

Chapter 30

Charmine elegantly twisted to the opposite side and simultaneously tossed the silk cape upward. The long and flowy cape floated in the air—as though in slow-motion—before it wound around the metal frame above the stage into a knot. In a swift movement, Charmine pulled on the cape as her body swayed freely in the air. 2

Like a choreographed dance, she flew above everyone else languidly and carefreely with the silk. Her skin-colored tulle dress fluttered as she floated in the air, while the cape whirled like tidal waves. The innumerable fireflies became her backdrop as she flew like a fey from a dreamy fairyland; stunningly beautiful, stunningly bewitching.

Everyone watched as she glided above them, their breath taken away. 5

Ineffable.

Her dress swirled like the smoke of an enchanting dream. She was like a goddess that came from heaven that held captive the souls below her with a faint smile.

With a smooth transition, she hooked her legs mid-air as she reached over to remove her shoes. "Anyone fancy these?"

Anyone fancy these...?

These three words echoed throughout the air like a bewitching poppy flower: seductive, mind-boggling...

In an instant, half of the audience raised from their seats.

"Me! Me! Give them to me!"

Chris jumped up enthusiastically as he yelled at the top of his lungs, "Mommy! Give them to Daddy! Give Daddy!" Sadly, his voice was too small and was completely overwhelmed by the uproar.

Her lips curled into a knowing smile, Charmine wrapped the shoes around one end of the cape and tossed it into the air. All of a sudden, everyone in that direction jumped and reached out.

"Mine! It's mine!"

"Don't take them from me. They're mine!" 3

A bunch of people formed a circle around the shoes as they reached out for dear life. Kay and his men had no excuse with their agility as they leaped without hesitation.

Those were their boss' shoes. How could they end up in the hands of a nobody?

That was it. A pair of broken shoes ignited the atmosphere to the highest form. Charmine looked at the chaos below like a witch who cast a spell before landing elegantly on the T- stage with the cape at hand.

As if nothing had happened, she turned around to return backstage. Though bare-feet, her aura remained the same. With her 1.7 meter tall figure, her long legs beautifully carried her body on the stage. Her dress flitted like cicada wings.

Charmine was akin to a fairy from a timeless script of ancient times.

All eyes were glued on her back and at her long enchanting legs, stunned and breathless.

Once Charmine's figure retreated backstage, the fireflies gradually disappeared and dissolved into thin air. The hall subsided into the darkness as before.

A few seconds later, an uproar filled the air. Some even surrounded Mr. James as they yelled,

"Charmine Jordan! Charmine Jordan! Encore! Encore!"

Anthony saw Mr. James overwhelmed by the people, and his eyebrows twitched at Nial. "You know what to do?"

Still awestruck by the performance, Nial was only pulled back to reality by Anthony's voice. He stood up instantly. "Nobody can steal my sister-in-law!" With that, he went into action. 1

A proud smirk on Anthony's lips, he held onto the boy's hand and walked with him backstage.

"Daddy, where are we going?" Chris asked dubiously.

"Find Mommy."

Backstage, all the supermodels surrounded Charmine with awe and adoration. Her dress was way too beautiful, it seemed to be a part of a luxurious brand's permanent collection.

Moreover, the fact that she perfectly saved herself from tripping on the stage and continued her performance with so much charm was utterly astounding! Charmine would only grow famous from today onward! Worldwide famous!

Amelia was burning with hatred and envy, her hands balled into fists. How could it be? Was she not supposed to fall and humiliate herself? 2

She walked forward and grabbed onto Charmine's arm. "Charmine, what did you do?" she interrogated. "Where did the fireflies come from? Where did your dress come from?" 2

Before Amelia got on the stage, she remembered Charmine donning a dress provided by the organizer. Without the clothing she had on, and coupled with the cape, she would not have been able to save herself from the fall.

Charmine scoffed at her with a deadly cold look. "Who are you to speak to me? Why should I tell you?"

`Who are you to speak to me'?

Charmine spoke to her in such a rude tone. The adopted kid who used to address her with utmost respect had spoken to her with such arrogance!

"Charmine Jordan, are you out of your mind? You're nothing but an adopted kid! Without our family adopting you, you would've died a long time ago! What rights do you have to speak to me with such a tone? You might think I'm playing, but I'd hit you now!" 3

"Then do so if you dare! Take your pick: Hit my face, my legs, or my hands?" Charmine jeered while feeling her fair and slim hands. "My hands are insured with five million. This face that you're looking at is worth ten million. These legs? One billion! Do touch the tip of my finger if you dare."

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Charmine's comment, though aloof, hid a

Amelia was shocked as though an earthquake had just hit. A billion worth of insurance? How was that even possible?

What was she made of: gold tdl,ff

Charmine was telling the with, the Issuance company might come after

Amelia If anything happened roller.

.So, Co on, hit rue1 Why, are you scared? I

if you're not gonna hit me, well, it's my turn, sneered Charmine as she cracked

her knuckles.

Crack, Crack!

The cracking other knuckles sounded loud and crisp, and Amelia felt fear

creeping onto her. "What,. What are you

trying to do, There're so many people

here,.! You can't hit me,

.So what III you, O c e s It look like I

care?"

Charmine then swung her fist at Amelia's right upper arm followed by a strong kick

directed to her heel.

Suddenly, a sound of fracture was heard as the gem bracelet on Amelia's arm was crushed while her long and pointy heels broke into two! Charmine crushed her bracelet with her mere fist and broke her heels with just a kick!

Amelia instantly lost her balance as her heels broke and she staggered inelegantly. Furious and in pain, she glared at Charmine. "Charmine, what did you do, 1 Do you know this bracelet costs me five hundred thousand? I've owned it one," = "So what, you broke my heels, and broke your bracelet and heels. This is called 'returning double'. If you ever pull tricks on me again, return them ten-fold." With her final words, Charmine shoved her away and walked right past her.

Angry and Mocked altogether, Amelia sat on her chair with eyes wide like saucers.

How did she know? Amelia swore she did it with such caution that nobody saw her! By then, Charmine walked into her. Mess Eric had brought over right before the show started; a countermeasure

against people like Amelia that would scheme against her.

person, so she hid a thin steel wire within the cape beforehand. It was the steel wire that allowed her to fly in the air. While she did wear a gauMlet in lace, that did not spare her from the severewound.

.Ah,let's hope theheadline t011ight worth bleeding for,' She mused as she put on her clothes and left through the backdoor. Just as she stepped outside, however, a groUP.PeOPle surrounded her.

"Charmine Jordan, really like you! payyou to walkagain,please!"

"Charmine Jordan, I've reserved a table br us at a Michelin restaurant.Would you come with me?"

"I bought you a diamond necklace! VII buy you whatever you 1 1"

.Charmmejlardan, I'm a headhne reporter,day have a momentwith you,"

"Charminelordan, look at Me camera!"

Hundreds of people surrounded her enthuslastIcally, some men pulled at her

arms some were rePORtere

intervielx her. Completely surrounded,

Charmine could not take even one step.

Within a few seconds, some perverted fans squeezed her waist and started

pulling her clothes, and she even saw a hand pulling her sleeve.

If this were to continue, her cloth.

would tear. Her eyes squinted as she was about to take action.

Suddenly, around ten other bodyguards blocked their way

"Make way! Make way!"

With that heard, the bodyguards made

their way to Charmine's side, surrounding her. One of them—

seemingly the chief of these bodyguards

—curtly spoke, "Miss Jordan, we are sent

here by Master Momo to help escort you out."

Master Momo, Chriallailey,

However much she did not want to owe

them any more favor, she had no choice but to leave with them she put on her

being escorted by them, and she made

her seem more like a queen.

The crazy fans were left hanging as they

helplessly watched Charmine leaving.

The paparazzi were taking shots at any angle of Charmine, not wanting to miss

[Ma single second.

As she walked up to the door, Amelia

boiled in jealousy at the sight of Charmine surrounded by fans and

paparazzi. This was only her first show,

yet it was so well-received. Her

popularity had completely submerged

The bodyguards did not seem like run-off

honeybees, either. The guards that Amelia spent fifty thousand bucks

just to hire could not even compare to

those men. The bodyguards surrounding Charmine required at least a hundred

thousand per month, yet she so

What had she done in the past five years in Africa? Why did she return as a

completely different person? No way,

Amelia had to find out. She took out her

phone and called Zoey,

"With all our resources, want you to find out everything that happened to

Charmine in Africa for the past five

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With the bodyguards' escort, Charmine got on a limousine parked by the side.

Once she got in, however, she saw Anthony sitting in the backseat. What was more terrifying was that Nial was the driver again. Would the horrific experience repeat?

Her first instinct was to push the door open and get down the car, but she could not leave due to the crazy fans and paparazzi outside. In her hesitation, Nial hastily stepped on the gas pedal. The car moved at such a speed that Charmine had no time to even lament.

It was then when Charmine's eyes squinted as a thought occurred to her.

She leaned toward Anthony.

When Anthony saw her leaning closer, his eyes darkened with excitement as he gulped. It felt so fast; Charmine was already right next to him and she reached

her hand toward his waist.

Chris—sitting in the front row—

instantly covered his eyes while Nial

flicked down the rear mirror as he did not want to be distracted.

Charmine's hand was groping Anthony's waist as if searching for something. As he felt her soft hands, he suggested with a smirk, "Miss Jordan, if you insist, I think my abs and chest would feel better."

Charmine rolled her eyes. "Touch you, my foot?" She pulled out the seatbelt from behind him and helped him fasten it. "

Who wants to touch you? I just want to keep you up from falling against me. I don't have that many dresses for you to destroy." Charmine then fastened her seatbelt as tight as she could and sat upright, straight like a plank

So she was feeling for his seatbelt! Nial flicked back the rear mirror with a hopeless face while Chris uncovered his eyes with disappointment

'Sigh... Is Mommy's heart made of steel? I

f this goes on, how' re they supposed to improve on their relationship?' The boy's doe eyes flickered as he thought of ways t o help his dad.

At the back, both Anthony and Charmine were sitting still and apart as though separated by a wide river. Chris panicked. How could there be no interaction between Mommy and Daddy? He could not stand the thought of sending Mommy home just that; an opportunity so good would be wasted. Noting that the limousine was about to leave the city, his eyes flickered.

He started moaning in pain with his hands on his belly.

Nial pulled over by the side and asked worriedly, "Mown, what happened?"

"Stomach...stomach pain..." Chris groaned as though in pain. "I think it's because I haven't had breakfast."

Nial frowned. "This is bad! This is a sign o f gastric. You must eat!"

"Oh... R—Really?" Chris asked in shock

and guiltily turned to look at Charmine who sat at the back "Mommy, can you bring we to eat?" Chris began to whimper "Waa... My stomach hurts..."

"You don't look well. Let your dad and uncle bring you to eat something quick I'll take a taxi home," said Charmine as she unfastened her seatbelt.

"No!" Chris yelled before he realized it was too loud, out of character for a 'sick boy'. He lowered his voice and continued in a breathless voice, "Waa... Mommy... I don't want to eat with Daddy and Uncle Nial. They always order spicy food! The tastes are awful! I'm just a kid and I wanna eat something light, but they wouldn't let me!

"They said I must eat spicy food to grow faster," Chris mumbled as he cried with his head down, with tears rolling down her cheeks. "I'd always agree with them and eat whatever they tell we to because I don't have a Mommy, and nobody loves me. I have to be a good boy, be a good Moron

... But now..." Chris amped up his whimpers. "My stomach hurts! I'll die if I eat spicy food again... Waaa... I don't want to die.. ! Waaa...!"

Understandably, both Anthony and Nial were downright stupefied.

Since when did they start eating spicy chili? They could not even recall such a thing.

Nonetheless, this worked on Charmine, and her heart was completely softened by his cry. She hastily opened her door and walked over to carry him in her arms. "

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Anthony and Nial followed right behind Charmine and Chris.

They entered the congee shop, and Charmine ordered a pot of congee with some light dishes. Once the waitress took the order and left, Charmine eyed both men sitting opposite her and scolded, "Can't you two men behave appropriately? The boy is still so young. How can you feed him spicy food? Growing tall by eating spicy food is a complete bullsh.t. How can men like you two believe in such nonsense!?"

"We—. NMI refuted instinctively in an attempt to explain.

Anthony kicked him under the table, and with a solemn and undersMnding expression, he spoke, "Miss Jordan is right. I'll take note of that. Is there anything else tattooed take note of?"

"Mommy, Daddy always signed me up

for tuition classes," Chris chimed in. "I have classes till twelve o'clock every night!" He continued, "Oh, and Daddy always leaves me alone at home, only sharing one meal with me every week. Also, he brings me out to play only once a month!. he lamented. "All my friends have parents to play with them, but I'm always alone.."

What a poor kid. Charmine listened as her heart melted with sympathy before she scowled at Anthony, "Mr. Bailey, you've got it all wrong. Even though he was born with a surrogate mother, he bleeds your blood!You.re his father, and you have to be responsible. He's still a young boy!Why sign him up for so many dasses? You can't just treat him like a robot; he needs a happy childhood.Also From then on, Charmine rambled on and on, and there was no space for interjection.

Still, Anthony was not offended stall! he silently listened as he refilled her water every now and then. Once she finally said

her piece and settled down, he took out his phone and curtly asked, "Miss Jordan, could you please leave me your number? This is so that you could impart your knowledge on educating children with me in the future."

"Yeah, Mommy. You'll have to remind Daddy every day of what you just said, or he'll forget everything." Chris nodded his tiny head approvingly.

Without even hesitating, Charmine took out her phone and added him on Whatsapp. Nial, on the other end, was confused. How did that happen? Did they just get along so well that they added each other on Whatsapp?

Out of the blue, Charmine's phone lit up with an incoming call, and the caller ID was 'Eric'. Although Eric was his agent and friend, he usually would not ring her unless there were urgent things.

charmine hastily walked away and answered the call.

Anthony's chest tightened with jealousy.

Eric? That was a man's name!

Nial muttered under his breath, "Gut it, I'll find out who it is."

Charmine stood outside the door as she listened to Eric's explanation.

"There are two things: Fleshy, Kay found the list of names of those that visited Phoenix Hotel five years ago..."

Charmine's body instantly quaked the moment she heard that name: Phoenix. She unconsciously turned to look back Maids the restaurant.

Anthony was picking food for Chris. He caught her looldng at them and nodded at her. Charmine could not explain this feeling, odd as it was. She felt like she should not speak of this matter—the five-years-ago incident—to Anthony.

"We'll talk more when I get back," came Charmine's swift reply. With that, she hung up.

When he noted her strange behavior, Anthony asked in a concerned tone, "Is everything okay?."

"It's nothing Charmine frowned.
What just happened? Why was she
worried Anthony would find out what
happened in the hotel? now peculiar.
She recollected herself and curtly replied,
"Something happened, and I have to go
back The repair company finished
repairing my motorbike and they're
sending it over. Take good care of Mom,
and don't make him eat spicy food."

"Mammy!" Chris got up quickly and
hung on to her thigh; he did not want her
to leave.

Charmine ruffled his hair. "Be good,
Moron I've added your. father on
Whatsapp, and I'll be keepMg a close eye
him. Make sure hes not mistreating
"Alright then! Mommy must remember
o video-call me," beamed Chris with his
doe-eyes. He looked much like a kitten
this way.

Charmine nodded, lust as she was about t
o leave, Anthony stood up and followed
behind her. "I'll walk you out."

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Charmine wanted to stop him, but they were already making their way outside. Nevermind.

Luckily, the motorbike was already parked outside the restaurant and the technician handed the key to her.

Charmine instantly got onto her bike.

"Wait." Anthony walked in front of her and grabbed her arm.

She wanted to pullback her arm on instinct, but Anthony already took out a bottle of ointment and applied it to her wound.

Was he... taking care of her wound?

Anthony grabbed her arm with one hand and applied the ointment with his index finger on her wound. He seemed careful and meticulous as though appraising a timeless piece of artwork. He then took out a small roll of bandage and wrapped it around her wound.

"Try to avoid contact with water in the next three days for this hand. Try using less of your right hand," he reminded her, his voice deep and gentle.

Charmine's heart began to beat faster than usual; no one gave her this much care over the past five years. However, she was quickly reminded of what happened five years ago. She pulled herself away from him and flatly replied, "Thanks. Take good care of Momo."

She ignited the engine, and the motorbike raced out of sight. Her hair was unruly in the wind as her red dress fluttered. It was a sight of charming heroism. It was as if nothing in the world could stop her or move her. Though, Anthony's look darkened.

Charmine soon arrived at her villa, and she saw Eric waiting for her on the sofa with a folder at hand.

"The list?" she asked.

"I've asked bay to make a background check on every some on the list, and I

believe the results will be out soon. On the other hand, the second thing is more urgent." Erk placed the folder on the table, and with a grave tone, he continued, "Someone's making a background on what you did for the past five years in Africa. Due to my carelessness, someone found this photo." With that said, Eric handed her a photo. In the photo, Charmine was in a red bandeau dress as she stood beside a handsome and royalty looking man. The man was dressed in royalty, with every finger accessorized with glittering diamond rings. This man was handing a large diamond in the size of a pigeon's egg to Charmine.

She frowned. "Why wasn't this destroyed? It they find out..."

"Everything else was destroyed, but it turns out Simon kept one to himself.

Also, Amelia had gained access to this photo," Eric replied as he closed the folder. "We could silence her or bribe all

the media to stop this from spreading."

"Hall. It's not so simple." Charmine walked to the table and poured herself a glass of water. She swirled the glass for a while before she nonchalantly replied, "Since she found it, then let it be. I do hope she can bear the cost of this discovery, however." Her remark held a downplayed sense of arrogance and malice. 6

Eric frowned. "Do you mean that we'll expose her?"

"It's no big deal."

On the some day, Twitter was raging with numerous posts.

iiCharmine.fireflies

l l Charmine-flawless-fall

tiCharmine-shoes

l l Chanel-unh-anniversary

l l 3D-holographic-imaging

illulian-eat-shit

Out of the ten hottest discussions, six of them were about Charmine. Charmine's performance was made into animations and short clips as these clips went viral o

n platforms like Youtube, with countless likes and comments.

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The comment section was filled with awe and praise.

[CMG! So gorgeous! so enchanting! Her face, her legs, her aura. So bewitching. Supermodel.]

[Every model has one stunning feature, but in Charminé, every part of her is a feature! Her face, her legs, her temperament, everything about her screams bold and powerful, I love her!]

[I see now why she made that 'it back and watch' comment. I wonder she took away the final appearance from Tiffany Jordan. They all personally think that Tiffany would've tripped on stage if she made the final appearance.]

[I'll do what the above said dude. I'll be more confident and take the personally think away.]

[My! Isn't Tiffany Jordan tripped. Unfortunate? Charminé's more of my type.]

Every netizen hailed Charmine as though she was a hero. Even those who attacked her online came forth and apologized to her.

On Julian Cahell's feed, on the other hand, comments like these appeared: (Man! National Husband is actually live-streaming himself eating shit? That'd be too horrible to watch.)

Bohan Cabell actually has a chance to perform too, right? Man up and own up your punishment Stream MI

[No way!.. absolute way! Charmine was average in my hood]

[The person above, please be civilized, we gotta own up to our mistakes and be honest. Charmine was indeed stunning. Try think of ways to negotiate with her on the deal I guess.]

[Exactly. eat-Most-1M is impossible. Don't do anything else? She won't really insist on it, I guess]

In an upscale restaurant with a nice ambient Julian was scrolling through his

feed with a gloomy expression. He thought Charmine would look so gorgeous, stunning everyone.. Meg's projection.

He was the one to declare the challenge publicly. What next? As the chairman of his Mile-End company, he could not deny the challenge as it would break his trust with other collaborators. Still...Would he have to eat actual crap if he conceded? How was that sensible?

Tiffany sat by his side, dying from jealousy as she read the discussion. It would have been her walking on that T-stage, captivating all eyes, had Charmine not harmed her reputation publicly. Now, she had to lay low everywhere she went due to her viral nude. Worse still, she saw the entranced eyes of Julian as he studied Charmine's photo. Tiffany could not let Charmine steal away her spotlight and the heart of her man!

As a thought occurred to her, she lowered her head and started sobbing. "Julian

darling, Im sorry... It's all my fault. The three-dimensional projection was my Idea. I thought of It firm and she must've overheard it when was discussing It with Alice. overhearing is fine, hut to use it against you..."

"What're you talking about?" kilian looked at her in shrek "The tWee-dimensional projection was your idea?" It was.1 was brainstorming for something creative to mein my finale, so I spent lots of time and effort corning up with this.Ask Alice If you don't believe m e."Tiffany then made a look at Alice, who stood by the corner, and signal. for her t o come.

Alice hastily came forward. "Yeah, Owes Tiffany's idea!" she gushed. "She made a lot of research on this, spending nights staYing un-"

"Alice, don't say that It's all my Wok_ If I didn't do the research, I wouldn't have discussed it with you, and Charmine wouldn't have overheard us. Her Wctory

today was because of that technique, and it's all my fault." Tiffany sobbed silently as though it ill really her idea
Julian quickly enveloped her in an embrace. "Don't cry," he coaxed her, "I don't blame you. it's all Charmine's fault! I was wondering how she can be so smart, when she actually stole my identity from you! What a shameless woman!"
"Julian darling, I don't think there's anything we can do about Charmine. She's my sister, and she'll surely pass if I beg her." Tiffany acted as though she was about to leave. Julian quickly stopped her from leaving. "You don't have to go. You're the heiress of the Jordan family, a prestigious title, and my future wife. How could you beg a shameless woman? Think of something. There must be another way!"
"Of course there is. I've some information here that'll ruin Charmine," came a voice, confident and irate. Tiffany and Julian looked up to see

Amelia walked over.

"Amelia, what're you talking about?"

Tiffany asked dubiously.

"I've sent someone to search for what
Charlene was up to in the past five years,
and I want something interesting. Look"

Amelia sat down opposite them and
showed them her phone.

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Both Julian and Tiffany looked at Amelia's phone and saw a photo of Charmine standing next to a man dressed in what seemed to be royalty's attire. The man was seen handing a diamond to Charmine, a photo of a couple happily in love.

Julian frowned. "Isn't this Diamond Prince of South Africa, Prince Simon Gray?"

"That's him alright. He's why Charmine is so loaded! What do you say if I make this photo public? Will she still be basking in her glory if this is out? Nobody would even remember Julian's bet!" Amelia's lips curved into a devilish grin as she spoke.

While Tiffany was internally cheering for this discovery, she maintained a passive face outwardly. "If I'm not mistaken, Prince Simon is married, and his wedding

-of-the-century with Princess Verna attracted worldwide attention. They were so happy in love and shipped by everyone! If this photo is exposed, Charmine will be deemed as the third person who's tearing them apart... Everyone will hate her."

"So what? She hurt you so much. Why do you still care for her? Also, she spends the prince's money as if it's hers. If this doesn't go on public, she won't feel guilty for spending the man's money and breadng up a happy couple," Amelia scowled.

Julian's face turned colder. "And here I am wondering what changed her in five years... Turns out she became a third - wheeler. If she's got the guts to be one, she might as well be prepared to be exposed."

Tiffany nodded unwillingly as though she was forced to. "Then send it out, I guess. Hope the media will change her and that she'll stop causing harm to their family."

At night, [Charmine Seduced South Africa's Diamond Prince] became the hottest headline with Amelia's post. [It brought our family great joy when Charmine Jordan returned home, but it shocked us when she brought with her the infamous black-green meteorite stone, countless properties, and luxurious cars!]

[In the past five years, the Jordan family gave her adequate allowance. Where did she get her money from?]

[With much curiosity, I asked my friends in South Africa to do some research, and I found out that Charmine became a third-wheeler. Not just any third-wheeler, but the third-wheeler of Diamond Prince, Simon Gray! It's unbelievable that she chose to destroy their family because of money!]

[I hate this kind of person. Who cares if she's popular? Who cares if she has many fans? I don't care if her fans come at me, but I just want to speak up for justice!]

Amelia attached a few photos along with that post: A photo of Charmine with the meteorite stone, her on the Hypersport, and one with bodyguards around her. Every photo portrayed the luxurious life she lived, with her chin held high. Of course, the last photo was of her with Prince Simon Gray.

The post raked Up to 300,000 comments.

[OMG! No wonder she's so rich. She's sleeping with Prince Simon!!]

[She doesn't just sleep with any man. She slept with South Africa's Diamond Prince, so of course she's arrogant!]

[Ali! Prince Simon and Princess Verna's wedding that was well-loved by the people, with 99 wedding cars! I still remember it vividly; they were meant for each other! How could she ruin such a happy marriage?]

[Disgusting! She broke their family for money! It's just so morally wrong to seduce someone's husband!]

No wonder she was throwing shoes in

the show! She only knows how to seduce men. What a slat!)

[Third-wheeler! Shameless! I support Amelia for standing up. We have to boycott this shameless slat!]

The fans had long forgotten Julian's promised live-stream as everyone was distracted by the latest discussion.

Charmine's fans were all new from today's show, no they did not stay loyal to her.

Charmine was relaxing with her face mask on when her phone vibrated non-stop. She picked up the phone and heard Kay panting for dear life.

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"Boss, something's happening! The photo of you and Diamond Price had been exposed, and now everyone's going ham at you on the forum! Also, Amelia Jordan revealed your address to the public, and now paparazzi are heading your way," Kay rambled. "Do you want to find a place to hide? They'll be surrounding you!"

"Ah, since when was I the type to cower?" Charmine refuted with a calm face as she held a fan-like device to her face. The device emitted blue light that functioned as phototherapy on her face.

"So what do we do now, Boss?" Kay pressed on, anxious as he did. "Shall I arrange for someone to reveal the truth?"

"Not needed. Now isn't the right time yet," warned Charmine before she hung up.

At that moment, she heard a stampede outside her villa. Charmine walked over to

o the window and saw a swarm of paparazzi rushing toward her villa. Her security team was trying to stop them, but the paparazzi were irrationally persistent that even her guards could not stop them.

Just like that, a large gathering of paparazzi surrounded her villa like zombies as they yelled:

"Charmine Jordan, may I know if you're the third-wheel of Diamond Prince's relationship? How did you hook up with him?"

"Why is Diamond Prince with you? Does Princess Verna know about this?"

"Charmine, could you please respond? Tell us the story between you two!"

Every question was directed at Charmine's relationship with the Diamond Prince. Despite being a stunner in the recent Chanel show, Charmine was still new to the modeling industry, and this meant she was not the interest of every paparazzi right off the bat. Yet,

with just the story about Prince Simon Gray, she became a target of every headline paparazzi in the country. Charmine was unfazed, even as these people started knocking on her door and her windows. Watching the vibrating door and windows, a knowing smirk made its way on her face as she went to the second floor.

There was a central control room of 50 square meters on the second floor, filled with numerous high-powered machines. Charmine walked into the room and started pressing on all the red buttons present.

Suddenly, a loud noise was heard as rows of electric fences landed from above. Like a scene from a sci-fi movie that came to life, the grids surrounded the entire villa securely after landing. A fly would definitely be fried to death if it flew past! Terrified, their faces turned pale as their eyes screamed 'horrified', and they stepped back in fear. Even Kay and his

men—hiding in the dark—stared in disbelief. J

"I can't believe our boss managed to install this advanced protection device in her villa, especially since she had just returned! This is a defense patent that can only be used in dangerous areas!" exclaimed one of the men in awe.

Kay, on the other hand, remained passive. "This is merely first-level defense. If the house is genuinely under attack, who knows if it could fend off bomb attacks!"

The men were impressed, no longer worried over Charmine.

Charmine merely stood at the balcony on the second floor, wine-sipping and did whatever she pleased.

Out of the blue, a thought occurred to her as she turned and inspected the compound of her villa. Damn it, she forgot something important!

Chapter 38

Despite having renovated her villa after her return from Africa, there were some daily necessities still lacking. Say would send fresh ingredients daily to her villa, and since she did not like snacks, there was nothing edible in the house at this moment. If that was not bad enough, her stomach was starting to hurt. She checked her pulse and knew her menstruation would happen in five days, but she had no pads in the villa!

On the other side, at the Bailey family's mansion...

Chris wobbled as he ran to Anthony with a phone at hand. "We have a problem, Daddy! Mommy is surrounded by people!" he exclaimed, anxiety evident in his tone. "She's pacing everywhere inside her home, and it's like she's looking for something!" With that said, he handed Anthony the phone.

The phone was connected to a high-tech drone. Its body merely the size of a leaf, the drone had a four-million-pixel pinhole camera of the latest technology. Even a glass of water in the villa could be seen clearly from a few hundred meters way.

Once the drone's camera zoomed in, the image of Charmine wandering around the villa—hands rubbing her belly as she did as displayed. As an adult, Anthony understood right away what she was up to. He kept the phone and hoisted Chris into his arms

"Daddy, are we finding Mummy?" Chris asked excitedly.

"Yes," came Anthony's simple answer as he carried Chris out of the mansion and placed him inside a car.

The car was driven at such a speed before it stopped at a mall. Once he pulled up, Anthony turned to look at Chris who sat in the backseat. "Wait for me here. Take care of the paparazzi at Violet Villa before

we get there."

"Don't worry Daddy, you can count on me." Chris patted his own chest confidently and took out a Wad.

Once he entered the mall, Anthony pulled a trolley and started searching for items. In truth, this was his first time in a mall, but he adapted quickly. Still, the eyes of other shoppers bothered him.

From vegetables and snacks to daily necessities, his trolley was filled fast. He eventually stopped at a row that displayed menstruation pads; Anthony was dumbfounded by the variety displayed in front of him. The passersby all looked at him in awe and adoration.

"This man is too handsome! He's a hundred times hotter than the number one male model and first-ranked idol!"

"Argh! This godly-handsome-looking man is here to buy sanitary pad? So handsome and caring! I want a car full of men like him!"

"Who's his girlfriend? She's so lucky! I

want to bean inch of his girlfriend's sldn,
just m I can feel his touch everyday!"

The women nearby muttered in awe as they took out their phones and took photos. Anthony saw the crowd starting t o gather around him an he grabbed every type of pad available on the shelf and pushed the two overfilled trolleys to the cashier.

The cashiers hastily went forward to help him. Even glancing at Mm made their hearts pound loudly.

Eventually, his groceries were packed into a few bags. Right after, five bodyguards dressed in black suddenly appeared and carded the bags to the car. A s Anthony reached the exit, he turned to Luke and said, "You know what to do with those who took the photos."

"Yes." Luke nodded and left, ready to delete everyone's album.

meanwhile, Charmine laid on her sofa as she debated whether or not she should ask her men to disperse the crowd

gathering in front of her Wila. Then again, it seemed Miprac Deal to ask these men to do such an unimportant task. Hams then when she heard Imocking on the door. The Imocking was steady: One, two, three knocla, equally paced. Had she not turned OR the high-voltage grid? Why was there Imocking on her door?

Dubious, she walked over to the window and looked down, only to see two figures—one tall and one small—standing by the door. Anthony had a pair of highly insulated gloves, and standing beside him was the little Momo, adorable as ever. Charmbie frowned. How did they get here? Where did the paparazzi go? As though befell her gaze, Chris looked up and yelled, "Mommy, open the door! We brought you some groceries!"

chapter 39

Noting that Anthony and Chris had a few grocery bags with them, Charmine had no choice but to go to the control room and pressed on two red buttons. The grids outside the main entrance were retracted. Anthony entered the villa holding Chris' hand with his free hand, and he placed the groceries on the table. Once she came down, Charmine saw her table filled with bags, including a few bags filled with pads.

A grin made its way to her face unconsciously. "Why so many?" There were at many pads that it could last for a year.

"I didn't know which one you use, so I took one of every brand," came Anthony's blunt reply with a passive expression on his face.

"Hoy' much are these? CH pay tailback."

"Mommy, they're for you. Daddy bought

them for you! But, if you insist, you can hug me and Idss me," beamed Chris said as he walked in front of her and reached out with his adorable flabby hands.

Charmine wanted to turn him down but once she saw that adorable face with a cute pout, she could not help but bend down and carry him. "Momo, you can't be so wasteful. These are hard-earned money, and it needs to be returned."

"But you're Mommy, and we're a family, so it's okay," Chris chirped.

Charmine caressed his face and sympathetically muttered, "Momo, I know you like me, but I'm not your Mommy. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mommy," Chris answered nonchalantly.

She let it go, thinking they would not be meeting much anyway. Charmine then turned to Anthony and said, "It's getting late. Bring Momo home to rest. He's growing, and he needs sleep."

Anthony frowned. He came here to care

for her, and she asked him to leave so soon?

His eyes gleamed as a lightbulb went off in his head. "Momo, come here." Anthony reached out to Chris. "We're going home."

"No! I only want my Mommy's hug! Momo wants to stay with Mommy tonight!" Chris clung onto Charmine's neck.

Anthony frowned. "Don't be naughty." "But I only want to be with Mommy!" Chris clung to Charmine much tighter this time.

Anthony's elegant face darkened instantly. "Come here." He grabbed Chris' hand with his own. "What did you promise me before we left home today? Have you forgotten?" Anthony snapped, and he smacked the boy's rear rather sharply.

Smack!

Aloud smack was heard followed by Chris sobbing out of pain.

"Sniff...sniff... It hurts... Don't hit me...!" Anthony's handsome face fumed colder. "Bonk you data cry. Grown men don't cry." As he scowled, he gestured to smack Chris.

"Was... Mommy! Help! Help me!" Chris cried out with a hoarse voice, his face smashed with tears as he blinked.

Charmine could not stand it anymore. She reached out and carried Chris away from Anthony, glaring at Anthony with anger. "ht. Bailey, I don't mean to intrude, but this isn't how you mach your son! He's just a kid, and thk will traumatize him!"

"He was the one who disobeyed mein the first place," Anthony reasoned impassively.

"Was... Momo didn't do anything wrong ...!" Chris whimpered again. "Momo only wants to be with Mammy. Momo miss Mommy! Momo never had the chance to sleep with Mammy... Momo doesn't want to sleep alone in the Mildren's had

Momo wants hug f tom Mommy! Momo wants to he with Mommy..."

He cried as his tears rolled doum his cheeks like waterfalls.

Charmine's heart melted with sympathy.

"Momo, don't cry, don't cry." she coaxed him gently. "Stay over here tonight, I'll protect you."

"nay!" Chris stopped crying instantly, and a big smile appeared on his face.

"Sorry for the trouble, and thank you for agreeing, Miss Jordan." With that said, Anthony walked over to the door and closed it behind him.

???

What just happened?

Chapter 40

"I only agreed to let Momo stay. I didn't say you can," Charmine reminded Anthony.

With a dignified look on his face, Anthony walked toward her. "Apologies. Momo might have sudden convulsions anytime throughout the night, so he'll need my help. It worries me to leave him alone here."

"Mommy, just let Daddy stay. He can cook, do laundry, and housekeeping. He can be handy!" Chris pleaded, his voice charmingly adorable and cute.

Charmine frowned, though surprised still. "Your dad does laundry and housekeeping?"

"Yes! You can ask him if you don't believe me." Chris blinked at Anthony.

Anthony hesitated for a few seconds, and under Charmine's questioning gaze, he nodded. "Yes, I do."

"Alright then, you'll stay over and make us supper. Nothing too fancy. Just three dishes and one soup should be fine, as long as it's healthy," Charmine ordered. Since no one was sending her supper tonight, having someone to make her food was not a bad idea.

After all, he volunteered to stay.

Charmine's detailed order stunned Anthony for a good few seconds. Nonetheless, he took off his suit and carried the bags of fresh vegetables to the kitchen. He had a rather attractive body with his biceps bulging under his white shirt—utterly muscular and attractive. Charmine could not help

herself as she stole glances of him from time to time, her heart beating faster than usual.

How strange. She had seen all kinds of handsome men, but why would her heart beat so fast when Anthony was around?

"Mommy, I'm sleepy. Can you read me a bedtime story?" Chris asked softly.

Charmine quickly snapped out of it and composed herself. "Of course. Close your eyes and I'll read you one." With that said, she carried Chris in her arms, walked him to the bedroom, and laid in bed with him.

Chris closed his eyes as told, his tiny body curled in her arms as his head rested on her wrist. Gently as she could, Charmine then began, "Once upon a time, there was a big grey wolf..." 1

She was unaware of how her usual bold and unruly voice became so gentle. Her face was filled with warmth and love, nothing like herself. She assumed that this storytelling session would take a while, but she was surprised that Chris fell asleep after two to three sentences. His breathing calmed and his hands stopped fidgeting.

He fell asleep already?

She gently caressed Chris' pouty face. Seeing as he did not respond to her touch, she slowly maneuvered and removed her arm from under his neck. She gently covered him with a blanket and changed the room temperature to 26 degrees Celsius before she tip-toed out of the MOM.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, Anthony was frowning in front of the table filled with ingredients.

"Need help?" A teasing voice came from outside the kitchen. i

Anthony looked over to see Charmine standing at the door with her hands on her hips. She leaned against the door and looked at him with a teasing grin.

Anthony did not flinch and kept his cool. " Hmph. I'm just deciding whether to steam or fry the dish."

Charmine laughed him off. She walked over and pulled on his wrist to move him aside.

"Fine, fine, go out and wait for me. Don't ruin my kitchen." Her eyes matched the goading grin on her face.

It did not shock her that he could not cook. Why would a high-ranking executive like him know how to make food?

Charmine took out the vegetables and rinsed them with water before she started chopping the spices.

A faint smile appeared on Anthony's lips as he watched Charmine cook with full concentration. Preparing the ingredients, she pressed on the green chili with one hand and chopped them with the other, fluidly as she did.

She wore casual long black pants topped with a tight black top, and they flattered her alluring body. It was like a hot martial artist practicing with her sword when, in reality, she was just preparing to fry a fish.

Whatever she did, Charmine always seemed so bold and confident. Anthony stood by the side as he enjoyed the scene unfolding before him. Not long after, the prawns turned red in the wok—a whole wok filled with bright red prawns. She scooped them into a bowl and brought it out of the kitchen.

As she walked past Anthony, she stopped short. "What are you standing here for? Go grab us a fork."

Anthony snapped out of it instantly. No one had ever spoken to him in such a tone, but since it was Charmine, he did not feel offended. He took out two pairs of cutleries from the cupboard and followed her out of the kitchen.

Charmine took a seat in front of the matte-black long rectangular dining table. She picked up one prawn and started to eat. Unlike other women who faked their elegance as they ate, the way Charmine ate was a little unruly but not rude in any sense.

Even though Anthony was not used to having supper this late, he decided to join in after watching her enjoying the food so much.

The food was good. This woman never ceased to surprise him. After a while, he paused his meal. "About the Prince Simon thing... How are you handling it?"

"It's just a small matter. It'll resolve itself," Charmine answered nonchalantly as she took out her phone and photographed her prawns. 3

Assuming she was hiding her inner turmoil, he went about the matter in another way. "I do have ways to help you out."

"Oh? How so?"

No longer beating around the bush, he blurted, "Marry me."

What? Marry him? 1

"I've given you the answer before," Charmine refuted, unperturbed.

Anthony's eyebrows twitched, but he pushed on, "Charmine, once the world knows you're my wife, who'd believe that you're ruining Simon Gray's family?"

Although Diamond Prince's family was super wealthy, it was still limited to the diamond industry in South Africa. Meanwhile, the Bailey family had investments in medical research and technology. The family background could completely submerge Simon Gray's. i

If Charmine married him, all rumors would be silenced.

Lips curled, she reached out her hand to touch Anthony's chin.

Chapter 41

As she raised his chin with her fair and elegant finger, she questioned, "Anthony, do I look like someone who'd sell their body to solve the problem?"

Anthony frowned. What did she mean by 'sell their body to solve the problem'? Marrying him was the ultimate dream of countless women. How was that selling her body? The finger on his chin was rather cold, though there was a faint and unique scent to it.

His lips curled upward. "If Miss Jordan insists on 'selling her body' first, I wouldn't mind." His large palm grabbed onto her small and delicate hand. At that moment, they felt a strange electric sensation that ran through their shock-frozen bodies.

Charmine was the first to snap out of the trance and pulled her hand away. "You wish! I'm afraid you can't afford a body like mine!" She dusted her hand and left the dining table, her arrogant figure moved with an unrelenting spirit.

Anthony frowned but did not press on the matter.

She returned to Chris' room; the boy would be sleeping in her room tonight, after all.

Alas, she could not fall asleep. At bed, she turned on the silent mode of her phone. Once she logged into her Twitter account, she read the numerous criticisms hurled at her way. She then posted,

[That's all you've got? Not even enough for me to use in my dish.]

With that, she attached the photo of the red bright prawns she made earlier.

The fans had been waiting for her reply; everyone thought she was hiding and crying somewhere in a corner. Who would have known that she merely carried on with her life and even cooked herself some prawns. What a shameless thick-faced sl*t!

When Kay and the men saw her clapback, they commented:

[Boss Jordan is so bold!]

[The ignorants should get their facts right before judging.]

[Boss Jordan, I support you! Can I get the next batch first?]

A bunch of weird replies appeared in the comment area, but they were quickly submerged due to the hundreds and thousands of comments coming in every minute.

Amelia nearly threw her phone in anger when she saw Charmine's post. All this while, she thought she was embarrassed of the accusations, but she was still so bold! How was that temperament still sticking up? No way! She had to think of ways to diminish her completely.

Amelia's phone then rang at that moment "Amelia, good news! Great news!" Zoey blurted excitedly on the other end. "According to a secret informant, Diamond Prince has arrived in Burlington today and will stay at Walton Grand Hotel. We even found out his room number. It's 8801, Presidential Suite!"

"Really? Are you sure?" Amelia asked as she struggled to believe what she heard.

"Yes, the source is a hundred percent reliable," Zoey quickly assured her. "I've double checked myself, and it's real."

"Alright. Set it up for me, tonight!"

If she could meet up with Diamond Prince tonight, persuade him to blame everything onto Charmine, and claim that it was Charmine who seduced him in the first place, then Charmine would be completely ruined. Completely ruined!

With that in mind, she excitedly put on a new dress and rushed over to Walton Grand Hotel.

At Walton Grand Hotel, Presidential Suite Room
8801...

A rather good-looking and prince-like man was watching the news. Suddenly, his doorbell rang. "Good evening, Sir. I'm here for your room service."

Chapter 42

Amelia entered the room and carefully placed the food onto the table. Instead of leaving, however, she stripped off her staff uniform. Her alluring, seductive body was revealed, clad in a skimpy red tube dress.

Prince Simon Gray frowned at her actions. "You're not a waitress!"

"Please don't be alarmed, Prince Simon. I'm Charmine Jordan's cousin, and I'm here to strike a deal with you." Amelia stood in front of him and she got straight to the point. "I'm sure you're aware of the rumors going on between you and Charmine which, I assume, is troubling you as well."

Amelia then continued, "Our family shares have dropped greatly due to these rumors, so I'll be hosting a press conference tomorrow, and I'm hoping that Prince Simon could attend the conference. You could tell the press that Charmine had seduced you when you were drunk, and that she kept on using that to cling onto you."

"Why should I listen to you? Leave!" snapped Simon Gray, angered by her suggestion.

Amelia merely looked at him with raised brows before she suggestively added, "If you could expose her, I'll do anything you want." Amelia then pulled down her tube dress slightly, which pushed up her breasts alluringly.

She had always been confident and satisfied with her body. A 1.68 meter height, D-cup breasts, and beautiful curves, Amelia could tempt any man who

looked at her. Since the prince had cheated with Charmine, he might as well just have a go with Amelia.

As expected, Simon's look changed. "Really?" he prodded. "Do you promise to do anything if I help you out?" i

"Of course, I'll do anything you want." Amelia sauntered toward him and ground herself against him—his arm—as seductive as one could imagine.

Simon's eyes darkened as he fought back his urge. "Alright, you have a deal. But, as a businessman, I live with my principles. I won't take treats without work. Come find me tomorrow night after the press conference."

"What a noble prince! I'll see you tomorrow night." Amelia winked at his and pulled up her dress.

Amelia left the hotel as a happy woman. Prince Simon actually agreed to her! Once the press conference was conducted, Charmine would be utterly destroyed!

Her? So what if she slept with Prince Simon? It would not be her first time anyway, and she had nothing to lose. She might even earn a few pigeon-sized diamonds!

Pleased that everything was in place, she took out her phone and posted:

[Tomorrow at 3pm, I'll be hosting a press conference on the first floor of Kelsy Hotel regarding rumors between Prince Simon and Charmine Jordan. Breaking news! Any reporter who attends will be given a red packet with 688 bucks! Yes, you read that right: 688! I must reveal the truth and make sure my adopted sister learns her mistake with the help of the public!] 3

The post went viral instantly.

[688 bucks? For attending the press? Wow, Boss!]

[Amelia being Amelia! Spending so much on this adopted sisted]

[I'm so curious! Breaking news? Can't you just say it right now? I can't wait!]

[Of course not! These things need to be revealed at an official occasion. To the commenter above me: let's go there together! We gotta wake up early to get the good seats so that we can live- stream for everyone else!]

Everyone was looking forward to tomorrow's press conference while Charmine was not even bothered in the slightest. She was having a good night's sleep as she hugged the soft and squishy Momo.

Morning came, and Anthony was roused from his sleep when he received a call from his company. He had to wake up Chris, who was still sleeping in Charmine's room. 2

As he approached the room, he saw that the door was slightly ajar. With a gentle push, the door was opened, and there was a suggestive glint in his eyes.

Chapter 43

There Charmine was, still asleep on the bed in burgundy pajamas. Her skin was so fair and her facial features were utterly captivating; she was like a fairy in her deep sleep. Above all, some of her buttons popped open, and her elegant neck and inviting breasts were revealed.

Anthony gulped in reflex and turned away to stop looking, but he accidentally stumbled against the door when he turned.

Thump, thump!

Eyes still closed, Charmine threw a shark pillow from the bed in his direction.

"Shut up!"

Tsk! Still bossy even as she was asleep. Nonetheless, her unwillingness to get out of bed made her seem more humane.

Anthony could not stop his lips curling upward in adoration. "If you don't wake u p, I'll come in."

Charmine did not hear him as she merely flipped to her side and continued sleeping. When she heard footsteps approaching her, however, she instantly opened her eyes and saw Anthony's muscular figure standing by her bed. Worse still, he was looming over her!

"What're you trying to do, you pervert?!" Charmine yelled, and Chris was awakened from his slumber. When he opened his eyes and saw what was

happening, he instantly closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep still.

Anthony was, in fact, bending over to carry Momo, but Charmine misunderstood the situation. Knowing she misunderstood the situation, he placed both hands beside Charmine and leaned toward her. "What do you think I'm trying to do?"

"You've got the worms up in your brain this early in the morning! A chairman like yourself turned out to be a stinky bear! You pervert! I'll teach you how to be a good man!"

Charmine raised her leg and aimed at the gap between his thighs, ready to kick with all her strength without mercy.

Frowning, Anthony lifted his leg and locked Charmine's knees. He glared at her with his lips slightly parted. "Charmine, are you sure you don't want to start planning for your happiness?"

"Reconsider your head! Get off me now; my punch has no eyes!" Charmine cracked her knuckles and stretched her arms. The sound of knuckles cracking seemed to convey a certain doom.

Anthony never expected her to be so fierce. He never saw it coming when he felt a sharp punch against his arm. The arm that held him up above the bed lost its balance, and it sent him falling forward to the bed. 2

His masculine figure fell on top of Charmine's body, and their lips instantaneously met.

At that moment, the two bodies froze.

Charmine felt a strong current that shot through her body, and her brain halted all activities for a good few seconds. In the past few years, she had never fallen for any men, despite their figure or background.

Everything changed once she met Anthony. Her heart would beat irregularly fast on more occasions than one.

Anthony was the first to snap out of it as he held up his body and asked, "If I say I didn't intend it, would you believe me?"

"Believe? Believe, my *ss!" Charmine pushed him away and wiped her lips with a tissue like a triggered cub.

Once he saw her worsening expression, Anthony quickly took Chris into his arms. "I'll visit you another time," he spoke. "Do take good care of yourself. Don't go out." With that said, he adjusted Chris in his arms and walked out of the room.

'What a shameless pervert! I won't let him in next time!' Charmine hissed internally. i

Meanwhile, Anthony stopped right outside the door as though a thought occurred to him.