

## **Warning My Mommy is A Savage! Chapter 404 – 435 by Seeking A Peaceful**

**Chapter 404** How could Rio oh—so boldly claim to be RisingHawk’s president? Joey scowled, “Rio Young! How dare you show us your fake name cards? Don’t you know this company belongs to Charmine?” “Of course I know! Charmine invested her money, while I invested my skills. What’s the problem?” Rio refuted.

**That stunned everyone in the room. So Charmine spent so much money to establish a company for Rio to fool around? What nonsense was that?!**

**Adam looked around to see that somehow, Charmine had already walked to the sofa by the side, sitting languidly on it. She had her legs crossed with her hands on her waist, reclining backward, exuding an air of arrogance and calmness. It was as if she was watching a show performed by a bunch of clowns.**

**Adam turned to Charmine and sternly asked, “Charmine, is it true what Rio said? You appointed him as the president?”**

**Everyone hoped that this was not true. They wanted Rio to be embarrassed, to be insulted in front of everyone. Charmine merely raised an eyebrow nonchalantly. “So what? Got a problem?”**

**Her voice was cold, arrogant, and proud. Everyone was dumbfounded. So Rio was indeed RisingHawk’s president!**

**While everyone mocked Rio just moments ago, trying to do a good deed by giving him a small factory worth only 200,000 of dividend, he was already RisingHawk’s president who had no need of such meagerness. It turned them into the fools instead. Tiffany was trying to insult Rio in front of everyone and make him look bad, but it turned out that she was the fool. Today was her wedding day! How could things go against her? Even a small thing like this was getting out of hand! A once-useless cousin came to insult her! She felt white-hot anger coursing through her being as tears rolled down her cheeks. She gazed at Charmine in pain, “Charmine, do you hate me that much? I begged for your forgiveness, yet you never accepted my apology! You can tell me if you hate me, but why would you ask Rio to tell me off? You shouldn’t drag innocent people into this...!” It was only then that everyone realized that, as Rio worked for Charmine, he might have been told to say the things he said by Charmine. “Argh...”**

Tiffany grasped at her stomach as though she was in agony. Madam Cabell's face turned pale in shock. "Tiffany! How are you feeling? Don't harm the poor baby."

"Tiffany, let's go! Get some rest in the resting room. Don't get dragged down to their level," said Joey as she held Tiffany's hand, walking her to the resting room. The furious Adam then scowled, "Charmine, even though Tiffany did a wrong thing, you shouldn't mess up her wedding! You're embarrassing the Jordan family! And the child in Tiffany's stomach is your niece. Do you want to cause trouble?!"

"I'm warning you: If my grandson faces any form of complication whatsoever, I won't go easy on you!" Madam Cabell glared at Charmine scornfully. They all rushed in to take care of Tiffany, some asking how she felt while another poured her a drink. Tiffany was treated like a princess inside the resting room while Charmine sat alone in the corner outside, appearing more lonesome than ever. Julian glared at Charmine icily. "I can't believe you'd be this cold-hearted, Charmine." He scoffed and turned to leave. Not long ago, he was trying his best to win her heart. He thought she was straightforward, real, and genuine, but it turned out that was nothing but an evil woman—an irrational and heartless woman! If anything was to happen to the baby in Tiffany's womb, he would never forgive her! A smirk appeared on Charmine's lips as she watched the group of people surrounding Tiffany. They were all so concerned about the baby, but she wondered how they would look when they learned the truth...

**Chapter 405** In order to get out of their sight, Charmine found a less visible corner to sit in. Once Charmine left, Tiffany said to the Jordans and Cabells, "Don't worry, it's just a cramp, but I'm much better now. Don't mind me, I know you're all busy." "Sigh! No matter how busy we are, you're our main concern! Forget everything they've said; they're just jealous of you!" Madam Cabell comforted. "We don't mind what happened in the past, so you don't keep it in your heart as well. As long as you're happy with Julian." "That's right. You have to be happy in order for your child to grow healthily. Don't mind what others say—we know you're a kind lady. As long as you don't repeat the same mistakes, we'll always be by your side," comforted Joey. "Alright... I won't let you down." Tiffany nodded diligently. After convincing them to leave her alone, an evil look reappeared on Tiffany's face. These people would listen to anything that pleased their ears. Just a few words from her would make them spin in circles just like fools. Charmine? Pah, the pathetic woman had no one backing her up! Meanwhile, a few people walked passed the resting room as they gossiped: "Wow! Isn't the wedding a tad too fancy?" "They did spend a pretty penny for this. I thought they'd keep it low!" "Haha! They truly are shameless. One is a well-known douchebag, and the other is a fake bitch. They're shameless to have organized such a high-profile wedding!" "Exactly! Look at the attendees; nobody wishes them well genuinely. If I were them, I'd dig myself a hole

to hide into.” “A douchebag marrying a third-wheeler? With a high-profile wedding? Hahaha! This is so...” Inside the resting room, Tiffany clenched her fists tightly. Seemed as though there were people who mocked her like Rio did.

No doubt, most people would have similar conversations today behind her back! It was her wedding day, the most important day of her life! How could these people be so mean to her? It was all Charmine’s fault! Charmine was the one spreading the rumors on Twitter, and those articles were still there for everyone to see! Charmine rejected Julian while she cried foul to the masses, but all she wanted was to ruin their wedding! Tiffany scoffed at that. “Ronnie, is everything prepared?” “Don’t worry, Madam, it’s all set. The photos will be exposed,” answered Ronnie. Tiffany’s expression lessened its intensity after hearing that. She could not wait for the wedding to start; she wanted everyone to see how Charmine was secretly living happily with Anthony while everyone sympathized with her for losing Julian! Meanwhile...

Rio walked toward Charmine and sat down by her side. He asked in a low voice, “Charmine, why didn’t you tell everyone the truth? I can’t even stand an extra minute of that b\*tch’s false pretense!

Charmine’s eyes darkened while her face remained calm. If not necessary, she would not want to expose the truth about the baby in Tiffany’s stomach, and perhaps it was due to her mother – instinct from her experience five years ago. Even though Charmine knew the baby was fathered by the rapist, she still liked the baby and did not want him to die. To her, the child remained innocent no matter how wronged the adults were. Her initial plan was to react to Tiffany’s plan, wait for Tiffany to ruin the Jordan family, and then step in to expose her true colors. She had no interest in stepping in her love life.

Never did Charmine expect, however, that she would sneakily take photos of her and Anthony together and planned to expose them at her wedding. If Tiffany insisted on doing so, why should she deserve any mercy? Having a mother like her would not do the child any good! Her eyes simmered ominously. “Soon.”

**Chapter 406** One hour before the wedding ceremony... Everyone was busy with their own tasks. The Jordans and Cabells were busy entertaining guests at the lobby downstairs while makeup artists were ready to do a final touch up. As it got closer to the hour, Ronnie helped Tiffany fix her makeup as she gushed, “Madam, be happy. You look gorgeous today!” “Okay.” Tiffany gave a small smile as she gazed at her reflection. True, she did not lose to anyone in terms of beauty, and that included Charmine. Charmine’s beauty came from her arrogance, while Tiffany embodied elegance, beauty, gentleness, and innocence from within, just like a quietly blooming jasmine flower that one could not help but love.

**Any man would fall for a lady like her.**

**She wanted to stun the crowd with her beauty!** Out of the blue, there were knocks on the door, well-paced and unhesitant. Warily, Ronnie walked over and opened the door to see a middle-aged man dressed in black standing outside the door. She asked, "Who are you?" "I'm looking for Tiffany." The middle-aged man looked past Ronnie as his eyes landed on Tiffany. "Veronica told me to look for you." Tiffany's eyes twitched slightly. Veronica? Veronica was already in jail. Why would she ask a man to look for her? Moreover, judging by his appearance and age, he seemed...

**As if realizing something,** Tiffany's turned pale. She immediately instructed Ronnie, "Get out. Stand by the door, and no one can walk in."

"Yes, Madam." Ronnie hastily invited the man to come in before leaving the room and closed the door.

Inside the room, Tiffany sized up the middle-aged man with an unfriendly look before asking uneasily, "Who are you? What are you doing here?" The middle-aged man looked at her with a solemn, painful, and emotional gaze. "It's been twenty-three years... You're all grown up."

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**What did that mean...? Tiffany's hands froze, her words caught in her throat as she was overwhelmed by an uneasy feeling** Could he be her...

The man continued, "I've met with Veronica, and she told me all about you. I've wronged your

**mother all these years, and I... I've wronged you."** "Shut up! Stop talking! I don't want to hear that crap!" Tiffany glared at him, with an ironic look "What's the point of apologizing? Mother is dead, while I lived in fear every day with the Jordan family! Out of all times, why did you come to meet me today? Do you want to tell everyone that I'm not their actual daughter? That I'm a daughter of someone like you?!" Tiffany's eyes reddened as she spoke, her tone was full of resistance. The man in front of her was dressed in cotton and linen clothing, wearing nothing of value on him.

**If the Cabells found out that she was a daughter of this kind of man, would Julian still marry her? If everyone found out that she was not a part of the Jordan family, that she was merely a daughter of an ordinary man, how would they treat her? Sh**

**e was no longer the No.1 Supermodel, no longer welcomed in the modeling industry. The only identity she was left with was her current one, and she could not afford to lose it. The man frowned. "Tiffany, actually I—**  
**". "I don't care! Get out! Get out of here right now! I don't want to see you, and I don't want anyone to know about our relationship!" Tiffany cut him short. As if remembering something, she stood up and walked to a drawer.**

**Chapter 407** The drawer Tiffany opened was filled with cash, prepared in case of anything unsavory happened. Tiffany picked up two stacks, approximately 20,000 bucks. She squeezed them into the man's hand and firmly spoke, "Leave now, and never come into my sight again!"

"Tiffany..."

"Go!" Tiffany turned away from him, not wanting to look at him another second. She was embarrassed by how poor he looked. How could she be a daughter of this kind of man? How could her actual parents be so poor? No! She wanted to be a princess—the highly revered Ms. Jordan! With that in mind, she scowled at the man, "I'm warning you: If you tell anyone about this, I won't let you live."

The man reeled back in shock at the threat but was left with no choice but to leave. Before that, however, he stopped before the door and said, "I wish you the best, Tiffany. I'll come find you when you're less busy." With that, he finally left.

Tiffany's hands clenched tightly. Find her again? For money? A father who never made himself present for her for the past 23 years, only showing himself to ask for money! "Madam, the ceremony is starting. It's time," Ronnie came in and warily reminded her.

Tiffany recomposed herself. She took a few deep breaths and looked into the mirror as she concealed all of the darkness on her face before walking out of the room. As she walked past Ronnie, she reminded, "Be ready for the photos." She was unhappy, and she wanted Charmine to be unhappy as well! How could she live an uneasy life while Charmine lived happily? She wanted everyone to criticize Charmine for being a gold-digger, and she wanted every Bailey to despise her as well! She wanted Charmine to endure all of the pain she had felt!

The lobby was decorated glamorously as a romantic and beautiful flower arch stood at its center. Guests, on the other hand, were seated for the ceremony. On the stage,



the emcee kept the atmosphere cheerful and exciting as he beamed, "Let us have a round of applause for the bride and groom!" Everyone turned to see the couple walking in by the end of the arch. Tiffany held Julian's hand with an elegant and happy smile on her face. Her long gown trailed behind her, decorated with luxurious and gorgeous diamonds on the hem. The handsome and charming Julian, meanwhile, looked well-suited in his suit.

The people who made fun of the couple were instantly wowed by their undisputable beauty. The groom was dashing handsome while the bride was stunningly beautiful. It was as though they were a match made in heaven, a perfect couple that was meant to be. It was as if the wrongdoings Tiffany had done in the past had all vanished at that moment. All everyone could think of was her beauty, her formality, elegance, and exquisiteness.

With a face like hers, one would not disagree if she called herself the most beautiful woman in the world!

Tiffany saw the awe in their faces. Her smile broadened in return, and her posture straightened, just like a majestic white swan from above. Charmine, on the other hand, walked behind Tiffany along with the other bridesmaids. Although she was more unique than the others and looked rather fetching than the rest, there were nine bridesmaids and nine groomsmen. The group of them walked together, which was hard to spot her from the rest. After getting on the stage, the bridesmaids and groomsmen stood on two sides. Tiffany could feel Charmine playing a minor role in her wedding, and she felt her grudge and hatred had paid off at last.

Chapter 408 Everything was perfect: Tiffany was the star of the show while Charmine was a mere backdrop, just like the maid she was! She was the one marrying Julian, the one earning her happiness! It definitely helped that some 'special' arrangements were prepared. She glanced at the emcee, and the emcee announced with an enthusiastic tone, "It's not easy for a couple to enter the stage of marriage. Today, Ms. Tiffany Jordan is very grateful for everyone who's here to attend her wedding. Therefore, she had prepared a song to share with her guests today." With that, a beautiful tune rang in the hall as the lights in the hall became dimmer and softer. At the same time, the screen behind the stage lit up. Someone handed the microphone to Tiffany, to which she accepted. With a melody playing in the background, she sang: "I'm used to staying silent, And rumors had no difference between right and wrong.

I shut my eyes, and the noisy world faded into the face of a person."

The beautiful and melancholy lyrics resonated in the hall as photos of rumors criticizing Tiffany appeared on the big screen. Accompanied by the sad lyrics, the photos seemed venomous as though made to hurt Tiffany. There was an air of sadness and gentleness as she sang, one that everyone would pity and comfort. Everyone was touched by her music and influenced by her sadness. Everyone became silent.

Tiffany continued: "You know love has no seasons. Even at the wrong time and place,

one could still meet.

I've no regret for loving, I don't care what is right or wrong."

The airy and sorrowful voice grew more determined and assertive. The photos on the big screen now showed the wedding photos of Tiffany and Julian, along with photos of them throughout the past five years. Every photo showed how happy they were. The photos were making a statement: She fell for Julian, a man she should not have loved, and she would not stop loving him as she was in too deep. Everyone was touched by her music and lyrics. She was such an innocent woman, and she truly

loved Julian... The music became more intense as Tiffany sang in a higher pitch: "Rumors are loud, it deafens the happiness, loud and destructive! I'm tired, and I merely asked for a simple life. Is that wrong?" The big screen split into two sides, one side showing the ruthless criticisms of the netizens while the other half showed wedding photos and photos of them throughout the years. The stark contrast of the two sides broke the hearts of the audience, gaining their sympathy. Joey was the most affected as her eyes reddened with tears, her throat dried. Tiffany merely wanted to be in love as she fell for a man she should not have, yet she had to go through so much for that, being criticized so terribly... This was supposed to be the most important day of her life, yet everyone came with such an attitude, and nobody truly wished her well... While Tiffany did not resent anyone for doing that, she kept all the sadness to herself. Her gentle and airy voice continued:

"Rumors are loud, they don't care how deep the love is. I don't care what others say, I only want to hold your hand till the very end..." As the music ended, tears rolled down her cheeks as she walked over to hold Julian's hand. Her glittering eyes twinkled with determination, her weak and gentle figure transformed with courage, like a victimized woman working hard to chase happiness. Julian was touched, his heart aching with sympathy. Tiffany was confessing to him in front of everyone, and he heard not a single peep about this surprise. He held her hands tightly. At t

his moment, he only had one thought on his mind: He had to protect her and their baby.

**Chapter 409** Many among the audience were teary-eyed as the song ended. The music tugged at their heartstrings. What an innocent and pitiable woman. Why would the netizens harm Tiffany so badly? She did nothing wrong—she merely fell for Julian out of love. She fell for him after Charmine left him five years ago, when Charmine had already broken up with Julian. It was a choice nowhere life-threatening, yet they came after her like savage hounds...

**Many** people wiped off their tears with their hearts aching, regretting the scathing words they spoke of Tiffany earlier. Instantly, all of their prejudice turned into blessings. Among the audience were many directors and producers, and every single one was blown away by Tiffany! They never knew she could sing that beautifully. Her voice was so enchanting, more captivating by the best singer in the industry!

Her voice touched the hearts of many as she sang wholeheartedly and passionately! “I’d consider helping her publish an album,” said a producer. “Her song will be a great hit!” “Right? I have a feeling she could regain her popularity and become very popular!” Madam Cabell heard these comments and smiled wider, satisfied with what she heard. Tiffany made her proud. With that, she walked on the stage proudly and handed a glass box to Tiffany. “Tiffany, this is a gift for you. From today onward, you’ll be my daughter-in-law. I’ll take good care of you and the baby in your stomach. I’ll make sure you’re happy.”

Tiffany accepted the glass box to see an emerald jade in it. The carving of the jade was exquisite with a beautiful shade of emerald, giving one a sense of the greenness of nature. This was a top-graded emerald jade, and a large exquisitely carved jade at that! Someone cried out, “This is the Cabells’ heirloom. Legend has it that this was given to them by the royal family a few generations ago!” “Madam Cabell gave the jade to Tiffany! She’s passing on the family legacy to Tiffany!” Hearing their comments, the smile on Tiffany’s lips grew. She lowered her head in gratitude. “Thank you, Mum.”

With the jade in her hand, she took a quick glance at the group of bridesmaids by the side. Charmine was standing in the corner where light did not shine on. A green plant had blocked her from sight, and nobody could see what she was doing.



**Tiffany was very satisfied. Wonderful! Everyone had their eyes on her as the whole world took photos of her, showering her with praises and blessings. She was indeed the woman everyone revered on this day, while Charmine was a mere wallflower that went unnoticed!**

**No... That was not enough.**

**She could only be completely content when Charmine's reputation crumpled in front of her eyes. She wanted the world to know how Charmine seduced Anthony and slept with him! With that, Tiffany gave a vague signal to Ronnie who stood not too far away. Instantly, Ronnie went to get prepared.**

**The music faded out, and the big screen turned into a romantic backdrop of flowers and snow.**

**The emcee announced, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, the moment you've all been waiting for. Let's welcome our bride and groom to stand in the middle of the stage to officiate the ceremony!" This time, Julian offered his arm to Tiffany as they walked to the center stage. Thinking of her tears and voice, he felt guilty and sorry for her. He had to be bewitched to let go of such a beautiful and gentle woman and fell for the evil Charmine instead. Even though Charmine was very beautiful, she was like a rose with thorns, nowhere feminine and wife-material.**

**Chapter 410 Moreover, Tiffany had 30 percent of the Jordans' shares, and once Senior Jordan passed on, the entire Jordan Group would belong to Tiffany! Tiffany had money, looks, and reputation. Most importantly, she had his baby! Julian kept repeating these thoughts to convince himself of how perfect Tiffany was, in order to get the thought of Charmine out of his mind. "Mr. Julian Cabell," began the emcee, "do you take Ms. Tiffany Jordan as your lawful wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better or for worse? For richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and cherish until death do you part?" Without hesitation, Julian answered, "I do."**

**He accepted the ring handed to him by his groomsman and put it on Tiffany's finger. Suddenly, the big screen behind them lit up. Instantly, the hall went into an uproar with the audience murmuring among themselves. A dark and beautiful smile appeared on Tiffany's lips. Excellent! The photos were finally up! They were seeing, at last, photos of Charmine with Anthony! No matter how rich Charmine was, she was never a match for someone high-profile like Anthony! Everyone would call her out for seducing him, a gold-digger who craved fame and wealth!**

Thinking of that, Tiffany was extremely pleased and satisfied. However, Julian staggered backward and instantly retrieved the ring from her finger. He glared at her wide-eyed. “Tif-fa-ny Jor-dan!” He articulated every syllable through his gritted teeth with repressed anger. Tiffany jolted. Why did Julian speak to her with such a tone? Wait, what happened? Why did everyone look at her differently? As if realizing something, she looked up to see the image on the big screen and staggered backward.

The big screen was not showing the photos of Charmine with Anthony. Instead, it was showing the clip of Tiffany sleeping with Oliver! Tiffany’s limbs went soft as she reeled back in shock. Disbelief at the sight of the video, her mind went blank. What... What was happening?! Was it not supposed to be photos of Charmine with Anthony? Why was it her clip with Oliver instead? She made sure this clip was deleted, and she even hired hackers to completely remove it. How could it be?!

Noises of comments floated in the lobby as everyone sneered:

“OMG! What is that? Isn’t it Tiffany?”. “Didn’t she say she loves Julian? Why’s she sleeping with another man?!” “This man looks familiar... It seems like Julian’s assistant, Oliver. She slept with Julian’s assistant?” “Damn! How dare she sang the song earlier? I was convinced that she loved Julian, but who’d have thought that she had betrayed Julian!” “All my tears, gone to waste! What a shameful and disgraceful bitch!”

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The Jordans and Cabells were utterly flabbergasted, at a loss for words. In their impression, Tiffany was always beautiful and elegant. They would never imagine her sleeping with another man, yet there she was in that video, seemingly enjoying herself! Madam Cabell was the first to react. She rushed on stage and slapped Tiffany squarely on the face.

Slap! A loud slap resonated in the hall. Madam Cabell glared at Tiffany viciously. “Tiffany! What is this?! Why did you do this! “We didn’t mind about your past and treated you with kindness, yet you stabbed Julian in his back? How are you so shameless?!” Mitchell Cabell scowled.

**Chapter 411 Humiliated**

to the core, the Jordans were so ashamed that they wanted to dig a hole and hide deep in it. They felt so ashamed as though there was no way to get out of the mess. Even Joey and Adam were utterly disappointed, hurt, and shocked. None of

them went to defend Tiffany Madam Cabell went ham on Tiffany as she shook her vehemently, "Say something! Look at that fake look of yours! Return the jade to me, and return the engagement ring to us! The Cabells will never have a woman like you as our daughter-in-law!" Tiffany was shaken vigorously as her cheeks burned in pain. Her world had crumbled at that point as all eyes glared at her with hatred and disgust. No... This was not supposed to happen. It should have been Charmine who was embarrassed! It should have been Charmine at the receiving end of these glares, not her! She worked so hard to regain her reputation and worked hard to this point to marry Julian. She could not be ruined—not again. Panicked, she rushed to Julian and grasped his hand. "Julian darling, it's not true! None of this is true! I was drugged—someone plotted this! I'm innocent! Someone plotted this, please trust me. I beg you...!" She cried out anxiously with extreme pain and sadness. Still, who would believe her? After that scandalous video that played for all eyes to witness, who would still believe her? The video was still displayed on the large screen, and the Tiffany in that clip was obviously enjoying herself. How was that a drugged person? Also, if she was drugged, why did she not report it? Why was she silent on the matter? Julian swung her hand away coldly, his gaze filled with betrayal, distaste, and disdain. It did not matter what she wanted to say... She cheated on him! Tiffany's face turned pale at the realization; Julian no longer believed her. What could she do? What else could she do?! Among the audience, Rio placed his hands on the waist and pompously spoke, "Hah, what a show! I wonder if my cousin's baby is Julian's or Oliver's!" Upon hearing that, everyone gasped: "Tiffany is pregnant?" "No wonder they're getting married so abruptly!" "So Julian was forced to marry her because of the baby?" "Wait, what? So who does the baby belong to?"

The Cabells' anger amped up a notch when they heard all that. The Jordans had threatened the Cabells to own up to Julian's mistake when they first discovered Tiffany's pregnancy, and they even made it clear that if Julian did not own up to his mistake, the Jordans would destroy their family.

**They had to compromise the whole wedding arrangement because of the baby, forcing Julian to marry Tiffany...** On a second thought, it was likely that the baby was not even Julian's! **The Cabells were almost tricked into taking in this disgraceful woman and raising someone else's child!**

Furiously, Madam Cabell rushed over and slapped Tiffany's face once again.

"You're such a **disgraceful woman!** How could you do this to Julian? How dare you force J

ulian to marry you? I've never met such a dirty woman like you! You don't deserve to wear this wedding gown!" Madam Cabell tugged and ripped Tiffany's gown with all her might.

Tiffany's ears rang in pain as her cheeks had two red palm marks due to the slaps she received. Her beautiful wedding gown was torn out, showing half of her body. Everyone started taking photos at that, and the flashes from the reporters' cameras were unceasing. All Tiffany could feel was that her world got messier and blurrier—everything spiraled out of control.

Thuck!

The lightheaded Tiffany fell to the floor, passed out due to the chaos that haunted her. The chaotic situation made her faint. That did not stop Madam Cabell from wanting to slap the living daylights out of her, though, but the Jordans recovered from their shock at that moment as Joey rushed up to stop her. "Enough! You've already beaten her badly! What else do you want?"

**Chapter 412** "We'll give everyone an explanation after this. No, we'll tell the world everything and the truth!"

With that, Joey instructed the bodyguards, "Come and carry her out." Thus, they carried Tiffany away in a white stretcher. The once glamorous Tiffany in her wedding gown laid unconscious on the stretcher. With Tiffany's gown torn, Joey had to find a black suit to cover her up.

It was as though covering a dead body as they covered her up. Who would have expected the glamorous lady moments ago—the Tiffany who touched the hearts of many—would end up like that? Senior Jordan coughed up violently as his form trembled. "Investigate! Go and investigate the matter right now!"

The Jordan family did as they were told, helping him to leave the wedding ceremony which plunged into chaos.

Still rooted on the stage, Julian glared at the direction Tiffany was lifted to, feeling like his chest could explode any time. In his mind, Tiffany truly loved him, and despite making so many mistakes, they were all because of him. He assumed her love for him was genuine.

He had never expected her to sleep with Oliver!

The woman he loved, the woman he was about to marry, slept with Oliver!

Meanwhile, Oliver walked toward him anxiously and fell on his knees. Thuck!

**“Mr. Cabell, it was all my fault, not Ms. Tiffany’s! I was drugged...”**

**Julian glared at Oliver coldly as his mind raced with various scenarios. It occurred to him how Oliver had asked about Tiffany on multiple occasions, always making sure he was being nice to her. Those were the signs all along, and they played him for a fool! He raised his fists and punched Oliver squarely in the face, one fist after the other. At the risk of Oliver being seriously injured, someone came up and stopped Julian as it got even more brutal**

**Looking at the chaos unfolding before her, Charmine’s eyes exuded an untraceable chill as she turned to leave with victory.**

**She remembered how her engagement party was just as chaotic five years ago. After she had fainted back then, Julian stood on the stage and announced to the attendees:**

**“My apologies, I happened to learn some very painful news. The baby in Charmine’s stomach isn’t mine. He slept with another man behind my back, and she even tried to trick me into raising the child! I had an argument with her and she fell off the stairs accidentally. Therefore, I apologize for that, but I don’t regret my action. I’ll take care of her medical expenses, but I’ll**

**cancel my engagement with her.” Charmine, on that day, was dragged out of the hotel covered in her blood, accompanied by the scowls of mockery and hatred from everyone else. Back then, nobody covered her up nor tried to defend her. She passed out from the pain as the baby ready to be born struggled in her womb. The unborn baby perished after being kicked by Julian, probably due to the lack of oxygen inside. The unborn baby was due at that period and was about to see the beautiful world, loved by his parents. Alas...he died.**

**He died in the womb before he could even take his first breath, mocked by everyone. She heard that the infant was the size of a kitten when it was taken out of her womb, having many bruises all over. He was then wrapped by a rubbish bin and tossed aside in the mortuary. Nobody cared.**

**The thought of it pierced Charmine’s heart as she felt breathless of the agony. The wound from five years ago was fresh as though it was yesterday. What Julian and Tiffany felt was not even a fraction of what she felt! She was an innocent woman who harmed no one back then, while Julian and Tiffany deserved to be punished for what they had done! It was meant to be a celebratory event, but at the thought of herself laying on the stretcher with the stillborn in her womb, she felt like her heart was wrenched tightly. Charmine, after leaving the hotel, saw a black car waiting quietly. It was Anthony’s car. Had he waited for her the whole time?**

**Chapter 413** The car door flung open as Chris' little head popped out from inside the car. "Mommy, Mommy, come here! The reporters are going to come after you and demand interviews!"

Charmine snapped out of her mini trance and went into the car. Luke was behind the steering wheel, Anthony sat at the back, and Chris in the middle. Looking at the position they sat in, it was apparent that they did not leave. They waited for her the entire time!

Charmine felt a sting in her nose as she recalled her stillborn, and she turned to look at Chris. Unable to hold back her emotions, she took Chris into her arms. "Is Mommy alright?" asked Chris.

"It's nothing... Let Mommy hug you for a while." Charmine held Chris tightly as she hid her face in his shoulder and gently closed her eyes.

**She needed**

to calm down, and the soft and plump Chris worked miracles in soothing her. . mind. Anthony's face sank a little. Was Chris' shoulder more comfortable than his? He got more and more jealous of Chris recently. The boy was a hamper, no doubt... Charmine held Chris for a good while, thinking that her baby would have been Chris' age had he lived on. Nonetheless...that was all in the past, and she had to treat Chris better. At least the child did not have to come to the world to endure all the pain she had gone through. It was only after some time that Charmine slowly released Chris and felt better. "Thank you, Momo. Your shoulder is so warming, so magical!"

"Really! Whenever Mommy is upset in the future, Momo will let Mommy hug me—always!" chirped Chris as he burrowed his head into her arms in a cuddle.

Anthony scowled at the sight. "Come here!" "Huh? Why?" whined Chris.

Anthony reasoned with a low and serious tone, "Mind your safety. No fooling around inside the car."

Charmine instantly realized what it was as she quickly placed Chris back in his middle seat and fastened his seatbelt.

Chris scoffed, "Just say you're jealous, Daddy! You're jealous of me getting hugs from Mommy! You're jealous! Jealous!" Both Anthony and Charmine were speechless at his comeback. The atmosphere inside the car became tense again. Charmine ran through what had happened and thought that Chris had a point there...



**It seemed to make sense! Was Anthony truly jealous of his son?** Charmine felt a strange, foreign feeling. Five years ago, Julian hated her, but **she met a man**

who cared for her genuinely **five years later**. A man incredibly sweet, truly loving.

The Jordans and Cabells **were in hot soup as news of the wedding fiasco went viral**. (Julian cheated on by Tiffany), (Madam Cabell slapping Tiffany), [Tiffany slept with Oliver], [Tiffany pregnant with unknown father)... **Every article described the chaotic scene in detail, shaming both families in the process. Everyone knew that the Jordan and Cabell family shares would fall. Within two hours, almost 50 percent of shareholders sold out their shares at low prices. Both families lost at least ten billion bucks of shares in just a short period! Tiffany, of course, became the object of ridicule. [How dare she sing such a song? 'Rumors are loud? Why didn't the 'rumors' happen to others?]**

## **Chapter 414**

(Things happen for a reason. The rumors were all true, yet she pretended to be innocent. **We** should all agree on giving her a new title: No.1 B\*tch!)

**[Now let's all go and listen to the song she sang, 'I want to hold on your hand forever'. how ironic! More like 'I want to cheat on you forever'! Haha!]** (They call this Karma! Julian cheated

**on Charmine, and now Tiffany cheated on him! He deserves this!)** (Everyone will remember how Tiffany cheated on him! Hahaha!) (And she even sang 'I have nothing to hide'. Well, why don't you tell us the

truth then? B\*tch!) Tiffany and Julian's reputation plummeted and crashed horribly **once more. At the Jordan mansion... Senior Jordan hired the best investigator and received the following result: Those who went to the café on the day of the incident were all people of high status. None of them held any grudge on the Jordan family, thus nobody**

would have drugged Tiffany. There was **one surveillance camera on a corner left undetected, showing that after Tiffany had gone into the room, nobody else went in other than Oliver. Furthermore, the investigation result showed that the person who deleted the other CCTV footage was none other than Tiffany's staff!**

**It would have been the other person deleting the footage instead of her, if she truly was drugged. Every piece of evidence showed that nobody drugged Tiffany, and she was lying! Adam was furious at the outcome and arranged for abortion of the baby as she laid unconscious. It did not matter if the baby belonged to Julian or Oliver—**

**it should not exist! The Cabells, from that day onward, no longer accepted Tiffany, and she could not marry down to some assistant either.**

**With a stormy expression, Senior Jordan ordered, "Announce to the press that the Jordans will retrieve all of her shares, that we'll make sure she learns her mista**

kes! She'll be signing papers to return the shares once she wakes up." Adam did not object. Joey merely sighed but did not object either. She never would have thought that the daughter she loved the most would end up like this. They chose to forgive her for the many shameful mistakes she had done, yet she betrayed their trust. All they could do was retrieve her shares in an attempt to retain some of the Jordan family's reputation. Inside the room, Tiffany opened her eyes with difficulty, filled with pain and anger. Ruined... All ruined! She was so close to marrying Julian, but the whole mess ripped her off of the chance of being accepted by him. It was all ruined! How would everyone see her? How could she live on in this world?

Ronnie, at that moment, walked in with her head lowered and reported, "Madam, they... They said that once you wake up, they'd want you to give back all of your shares..." All of her shares? All that 30 percent she tried so hard to take had to be given back? What was there left for her after that? No money nor reputation—nothing!

No! She would not allow that to happen, not a chance! She had to think of something, and fast!

As if she thought of something, her gaze darkened as she weakly muttered, "Get out, and don't tell anyone that I woke up." "Yes..." Ronnie felt Tiffany's ice-cold glare as she scurried away. She knew Tiffany well enough to know that she was planning something, and she might get hurt in the process. Ronnie had no courage to stay in the same room as Tiffany. After Ronnie closed the door behind her, Tiffany immediately tried to stand up with difficulty and made her way to the window.

#### Chapter 415 At Royal Banquet

Bar, inside a private room... The room was pitch black with no lights, and Julian sat on the floor as wine bottles stood on the table in front of him. He drank one after another, amassing wine bottles around him. With bloodshot eyes, the aura he emitted was cold and distant, and with every mouthful of wine, he recalled memories of a much younger Tiffany. He remembered how—as he first laid eyes on her in the Jordan mansion—he told himself that Tiffany was the Snow White from a fairy tale, and he wanted to be her Prince.

He was, much to his chagrin back then, paired with the ugly and rough-looking Charmine due to the Cabells' and Jordans' arrangement. Despite his distaste of Charmine, he kept his mouth shut and pretended to go along with it as he had no right to speak up or object.

Gradually, he and Tiffany secretly started their relationship—he had always loved and cherished her. Even when he found out that Tiffany was not actually blood-related to the Jordans, he did not look down on her. In fact, he was worried for her, worried that she would not be able to survive with the Jordans. He thus taught her to manipulate Charmine and Robert to slowly steal their shares. It all seemed as if he was the one teaching her, but as Julian revisited these memories, Tiffany would have done everything herself but pretended to be unwilling. Julian had always thought she was kind, pure, and innocent. He never would have thought she would be so calculative! Thinking of the investigation result, he took another mouthful of the wine. Yes, Tiffany was indeed drugged, but she was drugged by herself! She set up an appointment with Anthony, wanting to sleep with him but failed. Charmine sent Julian a text that day, trying to give him and Tiffany a chance, but he asked Oliver to go instead.

If Tiffany's plan went according to plan, she would have slept with Anthony and dumped him! He always thought of Tiffany as the Snow White, but the truth was that she secretly wanted to sleep with Anthony and then dump him! Another mouthful of wine. The pile of empty bottles around was as tall as a hill. The drunker he was, the clearer his thoughts became. Charmine's face slowly surfaced among his thoughts. Had she been free from Tiffany's manipulation for 18 years, she would have turned out just as amazing. Charmine had never done anything wrong; even the incident from five years ago was set up by Tiffany. If... If Julian could go back in time, he would gladly accept the marriage arrangement with Charmine, to support her and work hard with her. They would have been happily in love and become an indisputable power couple.

Most importantly, Charmine would never betray him. Never!

Charmine would follow him anywhere and everywhere since they were kids, and her eyes would sparkle whenever she saw him. Julian made a mistake—he picked the wrong girl from the start.

He swung his arm and the glass bottle was instantly shattered into pieces. The broken glass was everywhere, cutting his palm, and the sharp pain pulled him back to reality. With the thought of Charmine, he clenched his hands as his eyes darkened.

At Violet Villa, Charmine was sitting on the sofa as she used her phone. Kay: [Boss Jordan, do you want to expose the truth of your identity, along with the DNA test result? I think it's time.] Charmine: (Not yet. Soon. Wait for two more days. Keep a close eye on Tiffany meanwhile.) Kay: (Alright.) Just as she was about to put down her phone

e, a call came in. It was from an unknown number. After picking up, the person on the line said, "Hello, Ms. Jordan, this is Royal Banquet Bar. A man named Alexander Walker wants to speak to you, saying that he has to talk to you for some important clues." Alexander Walker? Important clues? Charmine's eyes lit up. Was Alexander Walker emerging at last since Tiffany was ruined? She replied, "Okay, I'll be there soon." After keeping her phone, she saw that Anthony and Chris were preparing dinner in the kitchen.

**Chapter 416 Chris helped**

wash the vegetables with his puffy hands while Anthony had an apron on, having his first attempt at cooking. Anthony's chopping skills had greatly improved after staying with Charmine for some time, and it showed as he swiftly sliced some ginger. Not slices, to be exact— just some chunks of ginger. Still, he seemed proud of it as his face lit up elegantly, and it was a beautiful sight. While Charmine was entranced by the sight, she could not help feeling confused. Why would Anthony insist on making the dinner himself? They could easily order deliveries instead of him getting into the kitchen and doing stuff. Nonetheless, that was unimportant. Charmine went toward the father—and—

son pairing and said, "Don't mind me, I'm going out for an hour to buy something. I'll come back later to celebrate." "I want to go with you, Mommy!" Chris shot up instantly. Charmine walked over to pinch his tiny face. "Look at you, you can't leave things unfinished. You gotta finish washing these vegetables! Mommy is just buying some stuff, but I'll be back

soon."

"Oh, alright... Come home soon, okay Mommy? We'll be waiting for you to come home...". Chris' voice was soft and cute. Charmine smiled. "Sure thing." 'Waiting for you to come home.' What a heart-warming phrase. She would come home sooner. Just as she was about to leave, Anthony chimed in lowly yet gently, "Drive safely." He spoke in such a manner like a husband

reminding his wife, and Charmine halted for a while. They were all so loving that she no longer felt like leaving home. However, it was an important matter. She replied, "Don't worry, I'll be back soon." Charmine rode away from the villa on her motorbike toward Royal Banquet Bar. Luckily, the motorbike could get away with the heavy traffic. With such speed, Charmine arrived at Royal Banquet Bar in 20 minutes.

She walked, based on her memory, toward the private room she was told to go. Standing outside Room 707, she became emotional.

Charmine was raped in this very room five years ago, and it was the fourteenth of February, Valentine's day. Julian said he had a surprise for her, and she came here excitedly only to meet Tiffany inside..

Tiffany handed her a glass of juice, and she became unconscious after that. All this while, she

thought she was raped in the Phoenix Hotel, until recently when Rex Walker told her it happened here...

After taking in a deep breath, she pushed open the door.

She instantly picked up the strong scent of alcohol as she walked in, but before she could react, a figure appeared swiftly and locked the door behind them. The lights in the room dimmed into a romantic pink, while the floor and sofa were filled with rose petals. Charmine frowned. The man blocking the door was Julian, suit taken off and was left with his white shirt on. The collar of his shirt was torn in a mess, his handsome face was flushed red. He was drunk. Very drunk! It was then Charmine realized that Julian trapped them both in the room! "Open the door right now! Let me out!" She demanded with her ice-cold voice without even a hint of warmth.

Julian leaned on the door with his back, looking at Charmine with a sincere and genuine look. "Charmine, don't go. Hear me out... "I was wrong all these years. I shouldn't have manipulated you in the beginning, and I shouldn't have let Tiffany do all of the things to you. You may hit me or yell at me all you want." With that, he walked over and pulled Charmine by the hand.

Chapter 417 Charmine swiftly avoided his touch and took a few steps backward.

Julian was transfixed. After a moment, he smiled bitterly. "I know you hate me, and I'd be lying if I say it's not my fault. I had a thought today that if I could go back in time, if I had another chance, it'll all be different today... However, it's not too late yet."

With that, he took out a wedding ring and knelt on one knee in front of Charmine.

"Charmine, marry me. I'll agree to whatever you ask for. If you want me to be your witness to send Tiffany to jail, I'll do that. If you want a prenup, we'll go get one. Just as long as you agree to marry me." He was obviously drunk, but his face was determined. At that moment, he only had one thought: Marry Charmine, no matter what it took! He wanted to have closure for all the mistakes he made throughout the years. This was the only way to make up for the huge mistake and regret. He also believed that after everything that he said, Charmine would agree. However... Charmine looked down on him with disgust. "Huh? So the high-up Mr. Cabell is proposing to me? Didn't you say that you'll never like me, even if I'm a royal princess?"

**Julian was caught off-guard as he remembered those words to Charmine five years ago. Tiffany had a grip on his mind back then, and he hated Charmine badly. He never knew that the cheap and ugly look on Charmine was caused by Tiffany. If they did not manipulate her to dress down, Charmine would not have looked so ugly.**

**He half-sobbed, "I was blind for all the things I've said and done to you. You can hit me, s cold**

**1. me. »**

**"Ha-ha-ha! Oh, Julian! Do you think you look very sincere and genuine now? You think you can touch me?" Charmine mocked him with an insulting laugh and then glared at him coldly. "You're just a drunk dog! A useless dog who was cheated on and attacked! Do you think you really love me? If I came back from Africa with my same old look, without that diamond mine, without becoming the glamorous supermodel, do you think you'd love me? Would you kneel before me like you're doing right now?"**

**Julian's hands that held the ring stiffened. Charmine continued to mock him, "What you love is the glamorous me, and what you miss is someone who once loved you genuinely. You kicked that woman who loved you deeply down the staircase. This glamorous me will never belong to you!". With that, she raised her leg and kicked Julian harshly at his chest –as hard as how he kicked her five years ago. Thunk!**

**Julian's body fell to the floor as the diamond ring fell out of sight.**

**Charmine remained unperturbed as she calmly walked past him, cold and arrogant.**

**Seeing that she was about to leave the room, Julian got up immediately. He grabbed Charmine's arm and pushed her against the wall, more violent than usual after getting drunk. He pressed Charmine's shoulders and yelled at her, "You don't belong to me now, so do you belong to Anthony? Do you really think he likes you? He's just playing you, and he'll leave you**

**eventually! I don't mind you've slept with him, and I don't even mind you were pregnant! What rights have you got to reject me? What rights have you got to reject me!?" With reddened eyes,**

**Julian growled as he shook Charmine vigorously. Charmine's back was knocked onto the cold, hard wall behind her, more painful than usual. His vehement shaking got her dizzy before she could react. It took her a while before she regained her composure, and she glared at him with a condescending look. He spared no**



t a single glance at her during their engagement party five years ago, and he even slept with Tiffany on the day of their engagement! Why was he begging her so badly all of a sudden?

**Chapter 418** Julian even had the guts to question her and Anthony, and with such a rude tone at that?

“So what if I reject you?” sneered Charmine. “So what if I sleep with Anthony? A douche like you has no chance!”

**She reached up**

**to push him away**, but Julian grabbed her wrists and growled, “Charmine! Anthony will never marry you! He won’t even waste his time on you if he knows about your past! He’ll look down on you! “Marry me, be with me, and I can pretend none of these happened—” “Huh? Do you think everyone is like you? Do you think all the men in the world are as selfish as you?” Charmine met his eyes and articulated the following words clearly, “You dumped Tiffany right after learning about what happened between her and Oliver, but did you even think about why she acted this way? If it wasn’t because of what you did, she wouldn’t have done so! “After all, you’re just a selfish man—a disgusting and narcissistic man! Anthony, on the other hand, is nothing like you!”

**Charmine’s gaze softened as she mentioned Anthony. “He knew I was raped five years ago, and I know you would’ve dumped me had it been you in his shoes. Anthony chose to investigate the incident with me, and he had never looked down on me!**

“So you have no chance with someone like me anymore. He’ll marry me right away the moment I say yes to him!”

**Charmine’s voice was clear and arrogant as she pushed him away with force.**

**Instantly, Julian was tossed to the sofa by the side like a puppet with severed strings. He did not even try to move as his eyes were filled with shock. Anthony... Anthony knew it all yet chose to help her out instead of tossing her aside? How... Why? How could Anthony not look down on Charmine?**

**The smell of alcohol still lingered on Charmine’s clothes even after she left Royal Banquet Bar. She stopped by a mall to buy a jacket before riding her motorbike back home.**

**The look of despair on Julian’s face replayed in her mind as she drove home, and she was satisfied more than ever.**

Hah! The douche got the karma he deserved! An excellent turnout!

Still, Charmine felt like something was missing... Charmine only recalled something very important as she was almost close to Violet Villa: She promised Chris to celebrate with them when she got home, but she brought nothing home with her!

She stopped by the side and called Kay, "Send over a bottle of Uncle Pop's wine right away." "That's tough to get," replied Kay. "As you know, Mr. Pop treats wine like his life, and he won't just give it a way."

"Just tell him I'm stuck researching on an autopilot drone," insisted Charmine, "and I need some inspiration." "This will work. I'll pass this on right away!" "Wait, get a bottle of Peach Dew on the way," Charmine added. The Peach Dew was an original recipe from Mr. Pop. Every year, during the season when the peaches blossomed, he would collect the dew on the petals every morning along with one brightest petal to ferment the essence of the peach. This beverage's alcohol level was low as it gave off a stronger taste of peach. Its fragrance would make one feel refreshed. Kay soothed his chest. "I can already feel Mr. Pop collapsing." Charmine smiled and hung up. This day was the most satisfying day throughout the years, and it was only natural Charmine wanted to celebrate. She could help Uncle Pop collect more peach dew next year. Charmine gleefully walked into her villa as she was greeted with the sight of Chris sleeping on the sofa. Meanwhile, Anthony...

**Chapter 419** Anthony was working on the laptop, and from where he sat, Charmine could clearly see the screen of his laptop. The screen showed photos of her walking out from Royal Banquet Bar and some images of Julian. Did Anthony send his men to follow after her? Anthony heard the door open and quickly turned to see Charmine. He frowned and quietly closed his laptop. "You're home."

Charmine nodded and locked the door behind her after she entered. Nonchalantly, she said, "I saw it." Had Charmine seen everything? Anthony frowned. Had Charmine seen the images on his laptop and knew he had his men following her? Still... He disregarded that and inspected Charmine thoroughly. "You changed clothes?" His voice deep and almost demanding, his gaze cold like a lion sizing up his territory. Charmine was going to question him first; she did not expect Anthony to question her instead. Thinking of her interaction with Julian, she felt strangely guilty. "Bumped into a dog," came Charmine's reply. "Felt disgusted, so I changed." Anthony's eyes darkened. Was that all— 'bumped into a dog'? She stayed in the same room for so long with the utterly wasted Julian, and they used to be in a relationship. How was that just 'bumped into a dog'? Anthony shot up from his seat all of a sudden and walked toward Charmine, one step at a time. Charmine frowned. "What—

**“ Before she could speak, Anthony already stopped before her, carried her in his arms, and walked to the bathroom on the first floor. Uneasy, Charmine blurted, “What are you doing, Anthony?” The silent Anthony seemed ominous and distant at that moment, shutting the bathroom door after entering. He placed Charmine inside the bathtub and turned on the water tap. Charmine wanted to get up, but Anthony pressed her down by her shoulders. “Clean up.” His tone almost sounded like an instruction..**

**It was only then Charmine realized he was more of a clean freak than she was. He made her bathe just because she bumped into Julian? “Anthony, it’s simple. He merely pulled on my wrists, and touched my shoulder–”**

**“Merely?**

**So you were expecting more interaction than that?” Anthony’s eyes darkened, displeased by what he heard. Charmine called it, Anthony was jealous! Meanwhile, Anthony lifted her wrists and rubbed them with water. He rubbed from the left wrist to right, so thoroughly that her wrists turned red, and yet he had no intention of stopping. Thinking of how Julian touched Charmine’s wrists, his gaze darkened. Anthony did not even have many opportunities to touch her own woman. How dare that Julian touched Charmine? Right, her shoulder. Did he grab Charmine’s shoulder?**

**The thought of it...**

**Anthony’s eyes darkened as he reached out to help Charmine clean her shoulder. Right as his hand landed on her shoulder, however, their eyes met as both of them jolted. “Get out, I’ll wash myself thoroughly.” That brought Anthony out of his mini trance as he asserted, “I’m not convinced.” With that, he looked around and pulled over a towel to cover her. Anthony then continued to wash her shoulder with his hand. Charmine was speechless at his assertiveness.**

**Chapter 420 Anthony, this guy... Did he have to wash her himself?**

**With the towel wrapped around her, Charmine felt like she was in a massage session. Was Bailey Corporation’s Mr. Bailey her masseuse? Whatever. Since he insisted that he cleaned her himself, she might as well enjoy it instead of fighting back. She sat still and let him ‘serve’ her.**

**Anthony rubbed from her left shoulder to the right, not stopping until Charmine’s shoulders reddened.**

He looked at Charmine sharply. "That'll do for now. It won't be just this next time." His tone was dangerously possessive. Charmine's heart skipped a beat. 'It won't be just this next time? What did that mean?

Charmine sensed that Anthony was up to something.

Regardless, she would never let Julian even get close to her next time anyway. Anthony brought her new set of clothes before leaving the bathroom. Charmine, after getting changed, brought her clothes to the washing machine when Anthony intercepted, taking Charmine's clothes and tossed them into the bin. Straight into the bin! That was a new jacket, costing her almost 10,000 bucks! He should not be so wasteful despite his massive wealth. Anthony, on the other hand, remained solemn outwardly and showed no emotions.

He sat in front of the dining table and said, "Dinner's ready." Charmine walked over and sat down, remembering about Chris at that moment. "I'll ask Momo to come over."

"No need," said Anthony. "He's already eaten before he slept." Immediately, Chris fell back onto the sofa after getting up. 'Waa...! I can't wake up now! I can't let Mommy know Daddy was lying...!! Charmine did not know Chris woke up, so she started eating with Anthony. The table was filled with a variety of dishes: Seafood platter with scallops and imported prawns, white truffles, golden-foiled pizza, seafood curry, caviar chocolate pudding... Every dish was exquisitely made, and they looked expensive! Charmine frowned. What happened? Was he not slicing ginger before she left? Why were there no dishes made with ginger slices?

Anthony's face remained emotionless, showing no clue. He picked up a red wine bottle, ready

to open it. Charmine stopped him at that moment. "Wait! Today's a happy occasion, and I want you to try something amazing." She walked to the mailbox to pick up two bottles. One was a transparent frosted glass wine with a dreamy-pink colored peach dew in it. The other bottle was an exquisite glass bottle with dark rose-red liquid in it.

She placed the peach dew beverage by a side and walked over with the red wine in her hands. She poured half a glass for him and half a glass for herself. Looking at the bottle in her hands, Anthony frowned. He had never seen this bottle before, without a label nor a place of origin. It was a label-less bottle of liquid. He asked, "Is it safe to drink?"

"Of course. Try it!" ushered Charmine. She raised her glass and took a small sip. Instantly, her face muscles relaxed. One had to admit that Uncle Pop's self-fermented red wine was indeed different from its competition.

Anthony took a sip suspiciously, assuming that it was some low-grade wine. Little did he expect that the taste of it was way better than those wines that cost tens of millions. His keen gaze landed on Charmine as it stayed there. "Charmine, how many more secrets are you keeping from me?" His tone was intrigued and gentle.

Chapter 421 Throughout Anthony's—and Chris'—stay in Charmine's home, Charmine always managed to surprise him. Every revelation about her made her seem even more mysterious. Anthony had never met any woman who could interest him, all while remaining a mystery to him. Charmine's red lips curled upward as she teasingly remarked, "What about you?" Three nonchalant words, with a hint of interest in wanting to know more.

Anthony met her gaze.

"What about me? Are you interested?" "Nah!" Charmine took another sip of her wine. "Never mind, let's eat."

Of course Charmine did not want to show that she cared for him and liked him. Men were a strange species; women would get easily dumped the humbler they were. If she acted like she did not care, meanwhile, a woman would not get hurt.

Charmine, throughout the years, had built up a defensive wall that safeguarded her heart. While she accepted Anthony, she would not show it. Anthony noted how Charmine evaded the question, and he was reminded of the time he asked for a fraction of her attention. If she was unwilling to give him 50 percent of her love, how much could she give?

She was avoiding the topic, and he knew it.

It was obvious to him how her demeanor toward him had changed for the better... yet why would she still dodge questions about admitting her feelings? Nonetheless, Anthony was in no hurry. Anthony took some food for her. "What do you have in mind after this?" "After this..." Charmine's eyes darkened. Tiffany's reputation would be completely ruined sooner or later; there was no chance for her to salvage anything. After this, she did not have to do much. At the thought of a furious, livid Tiffany, Charmine sipped her wine languidly. "She should've known the costs of her actions."

Her tone was low and dark. Anthony refilled Charmine's empty glass with more wine and raised his own. "Anyway, here's a toast to you." "Thank you." Charmine clinked her glass with his and took another sip. Although she had made Tiffany discomposed several times, this time meant differently. It would take less than 10 days for Tiffany's true colors to be exposed. Charmine looked forward to it.

She finished the red wine in her glass, very much in a good mood as she continued to feast.

Kay, who watched over Charmine from outside the villa, received a call at that moment. "Kay, remember to tell Charmine that the wine's alcohol level is different from before. It's much stronger. Tell her to drink less!" Kay frowned. "I'm afraid it's too late..." Charmine ate and drank continuously—one had to admit that the wine handmade by a professor like Uncle Pop was indeed different. It has a sweet and cooling texture, along with a lasting aftertaste. It was as thirst-quenching as a fruit juice.

The more she drank, however, the dizzier she got. Her vision became blurry as Anthony, from one, turned into two, and three... She was having a double vision!

Was she drunk?

Charmine would usually not get drunk drinking Uncle Pop's wine, thus she eyed Anthony doubtfully. "D—Did you drug my wine, Anthony?" "Am I such a man in your eyes?" Anthony refuted.

Charmine had no comeback to that.

Of course not.

Anthony had plenty of chances should he truly want to take advantage of her, yet he never did.

Perhaps she genuinely was drunk. Just as the thought occurred to her, Charmine's body went soft as she laid down on the table.

Anthony put down his fork and walked over to carry her back to the room. Finally, Chris jumped up from the sofa and ran to the second floor to open the door for them. Once Anthony walked into the room, he heard a loud 'click' from outside.

That sound..



That was Chris messing with them again, no doubt! Chris always liked to make things, including an anti-opening device. Once the device was secured on both sides of the door, the people inside the room would not be able to open the door however strong they were.

Chapter 422 Nonetheless, Chris' actions did not anger Anthony; he merely smiled. Chris was less annoying than usual.

Outside the door, Chris looked at the anti-opening device and dusted his hands. Hehe! At long last, he could finally have his dinner after fighting back his hunger for so long! Daddy and Mommy could also spend some time together, and he might get a sister soon! With that, he ran downstairs happily and ate like he was fine-dining, behaving like an adult with etiquette.

Back inside the room...

Anthony laid next to Charmine after placing her on the bed. Her face had a slight blush, exuding a different kind of charm from her usual coldness.

He instinctively reached out to caress her cheek, but just as his hand was about to touch her skin, his hand paused for a moment before reaching out to toy with her hair strands instead. "Oh, Charmine... When will you celebrate for me?" She was always caught up with her past and her enemies, and he felt neglected. Unconsciously, Charmine turned over all of a sudden, and her arm wound around his waist. At that moment, their distance lessened.

Her alluring feminine scent laced with a faint scent of alcohol rushed into Anthony's nostrils and aroused his senses.

Anthony's eyes narrowed at that. "My little wild cat, do you know you're playing with fire?" Charmine did not respond as she slept still, her arm still wrapped around Anthony's waist. It was only then Anthony realized he was talking to a drunk person. Whatever.

Anthony wrapped his arm around her waist as his lips curled up in satisfaction at how Charmine nestled in his arms. In front of him, she was harmless. He could feel her opening her heart to him slowly.

However...

Anthony's eyes turned dull and cloudy at the thought of what happened to him five years ago. Would Charmine leave him after knowing about it? Would she think that he was a douche? He could tell that she hated rapists. Hopefully, he could keep this from her for a little longer, at least after they signed a marriage

certificate. Charmine would be his after that. Charmine was sleeping peacefully that she forgot about someone... She forgot about Robert.

Robert had attended Tiffany's wedding, genuinely happy for her, until he saw the clip on the big screen. To him, the gentle and pure impression of his sister had been completely ruined. He got drunk and did not even go home. Coincidentally, Uji Quin sent his men to bring Robert to Kansas, and Robert boarded the plane without hesitation.

At the Jordan mansion, after Tiffany had woken up, she walked to the window to pick up her phone. She sent Uji Quin a text: [Do me a favor, and I'll agree to whatever you ask for.]

In Kansas...

Uji Quin smirked at the text. So, Tiffany had reached that stage already? So what if she had slept with Julian and Oliver? That did not change how beautiful Tiffany was, beguiling still! The once high-above, pure and innocent-looking woman, was begging him to help? He replied: [Are you sure? You'll agree to sleep with me?] Tiffany: [Yes. I'll come to meet you in Kansas after this.] Uji Quin: [Okay, deal.] Tiffany received what Uji Quin sent her very quickly. When Joey and Adam were not in the living room, she dragged her weak body out of bed and walked into the deep end of the mansion. There, Senior Jordan lived in a separate two-story house. After what happened, he asked his maids to take on leave while he sat in the living room to clear his mind. At that moment, his door was gently pushed open. He looked back furiously to see Tiffany walking in. "What're you doing? Get out!" he scoffed with a cold and demanding voice.

Tiffany was the last person he wanted to see at that moment.

**Chapter 423** Although Senior Jordan liked Charmine, he also liked Tiffany. She was his actual granddaughter after all, and he had high expectations of her.

That was why he agreed when Adam and Joey wanted to give their shares to her, even though he knew the amount of shares with her would threaten his position. To him, the mistakes Tiffany made were just some mistakes most women would make. After all, which woman did not want to fight for fame and men? All that was important was that she was serious about changing and keeping a good reputation of the family image.

He was taken by surprise, then, when she slept with Julian's assistant even after having Julian. Tiffany ruined the entire Jordan family's image as they turned into the laughingstock of the masses.

Senior Jordan was utterly crestfallen. To him, this granddaughter was already dead.

Despite

his rage, Tiffany walked toward him and stood in front of him. "I came here to talk to you about some important matters. I heard that you want to take back my shares?"

"That's right. You've made such a big mistake, so you have no rights to own even a percentage of the family shares. The Jordan family can't be ruined by you," scoffed Senior Jordan with a stormy expression. Tiffany's

eyes turned watery, and at that instant, tears rolled down her cheeks as she sobbed, "Grandpa, I'm your actual granddaughter...! I've been framed! I'm really innocent!" "Huh? Framed? We've investigated this matter, and nobody drugged you. Why are you still lying at this

point?" Senior Jordan questioned her. "Yes, nobody drugged me. I... I drugged myself," came Tiffany's out-of-the-

blue declaration. Senior Jordan frowned at her words. What did she say? She drugged herself? Tiffany met his gaze and smiled bitterly. "I bet you don't know how much pain I'd gone through lately. Ever since Charmine's return, she had been slowly pushing me out of the modeling industry, ruining my reputation. "Yes, I deserve all of

this, but I had no choice! I really loved Julian, and because I love him, I made horrible decisions and did what I did..." Her voice turned hoarse as she started sobbing, "Grandpa, do you know that Charmine has gotten so incredible after she came back from

Africa, and Julian's heart changed? He said he'd love me forever, but now he's changed and fell for Charmine instead! "We made the same mistake during their wedding, but I was the only one criticized. What about him? He turned around and continued chasing after

Charmine! He told me not to contact him, to not see him again, and even asked me to help him win back Charmine! "Grandpa, do you know how hurt I was? Do you know how hurtful it was after loving him for five years?"

The agonized Tiffany clutched her chest as though her heart was stabbed, all while her tears

gushed like waterfalls down her cheeks.

Senior Jordan remained a stern look. "But this isn't an excuse for you to sleep with Oliver! If you didn't do this, you'd have married Julian by now!

Also, why did Julian fall for Charmine? That's because you've done too many bad things!" Tiffany inwardly scoffed at his words, hating what she heard. She had done too many bad things, huh? Charmine forced her hand into that! If Charmine did not plot to destroy her since her return and pushed her to the extreme, would she do all these things? Tiffany had to hold back-

it was not time to reveal her true colors just yet. She had to repress her anger, at least for the next few days. She swallowed her fury and continued with a pitiful voice, "I didn't want to either! Of course I didn't want to do that with Oliver, but Julian made it happen!

"Grandpa, you know I haven't gone out lately, and Julian didn't even want to see me. He was busy chasing over Charmine. I loved him too much and I can't live without him, so I asked him to meet me in the coffee house, trying to salvage our relationship. Instead of showing up, however, he sent Oliver to meet me instead...!"

**Chapter 424** "I dressed up and eagerly waited for him, only to be met with his assistant instead... By then, Tiffany's tears stained her cheeks. Senior Jordan frowned. Was it true that Tiffany drugged herself for Julian yet he sent his assistant instead?

Tiffany eyed Senior Jordan from the corner of her eye and continued to sob, seeing that he began to believe her, "This wouldn't have happened if he came instead... I really didn't want this to happen... I was the one going through the most pain all along...!" Tiffany fell to her knees listlessly as she wailed. Her small figure curled up on the cold-marble floor, making a heart-breaking sight. She sobbed as she hugged her knees, "Now, the entire world is scorning me, and nobody trusts me or likes me. But I'm your actual granddaughter... Would you really be like the others and bully me? This is my house, my only comfort place. I no longer ask to marry Julian; I just don't want you all to look down on me..." Her words were extremely humble and touching. The originally stern-looking Senior Jordan finally let out a sigh and said, "Go back and get a good rest, I'll make sure everyone here takes good care of you. As for the shares... There's no way around it. At least wait for this to fade off before the shares are returned to you." Was... Was he taking her 30 percent shares anyway? Even after showing an utterly vulnerable sight, would he still do it? Tiffany's hands clenched tightly as her gaze hardened, ice-cold. Was all that act for nothing after all? How could he be so cold-hearted?!

**Transfer back**

to her later, he said? How so? They would keep all the shares from her, and when they learned that she was not the actual daughter, they would kick her out! Tiffany smiled

coldly, and staggered her way up. "Grandpa, you made me do this. You left me no choice, and I can't help it. I treated you all like a family, the only people I can rely on, but now you're all against me! I don't have anything now, and the 30 percent share is the only thing I can rely on... "I can't lose it, I can't let you all take them from me! So... forgive me...but all of you forced me to this point, and I have no choice..." Tiffany was on the verge of insanity. Senior

Jordan had an uneasy feeling. "What are you doing?" Tiffany took out her phone and showed him a few photos. The photos were of Robert locked inside a small underground room. It was a dark room with no window, only a dim yellow light above him. Robert was kneeling, sitting and curled on the floor, looking pitiful. Senior Jordan's face shifted into an alarmed expression. "Tiffany! How could you do this to your actual brother? Didn't he give his share to you?!" "Don't worry, Grandpa. As long as you don't take away my share and give me your 30 percent

shares, I'll ensure that Robert could come home safely," commented Tiffany cold-heartedly. Senior Jordan's face darkened. Not only could he not take away her share, but he had to give his to Tiffany too? She was using Robert to threaten him!

Chapter 425 "Tiffany!" roared Senior Jordan. "Do you know what you're doing? You're ruining yourself, and the family will hate you more!"

"So what? None of you like me anyway—you guys hate me now and want to take my shares away! You guys treat me like dirt right when I needed my family the most. What difference would it make if I do this or not?" Tiffany smiled bitterly. "I'm merely trying to get something for my sick body. I can no longer do modeling gigs and can't marry Julian; I can't expect the family to treat me the same again. All I want is the shares, put my all onto the company, and numb myself with work. Only when I gain 60 percent of the Jordans' shares will no one bully me or put me down anymore. I'll still be Ms. Jordan, the person in charge of the Jordan family!"

Senior Jordan was furious as he heard Tiffany's extreme yet laughable thinking. "What makes you think I'll agree to that?" scowled Senior Jordan. "With our resources and Charmine's help, do you think we won't be able to find Robert?" "You may try! But, if you don't agree to this, I don't mind killing him! Let's see if you guys can find him before I kill him first. You pushed me to my limits, and I can stomach doing anything at this point!" Tiffany was out of control, her glare borderline deranged and fierce. Senior Jordan had never seen this side of Tiffany. How could the usually gentle and well composed Tiffany have this side of her? She was blatantly putting it out there that she would kill Robert if he did not agree to her whim! Tiffany had the heart to kill Robert! Robert was the only grandson he had, and Tiffany was a corrupt woman. Charmine was an adopted child anyway, thus no matter how hard he tried, the family members would not agree to hand the company over to Charmine. Robert was the only person who could take over the company in the future.. Senior Jordan's face became more solemn than ever. Tiffany kept her phone and handed a proposal to Senior Jordan. "Grandpa, don't forget that I'm still your true g

granddaughter, despite how many mistakes I've committed. Among the three of us, I'm the most capable one. The company, should it fall into my hands, won't go bankrupt or destroyed—it'll only get stronger and bigger. You don't have to hesitate." With that, Tiffany insisted that Senior Jordan took her proposal, and he lowered his head to read the future planning she had made for Jordan Group. He had to admit that the proposal was well-made; it even had plans to salvage the negative impacts of this incident. Truly, Tiffany was capable of it all. Nonetheless... Did he really have to transfer all of his shares to this villainous granddaughter? Tiffany continued, "Just agree to this, Grandpa. I was forced to do what I did. I only need something I could rely on, and I don't want to be neglected by everyone. I'll take good care of the family and prove myself to the world with everything I have. You don't really have any other choice, do you?" Her soft and gentle voice was like a bewitching demon.

Senior Jordan glared at her, yet she met his gaze fearlessly. At that instance, he could see from her eyes a struggling young woman who was genuinely forced to do this—who had no other choices and was willing to kill.

Tiffany might genuinely have Robert murdered if he did not agree to her! After a long while, Senior Jordan took out his phone and phoned his attorney. "Prepare a contract right away; I want to transfer my 30 percent shares. Don't let anyone know yet." "Yes, Sir." His attorney started working on it right away. Elated at how it turned out, Tiffany sighed in relief. Everything seemed to go on smoothly. She had succeeded! She would own 60 percent of Jordan Group's shares soon, becoming the biggest shareholder in the Jordan family! Shortly after, the attorney came. When he saw that Tiffany was the person Senior Jordan was transferring the share to, he frowned. Senior Jordan was trying to transfer his 30 percent shares to Tiffany? Was her reputation not ruined? This would ruin the company as well! "Director..." the attorney tried to talk him out of it.

**Chapter 426** Senior Jordan remained silent despite his attorney's question. He picked up a pen and signed his name on the paper, eyeing Tiffany carefully. "I hope you'll keep your end of the bargain, Tiffany." "I will, Grandpa." Tiffany's lips curled up into a sweet smile, and she left with the contract in her hands. Looking at her back, Senior Jordan's eyes gradually and heavily closed; Tiffany's outburst shocked him to the core. He never thought she would have that side of her.

Since she held Robert hostage, he had no other choice. Furthermore, she was his actual granddaughter, and she was pushed to her breaking point because of the m. Perhaps she might feel



better after having the shares. If she did what she had in the proposal, the company could get better.

After all, he was his actual granddaughter. What else could he do? Sigh... As if remembering something, he instructed his attorney, "Transfer all of my properties under my name to Charmine." The attorney was shocked. All his properties, to Charmine? He... When Tiffany got back to her room, her eyes were only left with deep hatred and evil. She finally had 60 percent of the company shares, making her the Jordan Group's director! Thinking of her identity and the shame she had gone through, all Tiffany wanted to do was to leave the country. No, she had to hold on a little longer. The shares of the Jordan Group did not worth that much, after all. Since she had the rights to log into the Jordan Group's main official accounts, she logged on to Twitter and posted: (After thorough investigation, Tiffany and Oliver were drugged with Agarwood. Its scent would make one lose consciousness and start hallucinating. We still cannot verify who had drugged them, but the Jordan Group will find out the truth! Furthermore, the Jordan Group is funding 10 billion to the Brave Project, intending to combat illegal drugs, illegal underground organizations, etc., to protect innocent women from being harmed! Tiffany Jordan would take charge of this project, and she'll be the campaign's ambassador to raise awareness in society!) A photo of a medical certificate was attached to the post with the caption that read, (Tiffany Jordan's poor fetal development was caused by illegal drugs!) Once she had posted, Tiffany bribed a bunch of netizens to flush the comment section. (OMG! Agarwood makes one lose consciousness! How scary!) [I didn't notice when I saw the clip, I thought it was her doing! Didn't expect her to have been drugged by such a high-tech drug.)

[The world is indeed a harsh place. Poor Tiffany's reputation was ruined because of this! What a shame.]

(Sigh! A wedding was ruined because of this, along with her reputation. What a poor woman.) [Am I the only person who finds this fishy? Tiffany was the No.1 Supermodel when all of a sudden, her nude was exposed, followed by a sequence of media explosions, harming the top ten supermodels, and now drugged by someone!] [It's obvious someone is plotting against her! The modeling industry is too scary!] [Even if Tiffany is seeing Oliver, that's up to her, her privacy! Who was the one playing the clip? This is invading her privacy!] (Correct! She could press charges against this person!) [I feel bad for Tiffany. What a poor lady.]

The netizens bombarded the comment section, pressing down the comments from other people. For further reinforcement, Tiffany posted a clip of herself explaining everything:

**"Truth be told, I wanted to call the police when this happened, but I was too scared. I was too scared to lose Julian, I was terrified, and now... "The truth is that I was drugged, and because I was drugged, I was forced to do things I was unwilling to. Now, everyone's ridiculing me, and the man I love left me..."**

**Tiffany's eyes reddened in the video clip, and after she took a deep breath, she continued," But I don't blame him; even I can't accept someone like myself! From now onward, I'll put my all into my work as I strive to be a better person. Through the Brave Project, I hope every woman will participate and unite as one. We can all fight against the production of illegal drugs, and for the sake of all victimized women. As long as you're brave enough to tell us your story, I'll personally handle and help resolve every incident, as well as providing you with comfort funds." . This clip helped Tiffany to appear in a different light, and everything progressively got better once more.**

**Chapter 427 The sky was already dark by the time Charmine woke up. With all the lights turned off, only the moonlight's soft glow that danced through the window lit the room. Charmine could make out a fresh masculine scent as she blinked away her drowsiness...only to find herself in Anthony's arms! Not just that, but they were cuddling one another, laying face to-face in bed!**

**Anthony was fast asleep. Torn and crumpled, his white shirt had many of her lipstick marks.**

What...?

**Charmine rubbed her temples and realized that she had a hangover. Was she the one crumpling his shirt when she was drunk? She felt unusually guilty as she carefully tried to get out of the bed, but a strong arm pulled her by the waist and back into Anthony's embrace. Charmine met his darkened gaze. They were extremely close to one another as her lips could almost graze his chin. With a slight move, her lips would graze his. "Let me go," insisted Charmine without moving an inch. "You hugged and touched me, Ms. Jordan. Are you not going to make up for that?" Anthony questioned her with his deep and hoarse voice. Charmine flushed. Hugged him? Touched him?**

It could not be...

**"I'd normally fall dead asleep after I'm drunk. I'd never do that—don't accuse me blindly!"**

**"It appears that Ms. Jordan needs me to remind her of everything that happened, such as how she**

**used my arm as her pillow..." Every word Anthony spoke made Charmine feel even guiltier. Even though she thought she was not that kind of person, Anthony's clothes were the evidence!**

She hastily cut him short, "Stop, stop, stop! You... Just tell me what I can do to make up for that!"

**Anthony's lips curled upward as, out of the blue, he blurted out two words in his low and hoarse voice, "Kiss me."**

**'Kiss me?**

**Kiss him?**

**Charmine's eyelids twitched. "Anthony, you can't do this!" She knew she had to make up for touching and hugging him, but... Why was he asking her to kiss him?**

**"Do you know how much trouble you've caused me today, Charmine? Or do you want me to remind you how it feels?" Anthony's voice was deeper and hoarser than usual. Charmine was also an adult—of course she knew. With that, she quickly offered, "I can kiss**

**you, but you have to forget this happened and not mention it to a single soul after." "Okay," Anthony smirked. He looked at her patiently, waiting. Charmine panicked and felt uneasy under his questioning gaze. "Close your eyes," she eventually spoke. Anthony smiled and closed his eyes. Charmine was an inch away from him, that angelic face**

**of his, and the air he exuded always made one feel his abstinence. Kissing a man like him would not be so bad after all. She closed her eyes and narrowed the distance between them, and they jolted**

**at that very moment. Charmine's heart raced as if something was about to jump out from her throat. Charmine hastily pushed him away to leave, but Anthony hooked his hand on**

**the back of her head and deepened the kiss. Charmine's mind went black, and all she could feel was his arrogant temper. She was running out of oxygen, out of air... "Charmine..." His voice was low and hoarse, filled with deep emotions.**

**Chapter 428 Charmine's heart galloped rapidly as Anthony's kiss left her powerless. That damned voice of his was no help either; so bewitching that Charmine became weak before him. Unexpectedly, she said, "Okay, since it's not my first time anyway, I'm not losing anything." She wanted to give it a try—**

**life should be enjoyable after all. All of a sudden, Anthony's emotional eyes turned sober and rational. He pushed**

**Charmine away and eyed her sternly. "Never say that again, Charmine." Charmine was befuddled.**

**She was confused. What did she say?** Anthony held her chin and forced her to meet his gaze. He said in a low voice, **“Remember: It wasn’t your fault five years ago, and your body and soul are still pure and clean. You’ll always be the most amazing woman I know, so don’t ever look down on yourself. I crossed the line today, but I’ll show you enough respect, and I hope you can respect yourself more.”** With that, Anthony pushed Charmine further away and stood up. He stood by the bed and fixed his shirt. His gesture was elegant, handsome, and manly. A wave of warmth surged within Charmine’s heart. They had both reached the next step, yet he said he would respect? He wanted to respect her...

Any man would want to bed someone who had been deflowered like her. They would even call her pretentious if she rejected them.

Yet, Anthony...

**She shot up from the bed** and hugged him from behind. **“Anthony, giving myself to you isn’t an act of self-disrespect. Are you sure you don’t want it?”** Anthony’s back stiffened as her soft skin could be felt from his back, **messing up his rational thoughts. Still, he repressed his desire and firmly insisted, “Of course I want it, Charmine, but not when you’re drunk, certainly not after, and definitely not when you’re feeling confused. I hope it can be on the day we get married.” ; His voice was serious, rigorous, and formal. Charmine felt like her heart was blown by the wind, fluttering in the air of springtime. Anthony truly wanted to wait until the day they would be wed? So he was serious about their relationship and not just playing with her? He had his heart set on marrying her genuinely from the start! Anthony continued, “If you really want to give it to me, let’s set a date, and I’ll start planning.” Charmine snapped out of her mini trance and pushed him away playfully. “You want to change my surname so badly? Not a chance! I won’t simply marry a man who can’t even slice ginger!” Without a doubt, he must have failed at slicing the ginger at the end, trashed the dish, and**

**ordered for delivery. Anthony’s eyes darkened. “So you’re not thinking of making up for it?”** Cough, cough! Charmine choked on her thoughts. **Did he have to be so explicit about that? “I’m going out,”** said Charmine as she evaded the topic, **“the air is getting stuffy.” However, when she walked to the door and turned the knob, she realized the door was locked. She tried pulling it hard with no luck. Charmine frowned. “What happened here?” “Your son’s doing,”** came Anthony’s simple

reply. Her son? Chris? It then clicked for Charmine; Chris was behind this! “What do we do now? How do we get out?”

**Chapter 429** Anthony sat on the bed. “Just wait.”

The room was soundproof; there was no way they could be heard even if they yelled. Furthermore, their phones were left outside, thus they could not call Chris. They would not leave the room until Chris opened the door for them. Charmine frowned. “How long do we have to wait?” “This depends on how long he thinks his father needs,” commented Anthony. Charmine blushed at his words before she eyed their surroundings. Unfortunately, the windows had locks on, so there was no way to get out unless they could remove the door completely. Sadly, there were no tools inside the room that could help them with that. “Just relax for a night,” assured Anthony, “and we’ll think of ways tomorrow.” Charmine thought of Anthony’s promise that he would not touch her, thus she slowly eased herself.

Chris would surely open the door for them tomorrow, unless he wanted them to starve. Luckily, there were some checkers scripts and building designs she left in the room before, so she sat in front of her working desk to burn some time. The clock on the wall pointed at 8pm. Charmine had slept for the entire day, so it would be difficult for her to even sleep during the night, and that went especially for Anthony. Charmine could look at the building designs, but all of Anthony’s documents were outside. He had no choice but to walk over to Charmine to look at them together. Seeing that she was drafting a design for a tall building, he took up a pen and drew some lines. “Having this structure will contribute to its height.” Charmine took a look at the base of the pyramid structure. A structure like that would indeed contribute to providing a better base—it was a sophisticated idea. Paired with her initial design, it would stun the world! She gawked at Anthony. “Wow! How did you know about this? The Bailey Corporation had never done this, have they?” Even though Bailey Corporation had a lot of funds being the best in the world, they would never get involved with architecture: their only focus was on investing in different projects to get the highest profits. They were more market-hunting-minded than business-minded people. However, all of the projects overseen by Bailey Corporation had never made any loss, and none of their investments had ever made any loss. Charmine thought Anthony only knew how to analyze and invest in companies and projects, but she would never have thought that he knew about architecture as well! A small smile appeared on Anthony’s face. “I know many things, but you’ll find out more once we’re married.”

LEGAL

**Married... Cough, cough! Why did this man always speak about this topic! “Hmm... I’ll get back to drawing.” Charmine lowered her head and pretended that he was not beside her.**

**Luckily, Anthony did not bother her and instead, picked up her checkers manual to read. These manuals were all dated from many years ago. It seemed that the old men Charmine knew were rather major figures in the industries. Time passed, and it was two in the morning**

**already. The drowsy Charmine turned toward Anthony. “Chris isn’t here, so we don’t have to sleep together.**

**You sleep on the floor.” It would be awkward if anything was to happen again. Anthony’s eyes darkened. “So you’re a different person while sober, eh?” “Didn’t you say you won’t mention this after the kiss?” Charmine frowned. Anthony refuted, “Why do I have to sleep on the floor when we’ve hugged and even kissed?” With that, he laid down on**

**the bed beside her. Charmine was speechless at his rebuttal. How could he be so unreasonable? Would she not be able to get rid of Anthony, even though Chris was not with them? Would Anthony sleep with her from that moment on?**

**Chapter 430 “Don’t worry, I’ll behave,” assured Anthony with his low voice as he hugged Charmine by her waist and pulled her into his arms.**

**Charmine wanted to fight back as he pulled her into his embrace but gave up soon after, thinking it was pointless. Anthony did say he would not touch her, and fighting back would make her seem pretentious.**

**Whatever—they were just sleeping anyway.**

**The soft glow**

**of the moon seeped into the room like a layer of silver blanket covering them peacefully.**

**Both Anthony and Charmine heard an audible click that came from the door the next morning. No doubt about it, Chris was unlocking the door at last! Charmine instinctively shot up, but Anthony was quick enough to grab her by the waist. “Are you that in a hurry to go out?” “Huh? Of course,” replied the perplexed Charmine. “Momo tried so hard to get us together. If he knew nothing happened, he might be disappointed and have a seizure again,” Anthony reminded her. Charmine was reminded of how there were no medicines to cure his illness yet. Chris would have seizures if something were to upset him greatly, and she felt bad for him.**

**Nonetheless...**



**“If you and I don’t say anything, how would Momo know that nothing happened?” Charmine frowned. “Do you think he’s a three-year-old?” countered Anthony in a low voice. Charmine wanted to refute—Chris was only a five-year-old! Sure, he was smarter than other kids, but a kid could not tell these things, right? Suddenly, Anthony climbed on top of her. “For Momo, I’m afraid Ms. Jordan would have to cooperate.” Before Charmine understood what he meant, he was already pressing down on her. He lowered his head and gently sucked on her neck. Right before she could no longer take it anymore, Anthony stood up. “Done.” Done? Were those few kisses just it?**

**Charmine was confused until she stood in front of the dressing mirror and realized there were**

**a few obvious hickeys on her neck! Did he really sleep with that one woman all these years?**

**She found it hard to believe. Meanwhile, Anthony opened the door. Instantly, Chris ran in from outside. “Good morning, Daddy! Good morning, Mommy!” Charmine wanted to cover up her neck with her shirt instinctively. Unfortunately, she was wearing a round-neck long sleeve shirt without a collar. Chris easily spotted the hickeys on her neck once he walked into the room. His tiny face lit up and broke into a wide grin. “Mommy, I’ve made breakfast using the breakfast machine. It’s time for breakfast—you can’t starve yourself now.” Chris then walked toward Charmine and escorted her down the stairs, supporting her as he did. Chris was scared that she might fall as they walked, so he held onto her hand tightly. Charmine pointedly glared at Anthony. What could they do at that point? There was no way out of this misunderstanding... Anthony, on the other hand, merely smirked, seemingly amused. As he watched Chris supporting her down the stairs, a thought crossed Anthony’s mind that made his expression dull. His eyes turned cloudy instantly. Would Charmine still want to be with him once she found out he raped a woman before? Would she still want to have his child?**

**Chapter 431 Chris escorted Charmine to sit in front of the table in the dining room. He spent the whole night cleaning up the table yesterday; he even washed the dishes and cleaned the house. Charmine was impressed at his work, though she still eyed her surroundings for her phone. Spotting her phone on the shelf, Charmine stood up to get it when Chris suddenly said, “Mommy! Stay there! I’ll get it for you!” With that, his little figure ran over and handed the phone to Charmine. Chris seemed rather cautious, anxious that any hurt would befall upon Charmine. Charmine reached out to ruffle his hair. “Oh, Momo, you’re still a child! Let Mommy take care of you, okay?” “But the baby inside Mommy is younger than me, and a brother should take care of his sister.”**

er. Just sit here, Mommy, and let me bring you breakfast!" With that, Chris ran into the kitchen. His actions stunned Charmine, but she did not want to upset him either. With that, she bit back her tongue and stayed silent.

Once Charmine unlocked her phone, she was greeted with numerous text messages she received during the night, including texts from William. [William: Good morning.]

[William: Goodnight.]

(William: Have you eaten?) Charmine hesitated for a while and did not reply. She clicked on the texts sent by Kay instead. [Kay: Bad news, Boss Jordan! Tiffany's gotten Senior Jordan's shares, and now she's working on a project to salvage her reputation!] (Kay: Boss Jordan, are you here? This is getting out of hand! Tiffany now has 60% of Jordan Group's shares with her! It's bad!) With a frown on her face, Charmine logged onto Twitter to see the hottest discussion: #

**Tiffany's—Brave—**

Project Charmine spotted not a single tweet condemning Tiffany. Instead, everyone was commenting on how she helped this woman, provided help to that woman, donated to this woman, or helped other women regain their confidence. In fact, Tiffany even went to the extent of joining forces with officials to investigate drug-dealing and underground organizations. Her ruined reputation was instantly glorified! Charmine frowned. Without the Jordans, she would not have done all of that. These officials were Senior Jordan's comrades. Why would Senior Jordan let her have his 60-percent shares? Unsettled with the thought, Charmine called Senior Jordan.

"How are you, Grandpa? How's your health?" "I'm fine, not too bad," Senior Jordan sighed helplessly. Charmine asked caringly, "Grandpa, did something happen? You can tell me—I'll help you." "Sigh... Don't ask. Almost everyone's been asking me why I did it since yesterday. I didn't have a choice. Just let it be, Charmine... I don't want you to be worried." Senior Jordan sighed once more.

**That served only to fuel**

Charmine's uneasiness as she firmly asserted, "Is there anything that I can't fix? If you don't tell me, I'll waste my resources finding out what went down. Hearing that, Senior Jordan sighed. "Tiffany kidnapped Robert. Robert is now with her..."

Realization dawned on Charmine. That made sense. No wonder Senior Jordan had to give his shares to Tiffany and helped her to salvage her reputation. So, Tiffany had started to plot against the

Jordan family! Still, Charmine saw it coming. As long as Tiffany was in action, it would be a good thing. She comforted, "Don't worry, Grandpa. Looking at her situation now, Robert is her only chip, so she's not going to act recklessly. I can guarantee that I'll be able to save Robert within three

days."

"Really? Are you sure?" There was a hint of hope and relief in Senior Jordan's voice.

**Chapter 432** After all, Robert was his only grandson. That was a warrant of Senior Jordan's worry, rightfully so. "Yes," answered Charmine assuringly. "Don't worry, Grandpa. Don't let Tiffany know that we had this conversation, though. I'll do my best to save Robert." "Okay, Charmine. Be careful. Tiffany... She seems to have changed, so much so that she terrifies me now." Senior Jordan initially thought that Tiffany would release Robert after he handed her his shares, yet Tiffany extended their deal and said she would only let Robert go after her reputation had improved. In other words, Senior Jordan would still have to obey Tiffany's will. Charmine's lips curled upward. "Don't worry, Grandpa. I'm no longer the same person from five years ago, I can fix things and take good care of myself." Senior Jordan sighed, finally at ease.

Inside

the prayer room, he pulled out a drawer and said to a portrait with relief, "Did you hear that? Charmine's grown into an incredibly capable woman now. She can take good care of herself, so we no longer have to worry

for her..." Hanging up on the call, Charmine gazed into the gloomy clouds with determined eyes. Robert was nowhere to be found after Tiffany's wedding, yet he had also packed his stuff before the wedding, which meant that he had planned on leaving. She heard that Tiffany hired Uji Quin to train Robert. Was Uji Quin involved? Things would get tricky if Robert had gone to Kansas. Charmine fished out her phone to text Kay. [Charmine: Find out where

Robert is now, and don't let anyone know about it.] [Kay: Roger that!] At that moment, Chris brought over a plate of toasted bread and placed it on

the table. "Mommy, have some toast. I made them!" "Thank you, Momo." Charmine took a slice to taste. Since the toasts were

made with the breakfast machine, the heat and timing were perfectly controlled, making them soft yet tasty. "Momo is so

clever!" gushed Charmine with praise. "This is very yummy!" "Yay! Momo is clever, and my sister

will be cute and clever, too!" beamed Chris as he gazed at Charmine's tummy with a look of anticipation.

Charmine was speechless at that.

Meanwhile, Anthony walked over to sit at the table as well. He took a toast and a glass of milk as

he instructed Chris, "I'm going back to the company today. You'll stay home to take care

**e of Mommy and your sister.” “Don’t worry, Daddy. Momo will complete his mission!” Chris saluted his father. Charmine was perplexed.**

**She could accept a childish Chris, but a childish Anthony? How sad would Chris be when he found out he would not be having a sister.**

**At that moment, Anthony’s phone on the table lit up. [Nial: The results of 30 DNA tests have come out. We’ve got updates! Come back to the company now, Bro, you won’t believe who was in the room!]**

**Anthony frowned. The presidential suite belonged to him, and nobody could get in there as they pleased. How, then, could Nial say there were over 30 types of DNA were found in that room and the people were identified? That meant they could potentially track down the woman from five years ago. Once he found the truth, his relationship with Charmine... Anthony instinctively turned to look at Charmine eating toast with Chris; it was a lovely sight. Quickly, he looked away and placed the suit over his arm as he walked out. No matter who it was, he had to get it over with. He would not let the matter affect his relationship with Charmine.**

**Chapter 433 Not long after Anthony left, Charmine also received a text from Kay. ( Kay: I’ve found out that Robert was brought to Kansas by Uji Quin, and he’s in a secluded mansion with Uji Quin. The mansion is located at the peak of a mountain with strict security we’ll get spotted easily if we head up there.” Charmine frowned. Uji Quin was not a kind person, and he did no charity. Why would he help Tiffany? It seemed that the two had some under-table deal. Something else piqued her curiosity: why did Tiffany not leave after getting 60 percent of the family shares and remained in the Jordan mansion, all while Robert was up there? As if she thought of something, Charmine typed: [Charmine: Keep an eye on them to pinpoint their flaws. Don’t act until I say so.] [Kay: Copy that.) Charmine kept her phone, thinking of the headlines online as she looked at Chris. “Momo, are you bored staying home? Do you want to go out and play with Mommy?” “Yes, yes!” Chris hopped giddily. Ever since Anthony and Chris moved in to Charmine’s residence, they had not gone out in fear of being taken photos by McKenzie. Even the thought of getting outside made Chris elated!**

**However...**

**“Won’t the bad Auntie find us out if we go out? What if she asked Grandpa and Grandma to separate us?” Chris pouted. Charmine ruffled his hair. “Don’t worry; nobody would know. Mommy will dress you up.” With that, she brought him to her makeup room and painted his face with all kinds of makeup products for children, and Chris’ face changed entirely. His doe eyes were transformed into a pair of long and pointy eyes, and his pouty lips became thinner. She even added contour on his face that made him look less cute and became more of a wealthy-**

looking child. She then put on a golden wig over his hair and dressed him in a cool outfit set. He no longer exuded the elegance and class he used to; he instead seemed like a little spoiled kid dressed in streetwear. Chris looked at himself through the mirror as he clapped, impressed and in awe. "Looking good! I like this style! I look like a little hero who could protect Mommy and my sister!" "I'm glad you like it." Charmine smiled lovingly and went on to dress herself and put on makeup to look different than what she used to. She turned her exquisite features into a watered-down look. Complemented with a white dress, Charmine seemed like a full-time stay-at-home mother.

She looked at herself through the mirror, and a satisfactory smirk appeared on her lips. So, Tiffany was not leaving, was she? It seemed as though she had something else planned before she would take her leave. It was not easy to force her to this stage—how could she leave her any chance?

Charmine wanted Tiffany to have no chance of salvaging her reputation in the days to come!

Charmine took a taxi with Chris to town toward Mile-End Mall, a mall owned by Mile-End Corporation that had all kinds of restaurants and entertainment. It was shopping heaven for everyone! Thinking of her plan, she reminded Chris, "Momo needs to be a good boy today, alright? It's crowded up there, so remember not to run away on your own. Wait for my instructions."

"Don't worry, Mommy. I'll be a good boy." Chris' eyes sparkled with anticipation. His father seldom brought him out to go shopping; he usually made sure they cleared the shopping mall before they came and bought what they needed quickly. This was the first time Chris went to a crowded mall.

Charmine gazed at the boy's look of anticipation as she brought him to the fifth floor right away. The fifth floor had the biggest entertainment facilities in town: from machine games to children's facilities, as well as darts, and bowling alleys. The highlight of this floor, however, was the rows of sparkling claw machines. The machines were filled with a bunch of cute toys from Hello Kitty, Mickey Mouse, and other cute animals.

Charmine looked around and did not see the person she was expecting. She narrowed her eyes. It seemed she had to wait for a while.

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Chris' eyes lit up when he spotted the game machines, though the twinkle in his eyes disappeared as a thought crossed his mind. Coincidentally, he spotted a figure not too far away and instantly tugged Charmine's arms, wanting to leave. "What is it, Momo?" asked the curious Charmine.

"I saw Coco, the daughter of Uncle Derek. She'll laugh at me if she sees me! Also, Daddy said these machines are stupid...and he never let me play," muttered Chris, his expression blatantly showing his disappointment. Charmine frowned. The daughter of Uncle Derek? She remembered that Anthony had another younger brother named Derek Bailey. Derek had been trying to fight for control and the family assets from Anthony, but he always lost to Anthony. To be fair, Derek was a successful businessman, and even though he was younger than Anthony, he had married an heiress of an aristocratic family, who was also the best actress in the industry with no negative rumors. The couple was always regarded as the perfect-couple meant for one another. Needless to say, since Derek and Anthony were not getting along, his daughter Coco Bailey would not like Chris. The entire Bailey family did not seem to like Chris anyway. Charmine held his hand, ruffled his hair, and reminded him, "Momo, have you forgotten about your look today? She won't be able to recognize you. Also, Mommy is here, and nobody can bully you. Just tell Mommy: Do you want to play with the claw machine and beat Coco?" Without hesitation, he nodded. "Yes, I do!" "Alright. Come, follow me." Charmine held on his hand and left for the gaming section. Coco Bailey was playing with the claw machine inside the gaming section, yet even after 10 coins in, she failed to get a single prize. Furious, Coco pouted. At that moment, an adult and a child came into sight. The mother was wearing a white dress: seemingly plain and simple, yet warm and caring. Her son was dressed in a cool street style, but scratch that-he had a huge lollipop in his hands! The lollipop was bigger than his face! Chris walked as he ate, his expression obviously showing how happy and loved he felt. Besides that, he had at least 10 other Alpenliebe lollipops made into a big necklace hooked around his neck. Coco was tempted. Although she was born into the Bailey family, living the most luxurious lifestyle since young, her parents had high expectations of her and never allowed her to have lollipops. What child would not like lollipops anyway? No kid could resist such temptation! Coco had been wanting to try a lollipop for a long time, and since her parents were not with her at that moment... "Hey, you!" she called out. "I want your lollipop-give me one!" she demanded rudely. Chris instinctively got scared as she had been calling him names since young, bad-mouthing his mother, looking down on him, and bullying him. This time was different, however. He felt the heat radiating from Charmine's hand as he looked up confidently. "No! Ask your Mommy to buy one for you!" With that, he bit a mouthful of the lollipop as big as his face, seemingly content and happy. As expected, his expression further agitated Coco. Coco placed her hands on her waist. "Do you know who I am? Do you know who my parents are? I'm the most precious princess! You have so many lollipops, why can't you give me one?!" "Well, I'm my mommy's prince! No, I won't give you even one! Let's go play with the claw machine, Mommy!" Chris held Charmine's hand and walked toward one claw machine. On the way to buy the lollipop, Chris had told her how Coco used to bully him since they were toddlers. She used to make fun of him in front of her friends, and she even pushed him into a pond once. 'Hmph! So you bullied my son, huh? You better be ready to pay the price!' Charmine glared at Coco heatedly.



## Chapter 435

Charmine turned away and brought Chris to a claw machine and worked her magic, easily winning the toy Coco so desperately wanted to gain. Just like that, a cat plushie was brought out from the machine. It was an adorable and endearing toy cat of at least 60 centimeters long, and it fitted perfectly in Chris' arms as he took it into his arms. He exuberantly jumped around. "Mommy is awesome! Mommy is so, so awesome! I love my Mommy!" That only fueled Coco's jealousy as she watched from the sidelines-she wanted that huge cat plushie as well! She spent at least 10 tokens trying to get it, and Charmine got it in one go! It must be all due to luck! Charmine eyed Chris pleasingly. "What other toys would you like? I'll get them for you!" "I want that rabbit! It's cute!" Chris' eyes lit up as he pointed at a toy rabbit. Charmine ruffled his hair lovingly. "Okay, Mommy will get you that." She started working on the machine. Coco scoffed. Did that woman really think it was that easy to score another toy? She just got lucky in scoring that cat plushie... Beginner's luck! Little Coco was astounded, then, at the sight of Charmine easily winning a toy rabbit! It came out of the machine soon after. Chris gleefully clapped. "Wow, that's amazing! I love it! Thank you, Mommy, I love you!" "Sit here, Mommy will get more for you!" Charmine carried Chris and placed him on a nearby sofa. Chris nodded obediently with two toys sitting on his left and right sides, all while he ate his giant lollipop. He still had that lollipop loop around his neck! As expected, Charmine managed to get a toy with every try, like a mother spoiling his son. It was not long until a bunch of toys piled around Chris. All the kids in the gaming area looked at Chris with admiration in their eyes, while Coco...was on the verge of tears. She spent so much, trying to get a toy with no luck, yet that woman won so many for her son! Furthermore, Chris had so many lollipops with him and had a giant lollipop in his hand. He looked like the happiest child on earth, while she had nothing! "Waa... Waa..." Seeing that Charmine got out yet another toy and put it beside Chris, Coco could no longer hold her tears at bay and began wailing. "You all have so many!" she sobbed as she glared at Charmine. "Why can't you give me one? I want one!" Being the spoiled princess that she was, everyone in her family would let her have her way whenever she pulled the waterworks.

However...

Charmine merely eyed her in disgust. "Who's kid is this? So spoiled and rude! Shush!" With that, she walked toward Chris. "Let's go, my boy. Let's find other things to play!" "Yay!" Chris jumped off the sofa and carried his new toys, all while he licked his lollipop. So happy was he that he felt like he had the whole world in his arms. Nobody had spoken to Coco in such a tone since she was much younger, thus she wailed louder. "Waa...! Waa! Bad people! Big, bad people!"

A couple walked over to her at that moment. The man was dressed in a suit, gentle and handsome, while the woman-elegant like a flower-wore an elegant dress. She was Yvette Rowland who came from generations of opera singers. She had been classically trained from a young age and grew up to be a child prodigy. She then starred in a few movies with award winning acting skills, earned an excellent reputation, and gained the 'Best Actress' title at the ripe age of 20! After marrying into the Bailey family, she had been a good wife and mother, establishing a great reputation in the circle of the wealthy.

