

Warning My Mommy is A Savage! by Seeking A Peaceful Chapter 234 - 264

Chapter 234

Tiffany was overwhelmed with hatred. Still, the more furious she was inwardly, the calmer she appeared on the outside.

“Mom is right... I'll apologize to my sister in front of everyone. I'll do it.”

Joey felt something was strange about her daughter's pitiable look. Although she seemed sincere, Joey could feel that she had changed, as if something was different about her unknowingly. Joey chose not to dwell on it, however, as she just assumed that Tiffany was not in a good mood. Joey went on to cut Tiffany some fruits. 1

Tiffany watched the moving fruit knife as waves of hatred flashed in her eyes. So, Charmine wanted to play? Well, she could barely wait to see who would be the one winning the game! Tiffany wanted nothing more than to see Charmine getting destroyed on the Night of Glory!

Paparazzi were already in the venue for the Night of Glory, even as early as in the afternoon. The night would be the biggest event in the modeling industry, and every popular supermodel in the industry would be attending including some of Victoria's Secret supermodels that were not to be seen so often. Of course, the most important thing was that the night would be Charmine's first public appearance after her wedding incident!

Charmine was the wealthiest woman in the country; Julian was a popular entrepreneur, outstanding CEO; and Tiffany was the world's No.1 supermodel! The scandal revolved around these three giant figures! 1

Every paparazzi wanted to have interviews and shocking insights! The area outside the venue was heavily crowded by five in the evening.

Once she finished getting done and had her gown on, Charmine went into the car.

April was driving while Anthony and Chris sat by her side. As the boy held Charmine's hand, the pitiable-looking Chris murmured, “Mommy, when will I be seen with you in public? I want to be by Mommy's side, and I want everyone to know that I'm your Momo!”

The light in Charmine's eyes flickered. Impossible... That might never happen, would it?

Still, she comforted Chris, “When Mommy’s career is stable, I’ll bring you along. Before that, Momo will have to be healthy, as many events will need you to have a strong and healthy heart!”

“Yes! I’ll work hard!” Chris promised.

Looking at his innocent face, Charmine’s heart wrenched with a hint of worry. Would she be able to leave in two months? Would he be able to recover completely in two months?

As she was caught up with her thoughts, the car pulled over one kilometer away from the venue as April suddenly spoke up, “It seems that there’s an accident in front. The road is blocked, so we can only walk through the alley.”

“Alright.” Charmine eyed what was happening at the situation way ahead of them.

The attendees of the night’s event were rich kids. They might even have scuffles due to disagreements that could arise from the Night of Glory event, thus it was wiser to walk around the accident. There was an alley in front of them, not far from where the car pulled over. The car was unable to pass through the alley, thus April said, “We can only get off here and walk through the alley.”

Anthony, who was sorting some files, finally looked up. He kept the files and got out of the car to open the door for Charmine. “I’ll walk you over,” offered Anthony with his husky voice, gentlemanly as he always was.

“Don’t worry.” Charmine got out of the car hastily and said to him, “Since we’re taking the alley, someone else must be taking the alley as well. If anyone finds out about us, it won’t look good.” She said with a worried and unwilling tone.

Anthony’s brows tightened, and he looked at her with a hint of disappointment. “Am I embarrassing you or something?” His tone was filled with displeasure and doubt. Charmine was caught off guard. Of course not, but..

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There was nothing between Charmine and Anthony; they were not even in a relationship. Why bother complicating things? Furthermore, they were going their separate ways in two months’ time, and they would not have anything to do with one another by then. It would only be a joke if anyone found out about their ‘status’, of sorts.

Of course, she could not say such things in front of Chris, thus Charmine carefully articulated her words, “Well, you have to take care of Momo, and the alley is around five hundred meters. April will accompany me. Let’s talk about this when Momo gets better.”

She emphasized her last sentence to remind him: Everything would be over when Chris got better.

Anthony's eyes darkened and did not insist further. "Take care of her," he said to April.

"Yes, Sir," came April's dutiful reply as she walked over to hold up Charmine's long tail of her gown.

Charmine waved at Chris. "Momo needs to be good, alright? Wait for Mommy at home." With that, she threw a goodbye kiss at Chris.

Chris hastily reached out his chubby small hand as though catching the kiss that floated to him. The boy's face seemingly brightened as though he truly caught the kiss. "Alrighty! Be careful, Mommy!"

Charmine nodded before marching ahead. Anthony felt a strange sense of jealousy looking at Chris' little fist that caught the flying kiss...

The alley was situated at the back of the venue, sandwiched between two tall hotels. The ground was even, so it was possible to walk the path even in high heels. Still, Charmine had to intentionally slow down her pace so April could catch up to her. If it were not because of her three-meter long gown, she would have walked alone. April could feel Charmine was waiting for her, and it impressed her.

Apart from the times when she spoke to Chris, Charmine was usually quiet, and it emitted an aloof and cold aura. When it came to small details, Charmine seemed to be much more considerate than the other celebrities who appeared gentle on the surface. Even so, these were not enough for a woman like Charmine to be with Boss Bailey!

The two of them walked toward the venue, with one in front and one in the back. As they turned the corner, however...

"Arf!"

A large brown Tibetan Mastiff suddenly rushed out. The mastiff was a meter tall, coated with a generous, thick layer of fur. It seemed burly and strong, and it carried a strong semblance with a fierce lion!

Before the pair could react, the mastiff suddenly launched at Charmine's direction!

"Argh! Be careful!" April cried out instinctively as she grabbed on Charmine and sheltered her to the side.

Charmine, too, jumped away instinctively the second the mastiff leapt to her. The mastiff became more furious as his targets got away. It gave out a heavy bark as it launched again at a high speed like a monster.

“Run!” April cried out with an almost cracked voice as she grabbed onto Charmine and started running. Anthony and Chris were still out there. Mr. Bailey could get rid of that mastiff if he was still around!

Nonetheless, how could outrun a mastiff? The mastiff would catch up to them in less than five seconds. The most terrifying part was that when they turned back and ran, the entrance of the alley was blocked by a tall ceramic jar all of a sudden. There was no way out of this alley!

Just as they reached the end of the blocked alley, they turned back to see the mastiff launching at them, only less than two meters away. Its jaws hung open, a bloody scent wafted from its mouth.

The usually calm April broke into a cry out of panic. A huge mastiff like this—even with just one scratch—could rip their flesh and damage them physically. It would be no lie that half of their brain could be gone with just one bite of the mastiff, along with their lives!

What to do? What to do?!

Charmine had a serious expression on her face as she scrambled to come up with a plan in a short time.

Not far away from the alley, Kelly Milan watched as the mastiff launched at Charmine with an evil smirk on her lips. Hah! How dare Charmine snatched her company’s resources? This was the price she had to pay for! She even snatched her gown, huh? Well, she might as well die in that stolen gown! Kelly would attend the Night of Glory glamorously, and would walk the stage to receive her No.1 Supermodel Award!

The mastiff was getting closer and closer to Charmine. It opened its bloody jaw, its pointy claws aimed at Charmine’s body.

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With just one scratch and a bite, Charmine would be over! April shut her eyes tightly out of fear.

Just as the mastiff was mere centimeters away from her, Charmine swung her arm with immense power, and it sent the mastiff stumbling back and running away. It ran for the other end of the alley, and that was where Kelly Milan was!

All colors were gone from Kelly’s face at that instant. She instinctively turned and started running as she yelled, “Argh! Someone! Help me! Help me!”

Unfortunately, this was the back of the venue. Who would hear her? Moreover, her running away from the mastiff only made it speed up. It revealed its claws and scratched at Kelly’s back with brute force.

Rip!

A loud tear of cloth was heard.

Gown torn at the back, Kelly suffered a long bleeding wound that extended to her buttock!

“Argh!” She painfully cried out in a hoarse voice.

Too bad for her, the mastiff picked up the scent of blood and aimed for Kelly again!

Kelly ran for her life as she struggled to run with her grave wound, but she slipped and fell into a sewage tank originally covered for maintenance!

“Arf! Arf! Arf!” The mastiff stood by the sewage tank, barking at Kelly who had fallen inside.

“Argh! Help me! Help me!” Kelly cried out at the top of her lungs, terrified for her life as the mastiff could jump down anytime and bite off her head!

Watching from afar, April was terrified by the scene unfolding in front of her with disbelief.

What... What was this about?

Why was Kelly Milan here? Why did the mastiff that was attacking Charmine seconds ago suddenly went for Kelly Milan?

She looked at Charmine. “Did you do something?”

Charmine’s lips curled up. “I merely returned a favor.”

As she spoke, she marched forward and picked up a packet of powder. She then threw it in the direction outside the alley. The mastiff jumped to catch the packet and sped away to chase after the packet.

Kelly had prepared this pocket of powder in the alley! Firstly, she staged the car accident that

effectively blocked the road; this was to make sure Charmine and her company had no choice but to walk through this alley. It was only then when Kelly placed the packet in the alley.

The packet seemed to have Velcro tape all over, which easily stuck onto Charmine, and she noticed this packet right on time to save her own life. As she watched the mastiff

sprint away, Charmine marched forward, pulled at the metal gate, and closed it behind her.

The world became peaceful, and danger was resolved right away.

Meanwhile...

Kelly was drowning in the sewage water, her head the only thing above it, and she held onto the metal bar that kept her from falling inside completely. Seeing that Charmine was walking over, she barked, "Charmine, pull me up! Pull me up!"

Charmine merely stood by the side and gave a cold glare. "Who are you? Why should I pull you up?"

"Me! I'm Kelly Millan! The director of HollyOak Entertainment, World's Sexiest Supermodel! Pull me up, now!" Kelly ordered breathlessly as she glared daggers at Charmine.

Charmine fixed her clothes and asked unhurriedly, "Oh? Kelly Milan? What is wonderful Kelly Milan doing in this kind of alley? How did you fall into the sewage tank? And look at you, covered in sh*t. I couldn't tell you're Kelly Milan!!!"

"You... You! Charmine Jordan, you're doing this on purpose! You made the mastiff attack me, didn't you? Why are you so evil?! If you pull me up now, I'll consider not holding you against it. Otherwise, I'll use my Milan family's resources to kill you!" Kelly Milan glared at her as she ordered through her gritted teeth, her words full of arrogance and threat.

However, Charmine merely scoffed without saying a word. She dusted her hands and turned to leave.

Kelly's face turned red. Why was Charmine that ridiculous?! Was she not afraid of the Milan family? Was she really walking away?

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She glowered at Charmine's retreating form. "Charmine, you're ab*tch! Stand there! If you keep walking, I'll sue you! You made the mastiff attack me, made me fall into the sewage tank, and deliberately hurt me! I'll make sure you end up in jail!"

Charmine then stopped dead in her tracks as she fished out her phone and started typing.

Kelly looked at her, her face less furious as she continued to threaten her, "What, are you afraid now? Starting to call for help? I'll tell you what: Call someone for help right now, or I'll sue you!"

“By all means, go ahead! It can even make the headline! Still, such a great video clip won’t have anywhere to be posted. It’d be a pity, don’t you think?” Charmine said calmly as she showed her screen to Kelly.

Instantly, Kelly saw herself inside the sewage tank: The disgusting sewage up to her neck and chin; her hands gripped onto the metal bar tightly; her face and head tainted with sewage. Worse still, she was growling at Charmine with a hideous expression!

Utterly livid, the red-faced Kelly roared, “Delete that now! Delete that!”

“It’d be a pity if I delete this, don’t you think? Didn’t you say you want to sue me? There’s no camera in here, and this clip might as well be the only evidence of you falling into the sewage tank. What do you say? Would your fans sympathize with you or mock you after seeing this clip?” Charmine asked in a calm and unperturbed tone.

Kelly nearly threw up blood out of anger. Charmine was threatening her back, and the clip was her ammo!

She gritted her teeth and sneered, “Charmine Jordan, how can you be so evil?! You’re a wicked pervert! Pervert! Believe it or not-argh!”

Before she could finish her sentence, her body jolted and sank deeper into the sewage, and a mouthful of sewage went into her mouth. She could no longer hold on as she grew tired. “Kelly Milan, you have five seconds to decide,” Charmine ordered from above. “If you come clean to me, I can save you. If you remain unreasonable... Well!”

With that, she opened the timer on her phone. The timer counted down: Five, four, three...

“Charmine! You bastard! I’ve never seen a woman as evil as you! You”

The timer rang. It was the end of the countdown.

Wordlessly, Charmine turned to leave. Her form looked determined, much like an arrogant queen as April carried the tail of her gown.

Kelly’s arms were running out of strength, and she would surely sink within a minute. She

called out in fear, “I’ll tell you! I’ll tell you everything! It was Tiffany! It was Tiffany who told me to use the mastiff against you! The mastiff is always seen near my office!

“Many departments have been trying to take it down, but it’s too strong! After Tiffany wrote a letter to me about it, I went to get the medicine powder that would attract the mastiff. I only did this because you keep getting in my way!”

It did not matter. Kelly could still kill Charmine in the future!

Charmine frowned; it was Tiffany again! Still up to her malicious ways, even as she laid in the hospital.

Kelly's body sank down deeper, and she accidentally swallowed another mouthful of sewage water.

Charmine picked up an abandoned rope on the side and tossed it at her. "Hold it yourself," she scoffed.

"I've no strength..." Kelly intended to ask Charmine for another way, but before she could finish her sentence, she picked up Charmine's cold stare. She knew how Charmine was like; Kelly would surely be abandoned if she kept complaining.

Therefore, she had no choice but to use up all of her remaining strength to hold on tight to the rope. Charmine took a few steps backward, but just as April was about to go forward and give her a hand, Charmine used her own grip strength to pull Kelly up from the tank.

April's eyes widened into saucers. How could a skinny woman like Charmine house such immense grip strength?

A woman like her merely used one hand to pull Kelly up without breaking a sweat! It was a two-meter deep pit! Where did her strength come from?!

Chapter 238

Pulled up at last, Kelly laid on the ground, exhausted and overridden with a repugnant smell. Suddenly, Kelly got onto her feet and ran straight for Charmine.

"Charmine! I'm going to destroy you! You'll pay for everything!" She had murderous intent, and it could be seen with her stance. The deep wound she suffered inflicted by the mastiff the gash that ran down her back-had to be treated in the hospital. This meant she would not be able to attend the Night of Glory, but if she did not show up, they would give her awards to someone else!

How could she just stand and watch Charmine attending in such a beautiful gown? No way! She wanted to attack Charmine and damage her face!

Meanwhile, the unfazed Charmine had her phone at hand as she merely watched Kelly running for her. "Bring it on. If you're to hurt a strand of my hair, I'll send this clip and recording right away! Everyone will see how you, Kelly Milan, tried to attack me with the mastiff but ended up falling into the sewage tank! Oh, yes, here's a friendly reminder: A serious attempt to injure others could send you to jail for a year!" articulated Charmine, already logged into her Twitter.

Kelly—who was running toward Charmine—stopped dead in her tracks. Her face morphed into an ugly expression as she stood there, frozen on the spot.

Charmine actually recorded her!

It would be over for Kelly if the recording and clip went public! That was the first time she had experienced so much hatred, and it was agonizing!

“Charmine! You’re so evil! I won’t forgive you! Never—”

“Ack! Stay away from me, you filthy woman from the sewage tank! Disgusting!” Charmine rolled her eyes at Kelly before striding away arrogantly.

Charmine then stopped after a few steps away and turned to Kelly one last time. “Ah, yes. I can threaten you once, and I can threaten you twice. Cross me again, and I won’t hesitate to post this clip and recording online!” Charmine’s lips curled upward into a satisfied smirk as she turned once more and left.

Kelly remained transfixed on the same spot. She was so furious that she could throw up blood! Not only did Charmine bully her, but she even threatened her once more before leaving! Was she trying to take her life? Left without much of a choice and things to do, Kelly balled her fists tightly and yelled, “Argh!” She had to make Charmine pay for what she had done to her! She must!

April followed behind Charmine with admiration. Under such pressure, Charmine was able to deal with the mastiff and turn the tides against Kelly, making her hideous in the process. April suddenly understood why Boss Bailey was so in love with Charmine...

called out in fear, “I’ll tell you! I’ll tell you everything! It was Tiffany! It was Tiffany who told me to use the mastiff against you! The mastiff is always seen near my office!

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The Night of Glory’s red carpet had been surrounded by hundreds of paparazzi. Supermodels started to arrive while renowned live-streaming platforms were live-streaming the event.

Meanwhile, in the hospital, Joey switched on the television and watched closely. She wanted to see if Charmine did what she promised. Tiffany, on the other hand, had her eyes glued to the screen as she watched supermodels making their appearances one after another.

There was a faint smile on her lips. It was already 6.50 in the evening. The red carpet was ending in 10 minutes yet Charmine was nowhere to be seen!

Haha! Tiffany felt utterly satisfied at the thought of the mastiff biting away on Charmine.

Joey noticed the change in her look, though she was under the impression that Tiffany was not feeling well. “Tiffany, why don’t you take a nap?” came Joey’s gentle voice. “Don’t watch the television, their conversations might hurt you. I’m shutting it off,” she said as she picked up the controller, about to turn it off.

Tiffany hastily stopped her. “No, Mom, no need for that. Sister was right. I should face my mistake, and being able to watch my sister attending such a big event makes me happy for her.

This would make me feel better, so let’s continue watching.”

She wanted to see Charmine’s absence with her own eyes! She wanted to see someone telling the organizer that Charmine was sent to the emergency room!

Joey had no idea about what Tiffany was thinking. She thought that Tiffany had let go of her grudge, thus Joey accompanied her with pleasure.

Suddenly, excited and awe-struck noises could be heard from the television. A member of the paparazzi yelled, "Look! Who's that?"

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Everyone looked over at the direction pointed by the paparazzi, and they saw Charmine strutting along the red carpet in her red gown toward them. She had fixed her mess from earlier while her gown was dustless and spotless, seemingly perfect.

Her gown's perfect off-shoulder design revealed her collar bones, and the tight cloth wrapped around her long and slim arms. The lower end of the sleeves flared up in a trumpet shape, and it went as far as three meters long on the ground!

The long sleeves and gown were embroidered with a golden phoenix. The refined embroidery skill made the phoenix come to life, as if it could come out of the gown anytime and rise up into the sky.

The combination of red and gold was a bold statement; the golden lining glowed under the spotlight as it captivated everyone's eyes instantly.

Tiffany clenched her fists tightly as she watched the woman on the television. Why was she there, without a single scratch on her? How could it have happened?

At the venue, Charmine attracted waves of compliments.

"Dear me! This is too gorgeous! What kind of otherworldly gown is this? Who designed it?"

"Charmine's temperament matched the exquisiteness of such a gown: elegant and arrogant! I love it, I love it!"

"Can you all be more professional? Have you forgotten your job here?"

Someone snapped back as he fished out the lined microphone and started interviewing, "Ms. Jordan, what do you have to say about Julian and Tiffany's betrayal?"

This question brought the rest of the reporters back to reality, and they started bombarding Charmine with questions similar to that:

"Do you have any comments about the scandal with Julian and Tiffany? Rumor has it that you and Julian were in love for almost twenty years. Is there a chance that you and Julian could get back together?"

“Tiffany had been plotting against you several times already. May I ask what kind of person she is behind the scenes? Was her nice-ness fake the entire time?”

Charmine stood on the red carpet, sandwiched by reporters on her two sides. Facing the camera, she answered calmly, “Firstly, we’re never getting back. Secondly, although Tiffany made a mistake, she’s willing to change for the better. She’ll even live stream an apology tomorrow. Please stay tuned for that, and give her a chance to change for the better.”

Her words were seemingly perfect, without any trace of emotion. With that said, she refused further questions and walked into the venue. Her gown’s long tail glowed and glittered as she

walked, and for that moment, she seemed to be the queen of the world.

The paparazzi instantly took up their cameras and captured her gait, the sound of camera shutters and the flickering of flashes filling up the air.

Charmine stunned the world once more.

Meanwhile, in the ward...

Joey heaved a sigh of relief as she turned to Tiffany. “Tiffany, look, your sister really did speak highly of you. Do prepare for tomorrow’s live stream. As long as you apologize sincerely, I believe everyone will forgive you.”

Her hands under the blanket were clenched into tightened fists. Damn Charmine! How was this speaking highly of her? She did not say anything at all! All she said was to ask everyone to stay tuned for the live-stream! This was all a trap!

Damn it! How can Charmine be so pretentious? At this moment, Tiffany wanted nothing more than to launch at Charmine and maul her face!

Seeing that Tiffany did not speak, Joey asked, “Tiffany..? Tiffany, what’s wrong?”

“No... It’s nothing, I’m just too touched. I’ll prepare well. Please switch off the television, I’m quite tired...” replied Tiffany as she laid down and pulled the blanket over her face, faking her sleepiness.

Under the blanket, her face was filled with evil and hatred.

Joey was such a fool... She was fooled by Charmine! What a useless waste! The Jordan family members had proven to be unreliable, and she had to live-stream an apology all of a sudden? How could it be?

No. She had to come up with a plan. She could not satisfy Charmine’s every demand!

Meanwhile, another person as frustrated as Tiffany was Kelly.

After Kelly had gone back home, she washed herself with alcohol and bathed in the bathtub for half an hour. Even so, she could still feel the disgusting scent that came from her body. Most importantly, the wound on her back oozed fresh blood every now and then, and the continuous blood flow almost turned the water in the bathtub red entirely.

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“Miss Kelly, you might die of blood loss if this keeps up!” Kelly’s assistant warned anxiously. “The ambulance is still waiting downstairs. Let’s go to the hospital!”

“Shut your mouth! You want me to show up at the hospital looking like this? Letting everyone smell this pungent smell—argh!” Kelly was cut short of her rant as she triggered the wound on her body. She yelped in pain through gritted teeth.

Reluctantly and without much of a choice, Kelly hissed, “Bring me the perfume right away.”

“Yes.” Her assistant brought over her perfume at that instant.

As she exited her bathroom, Kelly happened to see the turned-on television and glowered at that moment. Why did she have to suffer while Charmine attended the ceremony successfully? Since Kelly could not attend the ceremony, the No. 1 Supermodel award would surely be awarded to another supermodel, and Charmine would be pleased with that!

There was a fire in her eyes, and when her assistant finally returned, she ordered, “Arrange something for me right away. Charmine must not receive her award on that stage. Remember: Do it discreetly. She can’t know that it’s my idea.”

“Understood!” The assistant left right away.

All the supermodels gathered at the Night of Glory event. Inside the spacious hall, every supermodel sat on their assigned seats while hosts of the event were introducing all of the awards on stage. Every supermodel’s face was filled with anticipation in hopes they could be awarded, even if it was just one award.

The seats were also filled with many founders of brands, entrepreneurs, producers, and directors. Even a chance to be noticed would entail a brighter future!

Amid the crowd, Charmine remained calm and collected as her cold gaze revealed no emotion. After all, he knew she would be awarded regardless. Moreover, her mind was occupied with plans for the events that could unfold at any given time. Tiffany must have seen her appearance on this event, and no doubt was she fuming with jealousy.

Knowing Tiffany, she would be taking action in no time, but whatever she would come up with, Charmine would have ways to expose her.

Charmine wanted the entire Jordan family to see Tiffany's true colors; she wanted her kicked out of the family with no hopes of redemption. Charmine deserved her own things and her own home back; it had been 23 years already.

All of a sudden, her phone vibrated vigorously. She unlocked her phone and noted the anonymous email sent to her... Attached were a few photos of Robert Jordan tied up on a branch and hung above a seemingly deep lake. The branch seemed to be fragile and could break up anytime, and Robert could fall into the lake if it gave out

The photos had a line of caption written: (Charmine, you have thirty minutes to get to the Guillotine Cliff. You have to come yourself! Otherwise, I'll kill your brother, and you won't even get to see his body!)

(Oh, do you know how he ended up with me? I was just discussing about how good it would be in bed with you, and this idiotic kid rushed in and asked for a fight. Hmph, this calf isn't intimidated by the tiger!)

Charmine's brows furrowed. Below the Guillotine Cliff was a deep and bottomless lake. Although it was merely a body of water, giant pythons and crocodiles lived down there. Whoever fell into it would surely be dead, and not a trace of that person would ever be found.

Despite their previous encounter, one that resulted in an exchange of blows, Robert was still Charmine's brother by blood. Also, Robert particularly liked Charmine when they were kids, and they did have some happy memories. Back then, Robert always followed wherever Charmine went, always calling her his sister, and he would give her his sweet even if he only had one.

Robert initially did not take the Jordans' side when everyone despised her for being the adopted child. However, after Tiffany learned about Charmine's true identity, she started plotting against Charmine. Tiffany painted a picture of Charmine, one of an unreasonable and difficult character, eventually hated by everyone.

Robert initially wanted to help Charmine, but under Tiffany's evil influence, he lost all his faith and trust in Charmine. In other words, Robert was not a bad guy; he was played like a fool by Tiffany.

These people wanted her life, not Robert's. She could not let die for her.

Did that mean she had to leave? If she left, she would not be able to receive the award, and it would effectively hinder her plan.

This was the first ceremony she had attended in this career. It was her first recognition and also the first time in 23 years that she had her own spotlight. What could she do?

Chapter 241

As Charmine was caught up with the obstacle at hand, her phone lit up with a text message.

Anthony: (Just focus on receiving your awards. Let me take care of the rest.)

Charmine's brows furrowed at the text. Had Anthony found out about her situation?

Just as Charmine was mulling over her situation, three more text messages popped up.

Anthony: (If I can't save your brother's life, you can take my life.)

Anthony: (Trust me.)

Chris: (Don't worry, Mommy! Let Daddy and I take care of the bad guys. We'll always support you from the back, solving all your problems! Remember to bring back the trophies, Momo wants to see!] 1

Charmine felt utterly touched like never before as she read the texts she received; such kindness had never been shown to her even when she was a kid. It would be a lie for her to say it did not feel good to have such support; it felt so good. With Anthony's extended hand to help her out, what need was there for Charmine to fret? There was nothing in the world that Anthony could not solve.

She replied to them both, (Alright.)

With that, she remained seated on her seat, seemingly calm and unperturbed.

Concurrently, in the hospital...

As Joey was occupied with other tasks, Tiffany turned on the television to watch Night of Glory once more. Half an hour ago, Kelly's assistant contacted her and said that the plan had failed. Moreover, Tiffany was told that unless something big was to happen during the ceremony, Charmine-in all her glory-would get up the stage to receive her awards.

The stage belonged to Tiffany! She was the one supposed to go up there and shine under the spotlight, but instead, she was stuck in the hospital suffering in pain and ridicule. What rights did Charmine have to deserve the stage?!

What she could not get, Charmine should not get it either!

With such a thought in her mind, Tiffany bribed some men to kidnap Robert, and she waited for Charmine to leave the ceremony. She knew Charmine better than anyone: Although Charmine seemed rather aloof to her surroundings, she in fact cared a great deal for the Jordans. Otherwise, she would not have come back and picked on Tiffany.

Tiffany eagerly anticipated for the moment Charmine would walk out of the ceremony. What could be better than to watch her being pushed down by the kidnapers off the cliff?

With that in mind, Tiffany's eyes were filled with anticipation and hatred. She waited and waited, yet Charmine did not even stand up to leave.

How could it be? Had the kidnapping plan failed?

She texted the kidnapers: (What's the problem? Why hasn't she left?)

(How do I know? The b*tch didn't even reply. I don't care, I've got the guy and sent the text. Remember to pay me!)

Tiffany's forehead tightened at the text, and she ordered: (Keep sending! Don't stop!)

Seated right where she was, Charmine's phone vibrated incessantly with incoming emails. One email notification after another restlessly lit up her phone.

(Charmine, if you're not coming, I'll kill him for real!)

(Don't you think I'm joking with you? Not a single evidence will be found once I'm done with him!)

(Look at how deep the water is! Don't you think your brother would be afraid?)

[You only have fifteen minutes! I'm really going to do what I said!]

Charmine glanced at her phone, but she remained unperturbed. It puzzled her when this outburst of faith even bloomed, but she trusted Anthony 100 percent entirely. Furthermore, if even Anthony could not save Robert, what use was there for her to go? Anthony was the most resourceful man in the world!

Meanwhile, the host on the stage announced:

"The award we're about to give out is 2020's Most Popular Supermodel Award. The nominated supermodels are Eunice, Sofia, Charmine..."

The host called out ten names all at once, with their close-up photos on the big screen.

Tiffany, still on the hospital bed, glared at the television with clenched fists.

Why? Why was Charmine still there? Why had she not left? Was she not worried about her brother? If she was to watch Charmine receiving an award on this grand stage, she might as well die of frustration!

Meanwhile, the host announced, “2020’s Most Popular Supermodel Award goes to...Charmine

Jordan!”

With that, two words-Charmine Jordan – appeared on the big screen along with a loud uproar and applause that echoed in the venue. The spotlight and camera turned and focused on Charmine.

Chapter 242

Still at her seat, Charmine’s lips curled up elegantly and exquisitely at the camera. On the big screen, her photos showed up as the host introduced:

“Charmine Jordan, aged twenty-three, started her career by stunning the world at the Chanel’s Jewelry Show, followed by her record-breaking sales from her Guci shoots which overwhelmed last year’s Number One Supermodel, Tiffany Jordan.

“She made an appearance at the International Car Exhibition, earning fans up to tens of millions! Her shots in wedding gowns went otherworldly viral as well! Charmine Jordan is indeed the most popular supermodel of 2020! She deserves this!

“Let’s have another round of applause for Charmine Jordan!”

The majestically loud applause resonated in the venue, with different beautiful photos of Charmine in various styles and poses revealed on the big screen. The applause became louder, and even other supermodels applauded sincerely as they felt out of her league. Perfect-faced, multi-styled, downright professional Charmine was at a level far beyond their reach.

Under the worshipped and adoring eyes of many, Charmine stood up and walked toward the stage. Her long gown trailed with her seemingly with a golden glow, and she gave off a beautiful yet proud aura as she stood 1.7 meters tall.

It was as if she was the queen of the ceremony.

As she walked the stage, a well-respected senior of the modeling industry handed the trophy to her. Madam Gazelle was in her seventies, but her appearance was so well-maintained that she seemed like a charming woman in her forties. Rightfully, she exuded an air of elegance, gentleness, and formality.

As Charmine maintained eye contact with the woman, she accepted her trophy as she lowered her head sincerely. "Thank you," said Charmine.

Madam Gazelle gave Charmine a once over and gushed, "You're indeed an amazing lady, so gorgeous that I'm getting a little jealous over here! Does Ms. Jordan have anything to share with everyone today?"

Charmine glanced at the heavy trophy at hand before she turned to look at the camera, and her red lips curled up. "Next year, won't be just this."

Six words were uttered confidently, beautifully, and boldly.

The venue thunderously cheered and applauded at Charmine. Perhaps Charmine was the only one in the world who would say such words. The Most Popular Supermodel Award was a very prestigious award. Was she implying that she wanted to get the No.1 Supermodel Award next year?

A bold statement, indeed!

Both Tiffany and Kelly who were healing at the hospital watched the ceremony through their televisions in rage. Two-month-old model newbie Charmine was declaring war on these two! More importantly, Charmine was too gorgeous! She stood on the stage with such stunning and awe-striking perfection that could drive any woman in the world crazy with jealousy!

How could a woman like this continue to live? How could it be?!

Suddenly, all the lights in the venue turned off, and the venue was left in darkness. With furrowed brows, Charmine went alert as she looked around her vigilantly.

A spotlight shone on her, with another spotlight directed at the back of the stage. Standing there was a man with a huge bouquet of roses, dressed in an exquisite and formal suit.

It was Julian!

Wait... Julian was here?

What was happening?

Before Charmine could react, Julian walked toward her one step at a time with the bouquet of roses at hand, and the spotlight followed him in every step of the way. Under the light, he seemed like an exquisite prince from a fairytale.

An uproar overwhelmed the venue.

“Wow!”

“It’s Julian Cabell! Did Julian arrange this with the organizer just to apologize to Charmine in front of everyone?”

“Goodness! This man is so sweet!”

The venue was overridden with murmurs and comments, with lots of women watching on with adoration in their eyes.

While others looked on with adoration, Charmine’s brows tightened as she stood still.

“What are you doing here?”

Was he here to apologize in front of everyone? No, that could not be. There had to be something else in play!

Chapter 243

As expected, Julian made his way to Charmine, his eyes seemingly filled with adoration. He had carefully weighed his situation for the past few days: The Cabell family shares had gone downhill, and the Jordan family members had been starting to boycott him as the patriarch. Thus, Charmine was the last option he had to redeem himself!

It definitely played a factor that Charmine was too charming, so mesmerizingly charming, and marrying her would do no harm to him. As for Tiffany, well... Julian had other plans.

“Dear Charmine,” Julian began as he gazed at her, “I’ve wronged you in the past, and I’m willing to make up for it my entire life. Please give me another chance!”

He uttered every word with such sincerity, and as he finished, he knelt on one knee as he handed the bouquet of roses to Charmine. Among the roses laid a jewelry box with a proposal ring sitting in it.

The crowd went into havoc at the scene. “It’s too romantic!”

“Argh! Julian Cabell is actually proposing to Charmine at such a formal event!”

“I guess he was seduced by Tiffany back then. What man could resist Tiffany’s seductive position?”

“Also, who never cheated anyway? What’s important is that he learned his mistake.”

“Charmine, accept him! You two are meant for each other!”

“Say yes! Say yes! Say yes!”

Someone started chanting and the rest of the audience followed. The chants resonated and overwhelmed the entire venue.

Charmine wanted to reject Julian's proposal, but as she blinked, she saw a peculiar photo embedded among the roses. It was a photo of her laying on the operation table with her impregnated belly!

Julian purposely brought that photo out with him!

Julian's gaze never wavered, though his lips curled up. "Charmine, please accept me." His tone seemed to be sincere, though it was concealed with a threat that only the two of them understood.

Charmine's face turned pale. Julian was threatening her with the photo, and no doubt would he reveal the photo to everyone if she rejected him. She had long forgotten her pregnant self from five years ago, and she had forced herself to dump the memories for good, but never did she think the photo would appear again as a ransom!

If this photo was exposed in an event like this, the entire world would know that she was once pregnant and gave birth before...

However tough she might seem, she could not tear her wound in front of so many people. Also, Chris was probably watching. What would he think of his Mommy if the truth was revealed? Would he get ill again? Moreover, Anthony...

All at once, her mind was overwhelmed with all kinds of emotions.

Meanwhile, Tiffany was watching the television in the ward with her fists clenched tightly, so tightly that the IV needle had popped out of her skin with fresh blood oozing out.

How could this be? How could Julian propose to Charmine?! Tiffany had loved Julian dearly since they were young. While Julian was not as successful back then, she never once doubted him. Although she had been planning these for herself, half of it was all because of Julian! She wanted to become the Jordan family's actual heiress, wanted to get a portion of the Jordans' family shares, marry Julian and help him secure his status, and live a happily married life with him.

Alas, there he was, proposing to Charmine.

Julian completely brushed her aside, and he had never once visited her in the hospital. All of a sudden, he was proposing to Charmine!

Back at the Night of Glory venue, Julian was still waiting for Charmine's answer on one knee. His handsome and elegant face was filled with a hint of certainty.

There was a dull twinkle in Charmine's eyes. Did she have to accept him? Was accepting him the only option she had?

If she was to accept him in front of so many people, she would have no choice but to actually stay with him after that...

Chapter 244

Charmine would never!

Suddenly, a mysterious glint briefly appeared in Charmine's eyes. As she stood before him, she asked, "Are you sure you want to marry me? Have you genuinely learned your mistake?"

"Yes." One word, simple and unhesitant.

Charmine's lips curled up. "Alright, I have three conditions. If you can fulfill them, we can be officiated tonight," came Charmine's clear and elegant voice.

Julian's brows furrowed, along with an unsettling feeling that welled in him. Three conditions? What three conditions did she want?

Meanwhile, at Guillotine Cliff...

Mr. Dickson had long anticipated Charmine's speedy arrival, but little did he expect that a luxury car would harshly pull over at the side, the motion causing clouds of dust to float in the air. "It must be her!" one of the men called out. "Get ready!"

Everyone stood up, and they eyed the car with cautious and fierce glares. The moment the car door opened, a pair of shiny leather shoes were revealed as they stepped on the ground, followed by a pair of long and refined legs.

Even if it was just the bottom half of his body, without a face revealed to them, everyone could already feel his authority and regality. The man eventually got out of the car and shut the door with a swift gesture.

When everyone saw that dark and stern face of his, their limbs turned to jelly as a strong shiver shook their bodies.

It was Boss Bailey!

The Boss Bailey with all the power of Burlington in his hands!

There were two legends in Burlington: One was that Boss Walker killed and burned at night, while Boss Bailey burned cash in the daylight.

These two legends implied that Boss Walker was a fearless man, he was the king of the night doing any undepictable act one could think of. While Boss Jordan did not have to do anything, burning cash in the daylight for the sake of keeping warm, one could see how overwhelming his wealth was.

Mr. Dickson was a staff of Boss Walker. They—the men—had been evil and feared by many, yet they dared not intrude Boss Bailey's territory. Even if they were to cause troubles, they had to stay at least 500 meters away from Boss Bailey's territory. Someone once tried to challenge Boss Bailey's authority; this person handicapped a person from Boss Bailey's territory. The following day, that person—the one who handicapped one of Boss Bailey's people—vanished from the face of the earth without a single trace...

Recalling this legend, Mr. Dickson and his men had chills that ran down their spines. He stuttered, "Boss Bailey...! W—What brings you here?"

Anthony's gaze landed on the figure behind them; Robert was hung on a tree branch. "Three seconds," Anthony commanded, "let him go."

Five words. Simple and full of authority.

Mr. Dickson and his men exchanged glances. Of course they would let go of Robert when he asked, but they went through all the trouble and stuck their necks out there just to kidnap Robert. It did not help that the perpetrator had promised to pay them a rather handsome sum of five million, and they had not received such a high-paying task for a very long time. If they let him go, all would have been in vain.

Mr. Dickson's eyes darted left and right as he hastily walked to the tree and said, "Boss Bailey, please understand our predicament here. We promise to not cause him any harm. We're just using him to attract a particular woman, so once the woman gets here, we'll let him go right away!"

—

—

"It's not easy for us. We have elders and kids to take care of, too. If Boss Bailey insists to make me do it, I'll have to take his life." With that, he took out the dagger and placed it against the rope. The rope would surely be severed with one flick of the dagger, and Robert would surely fall into the bottomless lake.

Effectively restrained by the rope, Robert could not move at all. He was even poisoned that his entire body was unable to exert any force. Meanwhile, he looked at Anthony with doubt and worry.

What was this man doing here? Was he here to save him? He did not even know this man... Furthermore, under such a circumstance, how could he save him?

Chapter 245

Mr. Dickson and his men surrounded Robert, where he was hung, as they eyed Anthony anxiously and warily.

Mr. Dickson's dagger trembled with his hand, but he managed to muster all his courage to blurt out, "Boss Bailey, I'm sorry to have offended you, b-but please understand our difficulty... We don't have any choice..!"

"Times' up." Anthony's lips curled up slightly.

As the men were confused at what Anthony meant, he had already taken out a dark-colored weapon from the inner pocket of his suit.

He raised it and aimed right at Mr. Dickson's forehead.

Mr. Dickson's eyes narrowed as he raised his dagger, ready to cut the rope. With that, Boss Bailey must be threatened and would hold back his shot Bang!

Anthony pulled the trigger.

Before Mr. Dickson's dagger could even cut the rope, the dark-colored weapon had already shot his forehead, and fresh blood spurted from his wound like a fountain.

What speed... It happened in the blink of an eye! Boss Bailey was able to stop him on the second his dagger was about to graze the rope!

Mr. Dickson's body jolted vigorously. His dagger fell into the bottomless lake as he fell backward.

"Mr. Dickson!"

The rest of the men rushed up to hold on to him. No one cared about their promised five million anymore as they fell on their knees and begged for their lives.

"Please forgive us, Boss Bailey! Please forgive us! We've made a mistake, it's our fault...! This man is all yours, please..." With that, the men bowed down low as they dragged on Mr. Dickson to leave as fast as they could.

Anthony had no heart to deal with them, and he kept the weapon in his pocket as he walked toward Robert. He untied the knot on the tree and, with a strong pull, Robert—who was hanging mid-air—landed on the grass.

Robert looked at the man before him, his eyes filled with shock. Every gesture of his was so elegant and exquisite. Why would such an important figure come and save him?

“Why did you save me?” Robert feebly asked.

Anthony stared down at him as he stood still, his lips curled up slightly. “I’m your brother-in law.”

Five words, uttered somewhat like an announcement with a hint of fervency.

Robert was downright baffled at such an announcement. Brother-in-law? Anthony Bailey was his brother-in-law?

Robert had three sisters: His eldest sister Tiffany’s reputation was completely ruined; his second eldest sister Charmine had lost her chaste five years ago; his third sister Amelia was still locked in the basement for ‘reflection purposes’ and had not come out to the light.

What ‘in-law’ could this Anthony Bailey possibly be of his?

At that moment, the door to Anthony’s luxury car flung open. As he ran with his two short legs shakily, Chris called out, “Daddy, Daddy, it’s bad! The bad guy is proposing to Mommy!”

Proposing?

Anthony took the device from Chris and looked at the screen. At the glamorous Night of Glory, Julian was kneeling with a bouquet of roses in front of Charmine. Right on time, Charmine stated, “Alright, I have three conditions. If you can fulfill them, we can be officiated tonight.”

Officiated tonight!

Was Charmine genuinely giving Julian another shot?

A man like Julian would accept all of her conditions, even if there were 30 of them!

Anthony clenched his fists so tightly that the knuckles turned white. As he was about to bring out his phone to make a call, Charmine began to state her conditions.

“Firstly, you need to tell everyone what Tiffany did to me, with you as the witness sending her off to jail!”

Chapter 246

“Secondly, tell everyone about the truth about you and Tiffany for the past fifteen years.

“Thirdly, transfer ninety-nine percent of your shares to me.

“If you could fulfill these three conditions, we can get our marriage certificate right away.”

Her voice resonated in the venue calmly.

Julian’s face instantly stiffened. Did she just say 99 percent of his shares? She was asking for so much! Was she trying to steal his Mile-End Company entirely?

As for her first and second conditions, Julian knew she was trying to make him confess that

Tiffany was the actual adopted daughter instead, that Tiffany bribed a man to rape Charmine. If the truth got out, it would genuinely mark the end for Tiffany, once and for all. The Jordans would not like Tiffany anymore, and she would be sent straight to jail without a single percent of the family shares!

Although Julian had not been looking for Tiffany and did not like her as much, they did grow up together. Moreover, she was his first love and the woman he cared for the most. How could he ruin Tiffany completely?

Watching his hesitation, a mocking curl appeared on Charmine’s red lips. “Julian, you claimed to have learned your mistake, yet you can’t even fulfill the most basic requirements. How am I supposed to marry you?”

With that, the audience began to exchange their opinions.

“What else did Tiffany do to Charmine? Was it so bad that she could be put to jail?”

“That’s not the main point. The main point is that Julian is obviously protecting Tiffany. He still loves Tiffany!”

“Hmph. I wouldn’t want a dirty husband like this. Charmine, weigh your options carefully!”

The audience’s perception had changed.

Julian’s expression turned darker as he warned, “Charmine, let’s not drive her to her limit now. I’ll promise to cut off everything with her, but can’t we just let go of the past? Shares wise, I can give you forty percent of it, so please do consider. I don’t wish us to part ways with displeasure.” 1

‘Part ways in displeasure’ was emphasized as he handed the roses to Charmine again. If Charmine remained stubborn, Julian would expose her photos!

Charmine's lips formed into a mocking, condescending smirk. Did Julian really think she was someone he could manipulate just like that?

Charmine suddenly lowered to the ground on one knee, with one hand clasped at her bent

knee Charmine spoke in a volume that only the two of them could hear, "If you're here claiming that I should let go of the past, why did you use this past to threaten me? Do you really think I'm afraid? When it comes to it, what could be worse than exposing the photos and we all go down together? Also, I'm making Tiffany do a DNA test with the Jordans today!"

Charmine then stood up and reached out to grab the photo placed among the roses. Julian's face changed instantly; Charmine was going all out! She would rather go down with them all instead of marrying him!

If Charmine was to self-expose then accuse Tiffany of framing her, Tiffany would receive the worst end of the stick even without any proof, and her as-of-late reputation did not help her case. Should the DNA test be carried out...

No, it was not time for all that. Tiffany had not gotten hold of most of the Jordan family shares; everything was not ready yet.

Julian suddenly got up from his knee and pulled his bouquet before Charmine could take the photo. "Charmine, if you're still not ready, I'll give you more time to reconsider. No matter if it takes ten days or ten years, I'll be waiting." With that, he insisted Charmine keep the roses while he took the engagement ring.

Everyone looked with the brows furrowed with suspicion. What just happened? Why did Julian walk away suddenly? What did Charmine say?

Everyone was left clueless, and Anthony was the one left with the most questions.

Anthony could very well lip-read, thus he noted Charmine's every word to Julian.

'Expose the photos? What photos was Julian threatening Charmine with? Why did Charmine say they would all go down together? Did Julian have things in his hands that could bring Charmine down? Speaking of the conditions Charmine proposed, she spoke of this thing that happened five years ago. What actually happened five years ago?

After a series of thoughts, his gaze landed on Robert. He asked in a deep voice, "Five years ago, what happened to Charmine?" He had to find out. He had to help Charmine solve all of her problems!

Chapter 247

Julian had to pay the price of threatening his-Anthony's-woman!

At the mention of the five-years-ago incident, Robert's face turned serious and solemn. Even though he did not like his sister Charmine that much, it was still a family issue. An outsider should never hear about the ugly truth, especially when that truth had things to do with Charmine's reputation...

Robert shifted his gaze away. "I don't know."

"You don't know?" Anthony's eyes narrowed at his reply, his questioning gaze unusually dark. The long squinted eye-lines were long and narrowed, as if sharp rays of light were coming out of them.

Momentarily intimidated by his glare, Robert hesitated for a moment before he repeated, "Yes, and I was only thirteen at the time too. I don't know anything. If you're curious, go ask Charmine." With that, he shut his eyes and avoided Anthony.

Anthony's eyes became darker than before; it was plain to see that Robert hid something from him. What went down five years ago? Why was he not telling the truth?

Meanwhile, Chris' lips pursed into a pout in frustration. "Daddy, this person is so rude! How could she call Mommy by her name?"

"Don't think about it. Remember, you'll have to call him Uncle." Anthony regained his composure as he ruffled Chris' hair, and he then reached out to help Robert stand up from the ground.

Chris' pout only lengthened as he scoffed, "Uncle?"

Robert had goosebumps all over him. 'Uncle'? The well-known little figure feared by many in Burlington, called him 'Uncle'? Was he messing with him? Moreover, this kid kept on calling Charmine 'Mommy'. Was he her kid?

That was impossible. The baby Charmine gave birth to five years ago was dead...

Between his thoughts, Chris was already carried and placed on the backseat. Chris opened the door and tried to climb toward the passenger's seat, though Anthony stopped him. "Stay behind. This seat is for Mommy."

"Oh, okay!" At the thought of his Mommy, Chris wiggled back to the backseat and sat next to Robert.

Once he looked at Robert, however, Chris looked away arrogantly as he huffed, "Hmph! I don't have a rude and weak Uncle like you."

Robert was speechless at his choice of words.

He did not want a nephew like him either. Was he actually calling him weak? Robert could have fought all his kidnappers had they not outnumber him and drugged him. Though, upon a closer look, Chris did share minute resemblances with Charmine. From his brows to his lips, he did look similar to when Charmine was a kid.

Could it be that Chris was really Charmine's son?

Nonetheless, he saw it with his own eyes that the baby was born dead back then. The baby was no longer breathing since birth, his face purplish-green like an eggplant. How could it have survived?

Perhaps it was mere coincidence.

The car pulled over in an alley a few meters away from the Night of Glory venue, and April was already waiting under the tree with Charmine. Chris' update text made Charmine feel at ease about the situation. The moment Charmine spotted their car pulled over, she waved at April." You may go home now, get some early rest."

"Alright." April opened the car door for her, her adoration for Charmine only growing at that point.

As she got in the car, Chris called out excitedly, "Mommy! Mommy! You looked so gorgeous when you were on stage tonight! You stood out from everyone else! I'm Mommy's number one!"

"Thank you, Momo. Do fasten your seatbelt, we'll talk more when we get home," said Charmine.

"Alrighty!" Chris fastened his seatbelt diligently as he was told.

Robert's brows furrowed as he studied Chris' behavior. The younger, arrogant Bailey was such a good kid in front of Charmine, and Anthony Bailey seemed to spoil Charmine... Riddled with suspicion, Robert began, "Charmine, what's your relationship with them?"

Chapter 248

"You don't have to know about my personal stuff," came Charmine's reply in a low voice, "just take care of your own." As if she remembered something, Charmine looked at Anthony. "Go to the Jordan family's mansion first, send him there."

"Okay." Anthony turned his steering wheel.

All of a sudden, Robert called out hastily, "I don't want to go back to the Jordan mansion!"

“Do you want a repeat of tonight or something? Are you able to fully ensure your own safety?” Charmine asked rhetorically.

Robert was caught off-guard, his words stuck in his throat at her question. However, after a moment, he said, “I won’t go back there even if I’d die outside!”

“This is exactly what that person would want you to be,” Charmine scoffed.

Tiffany had, in some form, spoiled Robert since they were kids. She encouraged Robert to skip school, set him up to become addicted to gaming, and even pulled up a gaming group of people to game with him. As a result, Robert wasted 10 years all for gaming as he neglected his studies.

To Robert, Tiffany was his one and only true friend who was willing to help him build up a team of gamers. He trusted Tiffany wholeheartedly, unaware of the ugly plot behind all the icing and sugar.

Robert frowned when he heard Charmine’s tone of speech. “I won’t deny that Sister Tiffany made a huge mistake, but it must be that she loves Julian too much. She’s not a bad person inside, and nothing close to what you think! She had been treating me so well since I was a kid.”

Charmine scoffed, unbothered to explain further. It was not the right time, and whatever she said would not convince him either. Moreover, Robert should not live outside; it was not ideal. Charmine had quite the list of enemies, and she did not even know if Tiffany or Kelly set up Robert’s kidnapping.

“No matter what, stay in the Jordan mansion for now,” insisted Charmine. “I can help you convince Grandpa so that he’d allow you to play games at home.”

“Impossible! Don’t you even think about that! Just send me off to the SA Club,” Robert said coldly.

Robert had tried to convince his family about the rules of gaming countless times ever since he was a kid. He wanted to become a professional gamer and get involved in the national gaming industry; he wanted to make a name for himself. Alas, no one supported him despite his efforts. How could Charmine convince them?

Charmine merely spared him a glance before she took out her phone and texted Senior Jordan a message. Not long after, Robert received a call.

“Robert,” came Senior Jordan’s voice from the other end of the line, “by all means, come home and stay with us. Bring your machines. Grandpa will allow you to play at home and will no longer force you to study.”

Robert’s eyes widened as he listened, shocked for a good few seconds.

What did Grandpa just say? Did he hear it wrongly? Grandpa actually allowed him to game at home and no longer forced him to study? Grandpa was the most traditional man at home; he always thought that his only grandson should be studying and get into a business school to learn so he could take over the family business.

Yet, all of a sudden, Grandpa supported him...

He looked at Charmine with disbelief. "What did you say to Grandpa?"

Charmine's red lips curled up. "I said what I should be saying. You don't have to know. Just stay at home, alright?"

As they spoke, the car had already arrived somewhere not far from the mansion's main entrance. "Just pull over here," said Charmine.

Anthony pulled over right away, and the car made a turn.

Charmine turned to look at Robert. "Can you walk?"

The drugs lost their effect on Robert's body by then. He opened the door and got out of the car.

"I'll walk him in," said Charmine to Anthony, "just wait for me here."

"Okay," Anthony answered with his husky voice, and he said nothing else.

As Charmine got out of the car and walked, Anthony's gaze lingered on her figure thoughtfully so. It was apparent that Charmine wanted to speak to Robert alone, and what they were speaking of must have had something to do with that five-years-ago incident. At Phoenix Hotel, Charmine told him not to intrude in her privacy. Robert, on the other hand, refused to divulge the details. What happened five years ago?

Chris' little head suddenly poked from the backseat as he asked, "Daddy, why don't I follow them?"

Chapter 249

"No need," answered Anthony in a low voice, "we have to respect her."

Despite the fact that he oh-so badly wanted to know the truth, under no special circumstances would Anthony dive into the details unless Charmine herself told him about it.

Chris merely made a small sound as a response before he sat in the car and waited diligently.

Outside the Jordan mansion...

Charmine and Robert walked side-by-side by the tall fence. As they reached the gate, Charmine stopped and looked at Robert. "Don't tell anyone about Anthony saving you today and my relationship with him."

Robert frowned. "Why?"

They were both people of importance. Anyone would want to tell the world about this kind of relationship, but why did Charmine intentionally hide this from everyone?

A thought then occurred to Robert, and he anxiously asked, "Charmine, be honest. Are you Anthony's mistress?"

His mistress?

Charmine glared at him. "Do I look like a person who'd be someone's mistress?"

"Then why don't you want people to know about you two? And why did the kid call you Mommy?" asked Robert.

As she glanced at the luxury car parked not far away, Charmine replied in a lowered voice, "Don't stick your nose into my business; I have my arrangements and reasons. If you tell anyone about it, I wouldn't mind making Grandpa change his mind."

With that, she turned and was ready to leave.

Robert quickly grabbed onto her arm and gravely warned, "I don't care what relationship you and Anthony Bailey have, but you have to know that you two are never meant to be! He asked me earlier about what happened five years ago, but I didn't tell him. If he finds out what happened, he'd leave you for sure, so it's best if you leave him first."

Charmine's brows furrowed slightly. So Anthony asked about what happened five years ago? Still, it only seemed normal after what Julian did at the Night of Glory ceremony.

She pulled her arm away from Robert's grip. "I know what I'm doing."

Robert looked at her silhouette with a complex expression. The Charmine that he remembered as the girl despised by everyone, the one who cheated on Julian five years ago, had become Anthony Bailey's mistress? She was so wealthy on her own, so why would she do this? Of course, Robert had no part in their matter. Why did he even care? Charmine was just an adopted kid; he was not even blood-related to her...

Charmine returned to the car, and it was out of habit that she reached out to sit on the co driver's seat, but with Robert's words ringing in her ears, she went straight to the backseat.

Anthony's eyes flickered at her change, though he remained silent and drove away.

Inside the car, Chris was leaning against Charmine. As he sneakily gazed at Anthony who sat at the front seat and Charmine next to him, he decided to shut his eyes. Soon enough, little snores escaped his lips, like a little kitten that slept soundly.

Charmine gently ruffled his hair out of fondness as she could not help feeling a little upset. If her baby did not die back then, the child would have been all grown up. How good would it be if she could stay by his side? 1

Still, would Anthony accept her past?

Cough, cough! What was she thinking? She, wanted Anthony to accept her past? What happened to her?

The car stopped at the red light. Anthony looked up at Charmine with his rear mirror, and after a moment of silence, he asked, "So, Julian threatened you today?"

Charmine made a sound to reply as she did not particularly want to talk about it. Nonetheless, Anthony continued, "However difficult the situation might be, you may tell me."

Chapter 250

There was nothing in the world Anthony could not resolve; Charmine needed only ask.

As the incident ran past her mind, Charmine leaned back at the seat in tiredness. "It's just a small matter, I'll solve it myself." Charmine closed her eyes right after; it was plain to see she did not want to entertain the matter.

Anthony's eyes turned darker, hinted with a faint worry. He had never seen her annoyed for quite some time. However, if she was unwilling to share, he had all the time to wait.

Meanwhile...

Tiffany hid in the washroom as she half-whispered into her phone, "What did you say? Everyone ran? And they said they don't want the money?".

"Yes, they said that Boss Bailey went to save Robert," Ronnie reported.

A fist was instantly slammed onto the sink in the washroom. Damn it! While Julian gave a very public proposal to Charmine, Julian was helping her resolve her problems from the shadows. What did Charmine do to deserve such graces? What had she got in her to deserve those two amazing men?! 4

If this went on, Tiffany might as well die of rage! Worse still, Julian did not even pick up her calls. It was obvious that he tried to keep his distance from her.

Tiffany could only ask, "Did you manage to buy the perfume as I told you to?"

"Yes, but its price in the auction had gone up to ninety million bucks. Are you sure you want to go on with the transaction?" Ronnie asked softly.

A bottle of perfume for 90 million! That might as well be a bank job!

Since Charmine had basically taken most of her assets, Tiffany basically did not have much left, and the perfume might be able to help her shift the tides...

"Buy it by all means!" she ordered. "I'll transfer you the money later, so just buy it!"

"Yes."

After Tiffany hung up, she had to soothe her bleeding heart to sell ten or-so of her limited edition bags, along with some jewelry sets, at half the price to some wealthy heiress, just to make up the 90 million! After she was sure that she would obtain the perfume, a malicious smirk appeared on her lips.

Did it hurt? Since it hurt, it was only fair that she would earn more money with this perfume! She picked up her phone and started looking up for Anthony's private phone number.

At night, the Night of Glory ceremony started a few heated discussions: Kelly Milan's absence, Scarlet Hoffman becoming No.1 Supermodel and winning Most Commercial Value Award, as well as the rumors about Charmine and Julian.

#JulianCabell- Proposed

#Charmine's-3-conditions

#Was – Julian-Sincere

#What-happened-5-years-ago

Those few hashtags were all over the page. Of course, discussions like #Charmine's-gown, # Phoenix, #D.K also made it to the headlines.

Even though Charmine only received an average award, her popularity overwhelmed many others. Kelly laid on the sick bed as she read the discussions in rage.

"Damn it! I even let this cheap Scarlet take advantage of my absence! She wouldn't have gotten the No.1 Supermodel Award if I was there!

“Didn’t someone else buy the gown for ten billion? Why was she wearing it? What did she do to get her hands on it?”

“The b*tch Charmine! How dare she ask for ninety-nine percent of his shares? She just wants to make the headlines!”

Kelly scowled as she smashed on the pillow.

“Ms. Milan, the doctor said you have to take care of your body,” her assistant went up to comfort her, “so don’t get angry. Compared to Charmine, the crisis of the company is more challenging right now, and everyone is waiting to terminate their contracts. This goes especially for Scarlet; she became even more arrogant after getting the No.1 Supermodel Award tonight. She even said our company was fake and ruthless, forcing her to do things she didn’t want to do.”

“Hmph! She wouldn’t be where she is today without our company. Thinking of leaving my company? She might as well die!” Kelly growled through gritted teeth.

After a while, she looked up at her assistant. “Oh, right. Wasn’t there a rumor about Scarlet and Director Hue?”

“Yes, and it was true. I bumped into them once...” the assistant replied.

There was a twinkle in Kelly’s eyes as she remarked, “Let her terminate her contract, and only let her leave when she paid up the terminating compensation! Let her go to Charmine’s company!”

“To Charmine’s company? Ms. Milan, have you gone mad from the wound?” her assistant asked

“You’re the crazy one here! Didn’t Charmine want to attack a stone with her egg? Didn’t she want to snatch my artists? Let her have them! This time, I want her RisingHawk to shut down!”

There was pure malice in Kelly’s eyes; malice and calculated evil.

Chapter 251

The next morning, Charmine received a call from Eric.

“HollyOak terminated their contracts with a few artists, including Scarlet. They all want to meet you, and they need your signature. Since their terminating compensations are such large sums, and all of them are top supermodels in their own rights, the assistants couldn’t even make them go away.”

“Alright,” answered Charmine, “I’ll come over.” Charmine turned to look at the bed and gazed at both Anthony and Chris, fast asleep. Perhaps they fell asleep rather late. Chris did not wake up early to paint; he slept soundly in the middle while Anthony laid flat on the inside of the bed. Two figures—one big, the other small—with skin that glistened like jade carvings. A warm smile appeared on Charmine’s lips unknowingly. Charmine got off the bed carefully as she did not want to wake them up.

Not long after she left, the phone on the bedside vibrated. Anthony opened his eyes to see a message popped up on his phone.

[Hello, Mr. Bailey. I’m Tiffany Jordan. I’d like to tell you about what happened five years ago. I’m guessing Charmine wouldn’t tell you? That’s because she wanted to handle it herself. She’s always been so independent, never wanting others to help her. However, Julian had been crossing the line lately. Not only did he leave me, but he even tried to threaten Charmine with what happened five years ago so she’d marry him. The evidence consists of something that agonizes Charmine, and it could even make her do things she’s unwilling to do. If Julian reaches his limit, he might want to take down Charmine with him, completely destroying her.

Only you can save her. I’ll be waiting for you at Green Café at 2pm.]

Anthony’s gaze darkened. He did not want to get involved with Charmine’s secret, but as he read Tiffany’s text...

Was the incident happening five years ago so serious?

It seemed that he had to figure it out. He pulled up Luke’s contact and ordered, “Clear up my schedule in the afternoon.”

Meanwhile...

When Tiffany made sure that Anthony got her text, she prepared herself in delight. She was officially discharged from the hospital, and although her hair was shaved, it was only a patch at the top of her head. Topped with a wig, the scar would be as good as gone. Moreover, with the perfume in Tiffany’s possession, Anthony would surely sleep with her!

Developed by an expert, the perfume—once spritzed—would erase a person’s self-control and make them do things against their will. Since Julian ditched her, Tiffany had to find herself a

new suitor. If a woman who had given birth could sleep with Anthony, so could she! Whatever Charmine could get, so could she!

Once she bedded him, she could at least get hold of a large sum of silence fee with the evidence at hand, even if Anthony did not want her. If Drake Jordan would not give her

the family shares, she could buy them with her money and take charge of the shares entirely. She had to be in control of Jordan before Charmine exposed her.

Also...

She reached out to touch her stomach; she happened to be in her fertile phase at that moment. If she could be impregnated with his child, so what if the Jordans despised her? She would not have to worry for the rest of her life! With that, Tiffany picked out her outfit with eagerness.

Charmine arrived at RisingHawk, with only Scarlet in her office. A mild-natured woman, Scarlet was HollyOak's second most-treasured artist. She was soft-spoken as well, and it gave one the impression that she was akin to a moonlight's soft glow.

Alas, Hollyoak promoted her as a foodie. No matter what events she participated in, Scarlet had to eat, eat, and eat some more to gain 'likes' from the audience and make them like her character. Although Scarlet hated that persona, she had no choice but to obey the authority of the company. With this set-up character, she won Most-Likeable Supermodel Award, and the company she represented won the support and likes of the customers. Last year, she received the 'Most Commercial – Valued' award, and this year, she won the 'No.1 Supermodel' award.

Charmine looked at her with suspicion. "Why are you here? Have you managed to terminate your contract? Is HollyOak willing to let you go?"

Chapter 252

"Mhm," Scarlet answered with a hint of discomfort in her eyes, but she changed the topic

swiftly.

"I heard that Mr. Eric and Mr. Young said your company would not pre-arrange the characteristics of your artists. Does that mean we get to be ourselves?"

"Yes. I've gone through your profile; you can stick to your gentle and intellectual style. In a few days, you'll be attending the annual Horizon Night as the Head." Charmine said with a professional tone.

"Really?" Scarlet called out in surprise.

Horizon Night was an annual event. As organized by the organizer, thousands of people would walk around the heritage area in traditional attires, a globally-known event. The Head had always been Tiffany Jordan; the company never gave it to anyone else. Even when Scarlet took part in the past, she was only at the Second or Third seat. They even

made her sneak in some snacks to eat during the show, in which she was criticized by many of the traditional-wear enthusiasts.

All of a sudden, she was to be the Head?

Charmine then answered in a mature voice, "Yes, don't worry. We won't make you binge-eat. Toss out the foodie character in the future. Do ask if you have any further questions."

A thought then occurred to Scarlet as she asked, "Does this go for other models as well?"

"Everyone is treated the same here." Six simple words, well-versed and fluent.

As she spoke, Charmine handed a few files to her. Scarlet accepted the files and saw all the future plans for her and a few other supermodels. After getting rid of her pre-set foodie persona, the other supermodels had a personality that suited them. The plans not only got rid of their pre-set personas, but they even incorporated more opportunities. It looked much better than HollyOak's proposal!

Scarlet stayed back on everyone's behalf to learn more about what RisingHawk had for them. It seemed that everything was well thought-out for them.

She stood up and reached out her hand. "President Jordan, I look forward to working with you."

"Likewise." Charmine shook her hand and added, "Remember to tell everyone: If the high price signing turns out to be a loss, I'm the one losing the most." With that, Charmine's lips curled upward as she left the office.

It was not until then when Scarlet remembered. Yes, the terminating compensation was almost 1 billion for each of them, and Charmine paid them all. If they did not work hard

enough, Charmine would incur a huge loss. Furthermore, Charmine took them in with such high costs and gave the best customized proposals, all while only taking the least amount of commission. What was she after?

Looking at Charmine's retreating form, Scarlet thought that Charmine was different from other supermodels, and different from any other managers...

After the meeting, Charmine went to another room to meet Eric and Rio Young. While Eric was not in, Rio's eyes squinted into a long line the moment he spotted her.

"Charmine, you're finally free to come over," he greeted her enthusiastically. "It's been five years since the last time we met!"

"What now? Miss me? You want me here, checking up on you?" teased Charmine.

Rio hastily buttoned up the top button of his shirt. "You don't have to. I've been so occupied with work everyday, and so are you, ever since Tiffany's exposed! You must've been swarmed by the paparazzi lately. How'd you have time to check on others?"

Charmine's eyes dulled at the thought of Tiffany. It was true that the paparazzi did look up for her and asked for interviews, in which she rejected them all. Still, perhaps she could consider attending a show or two in the future, all to publicly shame the couple.

Meanwhile, Rio added, "Speaking of which, when I read the news about Tiffany, I remembered something important from five years ago that I should've warned you. On the night of the incident, I saw Tiffany meeting up with a man and had a private conversation with him."

"Aman?" Charmine's brows tightened as she grabbed onto his wrist. "What did the man look like?"

Chapter 253

As he looked at her reaction, Rio could not help himself as he teased, "I haven't seen you this anxious before! So you do care about things, huh?"

They had kept in touch for the past five years, though Charmine was no longer the Charmine he knew five years ago. She turned into someone completely different, as though nothing could trigger her feelings.

Charmine had a small frown on her. The truth was that before she came back, she did not care about this; she only wanted to look for that man once and for all. After she had spent some time with Anthony, however, she realized she hated that man so much that she would cut this man into pieces.

She regained her composure and let go of her grip on Rio's wrist. "Of course I care. A man like that living in this world is only causing more harm to others. Of course I have to fix it as soon as possible."

"It's true that a boss has a better sense of responsibility than others. However..." Rio's face turned serious. "Back in the club, we were quite far apart. I only managed to catch a glimpse of him, and I couldn't see his face clearly. The only thing I could make out was that he was one of Boss Walker's men."

"Boss Walker?" Charmine frowned.

Rio nodded. "Yeah, and the man was wearing a half-moon ring. I liked the ring, so I took a closer look. It was the Walker gang's logo. If you want to investigate it, you could ask Kay and his men to screw the gang over. There might be some clues."

Charmine fell into deep thought. Screw the Walker gang over? That was a good idea.

Just as Charmine was about to act on the thought, she received a frantic phone call from Kay as he blurted, "Boss Jordan, the agarwood you developed last year was sold at a high price of ninety million! You won't believe who bought it! Guess who?"

"Oh, not interested," Charmine said flatly. It was something she developed out of boredom last year; she did not even care whether that thing was sold or not.

Kay was stunned.

Could his boss be more cooperative? Alas, with Charmine's attitude, Kay could only continue," It was your sister Tiffany who bought it, and she even asked Boss Bailey out to meet her at Green Café!"

"What?" Charmine grimaced. "She's seeing Anthony?"

"Yes, Boss Bailey is about to go there, Room 999. You're welcome," added Kay. 2 Charmine's eyes darkened. Why would Anthony want to meet Tiffany? The agarwood

perfume's medical effect can be very captivating; they could end up in bed anytime.

"Don't bother about Anthony," she ordered. "Following that, you're in charge of capturing everyone from the Walker gang. No one should be left behind."

"All of the Walkers? No one left behind? Boss, you're kidding,"

Beep, beep, beep!

Before Kay could finish his sentence, Charmine had already hung up on him. She had no time to catch up with Rio as she marched out of the company and called Anthony as she walked. 1

Meanwhile, Anthony sat in the car as Luke-as the driver-drove into Green Café's parking lot. He rested with eyes shut, though scenes of Charmine's words from Phoenix Hotel rang in his ears. It was apparent that Charmine did not want him to get involved, and as a man of his word, he should not. However...

Someone threatened her. How could he not get involved?

As he was deep in his thoughts...

Ring, ring! His phone rang, and his phone displayed the caller ID: (Wife).

Chapter 254

Anthony frowned; it was the first time Charmine called him. "What is it?" he spoke once he picked up

Charmine was already on her motorbike, her phone wedged between her chin and shoulder. "Don't meet up with Tiffany. You can ask me whatever you want to know when we're home. I'll tell you what you want to know."

Anthony's expression soured. "You found out?" }

"There's nothing in the world that I don't know of. Anthony, if you don't want to become my enemy, come home now. I'll wait for you at home. Tiffany is pulling a dirty trick, don't go." With that, she hung up.

She believed that Anthony would come home. Once that was settled, Charmine used an anonymous phone number to send Julian a text:

(Tiffany Jordan fainted at Green Café's room 999, she only left your phone number.)

Charmine's eyes dulled after the text was sent. Based on Julian's character, he would definitely go and look for Tiffany, and should they sleep together, they would be all over the headlines! The two wh*res should be glued together! It was only when Julian slept with Tiffany that he would not have time to annoy Charmine.

Hah! So, Tiffany wanted to bed the man that even she did not dare sleep with? Fat chance! 2

Meanwhile, inside Green Café...

Tiffany was dressed in a red dress with a v-shaped neckline. Coupled with her alluring body and innocent face, even Tiffany was blown away with herself. Her lips curled into a smirk as she eyed the agarwood perfume at the corner.

The agarwood perfume was incredibly potent; Tiffany had already tried it on. As long as she put it on five minutes before he came, all self-restraint would be thrown out of the window-i na minute's time-as the scent dissipated in the air.

However, Tiffany was impatient. "What's going on now?" she phoned Ronnie. "Is Anthony here yet?"

"Yes, he's arrived. His car drove into the parking lot just now," Ronnie answered.

Tiffany hung up the phone right away and walked to the corner to spritz the perfume. She had also placed childhood photos of Charmine. Since Anthony cared about Charmine so much, he would flip through the photos once he got in, but before he could finish the photos, his mind would be seduced by Tiffany and the scent. Needless to say, it was a matter of mere moments before Tiffany would become Anthony's woman,

impregnated with his baby! The least she could get was control over the Jordan family through Anthony, or at least attain a large sum of money!

With that, she put the pinhole camera in place, ingested the antidote that worked against the scent, and waited on the sofa patiently. Still, she had waited for more than 20 minutes for Anthony, and the antidote started to wear off. Unconsciously, her vision became blurry and messed up, and her body heated up gradually.

Click!

At that moment, a sound was heard as the door was pushed open. A strong and tall figure entered the room.

Tiffany looked up to see Anthony's handsome face; the face that was oh-so captivating. She was already heated up as though her body was inside a furnace, though her last shred of rationality reminded her to wait a little longer. She had to wait for Anthony to be poisoned. She had to let him approach her first.

His tall figure walked to her side. He did not realize her unusual expression nor did he speak. He picked up the album on the table and started flipping.

Mid-way as he flipped at the photos, his actions gradually stopped. Finally, his gaze landed on her body.

Tiffany stood up. Her sweet and soothing voice called out, "Boss Bailey..."

Her seductive voice sent shivers down one's spine. His Adam's apple bobbed as he went on top of her.

Finally! She succeeded! She was Anthony's woman at last! She would never have to wait for Julian again!

Chapter 255

At the same time, Charmine arrived at the Baileys' mansion in her motorbike. She saw Chris seated in the living room, focused on his laptop.

Warily, she asked, "Momo, where's your Daddy?"

"Daddy went out and isn't back yet. Why are you back so early, Mommy?" Chris put down his laptop and ran toward Charmine. He stopped right before her and reached his arms, to which Charmine habitually responded by picking him up into her arms. "Did your Daddy drive?" Charmine frowned. "Or was Luke driving?"

“Uncle Luke drove,” Chris answered.

Charmine made a quick mental calculation. Luke’s driving speed was at about 40 kilometers per hour. From the mansion to Green Café, it only needed 25 minutes maximum. Charmine took up half an hour to come home, so why was Anthony home yet? Perhaps she was wrong all along? Perhaps Anthony did not care about her words and went on to meet Tiffany? A wave of uneasiness hit Charmine as she placed Chris on the sofa and took out her phone to call Anthony

Beep, beep, beep!

The waiting sound was heard instead, followed by a computerized voice that said, “Sorry, the number you have called is unavailable.”

Charmine’s brows furrowed; nobody picked up. Perhaps Anthony really was in trouble? She turned to Chris. “Do you have Uncle Luke’s phone number?”

“Sorry, Mommy, I don’t,” Chris answered. He continued anxiously, “Mommy, do you think Daddy is in trouble? When Daddy left this morning, he said he was off to a very important meeting, concerning Mommy’s future happiness. He left so quickly and canceled all his meetings in the afternoon. I tried calling Daddy ten minutes ago, but he didn’t pick up nor did he return my call until now.”

Charmine frowned. Nobody picked up, even from 10 minutes ago?

Anthony was a responsible man, and it was unlikely for him to not pick up twice! Something was wrong. She turned to Momo Chris right away. “Momo, you stay home, alright? Mommy will go and look for Daddy.”

“Okay!” Chris nodded.

Charmine picked up her motorbike key and rushed to the door hastily. Her mind was overwhelmed with the thoughts of the agarwood perfume’s effects. She was the one who developed, thus she knew it better than anyone else. A normal medication would make a person feel unwell and unstoppable, but if their willpower was strong enough, it could be resisted. However, this agarwood perfume could induce hallucinations and distort the image of whoever they were seeing into someone else, working from the mind. Thus, however strong the willpower was, they would not be able to resist it. If Anthony really slept with Tiffany because of her...

Charmine felt white-hot anger just at the thought of it. Overwhelmed by her thoughts, she did not see a solid figure in her way and bumped into the hard wall of flesh.

In pain, Charmine raised her head to see who it was, and her brows instantly tightened. It was Anthony! Aloof, handsome, and regal in his well-trimmed suit. He seemed as if nothing had happened.

She asked with a frown, "You're home? Why didn't you pick up?"

"Hmm?" Anthony noted her rather panicked look as he shifted his gaze to Chris.

Anthony, 10 minutes ago, used Luke's phone to call and check in with Chris. He told him that his phone stopped working, and he even warned that if Charmine came home, he had to comfort her.

Looking at his father's concerned gaze, Chris made a face with a naughty grin. "Daddy, I lied to Mommy saying that you're in trouble. Mommy rushed out looking for you, so Mommy does care about you! Haha! Have fun!" With that, he scurried away, wobbling in his short legs.

Charmine was dumbfounded.

So, the little boy tricked him, huh?

Anthony's face seemingly brightened in an instant. With his eyes still on her, he teased, "You worried about me?"

Chapter 256

Four words, uttered huskily with a sense of softness in it.

Flushed-face Charmine turned to walk toward the sofa and pretended to be calm. "I was worried about you being bitten by a b*tch. After all, you're still my contract-partner."

How were they merely contract-partners?

Anthony's lips curled into a small smile as he gazed at her. "Charmine, actually fancying me and worrying about me isn't a shameful thing."

Cough, cough! What an interesting choice of words...

"Fancy you, my foot!" Charmine denied him with all her heart and reiterated, "I was worried that you'd be bitten by a b*tch because of me. I didn't want to owe you anything."

Anthony smirked faintly and did not speak. After he removed his jacket and hung it on the clothes stand, he walked toward Charmine and sat down. "If I truly was bitten by the b*tch, would you look down on me?"

Look down on him?

Charmine frowned and instinctively asked "What about you?" She looked at him with a serious gaze, somewhat darker than usual.

Anthony's lips fell into a small frown. "Am I such a shallow being in your heart?" His soothingly deep voice needled her heart, his facial composure serious, not at all perfunctory.

Charmine almost believed him when he answered her... Still, what man in the world would not mind what happened to her?

Her red lips curled up. "Whether that's true or not, that's for you to know. However, why did you agree to meet Tiffany today? Is it because you want to know about what happened five years ago?"

Mentioning that, Anthony's gaze turned a shade darker. He was ready to take out his phone to show her, but his phone somehow stopped working. Anthony fixated his questioning gaze at her. "If I say I only wanted to solve your problems, would you believe me?"

Solve her problems?

Charmine was an intelligent person; she understood most of it in mere seconds. She said to Anthony, "Tiffany is just a fake person, and you can't believe whatever she says. As for what happened five years ago, it's not a big deal, but if you want to know, I can tell you." With that, she took a sip of water from the glass on the coffee table.

Anthony's eyes flickered as he noted her every move. Drinking before she spoke, she was nervous.

She was nervous because she was not ready.

Seeing that Charmine placed down the glass about to speak, Anthony said instantly, "You don't have to tell me, though I just wish to know: Would you make decisions unwillingly because of that incident? Or do you feel pain because of it?" His questioning tone was filled with concern and seriousness. 1

Charmine's red lips curled up a little. "If I would, why would I spend so much time with him on the stage last night at the ceremony? As of pain..."

Her eyes locked with Anthony's as she spoke with a deep tone, "The more you ask, the more pain I'd feel. Even after you know about it, even with your resources, you won't be able to help me solve it.

"Anthony, as I told you before, some things in the world can't be solved with money and ability. Material things are easy to solve, but the entanglement of one's heart is difficult to untangle."

It was rare for Charmine to speak to Anthony with such seriousness. Anthony's gaze sank a little; he had never seen Charmine speaking with such solemnity.

After a moment, he said, "I understand it now. From now onward, I won't involve myself in this. However, if you decide to tell me one day, come do so by all means."

Charmine's brows furrowed. He would no longer ask questions...?

All of a sudden, Kay barged in and called out excitedly, "Boss Jordan! Something's up! Something big is up! Breaking news!"

Chapter 257

"What is it?" Charmine frowned. Why were her men overreacting these days?

Kay blurted, "You won't believe who Tiffany slept with! The person who walked into her room was Julian's personal assistant, Oliver!" 1

Charmine squinted. Oliver?

An interesting piece of news, indeed. She sent the text to Julian, yet Julian sent Oliver over instead? Furthermore, Tiffany wanted to sleep with Anthony, but ended up sleeping with Oliver instead?

Kay asked, "Do you want me to expose this matter? Or do we let Julian go there himself?" If news about this broke out, Tiffany's reputation would be totally screwed!

"No need, we'll just sit back and watch. What's the fun of killing her so easily?" Her red lips curled up mockingly, the epitome of beautiful malice.

A thought then occurred to Charmine as she glanced at Anthony and walked back to her room. After shutting the door, she asked, "How's the task I gave you earlier?"
"Hmm... I went to have a check on the Walker family right away. They've raked up quite the underground image in Burlington for at least a hundred years. They made profits from assassinations, mercenaries, and the likes. They only have staff at the bottom level of the society collecting debts and fighting. Overall, they make profits from taking tasks. According to my findings, it's true that Tiffany had been in touch with the Walker five years ago," Kay reported.

Charmine's eyes darkened. Since she knew it was the Walkers, it would be much easier. Still, Kay was not done yet. "Though according to statistics, the Walkers have around ten thousand followers in Burlington. I've no problem screwing with them, but I can't guarantee that I can capture every single one of them, since most of them are not at their base most of the time."

Charmine frowned. If he could not guarantee a 100 percent capture of the Walkers, then it would not be possible to run a complete investigation. They did not even know which department of the Walkers Tiffany had 'visited' back then.

Kay added, "If Boss Jordan wants to get hold of everyone, we'll have to take action during their annual dinner, which would be happening by the end of the year."

The Walkers would host an annual dinner by the end of every year, yet it was only June. Thinking of the annual dinner, a glint appeared in her eyes.

"Alright, I'll arrange something. Don't do anything for now, and wait for my instructions." After she hung up, she looked up at the sky, seemingly in a deep thought.

She had a task that night. Since they found out it was the Walkers, she might as well drop by their base later!

Meanwhile...

Tiffany woke up with anticipation, only to find out that the man laying beside her was Oliver!

"Argh!" She let out an ear-piercing shriek as she shot up straight and covered herself with the blanket.

Oliver was woken up by her scream, and as he assessed the situation he was in, his pupils dilated.

What happened? He was sent by Julian to pick up Tiffany, so how did he end up sleeping with her? Tiffany was his boss' woman! How could he sleep with her?

"Why is it you?!" Tiffany growled through gritted teeth. "When did you come in? What're you doing here?!"

"Ms. Jordan, I'm sorry, I... I don't know what happened either! Julian sent me here to pick you up, but when I entered the room, I..." he paused, too afraid to continue his sentence.

Tiffany clenched her fists tightly. Was it the perfume's effect? Was it that Oliver came in to look for her but was poisoned by the scent? She could have sworn it was Anthony!

No, the label on the perfume did state that the scent could cause hallucination, and that included mistaking a person for someone else. Had she been poisoned at that time and mistaken him for Anthony then?

In other words, Anthony never came in. It was Oliver all along, and Oliver was the man she slept with!

She slept with an assistant! As he noted the change in her look, Oliver collapsed on the ground and begged on his knees.

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“Hit me or yell at me as you please, Ms. Jordan. I’ll call Mr. Cabell right away, I’ll take responsibility.” With that, Oliver took out his phone.

Tiffany went and smashed his phone before she aimed her reddened eyes at him. “What are you telling him for? Have you not wronged me enough? Do you want me to be ditched by Julian?”

“... I didn’t mean that.” Oliver was caught off-guard.

Tiffany was seething in rage as she glared at Oliver’s pitiable expression, though she forced herself to calm down. Since everything had already happened, she had to resolve it and bury it before anyone caught wind of it. Tiffany rolled her eyes and said, “Don’t tell anyone about what happened today! You have to act as if nothing happened!”

“But-”

“But? But what? If I don’t care about it, why should you? Do you want to marry me or something?” Tiffany growled as she picked up his clothes and threw them at him.

Oliver shook his head hastily. “No, I don’t dare to. I’ll leave right away!” He picked up his clothes as he spoke.

Tiffany glared at him and warned, “If you tell anyone about today, I’ll sue you for raping me! I won’t let your family go either. Do you understand?”

“Yes! Don’t worry, Ms. Jordan. Nothing happened today!” Oliver promised.

With that, Tiffany let him go as she glared at his retreating form, all while she gritted her teeth. She slept with an assistant! What an insult!

Luckily, this was a no-man’s high-tech café, and the coffees were delivered by robots. Nobody would know what went down as long as she fixed the pinhole camera she placed.

Still, why did Anthony bail on her?

When she picked up her phone to call Ronnie, she saw the voice messages her assistant had left for her:

(Ms. Tiffany, something’s wrong. Mr. Bailey suddenly left! He went into the parking lot but left later on!]

(Ms. Tiffany, I’ve investigated the matter and found out Charmine had called Mr. Bailey. She asked him to go home.)

(Ms. Tiffany, what now? Is there another plan?)

(Ms. Tiffany?)

Tiffany clenched her fists tightly. Charmine... It was Charmine again!

Was this all a trap she set up? Tiffany's life would be as good as gone if Charmine found out what happened in this place! Anxiously, Tiffany sent a message to a hacker that read, (Delete all the footage of me at Green Café, and check if Charmine has anything regarding this matter.)

(Noted.)

Zed was a reputable hacker in the industry with excellent skills. Tiffany felt less anxious, though her eyes were filled with hatred. If she happened to know that it was indeed Charmine's trap, she would not let her go!

Night-time, inside a room in the Bailey mansion...

Chris pulled on Charmine's hand. "Mommy, let's wear matching pajamas to sleep tonight! Momo wants to wear matching pajamas with you two."

"Well, alright, but I didn't buy them today. Mommy will buy one for you tomorrow, alright?" Charmine ruffled on his hair as she reassured him.

Chris merely grinned. "No need. Momo was bored today and bought one for us! Ta-dah! Look!" As he spoke, he pulled out three matching pajamas from his back as though it was part of a magic trick.

A frown appeared on Charmine's face, and her forehead creased as she gazed at the clothes. The pajamas...

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There were three sets of pajamas, and each had a simple illustration at the center, It was plain to see and notice that the illustration was of them three! Two of the sets were white short sleeved t-shirts with shorts, while hers—the female version—was a V-shaped shirt without the short pants. The shirt was rather short that it only covered down to her thighs. Although the simple drawing made it seem rather cute, the V-shaped cutting was rather...

So she had to sleep with Anthony with this low-cut shirt on?

Charmine instantly turned the idea down, "Oh, Momo, you and Daddy can wear these. Is it okay if Mommy doesn't wear this?"

“Oh? But why? Momo bought this for Daddy and Mommy. Momo picked this design myself, and I even printed my drawing on it,” muttered Chris with a pout.

Charmine did not expect that he did everything on his own; his feelings would be hurt if she turned the idea down entirely. She could only carry him to the bed as she gushed, “Momo is so clever! Mommy really likes the clothes you made. Still, Mommy doesn’t feel quite well these days, so I might need to wear something longer.”

“Don’t worry, Mommy. I’ll turn up the temperature right away!” As he spoke, he ran with his tiny feet to change the temperature.

Charmine was dumbfounded.

Why was the kid so persistent?

Concurrently, Anthony came out of the shower wrapped in a bathrobe, and he felt rather cold. Chris went up to him hastily and passed him his pajamas. “Daddy, wear this tonight. Mommy has agreed to wear the matching outfit with us tonight! We’re waiting for you!”

Anthony looked at Charmine doubtfully; the pajamas were rather childish. Would she wear them? Still, she had the pajamas by her side, thus he did not question further and went to the washroom.

Chris ran back to Charmine excitedly. “Mommy, Mommy! Daddy has agreed to wear our matching pajamas. We’re waiting for you!”

Charmine was at a loss for words yet again.

She intended to teach the boy to not trick others, but she could not bear to do so when she looked into his joy-filled eyes. Without much of a choice, she could only pinch Chris’ puffy cheeks lovingly. “You tricky little kitten. Alright, Mommy will wear it with you.”

“Yay!” Chris jumped cheerfully.

Charmine looked for a tube-top bralette and a pair of tight shorts from the wardrobe before she went to the changing room.

After getting changed, Chris sat as he waited in anticipation. Since Daddy and Mommy were not making any progress recently, he decided to help them out!

Eventually, the doors to the changing room and the washroom were pushed open at the same time. When Anthony came out, he saw Charmine right away. Charmine was dressed in an oversized shirt edged with lace, and the simple drawing in the middle made her seem rather cute. Nonetheless, the shirt only covered her down to her thighs,

and the pair of long and straight legs below the shirt were fair and alluring. Anthony could not help but steal a few good looks at Charmine.

Charmine, too, looked at Anthony. Usually, he would wear dark-colored pajamas to sleep. Yet, just like her, he wore white pajamas with a simple cartoon drawing in the middle. It gave him a warm and gentle disposition. Moreover, a red patch of heart was sewn into the right side of their chests, and it shifted the atmosphere into a much more loving environment.

At unease, Charmine walked to the bedside and said, "It's eleven already. Momo sleeps early."

"Okay!" Chris got in the bed and rolled to the other end of the bed.

Charmine frowned. "Momo, you have to sleep in the middle."

"Hm? But didn't Mommy say sleeping in the middle isn't good for the lungs due to the lack of air circulation? Momo did feel like it was harder to breathe for the past two days, so that's why Momo has to sleep on the side and let Daddy sleep in the middle," Chris reasoned.

Charmine felt queasy. Anthony would sleep in the middle while she slept at the side? That was the equivalent of them sleeping together!

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"How about Momo sleep with Daddy?" reasoned Charmine. "Or just with Mommy? Having just two people on the bed will let the air circulate better."

"No! Three of us sleep together! I like sleeping with Daddy and Mommy." Chris looked at Charmine with his puppy eyes. "Other children's mommy and daddy are together... Unless, Mommy lied to Momo? Does Mommy not want to become Momo's Mommy?" His voice turned soft and pitiable at the end.

Worried that the boy would find out about her contract with Anthony, Charmine explained, "Of course not. Mommy's just not used to sleeping at the edge of the bed. Mommy will hug Momo to sleep!" With that, she went to the middle of the bed and faced Chris as she hugged him in her arms. With that, Chris could be used as a shield or could be woken up if Anthony was to do anything to her.

Anthony looked at her and turned off the lights. The room fell pitch-black dark, and Chris shut his eyes with content. It did not take long until he fell into dreamland and began to snore like a little kitten.

Charmine let out a silent sigh; a cutie like Chris was rather overwhelming to have. Although the bed was wide, the thought of laying beside Anthony still intimidated her.

Also, her shirt was shorter than usual, thus Charmine was on guard to not let anything slip.

After a second thought, she reached out to cover herself in the blanket when her fingers suddenly made contact with something cold.

What was that?

She touched it again, its bone structure distinctive. One, two, three...

They... They were Anthony's fingers!

Charmine jolted slightly. She touched Anthony's hand! Worse still, she touched it for quite a while!

"I was just trying to pull up the blanket. Don't take it the wrong way!"

Charmine faced away from him as she wiggled away from him. Anthony could see the perfect outline of Charmine's body under the moonlight's soft glow. In the dark, Anthony softly yet huskily called out, "You're breathtaking, Charmine." His low voice was hoarse and magnetic.

Charmine's heart seemingly stopped beating for a moment. She was breathtaking... So breathtaking...

Why was his voice so seductive?!

This man was a born flirt! Not only could that handsome face of his turn one crazy, but his voice was so sexy as well!

She gave it her all to repress her racing heartbeat, and it was not until then when she remembered something important: She was not covered in a blanket, which meant that her position allowed him to look at her...

As she leaned on her side away from him, he could obviously feast his eyes on her waist, thighs, and her overly short shirt!

Terrified, she flipped over to lay flat on her back. With a serious tone, she warned, "Sleep well, and don't speak."

Not those flirting words, at least.

Furthermore, she had plans that she had to execute, but everyone must be asleep before she could carry them out.

Wordlessly, Anthony flipped over and tried to sleep, yet he managed to steal a glance of her. Her side profile looked utterly stunning under the moonlight.

Suddenly...

He raised his hand and reached down to her clavicle. Charmine's eyelids instantly flipped open in alert. "What are you doing?!"

Chapter 261

without a word uttered, Anthony's hand landed on her shoulder before he made a sharp tug.

With one pull, a strand of hair was pulled out from the shirt.

It was late at night, and Anthony busied himself with pulling out a strand of hair from her shirt? Also, how could he spot a strand of hair in the dark room? The strand of hair only got longer the more he pulled...

Realization dawned on Charmine as she half-whispered, "Stop!"

Too late.

With a pull, the stitches on one pajama sleeve came off. Not knowing what material the shirt was made of, a small patch was already missing on her chest area as her bralette was revealed!

Anthony's large hand halted; he never expected such a thing to happen either. "My apologies," he muttered lowly, "I'll get you another shirt to change into?"

"No need."

She would wake up anyway, and it would be too much of a hassle to change into another shirt. She pulled over the blanket to cover herself as she added, "Sleep facing away."

Anthony frowned, but he eventually relented, "Okay."

He would never reject her request. With that, he flipped over and faced away from Charmine.

Charmine thought she would sleep in peace, but the lone sight of his back made her heart skip a beat for the nth time!

Under the moonlight, his back seemed wide as his broad shoulders arched into his fit waist. Anthony, undeniably, had the perfect male model's physique. His muscular figure could make a person launch at him automatically and tightly hug him in bliss.

This man... Even his silhouette could turn one's imagination as wild as it could get. Charmine shut her eyes hastily and forced her mind to divert from her fantasy. She repeatedly chanted in her mind, 'Beauty is deceiving, beauty is deceiving. It's all in your mind... It's all in your mind...'

The clock ticked on and, luckily, Anthony kept his promise and did not turn around. Gradually, his breathing became calmer.

As she thought of her plan and the Walker family, Charmine climbed out of bed after she was sure that Chris and Anthony were fast asleep. Her shirt fell off as she sat up, a result of being torn. Luckily, Anthony was asleep and did not see her. She paid no mind to it and walked into the changing room. She then picked out dark-colored clothes from her luggage and put them on before she stealthily left the room.

The moment she left the room, Anthony-who laid still on the bed-opened his eyes.

Charmine, however, did not notice that. She used the key Anthony gave her before, picked the quietest car from the garage, and left the mansion.

The black compact car drove away to a mountain located five miles out of the city. The mountain range stretched up to more than 10 kilometers. According to rumors, wild animals were spotted in the area, thus nobody dared to approach this mountain. While others assumed this was a normal but dangerous mountain, Charmine knew that this was where the Walker gang operated.

Tiffany hired the Walker gang to set her up five years ago, and since the Walker gang was a well-established organization with strict rules and disciplines, they would not disclose any information, which was why Charmine failed to find any information for the past five years.

It was almost time for everything to come to light. Charmine had to find out who did it!

Charmine got down from the car and swiftly walked toward the mountain. While it was pitch black, she had excellent vision. She climbed over the tree trunks, swung over the huge green vines, and crossed the gullies. Dressed in dark clothing, she was akin to a wild cat of the night. In the darkness, Anthony followed behind her and watched her agile body with clouded eyes.

Chapter 262

This woman always managed to surprise him... Still, what was she doing in the Walkers' base?

Once the hurdles were crossed, Charmine eventually arrived at the main base that was guarded with high walls and hounds on patrol not far away. Her red lips curled into a faint smirk as a medicine pill flew across the air, and the hounds dropped to the floor in

Her agile figure crossed and turned over the high fence.

Inside the wall was a spacious five thousand-square training field. The Walker gang was known to the public as a martial arts teaching organization. Only a handful of people knew that one could only join their training through connections and eventually become a part of the Walker group.

Inside the manor were guards in every hundred meters, though Charmine managed to avoid them all as if she was in a no-man's land. As she passed by the courtyard, a loud 'crack' was heard due to the broken porcelain. Luckily, she quickly jumped onto the trunk and effectively hid from sight.

There was a man by the pond, dressed in burgundy silk pajamas. He had one knee bent and another bathed in the pond, seemingly relaxed. His long lace-up pajamas robe hung loosely, and it exposed his fair skin under the moonlight. He seemed almost like a vampire.

Charmine frowned. According to Kay's information, he was the Walker gang's patriarch, Alexander Walker.

It was not as obvious in photos, but he was quite charming! Why was there a man in the world more enchanting than women? Based on his appearance, he did not look a day over 30 years old, yet he managed to become the Walker gang's patriarch...?

Alexander Walker reclined on the stone languidly as he drank his wine from the bottle. The wine in the bottle flowed into his mouth, though a sliver of it dripped down the line of his jaw, past his Adam's apple and to his chest. A sultry image, it was.

Charmine let out a sigh. Luckily, he was merely drinking wine. She got off the tree trunk carefully and continued her exploration.

Anthony was hiding on a tree trunk not far away, and he saw with his eyes Charmine's expression when she saw Alexander. A wave of displeasure arose from his heart.

She looked at another man for more than five whole minutes!

Was she into this type of man?

Regardless, the most important thing was to protect her. What kind of people were the Walkers? There were at least 100 men in the base. How bold was she?

Anthony followed swiftly behind her cautiously, and it was only then when he realized that

Charmine already cracked the Walkers' storage room code and slipped inside!

The code consisted of fingerprints, face, and pupils triple-recognition. Even with the best hacker in his company, it would take at least half an hour to crack them open! Even after that, it was also likely to trigger the system's alarm, yet this woman spent just a minute to crack open the code? Without attracting any attention as well?

As he was deep in his thoughts, Charmine emerged from the room with a thick ledger at hand. She looked at her surroundings and left swiftly after making sure no one was around.

Anthony's eyes turned even darker. She came all the way-dead of night-just to steal their ledger? Why did she steal the Walker gang's ledger?

It was all a mystery to him.

He left swiftly as well and arrived at the mansion before Charmine did. Anthony swiftly went back to lay in bed.

Upon Charmine's return, she noted that both Baileys were still asleep in bed.

Thankfully, she was not discovered.

She took off her nightclothes and brought the ledger into the washroom to read. The ledger consisted of the Walker gang's order records from five years ago; all the orders back then were recorded into the ledger in her hands. As long as she could find the records around July five years ago, she could determine which man Tiffany had contacted back then! Once she found out the man who ruined her, she could make him pay! Charmine flipped through every page with seriousness.

Chapter 263

The ledger recorded the information from January to December five years ago. Some were of debt-collections, some were of revenge, some were 'teaching someone a lesson', while some were on information-spying. The Walkers seemed rather resourceful.

As she turned the pages, she eventually reached their July records. Her movement slowed down as a strange uneasiness emerged from within. Anxiously, she saw a line of writing:

(13th of February. Client: Veronica Ramos, Hired: Rex Walker, Target: Charmine Jordan, Commission: 50000.)

Charmine's eyes squinted. Rex Walker?

The man who ruined her was Rex Walker?

Once Charmine turned on her phone and powered up a global-file storage engine, her fingers fluttered as she typed on the screen. Not long after, a man's profile came out.

Rex Walker. Burlington. Primary school education. Illiterate. Multiple rape incidents.

The photo showed a man of thick and rough complexion, with his skin dull and dark along with yellowish buck teeth.

Charmine's stomach churned at the sight. Was this truly the man who ruined her? How much did Tiffany hate her that she paid 500,000 bucks for this kind of disgusting man to ruin her?

She crunched the paper in her hand, her knuckles turned white as her nails dug deep into her flesh. Although she knew the man would be nowhere near 'nice', Charmine could not accept it when she saw the truth with her own eyes, that she was ruined by such a disgusting man!

Her whole life was ruined because of this particular man?

She trusted Tiffany, treated her like a true sister back then, and it never occurred to her the intentions of hurting Tiffany. Alas, she had already planned such an evil act behind her back! Charmine wanted nothing more than to go up to Tiffany and punch the living daylight out of her, but it was not time yet. It was not the right time. Charmine had to hold back a little longer, for in a month's time, she would be able to ruin Tiffany completely! 1

Once her rationality calmed her down, she closed the ledger and tossed it into her locked suitcase before she stormed out of the room. All the maids in the mansion had fallen asleep, the place pin-drop quiet.

Charmine took out a bottle of wine from the fridge and walked into the computer room. She powered up the gaming machine as she gulped a mouthful of wine. Since she could not punch anyone to vent, she could only lash out in the game! She smacked the keyboard with her headphone on as her other hand moved the mouse rapidly, all while she wore a frosty, icy expression.

Anthony stood by the door and studied the scene before him. She was controlling the mouse, smacking the keyboard, and gulping mouthfuls of wine. Even though he could not see her face, he could feel the rage that practically seeped out of her.

What made her so furious?

Anthony had never seen Charmine in such a bad state, even after he had known her for quite some time. He wanted to walk into the room, but he ended up standing by the door, merely watching over her in silence.

Charmine gamed for a very long time as her rage continued to fester. In the game, she killed whatever came in sight, and it caused havoc in the gaming world.

(OMG! Boss! Skill is on point!]

(Please teach me!]

(Never thought a sniper can be so impressive! This is perhaps the best gamer in the country!]

(This tactic seems familiar. Reminds me of the gamer Kill who took the gaming world by storm five years ago.]

[It can't be. This account seems like a new account! Can't be Kill, I guess...?]

[Kill hasn't logged in for four and a half years! Back then when she was in, she rocked the world!]

(This new gamer Boss is so impressive too! Wow! She killed another five!]

The gamers practically gawked at Charmine's character.

Meanwhile...

Robert was also logged into the game and was playing concurrently, though he kept on seeing global announcements that showed the following notifications:

[Congratulations to Boss for 5 kills!] [Congratulations to Boss for killing the Dragon solo!]

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(Congratulations to Boss for 10 wins in a row!]

Robert frowned in disbelief as he quickly ended his game to enter observer mode. He saw a female sniper that roamed the map that would, from time to time, shift between killing soldiers and slaughter monsters. The female sniper would even shoot at other players for no reason.

The shooter was usually the most vulnerable character that could be killed at any time, yet she was able to use the immunization boost to avoid all attacks. She managed to turn dangerous tides into victories and killed all of her enemies.

Utterly fascinating! Who knew that a vulnerable shooter could be so dangerous? Moreover, records even showed that the gamer was a female! There was a female gamer with such refined skills?!

Robert instantly dropped her a message that read, (Hello. Are you interested to sign with SA? Give us a price.)

Robert wanted to sign her in his team so badly, but she did not reply at all. After the game ended, she went right into another one, almost as though she was in a killing spree.

Many of the gamers did not enter the battlefield; they all sat back and became her audience. The Lord of Honors discussion page was plunged into mayhem with the gamer ID 'Boss' becoming everyone's idol. Charmine played the entire night away as she drank, but she did not realize that the wine had a high alcohol content of 80 percent! After finishing the bottle of wine, her eyes became heavy as she fell asleep on the desk.

It was only then when Anthony-who had been watching her from the door-walked into the room. He turned the computer off and carried Charmine back to the room in his arms. 1

Utterly wasted and drunk, Charmine's body went soft like soil, as if she had no bones in her. Even though she had blacked out, her brows were slightly furrowed, seemingly troubled. Anthony placed her on the bed and gently covered her with the blanket.

Anthony sat on the edge of the bed and watched Charmine with a concerned gaze. What could he do about that little wild wolf?

Charmine did not sleep well that night as she dreamt of the night five years ago. His body was heavily built like a tall mountain, pressed against her so tightly that she could not resist. She forced herself to open her eyes to see his face, but she had no energy left in her.

"No...! Don't..!"

A scream of agony escaped her lips, akin to that of a kitten that fell into a well.

Anthony frowned. What was it that caused her such pain? He could not help but connect the

dots that he knew: Tiffany harmed Charmine five years ago; Tiffany could end up in jail because of it; all of them would be ruined if the incident came to light.

Unless...

A terrifying thought occurred to Anthony.

Meanwhile, Charmine was moaning in agony, "Don't...let go...!"

Anthony's face sank a shade darker. He laid down beside her and wrapped his arms around her and gently caressed her back. Meanwhile, he took out his phone and texted Luke, (Find out what happened to Charmine five years ago.)

Although he agreed to not get involved, seeing her suffering in such agony made it impossible for him to do nothing. Nonetheless, he hoped that the investigation's result was not what he thought. 1

As he placed Charmine's head on his chest, he gently coaxed her, "Don't be afraid, Charmine, I'm here."

His deep voice resonated in her ears, and she eventually calmed down and fell asleep. Alas, Anthony could not sleep the entire night as his mind raced with all the possibilities. With Luke's efficiency, the results would be out on the next day, and he would know about Charmine's past. 1 If it was as he speculated...