b*tch got told off by our national husband? She must be crying in the corner right now.]

Little did they know, Charmine had long logged off her account and was working out in her gym at the villa.

As her agent, Eric was tasked to keep things under his watch. With Professor Zero's clip going viral, he expected the haters to give Charmine a break, but it did not take long before their attacks came right back at Charmine. Moreover, Julian Cabell was involved. He had no choice but to get off the sofa to show this to Charmine.

In the gym, Charmine was dressed in her tight workout outfit, throwing punches at the punching bag. Beads of sweat rolled down her fit and toned body as she was practically damp with sweat, yet her unruly wild beauty was still evident.

Eric—like any man would—got lost in the moment looking at her, though he quickly snapped out of it. "Charmine, that ex-boyfriend of yours declared war on Weibo," he spoke. "Do you have a moment to spare?"

Comments (2)

goodnovel comment avatar

sonam mathur

The story is good but a person as rich as Julian was marrying Charmine for shares n not a successful super model. This sounds absurd

goodnovel comment avatar

Analie Trinidad

im getting tense here

[VIEW ALL COMMENTS](#)

Chapter 20

Ex-boyfriend?

“Julian Cabell, the douchebag?” Charmine scowled.

“Yeah. He posed a challenge that if you can win the audience with your charm, he’ll owe you a hundred million dollars,” Eric replied calmly.

“Huh? Do I look like I’d need an extra hundred million?” Charmine turned back to her punching bag and delivered a sharp punch right to it.

Thump!

The hundred-pound punching bag was sent flying away.

Eric was utterly stunned, though it was nothing new.

This was true to Charmine’s nature.

That was not the end of it, however. Removing her gloves, Charmine picked up her phone and replied Julian,

[Gross! @JulianCabell]

Attached to that post was a photo of her middle finger.

Preposterous! The national husband rejected as 'gross' by Charmine Jordan? A man with a net worth of 30 billion was tagged with a photo of Charmine's middle finger?

[OMG! What's wrong with this crazy woman? Julian is so hot, and she called him gross?]

[No wonder she's adopted. Such a b*tch!]

[Too scared to accept the challenge? Don't you dare tag on my husband's fame to become famous!]

[I just wanna punch her so badly!]

The haters all came at Charmine with viciously typed out replies.

Charmine was unfazed, undaunted by their comments, but it was then when her phone rang. She picked up the call and heard Simon Gray wheezing on the other end of the call. "Boss, are those people on Weibo attacking you?" he spoke in between pants.

"Mhmm," came Charmine's simple reply, uninterested to explain.

Simon was shocked. Who would dare come for Charmine? In the past five years, nobody had the nerves to go against Charmine!

Well, all except for Eric who could be rather direct sometimes.

“Boss, should I fly over now? I can help!”

“No need. You just have to take good care of the company. If I don’t see a ten percent increase in the quarterly review, you might as well forget about the end of year bonus.” With that, she ended the call.

On the other end of the call, Simon was left hanging with mixed feelings. He was concerned about his boss, yet that same boss responded with a threat in return. He was starting to regret making this call.

Seeing as Charmine had hung up, Eric took the chance to warn her, “The fans here do prefer low-profile celebrities, so it’s in your best interest to keep your profile low. They won’t like it if they find out who you truly are, and those who work for you.”

“Don’t you worry, I know what I’m doing,” Charmine reassured him as she continued scrolling through her phone. She had a moment and decided to log back onto Weibo. She posted:

[I accept your challenge. If I lose, I’ll pay you 10 billion dollars. But, if I win, I don’t need your money, but I want a live stream of you eating sh*t. Do you accept the challenge?]

With that, she attached two more photos of her middle finger.

Eric was dumbfounded. ‘Didn’t she just tell me she knew what she’s doing? When will she ever learn to keep her profile low? Ah, forget about it. She can never do that,’ Eric thought, annoyed yet amused altogether.

On the other end, Julian’s face darkened when he saw the post. How dare Charmine spoke to him with such arrogance, when she used to be that woman who tailed after him wherever he went! Fuming, he was just about to type in the reply when Tiffany stopped him.

“Julian, Darling, don’t act too rashly. If she speaks with such confidence, perhaps she knows for sure

she'll win this challenge, and if she does—”

“Huh? Her, winning? I know her better than anyone else. For the past eighteen years, she had been this vulgar and tasteless woman, and now she's nothing but a paper tiger. There's no way she would've changed so much in five years,” he scoffed. “Also, walking on the T-stage takes more than just some tricks. One needs so much confidence and experience. With this bet going on, everyone would be critical of her performance, and there's no way she'd be able to charm every single audience.”

With that, he posted:

[Bring it on. I hope you have 10 billion dollars ready!]

He was confident Charmine would lose.

Comments (2)

goodnovel comment avatar

Shahrul Adan

Ok goodnhhhvgtgffr

goodnovel comment avatar

Kalli D

she has to win this challenge for me to continue reading

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Chapter 21

Charmine scoffed at Julian's reply and typed out her own.

[Someone might as well make up his mind on whether to eat human sh*t or cow sh*t. Maybe pick up some dog sh*t by the road?]

No one was making it easier for the other side as a century worth of gamble was announced. The fans on Weibo went crazy at this as the bets were huge. A live stream of eating actual sh*t versus 10 billion worth of cash; what else could be wilder than this? Everyone could hardly wait for Chanel's show tomorrow.

Charmine never lost her composure as she merely threw her phone aside. Turning to Eric, she then spoke, "Be prepared for tomorrow."

"Don't worry. I won't let you down." With that, Eric turned and left.

He was just Charmine's agent, thus he would not be staying at her villa. Charmine locked the door the moment he exited and went to bed early.

The same did not go for Tiffany.

She tossed and turned in bed, unable to fall asleep. She did not know why, but she had a strange feeling that Charmine came back as an entirely different person. It was rather impressive that she could buy the black-green meteorite stone. As Julian's lover, it would embarrass her to no end if Julian was to lose the challenge.

As though a light bulb went off in her head, she walked out of her room and knocked on Amelia's bedroom door.

The door opened, and Tiffany was met with Amelia's puzzled look. "Tiffany, you're still awake?"

"Mhm... I thought of Charmine, and I just can't sleep. I'm worried about you." Tiffany sighed.

Amelia frowned. "Worried about me? What is there to be worried about?"

"Oh, Amelia... I'm sure you saw what Charmine wrote online. She's marketing her image as

'straightforward and arrogant' just like you, and she's behaving way more ostentatious than you." Tiffany then added, "If she charms everyone with her final appearance at the show tomorrow night, I'm afraid that she might replace you."

"Replace me? What? Does she have what it takes?" Amelia refuted mockingly, as she eyed Tiffany. "Tiffany, are you out of your mind? I've been in this industry for five years. I'm not as popular as you, but I'm one of the top ten supermodels in the country. She's nothing but a newbie. How is she going to replace me?"

Tiffany clung to her hand as she convinced her, "Amelia, the fact that she was signed by Chanel today is already a sign that she does have some skills. Didn't you notice that she's completely different from before? Don't take it too lightheartedly."

Hearing all these, Amelia then recalled the look on Charmine's face when she was on the stage. Her face was attractive, so attractive that any woman would envy her, with beautiful legs so long and perfectly shaped.

A strange sense of danger raised from within, Amelia then firmly replied, "Don't worry, I'll try my best. I'll practice my steps right away."

"One more thing, Amelia: Please take good care of yourself. Charmine has harmed me twice since her return, and I'm worried she might harm you too. Be careful," Tiffany reminded her with a soft tone. "Still, these are just my suspicions, and Charmine is still family. Be nice to her, and don't make the relationship worse."

As Tiffany walked out of her sight, Amelia's face darkened. Harm her and replace her? No way!

She took out her phone and made a phone call.

...

At 8 o'clock the next day, everyone on the Internet was anticipating the live stream of Chanel's show. Charmine woke up early to get ready, but as she was ready to leave the house, she realized the door was stuck. She pushed and pulled the doorknob but it did not help. The door was locked from the outside.

She was almost impressed that someone could pull such a childish and low-level trick under her nose. She thought she might as well play along.

Her lips curled into a sneer. Instead of banging on the door, she walked back into her house.

Chapter 22

A woman stood close to the door as she watched closely. When she saw that the doorknob stopped jiggling after a while, she smiled proudly and made a phone call to report on the matter. "Miss Amelia, everything is going as planned. Charmine can't get out."

"Good work. Keep watching, and make sure she doesn't come out," came Amelia's sly reply.

Once the call ended, the woman sat on her chair, cross-legged.

'So Charmine thinks she would build her reputation through Chanel's show and steal Tiffany's fame? Well, she's locked in her house now,' Amelia mused to herself, self-assured that Charmine would never gain the fame she craved.

Charmine was so bold to place such a bet against Julian. If she failed to even get out of her house, Charmine would lose terribly.

Amelia laughed boisterously, though only to herself. The thought of Charmine being mocked and laughed by the netizens was both entertaining and relieving.

Her internal celebration was cut short when someone added Amelia on WhatsApp from the Jordan family group chat. The person had a black image as the profile picture, nicknamed 'Boss Jordan'.

Who could it be? Which relative? Amelia accepted the request warily and before she could ask who they were, she received a voice message from this mysterious sender.

[Miss Amelia, everything is going as planned. Charmine can't get out.]

[Good work. Keep watching, and make sure she doesn't come out.]

This was the recording of her call with her secretary!

Her phone then vibrated.

It was a text from 'Boss Jordan'. [Amelia Jordan, ask your secretary to unlock my door right away. If not, I'll post this online, and you'll end up like Tiffany Jordan.]

Amelia's face darkened. So this 'Boss Jordan' was Charmine Jordan, was it?

She typed furiously. [Charmine, how did you get the recording of my call? Are you spying on me? Do you know that this is illegal?]

A reply came not long after.

[So is detaining someone in her house. In serious circumstances, this can be charged with the crime of illegal detention. According to the provisions of paragraphs 1 and 2 of Article 238 in Criminal Law, 'Anyone who commits the crime of illegal detention shall be sentenced to fixed-term imprisonment of not more than 3 years, criminal detention, surveillance or deprivation of political rights'!]

Amelia's face turned pale from reading the text. Unbelievable! Charmine was threatening her with the law? Worse still, if the recording went public, everyone would know that she was bullying Charmine. It

would be a surefire way to end her.

Her fans would not like her anymore, and Grandpa hated to see the siblings falling out. Whenever something happened, he would deal with them using the family law, ranging from getting beaten by a whip filled with thorns kneeling at the ancestral hall to deductions of company shares.

Another message came through:

[Amelia Jordan, you have exactly one minute. If you don't open the door by then, and even if you do later on, I won't leave the house. And when I don't show up to the show later and it goes on the news, I'll publish this recording. What do you say?]

'What do you say?' Of course everyone would think that Amelia trapped Charmine inside her villa for a day!

Amelia fumed with gritted teeth. She wanted to kill Charmine so badly, but she only had one minute to decide, and she had no choice. Unwillingly, she called her secretary. "Zoey, unlock the door right away! Now! One minute!"

"What? Why?"

"Just do as you're told. Don't give me bullsh*t. I'll chop off your hands if you take an extra second," Amelia threatened.

Terrified, Zoey hung up hastily and smashed the metal chain that locked the door with a hammer. The metal chain was securely fastened on the top of the door, thus it was impossible to open the door from the inside. Zoey put in so much effort to fasten the chain, and she had to destroy it in merely one minute. Zoey swung with all her strength, and by the time it was unlocked, she was covered in sweat.

Charmine strode out from the room in a red gown. With eyes that could mesmerize, she stared into Zoey's eyes. "Remember to fix my door. Oh, and tell Amelia that she wasted thirty-five minutes of my

time, so remind her to transfer me three hundred and fifty thousand bucks.”

Three hundred and fifty thousand? She might as well steal it. Was she delirious?

Chapter 23

Zoey wanted to fight back but Charmine had made her exit, her silver heels clicking against the corridor floor. Even the shadow of her back was straight, proud as it was.

Click, clack, click!

Zoey froze as she watched Charmine leave, and it was only after she was out of sight did she make a phone call. “Amelia, we nearly got her! Why did we let her go? Do you know how arrogant she is? She ordered me to fix her door saying that we wasted thirty-five minutes of her life, so we owe her three hundred and fifty thousand!”

What? 350 thousand?

Amelia was seething, but once she remembered that Charmine had a hold of their call, she began to pile up the blame on Zoey. “It’s all your fault! Why did you call back to report to me? Do you know that she got a recording of our voice call?” she yapped. “You can’t even do a thing right. I’ll take the three hundred and fifty thousand out of your salary, ten thousand per month!”

Her monthly salary was only twenty thousand, so with ten thousand taken away, she would be left with ten thousand per month! Amelia hung up on her before she could even get a word out, but knowing her bad temper, she could only suffer in silence.

With what just happened, Amelia texted Tiffany to warn her, [Tiffany, Charmine is too much to handle. She somehow managed to get a hold of my phone recording. Please warn Julian before she pulls on any trick on him.]

Tiffany read the message with a sullen face. Indeed, she intentionally talked to Amelia last night to instill hate and use her to stop Charmine, but she did not expect Amelia to be defeated so easily! If

Charmine could attend the show, and with what she had, what if she won? Would Julian have to live-stream himself eating crap after all?

Never! She had to think of other ways...

Seconds later, her eyes twinkled as though a thought came to mind. She turned and left right away.

...

By then, Charmine already left her villa, waiting to be picked up by the road. The car she had booked was canceled since she was all caught up with Zoey, and since it was rush hour, there were fewer cars available. She might be late if this went on. She had no choice but to keep on walking and pray for some cars to pass by, in hopes of hitchhiking.

Not long after, a few luxury sports cars pulled up around her, surrounding her in the middle. The leading car was a black Porsche, its highly finished body shining in style. The car lights, wheels, and handles were painted pink. The stark difference between black and pink made the car seem classy and fashionable, suitable for ladies.

Tiffany sat on the passenger's seat, face beaten with makeup that emphasized her exquisite facial features. She was in a white cotton dress, and she looked graceful just like a princess, exuding an air of elegance.

The other luxurious cars were just as expensive with attractive ladies in them, likely to be Tiffany's friends. They started sneering when they saw Charmine.

"Tiffany, isn't this your adopted sister? Didn't she claim to own hundreds of luxurious cars and betted with ten billion? Why does she not have a car now?"

"Oh, who can't brag? I can brag that I have thousands of those cars, too!"

“Look at what she’s wearing, I’ve never seen this brand before. Living so far away from the city and claimed to own hundreds of cars? Even bet with ten billion? Jokes on her! At least think before you brag!”

“Please don’t say that about her, as she’s still my sister. I believe there are reasons why she had to make up such lies.” Tiffany pretended to side with Charmine in her soft and delicate voice. She looked at Charmine with the friendliest face she could muster. “Charmine, you can tell me if you don’t have a car, and I can give you one. My parents bought me one for my birthday every year, and I ran out of space in my garage. All you have to do is ask. Why would you walk?”

She then continued with her supposed ‘understanding’ look, “Are you heading to the show? You’ll be late if you walk. Get in the car, I’ll give you a ride. I hope you don’t mind Popa at the back. He’s a good boy.”

As she spoke, she got out of the car and opened the back door for Charmine. A big pug was sitting behind, dirty as it was, and seemed to have taken most of the space.

Once Charmine would get into the car, Tiffany would make Popa bite her, one way or another. It would be much better if he could scratch and injure her face. No way could she attend the show if that happened.

Charmine scoffed. Did Tiffany just try to pull on such a lame trick on her? Did she think of Charmine as a Hello Kitty? “With your cheap and stupid car, you want to give me a ride?” she scorned. “Really?”

Cheap? Stupid?

Everyone held onto their breath. Charmine spoke with such arrogance. What was she made of? Even Tiffany was taken aback when she heard Charmine.

Comments (1)

goodnovel comment avatar

shane fagui

what happens to charmane.. a billionaire boss has no car... and waking on a street....????

[VIEW ALL COMMENTS](#)

Chapter 24

It was not long before Tiffany's friends reacted to Charmine's obnoxious words.

"Charmine Jordan, you're like a dog fighting its owner. Can't tell what's good and bad, or a chalk from cheese? Tiffany was kind enough to give you a ride. How could you say such things to her?"

"What are you barking on about, you adopted kid? This is a limited edition Lamborghini Sesto Elemento, priced over forty million with only twenty available worldwide. It's a blessing for you to even see it!"

"Exactly! Why don't you bring a better car than Tiffany's if you have it? All you do is brag. Disgusting!"

The comments were ugly to the ears. Charmine frowned contempt, unable to formulate a proper comeback.

The ladies cackled at Charmine, under the impression that the frown on Charmine's face was because her whistle was blown.

"Look at her face! She can't bring out any! What a bragger!"

"Hah! Seems like her whistle is blown! She deserves this!"

"Please don't say such cruel things to my sister. Maybe she just doesn't like Popa, not the car. Perhaps she doesn't want to sit with Popa." Tiffany then turned to Charmine. "I'll let you sit on the passenger's seat if you want to. Come on up, or you'll be late."

As she spoke, she opened the front door for Charmine. Even on the passenger's seat, she would have ways to make Pops bite her. Best if he could bite off her head from the back!

Tiffany's friends had no idea how evil her thoughts were, they were more impressed by her generosity, scowling at Charmine :

"Tiffany is so kind and generous! Charmine Jordan, what are you waiting for? You ungrateful b*tch!"

"Yeah, what are you waiting for? Haven't been on such an expensive car before? Shocked?"

"Haha! Must be a first-timer!"

As the ridicule persisted, the shadow of a car zipped right past them before it was parked by the side. The dazzling black body was made of carbon fiber and titanium alloy. The black finish had a shallow matte texture, and it embodied the definition of high-end technology. The two headlights were lavishly coated with diamond coating on the LED lights.

One of them recognized the car right off the bat as they screamed, "It's a Hypersport...! There are only seven in the world!"

Suddenly, everyone was excited.

"Hypersport is worth at least a billion. It's the rarest sports car in the world!"

"I heard the seats in this car are sewn with golden strings, and that the lights are inlaid with diamonds. Even the lights are worth a Rolls-Royce."

"This is the red sports car that leaped over the skyscraper in the seventh Fast and Furious movie... The same model!"

Who was the owner of this rare masterpiece? Everyone stared at the door in anticipation, their breaths halted as they waited.

At this moment, the door was opened. A man in his personalized suit got out of the car.

Although he was just a driver, he exuded an air of handsomeness that could dethrone top male supermodels within seconds. However, what happened next was just as shocking.

He stood beside the car as he curtly announced, "Miss Jordan, I'm picking you up on my boss' behalf. Please get on."

Miss Jordan? He came for Tiffany Jordan?

"Aahh! Tiffany! When did you make acquaintance with this boss! Why didn't you tell us?"

"I'm so jealous! Oh my goodness! Tiffany, can I touch the car?"

Everyone worshipped Tiffany with looks of admiration!

On the other hand, puzzled Tiffany had no recollection of anyone who owned this car. Perhaps some wealthy billionaire was attracted to her after her viral nude, and thus sent a man to pick her up?

A bashful expression emerged as she sheepishly spoke, "I honestly never knew 'til today. Can't believe he came to pick me up!" She turned to Charmine and spoke. "Oh right, Charmine. I'm afraid I can't send you to the show myself, so my driver will send you off. As you can see, I've got plans."

With that said, she strode confidently toward the Hypersport, her face proud like a swan soaring proudly in the high skies.

Tiffany's friends looked at her with immense adoration and jealousy. How could she be so lucky? Born in the second wealthiest family in Burlington, having a perfect boyfriend like Julian Cabell, and now, a billionaire suitor? There was no way anyone could ever compete with Tiffany Jordan!

However, the man standing beside the car frowned. "Please excuse me, I'm here for Miss Charmine Jordan."

What? Charmine Jordan? Not Tiffany Jordan?

Chapter 25

Tiffany was shocked with disbelief. Her face stiffened as she could barely contain her emotions, but she managed to hold herself together and forced a smile, asking, "Sir, I think you've made a mistake."

Charmine just returned to the country, and hardly anyone knew her. How would such a wealthy boss know her and send someone to pick her up?

"No, I've not," the chauffeur deadpanned. "I'm here to pick up Miss Jordan. Charmine Jordan," he added, emphasizing 'Charmine' when he spoke.

Disbelief, their gazes turned to Charmine as though in slow-motion.

This car came for Charmine? She knew the car's owner? Impossible! Tiffany's face twisted into a shade beyond abhorrence. How could it be?

As everyone was still frozen in shock, the man walked toward Charmine and bowed. "Miss Jordan, please."

Charmine walked over nonchalantly, her eyes judging the car. "Hmm... It's not too bad, I'd give you that. However, there are only seven cars in the world, and that number is ominous. Also, black absorbs heat, and it's not suitable to be driven in summer. It seems the seats are real leather, too," she spoke,

going into detail. "Is your boss not aware that real leather traps heat in summer?"

Everyone was dumbfounded.

A Hypersport came to pick her up, and she was still unsatisfied? What more, criticizing the number for being supposedly 'ominous'? The seats trap heat? What an ungrateful b*tch!

Luke Reed's lips twitched. Indeed, this was true to Charmine Jordan's nature. She disgusted Mr. Bailey's diamond ring days ago, and now she hated his Hypersport? What was she made of?

With a frown, he sighed. "Miss Jordan, please don't make it hard for me. My master said I must pick you up no matter what. Also, the young master prepared you a gift." Luke then handed Charmine an exquisite-looking wooden box.

Charmine frowned. Young master? Who could it be that they even prepared a gift?

She accepted the box dubiously. Inside the box was a hand-prepared breakfast, with rice shaped into an adorable cartoon figure, its black eyes made of black pearl. On the bottom right corner, a few words were written with black sauce:

[Wishing Mommy all the best! My Mommy will stun the world!]

It had to be Chris Bailey.

A grin unnoticeably made its way on Charmine's face as she recalled the boy's round face, and her heart softened. 'Fine. For Momo's sake, I'll get in,' she reasoned.

Instantly relieved, Luke hastily opened the door for her and got in the driver's seat himself.

Vroom!

The Hypersport raced away as it left dust particles and leaves fluttering.

Tiffany was splashed by the leaves, messing up her hair, while dust stained her white dress. Her so-called 'friends' mocked her as badly as they praised her, although they only did it behind her back due to her reputation and power.

Still, Tiffany felt their mocking glances. She could not restrain her emotions anymore as she was left awestruck in embarrassment. The Hypersport came for Charmine, not her... How embarrassing! She had never been more embarrassed in her entire life.

Her plan was to stop Charmine and slow her down from appearing on the show. Alas, not only were her plans ruined, but she was utterly humiliated as well!

No way. She could not sit idly; Tiffany wanted Charmine to fail. She wanted her dead!

She picked up her phone and replied Amelia, her eyes filled with pure malice.

'Just you wait, Charmine. You'll be embarrassed through and through. I want to get back at you for what you did, but ten times worse!'

Chapter 26

At Ocean Pearl.

It was only 9.30am, but guests had occupied the hall. With the bet between Charmine and Julian going on, everyone was keen to find out who Charmine was and how she would win. The ticket price went from a few thousand to twenty thousand per ticket due to the increasing demand. Even executives like Julian who was never seen in Burlington reserved front row seats. They were all supporters of Julian, wanting to find out what drove Charmine to place such a grand and risky bet against Julian.

A dazzling black Hypersport pulled over at Ocean Pearl's back door. Luke turned to Charmine and said, "Miss Jordan, I'm relaying a message from Mr. Bailey. He said that if you need anything, just say the word and he'd get it done."

"No, I don't need it," came her firm reply. "This is a small matter, and help is not needed." Charmine got out of the car, but as she was about to shut the door, she added, "Right, help me to pass on to your Mr. Bailey. Ask him to spend more time with Momo, and stop wasting time on me. I don't lack anything, especially men. Just give up."

With that said, she turned and left, majestic and proud like a peacock.

Luke was left with a pale face. What did she mean she did not lack men? Also, 'just give up'? How was he supposed to tell his master this message? Would he be beaten to death?

It did not bother Charmine; she just wanted to make things clear with Anthony Bailey. Looking at the time, Charmine noted it was already 9.30, and the show would start in 30 minutes. She marched to the makeup room hastily.

At the backstage, makeup artists rushed to complete the models' makeup while the manager paced back and forth anxiously. "Why isn't Charmine here yet? And nobody is picking up!"

"That's so rude. She's always been arrogant, pretending to be famous when she's not. Mr. James, you shouldn't have hired her for the final appearance," Amelia mocked.

"Shouldn't have hired her'? Who else could it be? You?"

A cold and arrogant voice was heard coming from the corridor. Charmine marched in and scoffed at the sight of Amelia. "A model ranked third in Burlington... Why are you talking again?"

"You... I'm ranked third! What about you? You've no ranking at all! How dare you speak to me with such a tone!" Amelia barked as she stood up in anger.

Charmine scoffed, "Exactly, a nobody like myself was chosen to make the final appearance. Does this not prove that you're worse than a newbie? Are you sure you didn't buy your ranking with money?"

"You—!" Amelia pushed away her assistant and makeup artist, about to jump at Charmine.

"Stop! Stop!" Mr. James yelled angrily. "The show is starting in thirty minutes, so everyone better get ready. Whoever ruined my show will pay ten times the damage!"

With that, the room went pin-drop silent, and Amelia sat back on her seat. A makeup artist walked up to Charmine swiftly as she helped her get dressed.

Mr. James walked to Charmine. With mixed feelings, he spoke, "Miss Jordan, I have to say that I'm impressed by your boldness. Because of you, our show is completely sold out. What do you feel about this? Do you think you can win?"

If she lost, this would more or less affect Chanel's reputation and the company would be criticized for hiring her. He knew better than anyone else that a jewelry show was nothing like a Victoria's Secret or a fashion show where the models could show off their body shapes and costumes. In a jewelry show, the costumes were simpler as the main focus was on the jewelry. The supermodels would wear the jewelry and display them on the stage. How interesting could it be? How would Charmine stand out from the rest?

Nevertheless, Charmine appeared calm and relaxed. "Don't worry, I've never lost to anyone in the past five years," she spoke, her tone as arrogant as always.

The supermodels looked at her from head to toe. There was no doubt that she was an attractive woman, but she was way too arrogant. She was just a human with a pair of hands, eyes, and nose. How different could she be? Just walking around the stage trying to stun the world? How so? With what? A handful of fireflies?

How much courage could one possibly have to fight against the son of the second wealthiest man in

the country, Julian Cabell?

Amelia snorted at her arrogant figure, yet there was nothing she could do. Out of the blue, her phone lit up with an incoming message:

[Amelia, this is your first appearance on such a grand occasion. Do make sure you've checked everything, especially your heels since they break easily. Tripping on the stage is the biggest humiliation any model can get, especially at a show like this. This will ruin the reputation completely, so do be careful!]

Mischief glimmered in Amelia's eyes once she finished reading the message.

'Hmph. Mock me? I want Charmine to get out of the modeling industry entirely. Want to fight against Julian? Not a chance!'

Comments (1)

goodnovel comment avatar

Simone Bash Villaflor

My whole body were shaking crazily

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Chapter 27

Time fledted unnoticeably, and it was almost ten o'clock.

"Get ready, everyone," an assistant called out to the supermodels backstage. "Stand by the stage. It's almost showtime!"

The supermodels stood up to get in line according to their given number. Charmine was the last to appear on stage, thus it was not her turn for at least the next thirty minutes. She laid back languidly on her seat as she settled her mind.

Outside, amid the huge space of Ocean Pearl, a tall T-stage was built in half-translucent colourful glass, surrounded by chairs across its perimeters. The guests in the hall were the richest in the country, able to afford a ticket at a starting price of 200,000 dollars. Outside the hall, the standing tickets were as high as a thousand dollars. Most of the audience was looking forward to the show; some for the models while some for the jewelry. Of course, the one thing everyone was really looking forward to was Charmine Jordan and how she would 'stun the world' as she claimed to.

On the right side of the T-stage, inside a private space isolated by green bamboos, three figures sat inside: two adults and one young boy.

Luke slowly entered the space and, with anxiousness, muttered, "Mr. Bailey, Miss Charmine had rejected your offer to help. She also said—"

"Said what?" Anthony quipped.

Luke took a while to gather his courage before he spoke, "She asked you to spend more time with Momo, that she doesn't lack men, and that you should give up."

With that said, Luke actively took a few steps back, avoiding unnecessary injuries.

As expected, Anthony's face darkened just like the sky before a heavy downpour. Did Charmine just reject his help? Did she say she did not lack men? How many men did she have?

Unable to hold it in, Nial guffawed at the situation. "Hah! Who would've thought my brother can be rejected by a woman? My sister-in-law is very impressive."

Anthony stared at him with his frosty glare. "You should be thankful for the three words you said that saved your life."

What? 'Three words that saved his life'? Nial was confused.

“Daddy, what now?” Chris began to whimper. “Mommy placed a heavy wager against that douche. Can she still win without your help?” said the boy before he began to sob. “What if Mommy loses? I don’t want to see Mommy lose!” he whimpered in-between sentences.

Anthony ruffled the boy’s hair. “Don’t worry, Mommy won’t lose,” he affirmed, voice as enigmatic as ever, though laced with firmly planted belief.

Nial, by his side, saw the fire in his brother’s eyes when he spoke of Charmine, and this was for the second time. Unable to hold in his curiosity, he spoke, “Bro, if you treat Charmine so seriously, do you still want to search about the girl from five years ago? Once we find out who it was, would you still want Charmine or the woman from five years ago?”

Anthony’s face turned sullen in an instant, and after a while, he glumly answered, “Just search for her.”

At this moment, music danced in the air as the lights went off, and the hall turned pitch black. This was Ocean Pearl’s special function designed for hosting important occasions like this as external light could be blocked with a huge black backdrop. It was as though day turned into night.

The hall went into silence as the lights went off, and all eyes shifted to the stage. The technicians focused the camera on the stage, live-streaming the show online. The show was live-streamed on a few platforms, and they reached ten million views even before the show was started. Now that the show was starting, the views had gone up to a hundred million!

The comment section was bombarded by hundreds and thousands of comments every second, with fans cheering the names of their idols. Of course, more people were commenting as such:

[I’m here to see Charmine lose ten billion.]

[+1]

[+10086]

By then, a soft spotlight glared on the long T-stage, reflecting colorful lights off the modern glass stage. With the music blaring soundly, the models appeared one after another.

Comments (1)

goodnovel comment avatar

Rose SB

Charmaine is the woman from five years ago!

[VIEW ALL COMMENTS](#)

Chapter 28

The first to appear on the stage was a tall and slim Causasion supermodel. She was dressed in a tight-fitting black short skirt, complementing her alluring body shape. Blue-eyed with wavy blond hair cascading down her shoulders glamorously, it was the most famous supermodel from France, Michelle Kerry!

Around her neck hung a red ruby necklace, and it came along with earrings and bracelets of the same series. This was Chanel's latest collection named Passion. complemented by Michelle's fiery temperament, it was seamlessly perfect!

The audience was left awestruck by her beauty and they, along with the paparazzi, started taking photos of her. Thus began the hushed comments between attendees.

"If a top supermodel like Michelle can only be the opening act, how great could Charmine be to make the final appearance?"

"Who knows? Maybe she slept with the owner of Chanel!"

"Even if she did sleep with the owner and made the final appearance with her body, can't she be a little lay-low about it? She made such a huge scene out of it while she's nothing but a newcomer

thinking she's untouchable!"

"Let's sit back and watch how 'stunning' she'll be later. She might end up crying halfway."

The comments followed one after another as the audience anticipated Charmine's appearance. Among the audience, a few men in caps sat together.

One of them grew impatient and wanted to get up. "I can't stand it anymore! How dare these ignorant people say such harsh things about our big boss. I'll teach them a lesson!"

"Sit back down. Boss said nobody can involve themselves in the things she does in this country. Otherwise, all collaborations will be put on hold, and your tongue might be cut off!" Kay stopped him.

The person vehemently protested in reply, "And we just sit here and watch them humiliate our boss? Our boss isn't someone they can poke fun of."

"Why the hurry? They'll take back their words shortly, just wait," Kay reassured.

The show was at full swing with some models majestic, some fashionable, some arrogant, and some modest. Everyone had the designated jewelry that suited them, walking down the T-stage with nothing but perfection. Naturally, this went for Amelia Jordan as well when she walked out to the very front. Dressed in a bright-red super short dress that displayed her hot figure, she blew a kiss that instantly tuned up the temperature of the atmosphere.

However, the atmosphere in the private space remained cold and dull. Anthony was resting with his eyes closed, with Momo sleeping on his lap.

On the other hand, Nial seemed rather interested. He had a magnifying glass at hand as he watched the models. "Bro, look at this chick. Her waist is so on point!" he chirped. "Wow! Oh, and look at this one! Her legs are so long! So fair!"

Anthony did not seem to care. He remained unbothered with his eyes closed throughout the entire show, and so was Chris, sleeping with his cute pouty mouth with a bit of drool on his lips.

Suddenly, someone half-yelled, “Charmine Jordan is coming! It’s finally the finale!”

Anthony shot up in an instant as his eyes opened wide. The boy who was sleeping beside him sat up right away, too. Both of them glued their eyes onto the stage.

Everyone else in the hall turned their attention to the stage. They all wanted to see the woman who told them to wait and watch—despite not having experience yet was signed to make the finale—how she would impress them. What did she have in her to stun the world?

Amelia stared at the big screen from backstage with a small smirk on her. It was a smirk of malice waiting for the damage to happen.

‘Charmine, get ready to humiliate yourself in front of everyone!’

Today was the day she would see Charmine humiliate herself and watch her get kicked out of the modeling industry.

At this instant, everyone stared at the T-stage unblinking, waiting for Charmine to make her appearance. The atmosphere was unusually tense and pin-drop silent.

Finally, with ethereal music in the background, a figure walked out from backstage. Suddenly, all eyes were awestruck, astounded.

Comments (1)

goodnovel comment avatar

lady juliandy

Anthony and Chris are my favorite characters ..they make this seem like a movie to me😊😊😊

[VIEW ALL COMMENTS](#)

Chapter 29

A figure so ethereal slowly emerged to the stage.

She appeared to be naked under the light, the shade and shape of her body all too noticeable: Long neck, paper-thin waist, and those elegant, long and straight legs!

There was not a trace of excess fat on her body. It was as though she was a sculpture made in heaven.

This was a figure of a natural supermodel.

Still, was she genuinely naked? Did she choose to go on stage naked just to win?

Anthony's face darkened instantly as his hands instantly shot up to cover the boy's and Nial's eyes. A strange and unfamiliar feeling of anger arose in his chest, and his ears rang with the words Charmine had said to him, 'Walking around the beach in a bikini.'

Had she always been such an open-minded person?

All the audience stared at her in bewilderment. Some even had the word 'god' comically appeared in their mouths.

On the streaming platform, some commented, [OMG! We can report Chanel for streaming pornography, right?]

However, it was only after Charmine took a few more steps forward that they realized she was not naked. She wore a skin-colored long dress wrapped around her chest.

The dress was made of an exceptionally soft and exquisitely delicate type of silky material. Weightless like mist and seamless like her skin, it perfectly veiled the body and outlined her curve, thus making it seem as though she wore nothing. There were small and irregular-shaped diamonds scattered across the dress, and this replicated a 360-degree view of glimmering stars in the dimly lit hall. Her body became the night sky, and she was basically wearing a starry night on her!

Between her arms hung a long silky cape of the same shade. The pale and almost transparent cape fluttered with her dress with every step she took, and it was like a whirl of smoke unfolding into a weightless mist, dream-like.

The sexy and see-through skin-colored dress did not make her appear any less sophisticated. On the contrary, she was like a fairy that walked down from heaven: courtly, immaculate, and refined.

In an instant, the already dimmed lights darkened, turning the hall cave-like. Suddenly, a soft twinkle fell onto Charmine and another onto the jade of the necklace. The faint green necklace became enchanting under her collarbone. Although her dress was dazzling, it did not steal the necklace's thunder due to its color.

Suddenly, a firefly flew out from her necklace, followed by another, and another, and they danced around Charmine. What started with a few quickly grew in number, and it did not stop growing until there were hundreds and thousands of them. These fireflies fluttered around as they haunted the pitch-black venue. One only needed to look up to see a universe of fireflies slow-dancing in the air. The hall was transformed into an unrealistically magical space like the world of Avatar. It was breath-taking!

Not a single soul could escape from the awe.

“Oh my god... Beautiful! So beautiful!”

“So many fireflies! Why are there so many fireflies?”

“Are we in the making of a fantasy movie? Why are there so many fireflies flying out of her?”

“This is mind-blowing! So unreal!”

Every Chanel staff was just as awestruck. Where did the dress come from? They had nothing to do with them. What about the fireflies? There were so many of them, and they had no idea how they came to be. How did Charmine place so many fireflies into the necklace? Impossible!

Only Anthony was not that mind-boggled. He knew the fireflies were not real; they were projected by the 3D holographic imaging technology. This was the latest display technology that could project three-dimensional images in a three-dimensional space, perfectly capable of bringing the unrealistically real images to life.

Nonetheless, only a few companies had mastered this technology at present. How did an adopted kid like Charmine master such high-end technology and presented it so flawlessly?

Julian and his friends stared in disbelief. They had been searching for this 3D holographic technology in hopes of signing the patent from bigger companies, yet Charmine was using it for her show? Moreover, she used it so appropriately in an utterly captivating way.

Julian’s face darkened. He never thought that the ugly and unattractive Charmine he knew could turn into this attractive, charming, and stunning woman.

Was this the same Charmine Jordan?

Charmine remained calm and aloof as she made her way to the end of the T-stage. She knew for sure Julian was about to lose.

Click!

Suddenly, the heel broke off from her shoe! She began to wobble as she tilted to the right.

Gasps and noises disrupted the ethereal atmosphere, and everyone unconsciously held their breaths.

Would she fall?

Amelia, initially angry and jealous, was instantly amused.

'Finally! She's finally tripping over!' she sneered to herself. 'Hah! Who's humiliated now?' Charmine's fall would mark the end of her infant career as all eyes watched her humiliating fall!

Eric, who was in charge of the holographic projection behind the scenes, tensed the moment Charmine began losing her balance. It was as though his heart would jump to his throat.

Inside the private space, Anthony instinctively pushed Chris away from him, ready to take action. However, with the distance between him and the stage, it was impossible to get there on time.

Everyone had their heart in their mouth, watching Charmine's body tilting downward. Yet, just when she was about to touch the ground...

Comments (8)

goodnovel comment avatar

Maame Monda

OMG ... is the best of all the books I have read here,u are very creative well done ...

goodnovel comment avatar

Bebejl Onaicram

pabitin po . sana naman po libre ang pagbabasa dito .

goodnovel comment avatar

Iris Garcia