

## **Warning: My Mommy is A Savage! by Seeking A Peaceful**

### **Chapter 43-74**

#### Chapter 43

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

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

Thump, thump!

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

“Shut up!”

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

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

Charmine did not hear him as she merely flipped to her side and continued sleeping. When she heard

footsteps approaching her, however, she instantly opened her eyes and saw Anthony's muscular figure standing by her bed. Worse still, he was looming over her!

"What're you trying to do, you pervert?!" Charmine yelled, and Chris was awakened from his slumber.

When he opened his eyes and saw what was happening, he instantly closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep still.

Anthony was, in fact, bending over to carry Momo, but Charmine misunderstood the situation. Knowing she misunderstood the situation, he placed both hands beside Charmine and leaned toward her.

"What do you think I'm trying to do?"

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

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

Frowning, Anthony lifted his leg and locked Charmine's knees. He glared at her with his lips

slightly parted. ” Charmine, are you sure you don’t want to start planning for your happiness?”

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

Anthony never expected her to be so fierce. He never saw it coming when he felt a sharp punch against his arm. The arm that held him up above the bed lost its balance, and it sent him falling forward to the bed. 2 His masculine figure fell on top of Charmine’s body, and their lips instantaneously met.

At that moment, the two bodies froze.

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

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

Anthony was the first to snap out of it as h e held up his body and asked, “If I say I didn’t intend it, would you believe me?”

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

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

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

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

#### Chapter 44 "

Regarding Prince Simon Gray, I believe in you. Just say the word and I'll marry you right away," he spoke, voice powered with assurance and determination.

Charmine felt her heart clenched as warmth began to spread across her chest.

Believe in her?

Everyone wanted her dead, but this pervert said he 'believed in her? The thought of their few-minutes-ago kiss resurfaced in her mind, and her heart thrummed against her chest.

'Useless heart, why are you beating so fast? He's just attracted to your appearance and wants to get in your pants! Man up and don't fall for this kind of irresponsible and wild guy!' Charmine gave herself a pep-talk as she slapped her chest, right where her heart was nestled.

Ding! Charmine's phone lit up.

Once she picked up the phone, she heard Eric's voice as he spoke, "Due to the upcoming press conference Amelia is hosting, Chanel had given out the notice to postpone today's shooting and is considering whether to terminate your contract or not, according to the situation after the press conference. Besides that, a new batch of diamonds has arrived at Ohly. These are incredibly rare and hard to find; you have to check this batch personally."

"Now? You sure?"

Even an international brand like Chanel postponed the shooting because of Amelia's press; it was only natural that airhead keyboard warriors would come for her. If she left the villa, it was likely that she would come home horizontally instead of vertically.

Though, Eric reassured, "Don't worry. The Bailey

Corporation had passed on the order that no media can cover or disturb your private life; they'll be shut down if they did. It should be fine if you lay-low when outside. This batch of diamonds is very important, so carefully inspect them to ensure no one tampered with them."

These were limited diamonds, after all. Even if only one was tampered with, a significant loss would still be incurred. 111

"Alright, I'll go," Charmine answered. It could be troublesome at times to have lots of money.

"Be careful," Eric warned before he hung up the call. Charmine walked into her room and started looking for plain-looking clothes; clothes that she could wear to go incognito. She eventually settled on a black sports top and pants before wearing a mask and cap. Only her eyes were visible at this point.

When she made sure she was unrecognizable with her outlook, she left the villa and took a taxi to Ohly. Ohly was a jewelry store that only sold wedding rings. It did not matter who was purchasing; each person could only buy one ring with his or her identity card. Nobody could buy a second one, however much they

were willing to pay for. Also, Ohly only had one shop in each of the 34 cities nationwide, which stayed true to its 'one and only' image.

Upon arriving at the shop, she saw four people inside. Of all the people in the world, they just had to be Joey Young, Tiffany Jordan, Amelia Jordan, and Julian Cabell in his suit.

Julian was seen handing over a ring to Tiffany.

"Tiffany, do you like this design?" he spoke, voice gentle like a breeze.

Charmine wanted to throw up out of disgust just by listening to his voice. She turned to leave, but Tiffany caught her at the corner of her eye. She knew it was her from just one look. "The lady by the door, please wait," Tiffany called out.

What? Wait up? Who was she to call someone to wait up?

Charmine's lips curled into a smirk, her long legs continued marching away from the store.

Tiffany initially thought the physique resembled Charmine, but as she studied the woman's walk, she was more sure of her guess. "That seems like Charmine," Tiffany spoke again. "Why is she leaving

after seeing us?”

“Charmine?” Amelia’s ears perked up. She hastily walked toward Charmine and blocked her from leaving.

“Charmine Jordan! Didn’t you hear someone asking you to stay? Are you deaf?! “

#### Chapter 45

Charmine had to stop as Amelia interjected her. “Did you forget to brush your teeth?” Charmine glared at her. ” Why are your words so foul? Do you know that a good dog doesn’t block the way?”

Dog? Did she call Amelia a dog?

Amelia was seething in anger. ” Charmine! You’re now only a homeless rat on the street with everyone criticizing you. What makes you think you can act all pompous? If I were you, I would’ve found myself a hole to drill into! And you’re out shopping? How can you be so shameless?”

“Shameless?” Unfazed, Charmine lifted her chin slightly as her eye contact did not break. “What is shameless? Taking a photo with a cucumber in hand? Or is it trying to lock someone in their house but was forced to pay three hundred fifty thousand in



return?”

Charmine’s eyes drifted from Tiffany to Amelia as she spoke, and onlookers instantly changed the way they looked at both Amelia and Tiffany.

Of course. Tiffany’s nude was revealed.

On the other hand, Amelia locked Charmine inside her own house, but in return, she was threatened to pay up 350,000 bucks. How outrageous!

Amelia felt the mocking glances aimed at her. Fuming with anger, she yelled through her gritted teeth,

“Charmine Jordan! You’re a b\*tch full of nonsense! You ’11 get it from me today!” She lifted her hand up, ready to hit Charmine.

Tiffany’s face turned red with anger, too.

She had to stay indoors for the past few days to let the rumors pass. Now that she could come out to shift the focus from her nude to show off how lovely her relationship with Julian was, Charmine just had to bring it up her nude again!

Tiffany held so much grudge against Charmine that she wanted nothing more than to tear off her mouth.

Alas, since Julian was here, her eyes wavered as she walked forward to Amelia. “Calm down, Amelia. Have

you forgotten why we're here? She's a younger sister; we have to be more understanding."

Amelia instantly recalled the reason why they were there in the first place. With a lightened expression, she held her chin high as she goaded, "Right, today is a great day! I can't be bothered to waste my time on a third-wheeler like you!

"Do you know what we're doing here today? Do you know what shop is this? Ohly! It's Ohly! It signifies 'the one and only'! This is a place for engagement rings, and only one identity card can purchase one ring, signifying one true love! Who'd want to sell it to a third-wheeler like you? Also, what're you doing in Ohly? Here to pollute the air?"

"Oh, ha-ha," Charmine laughed mockingly. She lost all interest to even entertain her.

Tiffany had assumed Charmine would be sad that the sight of them together would hurt Charmine, which would be as satisfying as slapping her. She never expected Charmine to have such an unbothered attitude.

Frustrated as she might be, she wore a pitiful expression and looked at Charmine sympathetically.

“Charmine sister, I know it’s all my fault. Please don’t blame Julian darling, but the love between us is real. Today, Julian darling brought me here to buy the Ohly ring, so please just let us be. You and Julian darling are in the past, and now that you’re Diamond Prince’s...third wheel, you and Julian darling aren’t together anymore. Please let us be, why don’t you?”

Tiffany said with a pleading tone, soft and helpless.

The crowd eventually had the same idea; that Charmine came here to avoid them from buying a ring. How could a third-wheeler like her be unashamed to destroy a happy couple?

Julian walked forward and hugged Tiffany. “Tiffany, why are you begging her? This is Ohly, surrounded by lots of guards. If she does anything to you, we’ll send her to the police station. Come, let’s continue picking our rings. We can’t let a shameless woman like her ruin our schedule.”

“Exactly, Tiffany. You have to pick the most beautiful diamond ring to show her what true love is. That’s how shameless being a third-wheeler is!” Amelia said proudly as she vainly lifted her chin.

Meanwhile, a black vehicle stopped and pulled over

at the entrance abruptly. The sales manager then exclaimed, "The latest limited-edition diamond rings are here! I heard that this batch has a three-carat pigeon blood ruby with diamonds all around it!"

"What? A pigeon blood ruby? Really? This is unbelievable! I heard that out of hundreds and thousands of white diamonds, it's very unlikely to get one colorful diamond, let alone the pigeon blood ruby!" Amelia said excitedly.

Tiffany's eyes glimmered as she spoke, "Red rubies are usually siding toward reddish-purple or dark purple. A pigeon blood ruby is the rarest of the rarest in the world!"

"If you desire it, Tiffany, we'll get it for you," Julian said with an endearing voice, not forgetting to glance at Charmine to make sure she heard it.

Amelia mockingly glared at Charmine. "Did you hear that? Brother-in-law is buying the pigeon blood ruby for Tiffany! A red ruby from Ohly! The one and only red ruby ring of that kind in the world!"

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Chapter 46

"What are you still doing here? Leave now!"

Joey Young glared at Charmine with hatred in her eyes. "Get lost! The Jordan family doesn't have a shameless third-wheeling daughter like you!" 1

However much they yelled, Charmine did not move an inch nor did her expression shifted. It was as though they were just a bunch of clowns. 3

Once it registered with Amelia that Charmine was not budging, she turned to the sales manager and snapped, "What are you all standing here for? Ask this shameless b\*tch to leave! If she's here, we won't buy anything from Ohly."

The store's general manager, Madam Gail heard that they were purchasing the pigeon-blood ruby ring, and her eyes glimmered at the prospect. She then stepped forward before Charmine and scowled, "Madam, please leave now. Ohly is a prestigious shop, and not just everyone can come in."

"Madam Gail, according to the shop's rules, no matter who the customer is, we have to be—"

"Shut up! She's just a third-wheeler that everyone hates. Why should anyone respect her? She doesn't even respect herself, and she even went as far as trying to ruin Miss Tiffany's day. I despise these kinds

of people.” With that, she ordered, “Security, come here and bring her away!”

As the general manager, a few security guards came forward to obey her.

It was only then when the driver from the vehicle outside came out. He was an American with a tall physique and was dressed in a black agent-like suit.

This man exuded a compelling temperament.

The crowd stared in awe. Even a guard tasked to escort products was so handsome!

At the thought of a handsome man serving her, Tiffany straightened her back regally. “Since the ring is here, come and show it to me,” she spoke in an elegant and noble voice, in a mannerism almost like a queen’s.

The man kept his gaze straight as he walked in with a white box in his hands.

Tiffany grew excited with every step the man took. A rare gem was about to become hers, and it would be given to her in front of Charmine! Even if Charmine could fake her nonchalant mannerism, surely she would still feel bad. 1

Just as she thought the man would hand her the gem,

however, the man suddenly continued to walk past her as his gaze did not once turn to her.

Tiffany stared in disbelief as her eyes widened dumbfoundedly.

What just happened?

The man only stopped walking when he stood before Charmine. “Boss Jordan, please check and sign this package.” 1

What?

Everyone was petrified, frozen with disbelief.

What did the man say? Who was Boss Jordan? Who was asked to sign for the package? Did they hear it right? 1

As onlookers remained frozen, Charmine calmly opened up the box. Inside the box laid nine diamond rings next to each other. The one in the middle was a heart-shaped pigeon blood ruby of 3 carat. It was indeed as red as blood, and it was the embodiment of genuine and passionate love. 1

“Boss Jordan, please have a look. If you’re happy with them, please sign here,” the man curtly spoke as he brought out an invoice for Charmine.

Charmine glanced at the rings, accepted the invoice,

and signed her name swiftly.

“Thank you for your time, Boss Jordan. It seems that someone is looking for trouble here. Is there anything I could help?” said the man as he glared at the people around them.

Charmine tossed him the pen. “No need. Go back.”

“Alright.” The man left with the guards following him.

No one recovered from the shock for a good amount of time. The man asked for Charmine’s signature?

With such a humble attitude, nonetheless? 1

Could it be...?

## Chapter 47

Realization dawned on Julian as he asked in disbelief, “Charmine, are you the owner of Ohly?”

“Yes,” came her simple yet strong reply, the message conveyed loud and clear.

Charmine removed her hat and her hair cascaded down her shoulders. She flipped her hair and eyed them uncaringly. “What? Is there a problem?” i

Everyone stared in disbelief, eyes and mouths wide open.

Charmine was the owner of Ohly? The big boss of



Ohly?

No wonder she looked at them with such ridicule, even as they mocked her. No wonder she did not flinch even after they barked at her. They were mocking her for not being able to afford a diamond ring when this entire shop belonged to her! Everyone had a confused and dumbfounded look on their faces, especially the quartet. An adopted daughter they so despised and looked down on turned out to be the owner of Ohly? How could she be better off than them? 1

Tiffany clenched her fists as her heart thrummed with jealousy.

Charmine stared at the myriad of expressions on their faces and indifferently asked, "Do you still want this ring?" 2

Want it? Did that not mean they had to buy it from Charmine?

Tiffany felt as though a fly was stuck in her throat; it felt so uncomfortable like she was dying.

Amelia never would have thought the person she looked down on would be Ohly's owner. Not just any owner, too, but the owner of a brand she loved! 2

“No! If we knew this is your shop, we wouldn’t have come in at all!” Amelia growled. “What are you so proud of? You’re just a third-wheeler, using Prince Simon’s diamonds. Aren’t you embarrassed in the slightest?”

Joey’s face was flushed red with anger. ” Charmine, I’m ordering you now, right now, to return the shop to Prince Simon and Princess Verna. Don’t hoard things that aren’t yours!” i

Charmine snorted at them with a mocking look. “And who are you to me? What makes you think I’ll listen to you? Also, what makes you so sure that these diamonds aren’t mine?”

“Huh? Yours? You’re just an adopted daughter. With what sorcery did you get these diamonds? Sleeping with Diamond Prince and ruining his family, wasn’t it all for money?” scoffed Amelia.

Face much angrier than before, Joey yelled in anger and hatred, “Charmine, wake up! I’m your foster mother! You must listen to me! Don’t forget that it was me who picked you up and saved your life!”

Charmine merely scoffed at them as she walked further inside the store, the box still at hand. She

brought out the rings in the box and placed them on display. The 3 -carat red ruby was too beautiful! It glowed brilliantly under the sunlight that peaked through the store's windows.

At the thought of all these rings belonging to Charmine, Amelia almost burst with jealousy. She walked forward and pulled at Charmine. "Charmine, can't you hear that Auntie is speaking to you? Don't you dare think for a second that these are yours! You got them from shamelessly sleeping around! If you still have dignity, you should return them to Prince Simon!"

"Are you a fly? Buzz, buzz, buzz! If you're not buying then leave!" Charmine scowled impatiently, her voice harsh yet clear. i

Amelia's face contorted even more. " You're asking for it! I'll teach you a lesson today!" She pulled on Charmine's hair with one hand and lifted the other hand i n an attempt to slap Charmine.

"Teach me a lesson? I'll teach you how to hit someone." Charmine's lips curled into an evil smirk and raised her own. 1

Charmine caught Amelia's hand flawlessly and pulled

it with force. 1

Crack!

Charmine's powerful pull dislocated Amelia's arm. It hung there weakly, unable to exert any force! I

Chapter 48

"Aah!" Amelia cried out in agony, her face pallid due to the pain.

Joey then shifted Amelia behind her and scowled,

"Charmine, enough is enough! You 're shameless enough to be a third – wheeler. How dare you hit your cousin? Aren't you even ashamed at all?" i

"Ashamed? Ashamed as in standing here and listening to you?" Charmine clapped back bitterly.

"She's your cousin!" Joey shrieked. "So what if she criticizes you? You're just an adopted daughter, and your life was given by the Jordan family. From what you've done so far, nothing would be in vain if you're bashed to death right now!"

A sliver of irony gleamed in Charmine's glare.

Nothing would be in vain if she was based to death, was it? Everyone would see who would be first to go.

Tiffany took this opportunity to play the good cop.

"Mom, Sister, please stop arguing," she pleaded, "we

can talk things out. Sister claimed she wasn't the third-wheeler and that this shop belonged to her.

What if she speaks the truth? Maybe she had no choice but to be a third-wheeler?" 2

"Huh? Who is forced to become a third – wheeler? It's all her love for vanity! If I didn't pick her up and bring her home, she would've died a long time ago! Not only is she ungrateful, but she's also done such an outrageous act!" Joey barked as the intensity of her glare amplified to a greater degree.

"You bring shame to the Jordan family! If you still have a sliver of dignity left in you and care about your foster mother, I want you to go back to Senior Jordan and tell him you're voluntarily leaving the Jordan family! Don't you bring shame to all of us!"

"Auntie is right! I'll be blowing the whistle on you, and your reputation will be ruined! You better leave and hide now, and don't ruin the Jordans' reputation!" Amelia scowled.

"Huh?" Charmine scoffed. "What's whistleblowing? Please help yourself." There was no mistaking that hard-headed tone in her voice, powerfully so as well. Tiffany could never get used to this strong-willed and

unruly Charmine. She was just a third-wheeler. What was there to be arrogant about?

It was then when Tiffany, from the corner of her eye, noted that paparazzi were secretly taking photos outside the store. A light bulb went off in her head as she walked toward Charmine and held her arm.

“Sister, Mom and Amelia were trying to help you. Just apologize when you did something wrong or just tell us your problems. We’ll forgive you.”

“Forgive? You don’t have a say in that matter. Get your dirty hand off of me!” Charmine forcibly pulled herself away from Tiffany’s hold.

“Ah!” Tiffany stumbled a few steps backward and slammed against the display counter.

Crash!

The display counter fell over, and the glass shattered all over the floor. Tiffany fell onto the floor and, in the process, cut her palm with a broken glass piece. 1

“Tiffany!” Two voices yelled her name at the same time—Joey and Julian.

Julian rushed forward and pulled her up. “Tiffany, you’re bleeding!” he gasped anxiously.

“I’m fine, really. Charmine didn’t push me, it has

nothing to do with Charmine. Please don't blame her."

Tiffany begged, pulling on his sleeves. 1

Julian's handsome face instantly turned harsh, he glared at Charmine coldly, " Charmine! Your sister was trying to help you! How can you be so evil?!

You're like a white-eyed wolf; a fair-weather child!"

"Charmine! Your sister was trying to help you! How can you be so evil?! You're like a white-eyed wolf; a fair-weather child!" 2

"B\*tch! How dare you harm my daughter? Don't you know she still needs t o play the piano? Who are you to touch Tiffany?!" Joey glared at Charmine, hatefully and loathingly so.

## Chapter 49

Charmine had gotten used to Joey's hate-filled eyes over the years. This Joey was utterly smitten with Tiffany, too. Even if she found out Tiffany was the adopted daughter, she would still side with her.

It felt like a drag for Charmine to even talk to them, thus she coldly instructed, " Someone, come and show them the way out."

The security guards who were supposed t o bring Charmine out went to Amelia and the group instead.

With the white-hot pain still burning at Amelia's dislocated arm, she growled through gritted teeth, "Don't act all high and mighty, Charmine! I don't want to spend any more time in this stupid store; it's too dirty for me! Just wait for it, Charmine. I'll let everyone see your ugly face this afternoon, and your reputation will be torn to shreds!"

Amelia did not let the guards touch her as she struggled to walk out herself. Joey and Julian carried Tiffany, and they glared at Charmine with unadulterated hate. Tiffany, on the other hand, held herself like a regal white swan, the cared-for princess, though she secretly gave Charmine a dirty look herself.

So what if she had a diamond shop? Charmine still lost to her! Julian was hers, Joey was hers, and even the Jordan family was hers!

Suddenly... "Wait," came Charmine's crisp voice.

Julian and the rest instinctively stopped to look at her; they were evidently taken aback, too.

"Please settle the bill for the broken gold-plated display glass. That's three hundred thousand bucks in total." 4



Charmine took a card machine and shook it before them nonchalantly.

Amelia, Joey, Julian, and Tiffany were utterly flabbergasted.

Their eyes were red with hatred. Joey—the one with the most grudge—snapped. “How shameless of you, Charmine, to ask for money after all these years of eating and using up the Jordan family’s resources! And it’s three hundred thousand, too? 1

“Fine. Here’s three hundred thousand! But tonight, you’ll have to come back to the Jordan family and pay up all the money you’ve used throughout the years!”

Joey then took out a card and tossed it at Charmine.

Charmine picked up the card and threw it right back at Joey. “Unfortunately, the display glass was broken by Tiffany, so I’ll only take her money.” 1

Tiffany’s face turned red with anger. Her hand was already wounded, and she still had to pay Charmine 300,000? Charmine was not letting her breathe!

She wanted nothing more than to kill Charmine on the spot, but she quickly pulled herself together at the thought of paparazzi outside and her plans. She swallowed her anger and adapted a soothing voice.

"Mom, Sister is right," she muttered. "I broke it, so I should be paying for it." She pulled out a card, though her eyes burned with anger still. She wanted Charmine to pay for her arrogance and this ludicrous 300,000 'damage'.

After swiping the card, Charmine tossed the card back to her. "You may leave now."

The quartet walked out of the store with fume coming out of their heads.

As they walked out, Amelia yelled, "Just you wait, Charmine! Stay tuned for the press conference at three o'clock today. I want to see you cry!" i Charmine's lips curled up. Cry? Oh, someone would be crying, alright.

She then glanced around the store. "What are you all standing here? Clean up the shop."

"Yes," replied the staff in unison before they began cleaning up.

Charmine was shameless but they were still employees of this store, they needed the job.

The general manager feigned innocence as she pretended to take part in cleaning up.

"You're fired!" Charmine snapped. 1

In less than an hour, Twitter was deluged with  
hashtags like these: 1

#Ohly- owner- is-CharmineJordan #Charmine-hit-  
Tiffany #Charmine-push-Tiffany #Charmine- scoldedfoster-  
mother

These were the hottest discussions. Although it was  
obvious that these were intentionally arranged to  
criticize Charmine, the netizens merely joined in as  
long as they were entertaining.

[OMG! She was already exposed! How is she still so  
arrogant?! ]

[If it wasn't for Joey Young, she would've died a long  
time ago! How could she be so rude to her mother?]

Chapter 50

[Oh no, my princess is hurt! It must've hurt so much.]

[Amelia looks so pale white! Charmine must've  
wanted revenge against Amelia for trying to expose  
her lies! Shameless!

[Can't wait till the press conference! We'll see how  
Charmine defends herself once the cat's out of the  
bag.]

As Twitter was overrun with comments like these,  
some reporters went to interview Tiffany and Amelia.

i

“I’ll still stand for justice, even if Charmine beats me to death,” Amelia said to the camera, “and I’ll make sure the press conference happens!”

Tiffany, on the other hand, was nursing her wound as she muttered, “I don’t have anything to say. It’s okay if she hits me, but I just want to help her return to the path of righteousness. Please, can everyone help me convince her?” As usual, her crocodile tears won the hearts o f many.

Everyone was eagerly waiting for the press conference, a moment of truth to discern truth from lies. They waited for the moment when Charmine would be kicked out of the modeling industry. 1 Without realizing it, it was already three o’clock in the evening.

On the first floor of Hotel Kelsy.

Apart from the hordes of paparazzi, numerous influencers were also present a s they live-streamed with their phones, their netizens at the edge of their seats in anticipation.

Among the chatter and noise, Amelia walked up the stage with a noble and flamboyant temperament,

dressed in a bright red satin dress.

“Thank you everyone for taking your time to participate in this press conference,” Amelia began as she spoke with the microphone. “I know everyone can no longer wait for this, so I’ll get straight to the point.

“I believe that many people might feel that a photo is inadequate to determine that Charmine is the thirdwheeler.

Therefore, I’ve specially invited Diamond Prince himself to attend this press conference. Today, the prince himself will clarify everything.” With that said, she turned to look at the backstage. i

Surrounded by ten or so international bodyguards, Simon walked to the stage in his black suit. With his fair skin and distinctive facial features, coupled with his dark blue eyes, he looked like an actual prince who walked out of a fairytale. The buttons on his suit were made of black diamonds, and it gave him an air of nobleness and lay-low luxury.

An uproar began once he stepped to the stage.

“Ahhhh! It’s him; Diamond Prince Simon! The number one chief executive officer in South Africa! The most charming man ever!”

“Amelia managed to invite him over! He hasn’t made any statement since the rumors, and yet here he is!”

“Charmine will be completely destroyed! Let’s see how she defends herself!”

“Diamond Prince, please tell us what happened! Why did you cheat on Princess Verna? Didn’t you promise to never cheat on her?”

A bunch of paparazzi held up their microphones as they scrambled to ask their questions. The discussion room online, too, was bombarded with comments and questions.

[Simon Gray is too handsome!]

[Why would someone so handsome cheat? Why?!]

The world was reeling with questions and astonishment, as well as hating on Charmine for doing such a despicable act.

Meanwhile, the mastermind sat languidly on her sofa as she painted her nails bright red. It was a unique warmth-sensory nail paint. Once applied, it would turn the nails bright red, and the tip of the nails would turn dark cow-blood red. 1

Eyes glued to the television, Eric asked, ” It’s reaching the climax soon. Are you sure you’re not watching?”

“What’s there to watch? Is it as important as my new nail polish?” Charmine smirked as she continued to paint her nails.

Nevermind; the one everyone was criticizing was not Charmine anyway. What was there for an agent like him to be so anxious about?

At the hotel, the press conference was at full swing.

Amelia passed the microphone to Simon enthusiastically, “Diamond Prince, please tell us the truth. We’ll give you justice!”

Simon accepted the microphone and faced the crowd before he slowly began, “I don’t know where to start on this matter, but I’d like to show you a clip.” With a wave of his hand, the big screen behind him lit up.

Amelia felt giddy and pleased altogether. These were all part of their deal: Simon would show the receipts of Charmine’s spendings to everyone, along with some photos of their relationship, exposing to the world of Charmine’s love of vanity and extravagance.

Once this information came to light, Charmine’s reputation would be ruined forever!

Chapter 51

Meanwhile, at the Bailey Mansion...

Anthony, Chris, and Nial gathered before their large television, their eyes glued to the breaking news—the conference—going on live.

“Get ready,” commanded Anthony.

Alert and ready, Chris had a dark-colored remote controller at hand. The remote was for his drone that was tied with the strongest signal disruptor, and he was ready to press on the button if anything against Charmine was revealed during the press conference. With a press of that button, the entire Hotel Kelsy—including the people in the conference hall—would have their signals interrupted thus disabling any livestream of the conference. 2

(Hmph! So you all want to destroy Mommy’s reputation by spreading fake news? Fat chance!’ Nial, on the other hand, had a list of names in his hand. The names listed were all the conference’s attendees, including the paparazzi, influencers, and passersby. If anything concerning was revealed during the press, the Bailey Corporation would step in and silence the companies who employed them, all in order to prohibit any news from getting out of the hall. 1



(Hmph! Want to destroy my sister- in-law? Tough luck!'

All of them had their eyes glued to the screen, eyes wide open without blinking once.

However...

What appeared on the screen were not the receipts of Charmine's spending. Instead, it was video footage from the Walton Grand Hotel's Presidential Suite.

In that video, Prince Simon Gray stood by the door with an obvious frown on his face. [You're not a waitress!] he exclaimed.

[Please don't be alarmed, Prince Simon. I'm Charmine Jordan's cousin, and I'm here to strike a deal with you.] Amelia stood in front of him, clad in a sexy red tube dress.

[I'll be hosting a press conference tomorrow, and I'm hoping that Prince Simon could attend the conference. You could tell the press that Charmine had seduced you when you were drunk, and that she kept on using that to cling onto you.]

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

Amelia merely looked at him with raised brows

before she suggestively added, [If you could expose her, I'll do anything you want.] Amelia then pulled down her tube dress slightly, which pushed up her breasts alluringly.

Simon's look changed. [Really?] he prodded. [Do you promise to do anything i f I help you out?]

[Of course, I'll do anything you want.] Amelia sauntered toward him and ground herself against him—his arm—as seductive as one could imagine. Every single attendee had their eyes widened like saucers.

“Oh my god! This is breaking news, alright! Amelia seduced the prince into spreading rumors about Charmine?!”

“Amelia called for justice and claimed to d o the right thing?! So the supposed right thing she did was seducing the prince!”

“She's so shameless...! Charmine grew up with her! How could she do such a thing t o her?”

“What a b\*tch, pretending to be a goody two shoes when she's the one being audacious!” 1

Everyone in the hall shot up from their seats as they pointed at Amelia in disdain. The paparazzi,

meanwhile, busied themselves with snapping photos of the video on the screen and Amelia.

Amelia's face turned pale in shock. This was the outcome she never anticipated. 1

Amelia reeled back in disbelief and confusion. 'Isn't this supposed to be the part where Charmine's ridiculed and slandered? Why me!?' She turned her gaze toward Simon and gave him a death glare.

"Prince Simon, why did you do this? Why did you set this up?!"

"Set this up? Set what up? Didn't you come and seduce me? And made me say what isn't true? I'm sorry, but I don't do such a thing."

With that, Simon turned to the audience and continued, "I've never cheated on my wife. Moreover, there's nothing in between Charmine and me; the rumors are all made up by Amelia Jordan. She wanted to use you all to destroy Charmine."

His words were clear and convincing, and every attendee grew even more restless.

"I can't believe this! Did Amelia use paparazzi like us as ammunition?!"

"She's far from the blunt and straightforward image

she tried to fool us with! She's an evil being!"

## Chapter 52

"So did she photoshop that photo as well? Was this a hoax?"

Some paparazzi scowled at Amelia while some threw one question after another.

Hearing that, Amelia snapped back from her shock and yelled, "I didn't photoshop the photo. It's real! The reason I went to Prince Gray was to help him dissolve the situation!

"There has to be something going on between Prince Gray and Charmine. Otherwise, why would he help her? He even gave her such a huge diamond ring!"

Since Amelia's reputation was ruined, she wanted to drag Charmine down with her.

Just as she expected, the paparazzi directed their questions at Simon.

"Prince Gray, what's your relationship with Charmine? Why did you give her a diamond ring?"

"How did you get to know Charmine? Are you here today to defend Charmine?"

Simon never lost his composure and remained coolheaded, even after being questioned incessantly.

“Yes,” he calmly spoke, “I’m here to defend Charmine, and I’ll tell you why! Charmine is my boss!”

What? Charmine?! She was his boss?! Was he kidding?

Seeing that everyone stared at him in disbelief, he reiterated clearly, “Charmine holds sixty percent of Gray Diamond Empire’s shares. She’s the director with the most power.”

Wow!

So Charmine was Prince Gray’s boss all this while?

She was Gray Diamond Empire’s director?!

How could it be?

[Prince Gray, are you mistaken? Charmine is just an adopted daughter. How could she be so rich?]

[Gray Diamond Empire belongs to your family for many generations. About a hundred years ago, isn’t it? How could the director be someone outside the family?]

[You’re just making things up to cover for Charmine!]

Simon was bombarded with innumerable questions on live-streaming platforms; no one bought what he had just said. There were so many comments that most of the live-streaming influencers’ phones had

crashed.

Even the Baileys were flabbergasted. They were well-equipped to spring right into action, but the event unfolded in such a direction that they never saw coming.

First it was Amelia, publicly shamed due to the video footage. Now, Simon spoke out and claimed Charmine was his boss?

Warily, Nial eyed Anthony. "Brother, how much of a percentage do you think Simon is truthfully speaking right now?"

Anthony stared at the screen, and he could not help recalling that proud and arrogant face Charmine's.

Not long after, he replied firmly and surely, "A hundred percent sure."

As expected, facing the questions and doubts, Simon declared in an affirmative tone, "I, Prince Simon Gray, never lied in my entire life. As a matter of fact, I do have proof. Here's a photo taken five years ago, during the dinner to celebrate Charmine for buying Gray Diamond Empire's shares."

With a gesture from Simon, a number of photos showed up on the screen: Gray Diamond Empire's

share distribution graph, a photo of Charmine in a meeting with the rest of the board, and a full image of Simon passing Charmine a diamond ring.

This was the true, full image of what Amelia found earlier. In this photo, however, Simon was shown standing at the front, passing a pigeon egg-sized diamond ring to Charmine. Princess Verna stood behind him and held a certificate of the shares. In truth, they were standing in a line to pass the diamond and the certificate to Charmine, but the photo Amelia found only captured half of it.

Shocked, everyone had long forgotten to take photos as they stared blankly at the screen.

It was true. Charmine was Gray Diamond Empire's director. She was Diamond Prince Simon's boss! Prince Simon, a handsome and rich prince, was merely Charmine's staff!

This was unbelievable! What shocking news! 1

There was only one influencer with her phone still streaming, but after the last photo was shown, her last-phone-standing crashed like the many other phones...

,

## Chapter 53

Every single attendee was stunned at the turn of events, and that included Amelia who reeled back in shock.

How... How could this be?

Was Charmine not an adopted daughter? How did she become Gray Diamond Empire's director?!

How?!

Amelia nearly threw herself against Simon in fury as she made her way to him. She clutched at his sleeves and desperately yelled, "I don't believe you! How could she be the boss? How did she become your director? This is all so fishy! Even if she didn't sleep with you, she must've slept with your father, right? Right, that must be it! Is she your step-mother? Did your father give all of his shares to her?"

"That's enough! You slandered me, and now you want to do that to my aging father, too?"

Simon swatted her hands away in disgust, and he stared her down with his cold blue eyes. "How did Charmine become my boss? Well, it's all because of you!"

"Five years ago, when Charmine was sent to Africa, you bribed her maid to bring her to a hill and push her down from the top. Somehow, she stumbled across a huge diamond mine at the bottom of the hill, and there were at least three billion tons of diamonds!"

"The owner of the mine was an alcoholic and had no idea of how precious the mine was. Charmine borrowed and collected five hundred thousand bucks, and she bought this mine from the alcoholic. Do I still have to tell you the details of what happened next?"

What happened next was that everyone had their eyes on the mine Charmine had bought. Many people made her handsome offers, but Charmine rejected them all. At the same time, Gray Diamond Empire was facing the crisis of their diamond mine running out of diamond after over a hundred years of mining. They were about to go bankrupt. Even if they wanted to bid for this mine, they had no resource to, and all they could do was to watch their Empire go bankrupt.

Charmine was like an angel sent from heaven. She was willing to help Gray Diamond Empire get back on their feet on one condition: She wanted sixty percent of the company shares.



Choosing between bankruptcy or owning forty percent of their own company shares, Gray Diamond Empire chose the latter and signed the letter for transfer of shares.

Amelia was uninterested in all these. All she could hear in her mind was Simon's first few words:

'It's all because of you...'

All because of you...'

'All because of you...'

This sounded like **a curse that** echoed in her mind. She could feel her head aching tremendously as she was overwhelmed with hatred, rage, and jealousy that could split her head into halves.

She was the one who directed Charmine to the diamond mine, who led Charmine to the peak of her life! It was all because of her...

Argh!

Once she saw Amelia nearly losing consciousness on the stage, Amelia's mother—Lily Granger—rushed onto the stage with the security guards and carried Amelia away as fast as possible.

With that, the press conference ended. At the Bailey mansion, Anthony's eyes were still fixated on the screen. "How much is Charmine's net worth?" he calmly asked Nial.

Nial fired up a software program and began calculating dexterously. "At least thirty billion dollars," came his reply soon after.

Anthony's lips curled up slightly; he was impressed.

Thirty billion dollars? She had to be on Forbes' Rich List! This woman was nothing short of surprises, that was for sure.

Within an hour after the press conference, the headlines on Twitter were occupied with the following:

#Boss—Charmine

#Amelia—seduced—DiamondPrince

#Amelia—tried—to—kill—Charmine

#Charmine—owns—the—GrayDiamondEmpire

#Youtube—crashed

Charmine went from an unknown person to the most searched Diamond Boss; she who owned a mine with three billion tons of diamond!

## Chapter 54

Many Twitter users tweeted as such:

[I'm wrong to have misjudged you. Please accept my apology!]

(Boss Jordan, are you looking for a sister? I wanna be your sister!)

(I can be your stepmom.)

[I don't have to be your relative. I'll carry your shoes and follow you around. You don't have to pay me either; just toss me some unwanted diamonds.]

Charmine languidly lied on her sofa, seemingly unperturbed as she read the financial segment in the newspaper. A big bottle of Coke was placed on the coffee table in front of her, with a long straw extended to her mouth.

"Everyone is flattering you on Twitter, hoping you'd write a few words to them," Eric began. "Do you want to post anything?"

"Twitter? Oh, right." Charmine took a long sip before she picked up her phone and posted a tweet.

Out of curiosity, Eric clicked onto her page. In an instant, his face stiffened. A line of words sat quietly on Charmine's page: – (Julian Cabell, have you eaten sh\*t yet?)

'Have you eaten sh\*t yet...'

Instead of taking this opportunity to befriend her supporters, she posted...this?! How badly did she want Julian to eat sh\*t anyway? Alas, Charmine was just being Charmine; one should not count on her too much.

Eric changed the subject and said, "Jordan Senior called in earlier, asking you to go home. What do you think?"

"How could I say no to such an interesting drama?" Charmine smirked.

At the Jordan Mansion, members of the family gathered in the living room.

Senior Drake Jordan slammed his hands on the table and roared, "Amelia Jordan, how could you do such a thing?!"

"As a part of the Jordan family, how shameless are you to seduce Diamond Prince Simon? You bring shame to me and the family. Do you know that everyone in Burlington is laughing at us right now?",

"Grandpa, it's all Charmine's fault. She tricked me! If she's Gray Diamond Empire's owner, why didn't she tell me earlier and stopped me from hosting that press conference?!" Amelia stood her ground as she tried to reason with him.

"How dare you!" Drake was so furious that he grabbed the teacup from the table and threw it at her head. "Did you ask for her permission before publishing the photo? You were the one who posted the photo while, all the while, you tried to seduce the Diamond Prince and blamed it all on her. You deserve everything coming your way, even if she wants to kill

you!"

"Argh!" Amelia's forehead bled from the wound caused by the impact of the smashed teacup against her forehead.

She covered her wound with her hand and angrily barked, "Grandpa, are you insane? Charmine is just an adopted daughter, and I'm your actual granddaughter! Why do you keep siding with her?"

"Me? Siding with her? You're not sorry for what you did, are you?!" Drake seethed in rage as he called on the butler, "Hobson, please enforce the family punishment."

The Jordan family's family punishment was thirty whippings. The whip had thorns on it, and upon contact, the skin would be damaged and leave permanent scars.

Lily Granger—Amelia's mother—instantly rushed toward Amelia and stood before her, shielding her as she begged, "Dad, please calm down! Though ignorant, Amelia is still young ....I'll teach her a lesson. Tiffany, please help to speak for Amelia. Your Grandpa really likes you. Do you want to see Amelia getting whipped?" ,

Although Tiffany enjoyed her kind-hearted persona, she knew how serious this was and did not want to get involved.

Yet, Lily called out her name...

She had no choice but to step up. “Amelia, hurry up and apologize to Grandpa. You did make a mistake this time.”

“I made a mistake? All of you think it’s all my fault, but do you realize how evil Charmine is? When we bumped into her earlier today and told her about the press conference, she didn’t even explain to us nor did she try to stop us. She’s just evil and wants to ruin my reputation!

“Also, after so many years of raising her, she didn’t even tell us when she had the diamond mine. Instead of giving it to the Jordan family, she kept it all to herself without giving us a single penny!

“Why are you all defending a heartless and ungrateful woman like her? She’s just an adopted child, and she’s not worth your pity!” Amelia raged on and on.

Though everyone else in the living room frowned a little, they cared more about the diamond mine profits compared to the rumors.

Since Charmine was an adopted child of the Jordan family, the diamond mine should also belong to the Jordan family, right?

## Chapter 55

Although Lily was more of a soft-spoken woman, she was very protective of Amelia. She continued to ask for mercy on her daughter’s behalf as she said, “Dad, I know Amelia made a huge mistake this time, but she wasn’t completely wrong. We’ve raised Charmine for so many years, so don’t we deserve something in return? She found such a huge diamond mine. Even if she doesn’t want to give it back to us, she should at least tell us about it, right?”,

“Exactly. She’s ungrateful. It’s like the old saying: ‘When one drinks water, one must remember the person who digs the well’. Charmine not only forgot about the person who digs the well, but she even tried to kill the person!” exclaimed Amelia’s father, Felix Jordan-the second master of the Jordan family.

Just like that, the room was instantly filled with criticisms against Charmine.

Tiffany, not missing an opportunity to bring out her kind hearted persona, went forward and said, “This isn’t true! We can’t blame Charmine for not telling us since she never liked us, but she must’ve told Grandpa.

“Grandpa had always treated her so well, and she had always respected Grandpa. It wouldn’t make sense for her to hide this from Grandpa.” As Tiffany spoke, she poured

some tea for Drake and asked gently, “Grandpa, am I right? Speak for Charmine and tell us that it’s so.”

- Drake’s face stiffened. Speak up for Charmine? Speak what?

It was a great deal, and she had never told him anything. All these years, he was so concerned about her living alone in Africa that he had been asking Hobson to keep track of her. He was also worried that they would bully her when she got back, so no matter how everyone pestered him into distributing the fifteen percent shares, he saved it for Charmine.

Yet, Charmine...

Tiffany observed the change of his expression and knew she hit the bullseye. A glint of satisfaction passed through her eyes, but she stamped it down and asked in a concerned tone, “Hmm? Grandpa... Charmine didn’t even tell you at all?”

Before Drake could even reply, Joey snapped, “How dare her! Although we had been quite strict on her all these years, all of us can see how well Dad treated her. How could she keep this from Dad? I can’t believe this!”

“She’s now a bird who can fly! Of course she’d fly away as far as possible; she wouldn’t want to share her wealth or the diamond mine,” sneered Felix.

Encouraged by her family criticizing Charmine, Amelia looked at Drake with a disappointed look. “Grandpa, she doesn’t even care for you. Why are you still protecting her?”

“Although I’m immature, at least I’m your actual granddaughter who has your genes and blood. All these years,

I’ve spent my savings buying you gifts.

“And Charmine? What has she done? Are you really going to punish me for someone who doesn’t even treat you like ,family?”

Drake started recalling his memories of Amelia. Although she was arrogant, she had always respected him. On the other hand, Charmine...

In his old age, he no longer cared for materialism and wealth as he looked only for display of filial affection from his grandchildren. In the past five years, he had heard nothing from Charmine. He had always treated her—the adopted daughter-as his actual granddaughter, but did she even see him as her grandfather?

“Who says I don’t treat Grandpa like family?”

A loud and clear voice was heard coming from the door, and everyone turned to see Charmine walking in with her chin up. She was dressed in a high-waist red dress that showed off her elegant long legs and thin waist. She was stunning, just as she always had been.

Tiffany began to wallow in jealousy. How could Charmine be s o beautiful? Tiffany would do anything to destroy that flawless face and those long legs!

Alas, she could only hold it in and slowly walked up to her.” Charmine, you came at the right time. Please explain to Grandpa. I believe you have your reasons to cut ties with Grandpa and why you didn’t tell him about the diamond mine. Grandpa had always favored you, so if you’re to explain everything, he’d forgive you.”

, Although she sounded like she was helping Charmine,

everyone in the house looked much angrier. Even Drake looked at Charmine with a disappointed and heart-wrenching gaze.

Charmine positioned herself at the center of the living room, facing the accusations and questioning looks. She eyed everyone sharply before she glared at both Tiffany and Amelia. “Are you two sure that I haven’t contacted Grandpa in the past five years?” sneered Charmine.

Charmine’s gaze was so sharp that it made Amelia feel uneasy. There was guilt in her eyes for a brief while before she shrugged it off and lifted her chin. “Are we wrong to think so? Grandpa knows better than anyone whether you contacted him or not!”

With that, Amelia ran to Drake and asked with an angry look,“ Grandpa, please tell us: Did Charmine ever call you or buy you any gift in the past five years? All the while, you were so worried about her and never stopped sending her money. She’s such an ungrateful being!”

As expected, Drake’s eyes darkened with disappointment after listening to Amelia. He was clearly disappointed at Charmine.

## Chapter 56

Tiffany was pleased when she saw the darkened

expression of her grandfather, but she remembered

to keep her facade. ” Amelia, stop saying that. I

believe Charmine didn’t do it on purpose. She must’ve

been busy taking care of her diamond business and

forgot to ring up Grandpa. Grandpa, please don't be mad."

With that, everyone's looks went a shade darker.

Busy? She was just ungrateful! The disappointed look on Drake went a few shades darker too.

Meanwhile, Charmine seemed to enjoy the act between Amelia and Tiffany. She watched them with an amused look as though she was a queen being entertained. "Are you two done?"

She nonchalantly turned her gaze upward, and with a smirk on her face, she started, "In the past five years, I've tried to contact Grandpa for a hundred and ten times, but the line was always busy. I've sent ten gifts to Grandpa in total, but none of the gifts was ever delivered to him. I even tried sending him emails, but every email was blocked by a hacker. You have the guts to ask me why didn't I contact Grandpa?"

Charmine spoke with drive and force in every word uttered. She then took out a stack of papers and tossed them to Amelia and Tiffany.

The papers fluttered mid-air, and everyone looked up to see the evidence of Charmine's purchasing history, mail history, call history, and other things associated.

There was also proof of her calls and emails intentionally disrupted. On top of that, there were also photos of Amelia and her assistant Zoey collecting the presents and throwing them away.

Everyone stood, transfixed with the proof mid-air, while Amelia's face lost all its color.

How could this be? How did Charmine find out, and with all the proof to boot?

Drake looked at the papers and instantly understood. His face turned red as his mustache trembled in fury.

"Good. Very well! Amelia Jordan, how dare you do these behind my back? Hobson, get the whip and whip her hard!"

As he did not want to drag it any longer, Hobson took out a whip and walked toward Amelia. The long whip was filled with thorns, and under the light, one could clearly see dried out bloodstains still visible on the thorns.

Utterly terrified, Amelia's legs turned into jelly as they quaked. "Grandpa, it wasn't me," she whimpered feebly, "she made these up! These aren't real!"

"Whip her, and with all your strength!" Drake did not want to hear anything from Amelia as he turned



away from her. i

Watching her precious daughter on the verge of a gruesome punishment, Lily rushed forward and begged, “Dad, please forgive her. Just once, please forgive Amelia for just this time. She didn’t mean it!”

1

“Whoever tries to beg me will be punished along with her,” Drake declared coldly.

Lily instantly zipped up, but a thought then occurred to her as she turned to Tiffany. “Tiffany, my good niece, please help Amelia and say something in her stead. She had never been beaten in her life, and she likes her appearance so much. There will be scars!”

“I...” Tiffany looked around as if a thought occurred to her. “Auntie, I don’t have a say here. Charmine is the victim, s o if she can forgive Amelia, Grandpa will let it go for sure.”

Hearing that, Lily ran toward Charmine. ” Charmine, I’m begging you! Amelia was wrong, and she didn’t mean it...!”

“Mom, don’t beg her. She’s a b\*tch! She made these all up, it wasn’t me!” Amelia cried out. i

Amelia’s words only fueled Senior Jordan’s anger.

“Whip her, now!” he snapped.

“Please excuse me.” Hobson lowered his head.

Two bodyguards went forward and pressed Amelia onto the bench. Hobson raised the thorn-filled whip in the air, and swung it toward Amelia’s back strongly.

Then... “Argh!” A loud scream resonated i n the hall.

## **Chapter 57**

It was only the first whip and Amelia’s clothes were already ripped apart as fresh blood oozed out of her fair skin.

Her face contorted in pain and anguish, but she never gave out. “Not me! It really wasn’t me! Charmine framed me!”

Hobson shook his head helplessly. Amelia was too hard-headed; he had no choice but to continue the whipping.

Fwoop! Fwoop! Fwoop!

In the end, Amelia’s flesh was lacerated a s her back was all bloodied. She slowly succumbed to her wounds, yet she managed to utter one last sentence, “It really...really wasn’t me.” She passed out right after.

Overwhelmed with rage, Drake sternly ordered,  
“Come and get this liar out of my sight. Without my permission, she has no right to leave the mansion for the next three months!”

Three months?

Amelia was grounded for three months?

“Dad, she’s a popular model! If she doesn’t leave the house, her popularity will disappear...!” Lily called out as she carried Amelia. i

“After making such a fool out of herself in the public, do you think she can stay in the modeling industry?” sneered Drake. “Leave the modeling industry right away, and find an office job! If she doesn’t listen to me, then she’ll no longer be part of the Jordan family,” he spoke with such power and authority that was unheard of for a very long time.

Unable to fight back or form any proper sentences, the agonized Lily carried Amelia away with a few other maids, glaring at Charmine as she passed her. It was all Charmine’s fault. It was because she did not want to beg for Amelia! What a n evil, heartless adopted daughter! She did not belong here at all! Even after Amelia was carried out of the hall, a strong

smell of blood still lingered i n the air. Tiffany's face was the palest of all; she could almost feel the whippings. She had used Amelia to do these things, and if Grandpa found out, he would have punished her the same way... i

Tiffany dared not imagine what would happen if her identity was exposed. She had to get hold of all the shares as soon as possible!

With that in mind, she walked forward and poured tea for Drake in an effort to calm him down.

"Grandpa, please calm down. Amelia is still young, and she'll surely turn over a new leaf. More importantly, we've cleared all the misunderstandings of Charmine, and she even brought us the diamond mine. Our Jordan family would be the second wealthiest family in Burlington after today." i

Tiffany's words instantly made everyone remember what was on the table.

Felix then said, "Right. Since you respect your Grandpa so much, why don't you give him the shares of the diamond mine, and he'll distribute the shares to the rest o f us?" Charmine was the reason his daughter, Amelia was punished. It was only fair she

had to offer compensation for that.

Joey instantly chimed in, “We’ve raised you for so many years and always provided you with food and shelter. Without the Jordan family, you won’t even be here today. If you still have a heart, you know what to do.”

Charmine bothered not with what these people had to say as she merely turned to look at Senior Jordan and said, “What about Grandpa? Does Grandpa feel the same as well?” 2

“Hmph! A bunch of dogs!” Drake furiously swept the cups from the table and jeered at them, “In the past five years, none of you bothered to ask about

Charmine. Now that she’s back, all of you want to share her wealth? Why are you all so shameless?”

“And I’m especially talking about you, Felix! Back then, you all insisted to adopt the child in order to have a larger percentage of the shares. Was Amelia’s plan of pushing Charmine down the hill i n Africa yours as well? How shameless are you all to ask for her diamond mine! I f I were you, I wouldn’t even dare to make a sound!” 1

Lily-livered Felix instantly went silent and could only

mumble to himself, "This isn't fair. If I had the courage to ask Amelia to kill, I wouldn't be a useless gambling addict as I am now." 2

All these years, he had no say in the family. He always listened to his father and elder brother and had no significant shares of the company. He always seemed like an extra.

"Hmph! It better not be you! Amelia almost murdered someone, and I'll never forgive her!" Drake growled.

"You're all dismissed. Get out! Don't you dare think of getting a hold of Charmine's diamond mine. She earned it with her life, so this belongs to her!"

## Chapter 58

"Anyone who mentions the diamond mine will have their family shares confiscated!" barked Senior Jordan. +

Tiffany clenched her fists tightly. A huge diamond mine, all for Charmine and only Charmine?

What for?!

What a dumb old fool!

Of course, Tiffany would not say such a thing out loud, thus she could only bite back her anger.

However, Drake continued, "Oh, right. Charmine, since you're back, sign this paper and I'll transfer you the fifteen percent of the share that I should've given to you a few years ago." With that, Hobson passed him a prepared document.

WW

Charmine never expected Senior Jordan would still give her the family share, even when she had a whole diamond mine to herself. A glint of warmth swept past her usually cold and emotionless eyes.

Before Charmine could sign, her foster father, Jeremy Jordan caterwauled, “Dad, are you insane? She already owned a huge diamond mine! Why are you still transferring fifteen percent of the family share to her? She doesn’t even need this!”

Unable to hold back, Tiffany piped in, “Yes, I think Charmine

doesn’t need this. After getting the share, she would have to be part of the family, getting involved and attending meetings. Charmine is already busy taking care of Gray Diamond Empire, and now that she’s a famous model, it’d be too much on her plate if she still has to take care of our family business, no?” 1

As of now, Drake had thirty percent of the share; Joey and Jeremy had twenty percent; Lily and Felix had ten percent; Robert had five percent; Amelia had five; Tiffany had fifteen percent. Thus, there was an extra fifteen percent on hold.

Since Robert voluntarily gave away his five percent to Tiffany, Tiffany had twenty percent of the share. She had been eyeing the extra fifteen percent, and once she got hold of it, she would have thirty-five percent of the share in total. That would make her a bigger shareholder than Drake, and she would be the family’s company’s director of the board.

This was why Tiffany could not let this extra fifteen percent be transferred to Charmine. Alas, Drake then said, “Charmine has always been part of the Jordan family, so she deserves the fifteen percent-share. As for the diamond mine, she earned it with her own life. You all could exchange one with your lives, too, and I won’t ask you to share it with everyone else.”

With that, he looked at Charmine. “Charmine, just sign here. Don’t listen to them.”

Charmine nodded, and she picked up the pen and signed. This share would fall into Tiffany’s hands had she decided not to take it. How could she let this phony woman get hold of it?

- Everyone looked at her with their eyes reddened in anger,

especially Tiffany. She nearly threw up blood in her fury!

She had been eyeing this remaining fifteen percent-share for the past five years, but it still went to Charmine. What a b\*tch! Why was she still alive? She already owned a diamond mine worth tens of billions; why did she have to steal the family share from her?

“Everyone, please leave Charmine and me alone,” commanded Drake.

Everyone left in rage as they looked at Charmine with malicious intent.

Once everyone else had left, Drake waved over at Charmine and beckoned for her to come. “Charmine, come here and side beside Grandpa.”

Charmine walked toward him and sat by his side. “Grandpa, I hope you can understand about the diamond mine situation.”

Even though everyone in the Jordan family knew about her diamond mine, Charmine would never give the mine to the Jordan family even if Drake asked for it.

Drake patted her hand gently. “Charmine, you’ve done the right thing. You were never a part of the family. I can still protect you while I’m alive, but once I’m gone, they won’t treat you well.

“This is why you need to take good care of your own wealth.

You don’t have a family, thus wealth is the only thing you can depend on.”

Charmine could not deny the warm tingling feeling, but she was still confused. “Grandpa, why are you so kind to me?” she asked.

Everyone hated her since day one, and only Drake treated her as though she was his actual granddaughter. It made no sense.

A glint of deep reasoning flashed through Drake’s eyes, but it disappeared in an instant. “You’ll understand in the future.” He patted the back of her hand. “For now, don’t ask. It’s not the right time yet.”,

This further confused Charmine. What was it? Why was Drake treating an adopted child with such kindness? What was he hiding?

## Chapter 59

At the Jordan family mansion’s garden...

Tiffany sat under a jacaranda tree. The events that had transpired just moments ago still infuriated her. It would be understandable if Drake transferred just some of the share to Charmine, but did he have to transfer as much as fifteen percent? Charmine now owned as much as Tiffany, who was the ‘actual heiress’ of the Jordan family!

Worse still, netizens were flattering Charmine and idolizing her, while some became suspicious of the interview Tiffany and Amelia had earlier. There was speculation that



Tiffany played a part in this, and they called her 'fake' and 'unreal. If this went on, her 'No.1 Supermodel' title would be ruined in no time.

Her assistant, Veronica stood behind her in concern. "Prior to this, Guci had finalized you as their magazine cover this season, but they had just called to say that they needed more time to choose between you and Charmine.",

"What?" blurted Tiffany, dumbfounded.

Guci was no humdrum brand. It was the luxury in the fashion world known for its luxurious, high-end, and fancy touch. It was the go-to of the upper-class people and worshipped by the working-class. A high-end international brand like Guci only invited supermodels and celebrities as their magazine cover, yet they were considering Charmine for this season?

Charmine was only a newbie!

Watching Charnine and Grandpa sitting side by side in the "living room not far away, Tiffany gritted her teeth.

"Tiffany, the most important thing now is to get a hold of the Guci ambassador contract. It'd be bad if Charmine took it," reminded Veronica.

Tiffany's face turned pale and green. Of course she wanted to get it, but how was she supposed to fight against this Diamond Boss? Putting aside the difference in their net worth, the nude incident had cost her dearly that she spent a lot of money on deleting posts and screenshots of her nude, as well as bribing people with gifts. She had not been able to get rid of them all. 1

Also, Charmine was so popular that their popularity was almost on par with each other online. How was Tiffany supposed to fight against Charmine?

Popularity... On par...

A thought suddenly occurred to Tiffany. Her eyes sparkled as she spoke to Veronica, "Phone up the management of Guci and say that instead of one, why not hire two models instead?"

"Tiffany, you're saying that..." Veronica tried to follow her thpughts and eventually understood. "You're so smart!" she gushed. "No wonder you're at the top of the modeling industry! I'll do this right away."

Since Guci was choosing between Tiffany and Charmine for the magazine cover of their Summer collection, Tiffany's reputation could be ruined if they settled for Charmine.

"If the two of them collaborated, Tiffany could avoid the risk of

being dismissed. She could also use Charmine's fame to become more popular. Of course, Tiffany was a more experienced model; her shots would be more natural and refined compared to a newbie like Charmine. With that, the whole world could see how much better Tiffany was compared to Charmine."

Charmine was only a wealthy nouveau riche. Tiffany would fight for the opportunity to get the two of them shooting together.

It was then when Julian walked toward Tiffany. As he saw Veronica left in such a rush, he asked, "What happened?"

"Nothing much, it's just..." She instantly thought of something, and a small smile slowly formed on her lips. "I found out earlier that Charmine's manager was trying to get her the opportunity to shoot for Guci's Summer collection, but Guci had already decided to use me instead. I asked Veronica to phone them up and ask if I could let Charmine tag along."

"What? She treated you so badly, yet you still want to share this opportunity with her?" said Julian, obviously in disagreement. \*

Tiffany held onto his arm. "Julian darling, she's still my sister.

I did such a mean thing to her five years ago, and I just want to make up with her. Since her career is just getting started, I have the duty to help her out as her sister."

"You're too kind. You're so much better than that horrible Charmine! Now that I recall how she chased after me in the past, I feel so disgusted."

While listening to Julian, a light bulb went off inside her head. She knew Charmine had always fancied Julian from as young as three to eighteen years old; she had a crush on him for at least fifteen years! How could Charmine stop loving him all of a sudden? She even deliberately targeted Julian on Twitter and that most of her tweets were related to Julian. She must have done it on purpose to get his attention!

If Tiffany could use Julian to control Charmine and turn her into a stay-at-home wife...

With that thought, Tiffany's heart thumped with excitement, but she covered it up with a guilty front as she lowered her head.

## Chapter 60

"Oh... That's right. Julian darling, Grandpa already transferred fifteen percent of the share to Charmine. I'm afraid I can't help you take the shares anymore."

Julian frowned. Already? So soon?

Five years ago, the Cabell and Jordan families forced Julian to marry the ugly and inelegant Charmine. Though he hated Charmine for that, he had always wanted to get all the Jordan family shares and own their business. He thought that he could get hold of her share if he were to follow through with their marriage arrangement.

Once Tiffany noticed the worried expression on his face, she gently warned, "Julian darling, I think Charmine still loves you. Think about it: Why is she still single even though she's this Diamond Boss now?"

"Also, all her tweets are about you, even though she has so many followers. Perhaps she might be trying to get your attention?"

"If we resume the plan we had five years ago, which was to make her fall all over for you, it's likely that she'll transfer you her family share and the diamond mine!"

Julian's eyes darkened; Tiffany was right. If he could get Charmine to marry him, the shares and the diamond mine would belong to him. He could then coordinate with Tiffany to get hold of the rest of the family share, and both of them could take over the entire Jordan family business!

He looked at Tiffany in awe. "Tiffany, you're so smart! Are you sure you're okay with me getting married to her?"

Julian and Tiffany already had permission from Grandpa, and once they got hold of the engagement token, they could get married.

Tiffany answered with a soft, understanding voice, "Julian darling, of course I'll miss you, but I also believe we'll have our happy-ever-after once we get past the pain of this. I trust that you won't fall for her."

Even if he did fall for Charmine, Tiffany would have ways to kill her. Tiffany would make sure everything went according to her plan.

She continued, "Once you marry Charmine, you'll get a hold of her diamond mine in addition to the family shares we get. You'll become the richest in Burlington by then. I'd do anything for you, even if that means not being able to be with you for a while," she muttered as she cuddled in his arms.

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Julian felt a warm feeling spread throughout his entire being. He felt so lucky to have found such an understanding fiancé.

"Don't worry, Tiffany. I won't disappoint you," he promised with a sincere look.

The sky was getting darker. Charmine had been chatting with her grandfather for quite a while now, but she still had not figured out what he was trying to hide from her. It was not until Drake had fallen asleep when she finally left the mansion. As she walked toward her motorbike, a shiny black Rolls-Royce pulled over right next to her.

The window rolled down, revealing Julian in the backseat. He was dressed in a white customized suit, his face handsome and elegant like a true gent.

He looked at Charmine and said, "Get in the car. I'll send you home."

His tone sounded like a command, as though he was doing her a favor.

Charmine merely stared at him indifferently "You, send me? You? You think too highly of yourself." With that, she rolled her eyes and swung her long leg over her motorbike.

Julian was stunned at this behavior. Why did this girl who used to tag after him wherever he went— talked to him with such an arrogant tone? It sounded like she was looking down on him, too. Though he was furious, he quickly reminded himself of the plan. 1

He opened the door and went down. "Charmine, perhaps we could talk?"

"Talk? Is it about when you're going to eat sh\*t?" Charmine scoffed and started her motorbike. 1

When he noted that she was actually leaving, Julian ran in front of the bike to stop her. "Charmine, can't you talk to me? I know you're still mad at me for what I did five years ago, but it'd been so long. Why are you still mad? Can't we sit down and have a civil conversation? Why do you have to be so narrow -minded?"

"Me? Narrow-minded? Hah!" Charmine laughed mockingly. "You're right, I'm narrow-minded. Whoever hurt me, I'll run over him." With that, she stepped on the accelerator and drove right toward Julian.

The motorbike was moving at the speed of a tiger, and it zipped in the direction where Julian was standing.

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## Chapter 61

Kay and his men—who hid in the shadows—stared at

the scene with eyes wide like saucers. Damn, was

their boss about to run over him?

There were no traces of holding back in Charmine’s

actions. She twisted the handle of her motorbike as

she raced toward him.

Once Julian knew for sure Charmine was not letting up, that she was closing in from their half-a-meter distance, he instinctively jumped out of the way. Yet, the motorbike moved at such a speed that his sleeve was almost caught by the bike, and it sent him stumbling back a few steps.

Charmine glanced at him by the corner of her eyes. A mocking smirk appeared on her lips as she flipped the middle finger at him.

Her long and unruly hair fluttered in the night breeze. She sure was bold and daring.

On the other side, Julian was left with his pale-green face, the veins on his forehead almost burst out from hatred and fear. The woman who was once all over him nearly ran over him and even gave him the middle finger!

Why did she change? How could she stop loving him?

No, it could not be! This was just one of her dirty tricks to get his attention!

Julian stared as Charmine faded from his sight.

“Charmine, if you tried to get my attention, well, you’ve got it!” He turned to his assistant in the car and ordered, “Prepare a bouquet of roses, and send

to it where her shooting is tomorrow.”

Julian knew better than anyone that in the past eighteen years, roses were her favorite. Back then, when Charmine still tailed after him everywhere he went, she had always wanted him to send her roses. Surely, he would win over her heart when she received his roses tomorrow.

Ah, women. They loved to throw tantrums just to get attention.

Charmine went straight for the shower once she reached her villa. She only spent three minutes with the douchebag and she already felt like throwing up in disgust.

As she got out of the shower, she saw Eric was still around. As she dried her hair, she asked, “Why are you still here?”

“You’re popular now, but you don’t seem to care, so it’s only natural I’d have lots of things to deal with,” came Eric’s reply, his eyes glued still to the computer screen.

Within a day’s time, dozens of companies and brands sent invitations to Charmine. Some were hoping to sign her as the brand ambassador, some hoped she



could model for their shows, and some even hoped to collaborate with her company in hopes she would invest in them.

Once he read every email with consideration, Eric concluded, "Among all the invitations, Guci is the most well-known. It'd be good for you, but it's quite competitive. The condition is to shoot a cover with Tiffany, and each of you will represent a different colored collection. The one who's collection makes better sales wins."

Charmine frowned. Why would Guci come up with this showdown tactic out of the blue?

No doubt, this was definitely another dirty trick that phony b\*tch pulled. So Tiffany wanted to use her fame to gain more popularity? To win against her in this showdown?

"I'll take that. Since Tiffany wants to play, I can't say to her. I can only hope she won't regret this." Charmine flipped her half-dried hair and walked away. ,

She needed an early night today, all to make Tiffany regret coming up with this proposal. 1

Watching her silhouette, Eric smiled a little. This woman was getting more arrogant every day, and he

could only hope that things go as planned.

Thinking of the plan, he made a phone call when he left the villa. "Send out the draft," he spoke into the phone.

Not long after, a catchy article paired with an attention-seizing headline became the center of discussion.

## Chapter 62

[Charmine and Tiffany Jordan Making a Cover Shoot Together: A Showdown Between Two Sisters.]

The article explained details of the showdown, along with some analysis of their pros and cons. Although the content was unbiased and professionally written, the two fanbases began fighting against each other not long after the article was published.

[So what if Charmine is rich? She is still a newbie.

How dare she have a showdown with Tiffany?! ]

[What's so great about Tiffany? She didn't even make it to the final appearance of the Chanel show. Haven't you heard of how newcomers are always better off?]

[It's just a matter of luck. Charmine's final appearance was quite stunning, but if one looks closer, it's just her acting expensive and exquisite. How is she going

to carry on a big fashion brand like Gucci? Can she win?]

[Yeah, and the showdown is about sales of the collection they wear. Tiffany has eighty million followers while Charmine has less than eight million. How is she going to win?]

At the Bailey Mansion...

Anthony stood by the bed inside the nursery. "Chris Bailey, are you going to sleep or not?"

"I don't want to! I'm fighting with these netizens.

Mommy's fanbase is too small, so I'm using a hundred different accounts to support her," Chris answered as he switched between accounts in a quest to defend his dear Mommy. 2

Anthony frowned. "So this is what you've been doing for hours?"

"Yes! I won't let anyone bully Mommy!" Chris pouted as he continued typing on his phone. i

Anthony leaned over and grabbed his phone from him. "This isn't how you stand up for Mommy," he spoke, sternly as he did. "Be a good boy and sleep early. I'll bring you to see her tomorrow."

"We'll get to see her tomorrow? Really?" beamed

Chris as his doe eyes twinkled like the stars in the night sky.

Anthony nodded. "Yes."

The next morning, Charmine first went to Chanel to shoot for a jewelry advertisement before rushing to Guci Tower.

Guci Tower was situated at the most luxurious business district in Burlington. Due to the rumors of that day's shooting, fans flooded the tower's compound. They all stood under the bright sunlight and looked around anxiously. On the left side of the building stood a swarm of enthusiastic fans with board signs that supported Tiffany Jordan. On the right side of the building stood less than a hundred fans waiting quietly.

Of course, Charmine had just gotten newfound fame, and her nickname 'Diamond Boss' did not sound too friendly. Although she had lots of fans, they were not crazily adoring her nor were they willing to come all the way here to support her. 2

Coincidentally, just as Charmine's motorbike arrived at the entrance, a pink sports car pulled over from the opposite direction. Its door opened automatically and

Tiffany walked out of the car in elegance. She was dressed in a long mesh dress embroidered with lisianthus flowers. She looked elegant and exquisite. Upon seeing her, the fans launched at her as they yelled:

“Tiffany, Tiffany, Tiffany!”

“The prettiest supermodel, I love you! Please, could you sign here for me?”

“Tiffany, babe, please take a photo with me.

A swarm of fans surrounded Tiffany in a blink of an eye, and she stood out like a white swan in the center of attention.

On the other hand, Charmine silently parked her motorbike and got down from it. Her supporters were less than a hundred people, and they did not dare get too close to her. She did seem intimidating, after all. She stood by the entrance like an unpopular newbie in this industry.

“A nobody like her actually tries to compete with our Tiffany? She’s just trying to ride on Tiffany’s fame.”

“I know, right? Did she even look in the mirror? How daring is she to shoot for Guci’s fashion magazine? Is

she unaware of her unpopularity?”

The crowd mocked at her as they looked at her standing alone.

## Chapter 63

Tiffany’s lips turned down into a frown. ” Please don’t say such a cruel thing about my sister. She does have fans too. Look over there; they’re her fans.”

She pointed in the opposite direction, and her fans looked over to see ten or-so fans still standing there after most of them left. Since Tiffany had over a thousand fans here cheering, it made Charmine’s side seem almost sorry. Moreover, since Charmine was new to the modeling industry, the fans did not know what to say, thus many of them left due to awkwardness.

Tiffany’s fans burst out laughing.

“Hahaha! Are ten people considered ‘fans ‘? This is so shameful!”

“Didn’t she have eight million followers on Twitter? Maybe she bought them with money!”

“Haha! That must be! She’s the Diamond Boss, so surely she’s got the money to buy fake followers!”

“So what if she’s rich? She can’t do anything great

anyway!”

They eyed Charmine in disdain and mockery, almost as though looking at a clown.

Charmine was just about to speak as she removed her helmet, when suddenly...

“Charmine! Charmine! Charmine!”

Chants of her name were heard in the air. Everyone turned to see a swarm of people stampeding toward her. Some of them even ran and yelled:

“Charmine, I’m your biggest fan! Can you tell me what you’re wearing today? I want to wear whatever you’re wearing!”

“Charmine! I’m a reporter for S Royal Magazine! Can I please have an interview with you?”

“Charmine, look at me, look at me! I’m the person in charge of Tina Jewelry! Could you please be our ambassador?”

“I won’t bother you, Charmine, but I’m just your biggest fan! Can you please sign here? It’ll only take a few seconds!”

A bunch of people gathered around her in enthusiasm as they handed their name cards and cards to sign on. Among the bunch were some

celebrities, reporters, jewelry managers, singers, and even owners of companies. Every one of them was a well-known figure. 1

Were they all truly her fans? They cleared their schedules just to see her here?

Tiffany's face turned green with anger. Although she had lots of fans, Charmine's fans were celebrities and important figures. Even when Tiffany was at her peak, she did not have these many important people coming to see her. They usually sent their assistants or staff. 4

Tiffany's fans fell silent as they caught the sight of familiar faces, and they took out their phones to capture this historical moment.

They felt rather lucky to have seen so many important people in just a day!

The tables have turned all too quickly; Charmine was the one surrounded by people instead of Tiffany.

'Why are there so many people? Did Kay ask them to come and support me?' Charmine felt something was off as she eyed her every supporter.

She answered calmly to the fans, "Please contact my manager if you'd like to get in touch. As for signing..."



She did not have a pen with her, but since these people kept shoving their cards toward her enthusiastically, it would seem hurtful to reject them. As if a thought occurred to her, she accepted all the cards and took out a lipstick from her bag to sign them. Between each of her dazzling gestures, her name was firmly signed on every card.

The fans stared at her in disbelief.

“It’s Guerlain Golden Diamond Lipstick! This costs three-hundred fifty-thousand bucks!”

“Goodness! I heard that the case of this lipstick is made of eighteen-karat pure gold that weighed a hundred ten grams, handmade with a hundred and ninety-nine pieces of eighteen-karat diamond!” i

“Gosh! She’s using such an expensive lipstick to sign on our cards?! She’s indeed our Diamond Boss!”

“Charmine, sign for me here! Sign on my shirt!”

Even some of Tiffany’s fans ran toward Charmine as they begged for her three-hundred fifty-thousand bucks worth of signature!

## **Chapter 64**

Charmine did not reject any of the requests; she accepted the cards with one hand and signed with the

other. Her movement was bold yet efficient, her beautiful bright red signature exuded an air of unmatched brilliance just like herself.

Tiffany's nails penetrated deep into her flesh as she clenched her fists. She never expected Charmine could steal the limelight from her, and she became the clown as her fans left her for Charmine. Tiffany could not stand the feeling of being replaced and forgotten; she was the center of attention moments ago. What happened? 1

She gritted her teeth but masked it with a gentle and caring smile as she walked toward her. "Charmine, let's go. Guci staff members are waiting for us."

"Please shut up!" An impatient fan waiting to be signed glared at her for getting in the way.

So what if she was the number one supermodel? They liked Charmine more!

Though the crowd was hired by Anthony, they were genuine Charmine fans. These people did not like to be seen in public, but since they were already here, how could they waste such an opportunity to get her signature? i

Tiffany's face had never been as stiff as it was right

now. How dare these people yell at her? These were just some celebrities and singers, nowhere close to her level of fame. 1

Once she saw Tiffany was on the verge of snapping, Veronica ran toward her and grabbed her arm.

“Tiffany, why don’t we go up first? Don’t forget why we’re here.”

As she recalled her plan, Tiffany slowly calmed down, though an evil glint could be seen in her eyes. What was important during the shooting was to make Charmine lose badly; so badly that she could not stay in the modeling industry.

As she went inside, Charmine glanced at Tiffany’s silhouette and scoffed to herself.

(Hah! Want to fight with me? Ignorant idiot!’ 1

Charmine did not even have to plan nor think of ways to win against Tiffany; there were always people helping her out.

On the top floor of the opposite tower, Anthony and Chris watched them from the window with wide grins on their faces.

Chris jumped in joy. “Mommy is way too cool! These fans are working so hard too! Daddy, you have to

reward them!" 2

Anthony nodded before he turned to Luke who stood behind him and said, "Pay them double the agreed amount."

It was worth it, especially the person who glared at Tiffany.

Luke had on a puzzled expression as he frowned.

These two were helpless. It was not only the young master who was crazy with this woman, even the chairman was tossing millions of bucks to support this woman. Was this a new trend of getting a wife? 2

Beauty could be so deceptive!

Unable to hold back his thoughts, Nial went ahead and said, "Bro, instead of spending so much money to support her, why don't you just buy her a gift?"

"Buy her a gift? Buy what? Does she lack anything?"

Anthony refuted.

Nial had his words stuck in his throat. After

Charmine's identity was exposed yesterday, they had done advanced background checks on her and realized she had countless luxury cars, mansions, brands, and so on. There were even some unknown and mysterious fields on her identity that they could

not get their hands on.

“It seems that my sister-in-law isn’t an easy chase after all. Bro, you got to be prepared for your failure.”

Nial patted Anthony’s shoulder.

Anthony merely smirked at his gesture. ” The word ‘failure’ doesn’t exist in my dictionary.” With that, he reached out his arms toward Chris. “Momo, come here.”

“Yay!” Chris jumped into his arms. Anthony caught him, placed him on his shoulder, and marched out of his office.

Nial frowned. What was his brother up to this time?

## **Chapter 65**

It was only until she ran out of her lipstick that

Charmine entered Guci Tower.

All the staff members were waiting for her. The moment she walked in, Guci’s manager approached her swiftly and greeted, “Hello, Ms. Jordan. We’re finally able to meet. Our makeup artists and photographers are all waiting for you.”

“Sorry for the wait.” Charmine had always treated the staff with a humble attitude.

“No, please, don’t be. You’re a person of importance

with such popularity. We understand entirely.

Someone will do your makeup while I brief you through today's schedule."

Guci's manager brought Charmine to the makeup room personally. Charmine sat down beside Tiffany and all the makeup artists, assistants, and hairstylists gathered around her.

Tiffany clenched her fists as she saw them approaching. The manager did not even greet her personally; it was the assistant who brought her here. Yet, here they were, with the manager personally accompanying her.

Charmine was just a newbie! Why did she get better treatment than her, the number one supermodel?

Veronica saw the change in her look and she quickly covered her up and retouched her makeup. "Don't overthink it, Tiffany. Just do your best later and get some pretty shots, alright?"

Tiffany regained her composure. Of course, she was the number one supermodel; she had countless experiences of shooting for magazines. She knew the angles, poses, and the cameras better than anyone else. She would surely best Charmine and prove

herself to be the prettiest. 2

The manager stood in-between them and announced, "For this Summer collection, our Guci designers had two collections, and each of you would represent one collection. The shots will be published in the magazine, and the collection with the most sales would win this showdown." Ili

"I'm aware that both of you are the top models in the industry, and I'm sure Guci's sales overall would reach a new and never-before-reached mark in history."

"Of course, I'll need you two to discuss who'll represent the Avocado Green collection and who'll represent the Ruby Red collection."

For this, Tiffany swiftly answered, "Since Charmine's temperament is bright and bold, I think red suits her better, and red stands out more easily as well. I'm sure red will be more eye-catching when published in the magazine, which would help the sales of this collection. I'll let you have this."

Tiffany's tone was so kind and gentle that the manager and staff members looked at her with awe and respect. They did not expect her to treat

Charmine with such friendliness.

Charmine merely scoffed. 'Does she think I'm stupid?' she mused to herself.

The Ruby Red collection was no doubt a queen-color collection; it would definitely stand out among the rest. Nonetheless, this was a summer collection shooting.

In summer, everyone would prefer clothes in lighter shades, especially the light shade of avocado; cooling and refreshing. If one were to inspect the streets, it would be a rarity to even see a person in ruby red under the hot summer's sun!

According to the statistics about human personalities, most of the people belonged to the 'mediocre' group.

Only a few out of a hundred people had the tendency to enjoy publicity and attention, and only these few people were likely to buy something from the Ruby Red Collection. Needless to say, sales of the Ruby Red collection were most likely to lose against the cooling Avocado Green collection.

Once she saw Charmine silent for a good while,

Veronica stepped in. "What's wrong, Ms. Jordan?

Tiffany gave you such a good color collection, so why



are you still unhappy?”

“If it’s so great, why don’t you take the Ruby Red collection? I don’t need your charity,” Charmine refuted instantly.

Tiffany’s face stiffened. Of course she would not take on the red collection. Who would want to buy red clothes in summer?

“I’m the elder sister, so it’s on me to let m y younger sister have all the good things,” she replied after she mustered her kind persona once more. “I’ve always let you have good things since we were both young, so let’s just keep it this way. I believe you won’t let me down.”

Tiffany walked to the collection and picked a few avocado green clothes before she left for the changing room.

## **Chapter 66**

Charmine was only able to offer a small yet bitter smile; this would not have happened had she came in much earlier. As a result, she was stuck with the Ruby Red collection, and she felt rather vexed as Tiffany snagged the Avocado Green collection. To be involved in a showdown with this kind of person was a drag,

through and through.

The manager and his assistants could almost taste the hostility in the air, but none of them dared to ask too many questions. Since this was a showdown, it was expected that these two would have some sort of tension. As long as the magazine shoot turned out fine—that the hype and popularity of both collections were high enough and the sales of the Guci products did well—they were not concerned.

Charmine was done with her makeup when an assistant pushed out a rack of clothes toward her.

“Ms. Charmine, these will be your outfits for today.

The plan is to start with thirty-two sets of individual portrait shots before we move on to take a joint portrait with Ms. Tiffany for the cover photo.”

Charmine’s gaze swept over the rack. Every piece of clothing was a vibrant red, all in various styles. There were long skirts, short skirts, dress suits, and jumpsuits.

While the designs looked rather decent, the color on these clothes would make anyone feel hot and uncomfortable on a hot summer’s day. Charmine’s face was passive and stoic as she carried a set of

clothes into the changing room.

At that moment, Tiffany had already changed into her outfit and walked out of the changing room. She was wearing an avocado green mini dress, the sleeves of the same color in a chiffon design. Tiffany looked extremely refreshing and matched with a top-knot bun, the dress made her look youthful and innocentlike.

Even the designer praised her, saying, "The number one top model is truly the number one top model. The soul of the dress is perfectly interpreted!"

As soon as Charmine walked out of the changing room, however, the once cheerful atmosphere soured a little as they had a small frown on their faces. It was because of the outfit; a chiffon jacket with its longsleeved design paired with wide-legged trousers that were long enough to cover the heels. Even though the outfit was made out of a thin and light fabric, it looked hot and stuffy.

With a frown, the head designer scoffed, "I don't know who decided to design a red collection for the summer collection. It's a waste of Guci's resources."

His co-worker did not respond but sighed deeply instead. In her opinion, summer was not merely

refreshing but also fiery and vibrant. It was a shame she had forgotten that the warmth of the red color would create a sense of heat and stuffiness.

Tiffany glanced at Charmine, and her eyes twinkled.

The Ruby Red collection was more suitable for an autumn release. Alas, it was slated for summer's release; no one would buy it even if Charmine looked good in the photoshoots.

Tiffany sweetly said, "Sister, I'm going ahead with my shoot. All the best with yours!" All the best with looking ridiculous; that was what Tiffany meant.

Charmine ignored her and walked toward the photographer.

Designer Bmity followed her and anxiously asked, "This collection might cause trouble for you. Are you sure you don't mind it?"

"We haven't even started yet. Are you that certain we'd lose? A designer that isn't confident in her designs can't be a good designer," came Charmine's confident reply.

Glancing at herself in the mirror, Charmine thought her designs were rather excellent. The workmanship was excellent, and the material was of superb quality.

When she walked in it, it looked very elegant and even gave a pleasantly resplendent feeling.

Furthermore, the sleeves were edged with delicate see-through lace, and it subtly revealed the person's arms. It looked refreshingly unique.

Something was missing, though...

"I can help you if you want to win, but I'll need you to make some alterations to these clothes." Once she finished speaking, Charmine picked up the scissors beside her and started snipping away.

The entire photoshoot team was wide-eyed with shock, especially designer Bmitye! She felt like her heart was breaking into pieces. Those were the clothes she slaved over to create. Each piece was a result of her blood, sweat, and tears, yet here Charmine was—cutting them!

## **Chapter 67**

Designer Bmitye had hoped people would still see the beauty in her design, though it was not refreshing enough for the summer. It would have made Bmitye happy if just a few liked her pieces, yet Charmine was snipping off at her work! That piece of clothing was destroyed just like that!

The manager looked a little uncomfortable as well.

Charmine might be the boss with diamonds, but she—  
at this moment—was the endorsement model for  
Guci. How could she destroy Guci's specially crafted  
clothes?

At that moment, Charmine straightened her body and  
tossed the excess fabric aside with the scissors. In an  
instant, everyone stared in surprise as their jaws  
dropped. The outfit that was originally long and  
expansive became a high-waisted outfit after  
Charmine's alteration.

The altered clothing showed off Charmine's slender  
and sexy waist. The long, wide pant legs of the outfit  
were slit up the side; her elegant long legs would be  
exposed with just a gentle breeze. It was like a tease.

The original outfit was loose and baggy, yet it was  
transformed into a much more refreshing piece. It  
even gave off an unspoken sense of coquettish  
beauty.

Designer Bmitye's momentary heartache turned into  
emotional happy tears. She had intended her  
collection to be ethereal, free-flowing red clothes,  
which was why she designed the long trouser legs

and included the long sleeves. However, in her moment of inspiration, she had forgotten to include elegance and eye-pleasing beauty in her designs. Seeing Charmine's alterations, the clothes looked even more free-flowing and ethereal in such a short time that she was astounded. Overwhelmed with emotions, Bmitye gushed, " It's perfect! Absolutely perfect! Charmine, you're truly a genius!"

Charmine kept her calm and serious demeanor as she walked to the center of the set and said, " Let's begin."

The photographer snapped out of it and started his task. Most models always required him to prompt them so they could change poses, but Charmine skillfully shifted from pose to pose, holding them for the perfect amount of time. She held each pose for a couple of seconds, just enough time for the photographer to get his shot before she changed her stance.

Charmine knew how to present the clothes better than the designer herself: She pretended to walk, allowing the wide trouser legs to flutter freely in the wind; she lifted her hand to touch her hair, the laceedged

sleeves of her top showcased well; she sat at an angle with her legs slightly bent, her white and long shapely legs revealed in the process. 1

Each and every pose was exquisitely beautiful.

Astoundingly beautiful! All 32 sets of outfits—each altered to Charmine’s specifications under her masterful eye—showed amazing results on the camera. Designer Bmity was so overwhelmed that she could cry. She had a good feeling her collection would sell well this time!

The shoot went on until late in the afternoon. ” Have a moment to rest,” said the assistant to Charmine.

“Once Miss Tiffany is done with her photoshoot, you guys can take your joint photoshoot. It’s a wrap after that.”

Charmine sat in the lounge, enjoying the drinks that they provided. Veronica swept a glance at her and could not stop herself from laughing. “O h, you’re done with your shoot so quickly? The photographer must’ve been dissatisfied with you. You need to learn from your sister; she did s o well. Her photographer can’t bear to put his camera down, which is why their shoot is still ongoing.” 1



“Why would I want to learn lousy modeling skills from her?” Charmine asked humorlessly.

Veronica froze when she heard that; she felt her voice was lodged in her throat. ‘This damned Charmine!’ she rebuked internally.

At that moment, Tiffany was done with her photoshoot, and Veronica rushed to her side and walked her to the lounge to have a seat. One of the junior assistants came to serve her an iced drink while another started to massage her shoulders. She was like a noble princess; her entire being reflected a sense of refinement and elegance. 1

On the other hand, there was no one by Charmine’s side. Tiffany took this opportunity and said, “Sister, why didn’t you bring any assistants? Ronnie, go and help massage my sister’s shoulders. Don’t worry about me.”

“Yes, Miss,” came Ronnie’s dutiful reply as she walked towards Charmine.

## **Chapter 68**

“No need,” dismissed Charmine, “it was only a few photographs anyway. Are you that tired from just that? I’m not as pretentious as you.” With that,

Charmine stood and went to the nearby water dispenser for a glass of water.

Tiffany was initially relaxed in her corner, but Charmine's answer soured her mood in a n instant. Her face went red with embarrassment, but as she remembered she was the top model, she instantly recollected her cool.

She took this opportunity and said, "Oh, I've been useless as an older sister. All these years at home, Mom and Dad had never let m e lift a finger. They were worried that I'd hurt myself, and that's why I'm so spoilt now.

"I admire you, dear sister. You've had the opportunity to work hard on your own. Unlike me, even when I walk down the road, someone will always hold the umbrella for m e. Whatever I want to eat, Mom and Dad will have it prepared for me right away. I've told them before that they should treat you better, that you could be their biological daughter! What do you think they'd say to that?" At this point, Tiffany purposely left it unfinished like a riddle.

Charmine completely ignored her and focused on drinking her water.

Without relent, Tiffany added, "Mom and Dad said you were never close to them ever since you were young, and they never liked your temper or personality. Even if you were their biological daughter, they'd still like me the best." Tiffany's sweet, soothing voice carried a clear warning. Even if Charmine unraveled the truth about everything, what could she do about it? Even if she told everyone, no one would like her.

Charmine did not get the chance to speak before Aunt Cherrie suddenly arrived.

"Ms. Tiffany, it seems my guess was right about you being here. Mrs. Jordan heard that you've been working hard on a magazine photoshoot for the whole afternoon. She was so worried about you, hence she specially prepared some ambrosia and asked me to deliver it to you."

"Mrs. Jordan treats you really well Tiffany," came Veronica's offhanded comment as she meaningfully raised her brows at Charmine. Veronica received the gold-plated container to hand it over to Tiffany.

"Give it to my sister," said Tiffany. "She has never had ambrosia made personally by our mom."

“Well, you have a point. Our Tiffany has had it more times than she can count, so we’ll let you have it this time.” Veronica carried the container and walked toward Charmine; her every action made it clear she thought Charmine was a charity case.

Charmine mockingly glanced at them and retorted, “There’s no nutritional value in ambrosia. It’s got too much refined sugar, and overconsuming it could lead to conditions such as diabetes and hypertension. If you wanted something refreshing and sweet but much better for your health, I’d recommend eating more fruits. They’re high in vitamins and are full of natural sugars which are better for you.”

Once she had finished speaking, she glanced at the ambrosia and shook her hand dismissively and disgustedly. Tiffany and Veronica’s faces were as black as a kettle. This ambrosia was made to sound like a disgusting dish! They were angry enough to choke her to death, but they were surrounded by people.

Veronica was so enraged that it was hard to speak.

Still, she managed to force out, “Charmine, don’t call the grapes sour just because you can’t have them.

Tiffany was nice enough to give the ambrosia to you.

How can you be so slanderous?"

"Ms. Charmine isn't being slanderous, she's speaking the truth." The Guci manager who had been standing at the side this whole time walked up and said kindly, "In our country, not many people would eat ambrosia.

The preservatives in most of the ingredients can be harmful in large amounts, and the dessert has an extremely high sugar content. You're a natural beauty, so you should eat less processed foods, especially those with a lot of sugar like ambrosia."

Tiffany's complexion became even darker as her fingernails dug into her palms. She had never been so humiliated before. Why was it that every time Charmine was present, something bad would happen to her? She wanted nothing more than to choke her and watch the life in her ebb away.

At that moment, someone walked in and said, "Ms. Jordan, our chairman prepared a bowl of clam chowder for you. He hopes that you will enjoy it."

Charmine's complexion started to improve as she thought, 'Clam chowder?'

"Clams are a type of shellfish which are high in

protein but low in carbohydrates and fat. They offer exceptional nutrient density, and they're full of beneficial vitamins and minerals. This includes iron, Vitamin B-12, and omega-3. You don't have an issue with clam chowder, do you, dear sister?" Tiffany arched her eyebrows and looked at Charmine, and there was a twinkle of mischief in her eyes.

## Chapter 69

Charmine's eyes swept across the assistant standing at the door before responding to Tiffany, "There's nothing wrong with clam chowder, but... This clam chowder isn't for you." Charmine eyed Tiffany condescendingly before she turned to the assistant and asked, "Since you're here, why are you still standing there?"

The assistant instantly hurried over to Charmine's side and placed the clam chowder in front of her. "Ms. Charmine, please enjoy this dish," came his curt response. "Our chairman stayed by the stove for three hours just to make this clam chowder for you." 1

Tiffany was dumbfounded; the clam chowder was not for her but for Charmine instead! Charmine was just a newbie, yet she already had a chairman preparing

clam chowder for her personally? That was

maddening. Extremely maddening!

Everyone in the room began to point and sneer at

Tiffany while they eyed Charmine with admiration.

Charmine received the dish and sampled the clam chowder rather elegantly.

The moment she tasted it, her taste buds were greeted with the fresh, perfectly seasoned flavor of the clams.

It was not oily and was utterly delectable. She could not believe that Anthony—the big-shot ‘macho’ man—could make such a great dish. 2

Tiffany watched as Charmine enjoyed the dish, and she wallowed in jealousy. The clam chowder doubled as a slap in the face for Tiffany, and she refrained from letting the anger and embarrassment show on her face. “Charmine, my sister, did you just accept food from a stranger without first checking their identity?” she asked in an attempt to mask her emotions. “You must know that all men have evil intentions.

“Accepting his food means that you accept his courtship. From now on, you won’t be able to get rid of him. If you really wanted to eat something, you

could have Veronica or Ronnie get it for you. No matter what you want to eat, they'll be able to buy it for you. Why did you have to accept food from a stranger?" Tiffany's words seem to carry the tone of an elder sister trying to look out for her younger sibling; it was filled with care and concern. 2

Charmine then bitterly smirked at Tiffany as she replied, "Oh, really? Can they really get me anything that I want to eat? In that case, can you get them to buy me an ice cream from La Dolce?"

The concern on Tiffany's face instantly disappeared.

La Dolce was an internet sensation and a famous restaurant in Burlington city. The people queuing at the restaurant could be as much as a few hundred each day. People would have to queue at least a couple of hours to even buy a n ice cream.

When Tiffany did not reply right away, Charmine cocked her brows and added, " Why aren't you speaking? You seemed really serious when you spoke before. Unless... You only said all those things for the people around us to hear?" 1

Tiffany's face blushed into a deep shade of purple as she felt the questioning gazes from the onlookers. She



focused on keeping her calm and smiled weakly. “Of course not! Since that’s what my sister wants to eat, I’ll make sure you get it. Ronnie, what are you waiting for? Hurry up and get it.”

“Yes, Miss.” Little Ronnie, who was in the middle of massaging Tiffany’s shoulders, pursed her lips and left swiftly.

‘It’s a scorching hot day. They must’ve wanted me dead by standing in a queue for several hours. This cunning Charmine is too good at ruining people’s lives,’ Ronnie fumed to herself. 1

...

After Ronnie left, Tiffany thought about business and turned around to face Charmine again to say, “Sister Charmine, since you’ve eaten the clam chowder, wouldn’t it be better for you to ask about this chairman’s background and credentials? You should express your gratitude, at the very least. It’s only proper to do so.” This mysterious chairman had already helped Charmine avoid humiliation twice now. She needed to figure out who this person was! Charmine’s lips curled into an attractive smile. “If it were you, you’d definitely need to thank him. For me,

however, there's no such need..." Charmine's gaze landed on the assistant and she continued in a low voice, " After all, he's the assistant of Prince Simon Gray. As Prince Simon Gray is my subordinate, I don't need to thank the subordinate of my subordinate."

Her tone was haughty and arrogant.

Charmine was lying, but she did it for Anthony's sake.

If Tiffany discovered it was him all along, she would definitely latch onto him and never let him go.

Tiffany's gaze turned icy as she turned to look at the assistant with an incredulous expression. "You're Prince Simon Gray's assistant?"

## **Chapter 70**

Prince Simon Gray personally making clam chowder for Charmine? That can't be true!' thought Luke Reed, Anthony's assistant. At that moment, he felt Charmine's frosty glare, a clear warning, and remembered Anthony's words that went, 'Whatever her demands, go along with it.'

Hence, he replied, "Yes, my chairman is Prince Simon Gray."

Tiffany stiffened in shock. She had originally thought that she could try and provoke or even seduce this

mystery chairman. She never thought of this outcome instead, and Charmine had embarrassed her again.

Tiffany's heart pounded frantically in her embarrassment as she blurted, "Veronica, help me to the changing room. It's probably time for the last shot of the day."

"Of course! You're so professional when it comes to work, Tiffany. You're not like some people who are only focused on eating," responded Veronica as she cast a displeased look at Charmine and helped Tiffany to the changing room.

Charmine rolled her eyes and paid no attention to them. She returned the container to Luke and said,

"Please tell him that he doesn't need to send me anything from now on.

"Tell him to pay more attention to the person he should be looking after." Charmine had received things from Anthony twice, but when she thought of how he was spending his time and energy on her but refused to spend time with Momo, she still did not have a good impression of him.

Since returning to the country, her aim had always been on business. There was no place for romance or

falling in love. Luke decided it was in his best interest to say nothing, so he merely nodded and left.

The onlookers could not help but question what they had just heard, and they wondered about the meaning behind Charmine's words. Why did her words sound odd? Was it because Prince Simon Gray had fallen for Charmine, and she wanted to remind him to devote himself to Princess Verna, his wife?

That was admirable of her, that was for sure.

Charmine merely shrugged off the questioning glances all around her and walked into the changing room for her outfit change.

...

This was the final set of clothes to be photographed, and it was also going to be the cover photo of the magazine. Compared to the personal portraits, a twoperson photoshoot was more challenging. They had two concerns: They had to present themselves as best as possible and outdo their rival to draw attention to themselves.

Tiffany had thought about this point and did her best to improve her appearance, touching up her makeup.

When it was time for their joint photoshoot, Tiffany

saw Charmine in her red dress and could not help but laugh inwardly.

Compared to her previous outfits, this was a deeper shade of red. The sleeves were balloon – styled short sleeves while the dress had a square neckline that hugged the collarbone snugly. As for the bottom half of her outfit, there were layers upon layers of large mesh skirts. Even though her outfit was French-inspired and looked luxurious, it did not fit the summer theme well. 2

In contrast, Tiffany was wearing a light avocado green-colored one-piece short dress with a sleeveless design. There were laces on her shoulders which made it look very sweet and delicate. The V-neck design allowed a faint hint of cleavage to be seen though not completely. More importantly, there was a triangular cut-out at the waist of the dress, which exposed her snow-white stomach and cute belly button. She looked charming and playful.

As they stood side-by-side, it was obvious that Tiffany's dress was the one everyone would want to own. At that moment, the manager announced, "The flamingo is your prop, so you can pose any way you

like, so long as you both keep your peace.”

“We will,” responded Tiffany as she walked up to the flamingo and straddled it. She stretched both of her legs out, and as the skirt only came up mid-thigh, her long and straight legs were revealed in their full glory. As she sat at a slight angle to the camera, one could see the curve of her chest and the creative cutout at her belly button.

Tiffany leaned against the flamingo casually, and the pose made her look like a lovable fresh-faced young girl. At that moment, she received a round of applause from the photoshoot team. 1

“Perfect! Utter perfection! Absolute perfection! Ms. Tiffany, don’t you dare move. Maintain your position, and don’t move a muscle!” said the photographer excitedly. He looked at Charmine and instructed her, “Ms. Charmine, try to match and complement Ms. Tiffany’s pose. Just make sure to avoid bumping into her.”

‘Avoid bumping into her’? That was music to Tiffany’s ears. At this rate, Charmine could only stand behind her and find a pose to complement her. What pose could Charmine come up with? Charmine would

definitely dim next to her, and she would surely lose!

## Chapter 71

Bmity looked at Charmine fretfully; she was overwhelmed with anxiety.

What was Charmine's plan? Could she turn water into wine? This was next to impossible.

Meanwhile, Tiffany was seated on a flamingo, a sweet smile adorning her face as she did. She looked like an ethereal fairy, protected and unaware of the ongoing around her.

The avocado green and pink-colored flamingos made a perfect match. The combination looked so aesthetically pleasing that one could almost forget about the midsummer heat. 1

In contrast, Charmine's large red top paired with a loose-fitting skirt kept her covered up tightly. Both her chest and legs could not be seen. How could she best Tiffany at this rate?

Everyone present was curious, but the nonchalant Charmine merely turned to ask Tiffany, "Are you sure you want to sit there in this manner? Won't you regret it?" 1

"Yes. Why not? Can't you think of any poses to match

mine?" Tiffany replied.

Though it was not so obvious, Tiffany's reply was laced with sarcasm. 1

Hmph. Was this even a challenge? Charmine merely sighed and held her tongue. She swung her legs over the same flamingo and sat right behind Tiffany.

Although the flamingo was laying horizontally, Charmine could not spread her legs as wide as Tiffany did. After all, her long skirt was clipped between her thighs and she gave off a stuffy image.

It looked like Charmine would lose this time. The crowd sighed. 1

Unexpectedly, Charmine reached out and held Tiffany's shoulders. Face entirely stoic yet elegant, she shifted her weight toward that hand. Somehow, she managed to do this in a graceful and elegant manner.

The crowd was astounded. Charmine's pose basically turned Tiffany into a mere coffee table! 1

What a move!

Charmine looked at the crowd and said, " Let's shoot."

The cameraman regained his senses and immediately adjusted his viewfinder. Once h e pointed his lens at



the pair, he started the shoot.

Veronica had thought of stepping in, but after she considered the facts at hand, she decided against it.

No matter what pose Charmine would strike, the dress she had on still looked complicated and heavy.

There were layers and layers of mesh and netting; who would buy this dress?

Charmine's expressions were outstandingly captivating, but Tiffany was doing just as great and was classically attractive. Furthermore, the contest was to compare who would rake up more sales for their collection. How could Charmine even stand a chance? 1

It was because of this reasoning that Veronica decided to stand down.

"Let's start!" piped the photographer. " Ladies, please give me your best poses." 1

With that said, he prepared himself to click his shutter.

In a split second, Charmine used her other hand to flip back the heavy fabric of her dress.

As the shutter clicked, the moment was frozen in time!

The photo showed Charmine's body leaning toward the 'coffee table', while her face leaned on her other fair-skinned hand as she looked into the camera boldly and haughtily.

Her clothes were heavy, thick, shapeless, and ugly, but she made it look like a million dollars. 1

The best part was that her skirt was blown backward, and it mimicked movement that only a giant gust of wind could create. The aura she emitted was grandiose; she looked stunning!

The photographer looked at the shots and exclaimed, "Perfect! Perfect! Perfect!"

Nobody would have imagined that a model could turn such a situation to her favor and achieve a desirable outcome!

As she sat in front of Charmine, Tiffany could not see what Charmine had done.

She assumed the photographer's praises were for her.

After all, she had given it everything she got.

"Was that good?" she asked coyly. "Do you need another shot?"

## Chapter 72

It was only after Tiffany spoke that the photographer

remembered she was there as well. He took a closer look at the photograph.

While Tiffany did well, the background was colored pink just like the flamingos on set. Tiffany's green clothes paled in comparison, and the eye could only notice Charmine's flaming-red outfit.

Her pale colors automatically made her fade into the background, and it looked as if she was Charmine's supporting prop.

It did not help Tiffany's case that Charmine was leaning onto her as Tiffany looked into the camera with a smile, clutching on to the flamingo's neck.

Somehow, she managed to look like a dutiful and diligent coffee table—a mere prop.

The other interpretation to the photograph was that she looked like Charmine's slave or servant girl as she made way for Charmine.

Nevertheless, other than the fact that Tiffany somehow became a supporting cast, it was a perfect photograph.

"No need for a second shot," assured the photographer. "it's great! You can pack up."

Hearing this, Charmine retreated to the changing

room.

After all, the outcome was already determined. There was no room left for guessing!

Tiffany looked at Charmine's retreating back with a slight grin. She thought that Charmine must have known she was at the losing end. If only she could get the photos earlier and humiliate Charmine to death...

As she thought of this, she walked toward the photographer. "Mr. Peter, you worked hard today. Can I see today's shots?" she spoke, her voice kind and elegant that matched the beauty on her face.

"Of course you can. But, I'll have you know that this camera is really expensive and it cost me millions," he reminded. "Just stand at the side and I'll give you a peek."

"Alright." Tiffany moved aside and exchanged a silent glance with Veronica.

Veronica calmly walked behind her and took out her phone, pretending to play with it. However, her plan was to use her phone's camera to capture the photo.

Veronica did notice that Charmine's hand moved during the shoot, and it was clearly unprofessional.

She did not expect Charmine would turn out looking

good in the photograph.

Both of them expected to see Charmine's ugly photo, but the photo gave them the shock of their lives.

The photograph reduced Tiffany to a mere background actor, almost as if she did not exist.

Charmine, with her flowing red dress, stole the scene!

Her loose, red dress seemed to billow in the wind. It looked like she was in the midst of midsummer's wind beautifully. The dress looked so good on her that people would want to put themselves in her shoes.

Even Charmine's solo shots were shockingly stunning!

Of course, Tiffany's solo shots were not bad; she was eye-pleasing, fresh. Still, as they compared the shots, she looked like a common maid.

The avocado green color made her look like she was part of the set.

Tiffany clutched her heart, her fingernails almost digging into her flesh.

How could this be? How could it turn out this way?!

Charmine's clothes were all heavy, stuffy, and ugly.

How could she have made it look s o good?

If these photos were to be circulated, it would be the death of Tiffany's career! Charmine would crush her! She thought of this and tapped on Veronica's leg, and Veronica instantly caught on. She inhaled deeply before she walked toward Tiffany and said, "Hey, you did a good job with Charmine. This magazine edition will surely—aah!"

Before she could finish her sentence, her leg was accidentally caught on a wire and it sent her falling toward Tiffany.

Caught off-guard, Tiffany knocked down the photographer's camera.

Plonk!

A loud clunk was heard as the camera fell onto the floor and shattered into pieces. Even the camera's SD card fell out and snapped into two!

## **Chapter 73**

Everyone in the room was shocked, especially Peter. His camera was worth millions, and it stored a whole day's worth of hard work!

He kneeled on the floor and cradled his broken camera with trembling hands.

Though there was a small cut on Tiffany's forehead, it did not matter to her. Immediately, she hung her head low and continuously blurted, "I'm so sorry! I didn't mean it...! I really didn't mean it! Let me know how much this camera cost, and I'll compensate for it no matter the cost!"

"How can you compensate me?! The camera contains all the footage from everyone's hard work today!"

It was the first time Peter got angry at a beautiful lady, and the first time he felt like hitting a woman.

As her eyes turned glossy, Tiffany kept bowing at everyone around her, apologizing again and again.

"I'm so sorry! My manager didn't see where she was going... It's all our fault. I'll compensate for your camera, your photos, and even your advertising fees. I'll even compensate for your salaries; three days' worth of sales. I'll guarantee that my second shoot will be better than today's. Please, can you forgive me? I'm begging you

Tiffany looked very much pitiable, coupled with her faltering voice. It evoked a strong sense of sympathy for her.

The manager heard this and forced himself to calm

down. "Just arrange for another shoot tomorrow," he grumbled once he managed to compose himself.

Good art would require the right time, place, and people; all the stars need to align. He knew that such a perfect photo today might not be successfully replicated tomorrow. His decision came from a place without much of a choice; he did not have any.

Tiffany saw the impatient crowd and bowed again.

"Thank you! I'm sorry for creating such trouble. I'll be even more hardworking tomorrow!"

She sounded humble and gentle, but as she lowered her head, no one could see the determination and fire in her eyes. She resolved that Charmine would not have a smooth photoshoot tomorrow! Charmine could not stay here anymore!

At this moment, Charmine emerged from the changing room. The manager walked to her and said, with sorrow in his voice, "Ms. Charmine, I'm terribly sorry. Our camera and SD card have been badly damaged... Today's shoot has gone bust. I'm so sorry, but you have to do it again tomorrow."

"What?" Charmine frowned.

Tiffany hurriedly approached her and whimpered,



“Charmine, please don’t be angry. It’s not their fault.

It’s all my fault; I broke the camera. I’ll cover your salary tomorrow and even give you an extra million.

Please agree to come for the shoot tomorrow, and please don’t be angry.”

She looked utterly pathetic as she pleaded.

Charmine glanced at Peter who was sitting on the ground. She swept together some broken pieces and said, “I’m sorry, but I can’t do it tomorrow.”

What? The crowd looked at Charmine with anger in their eyes.

It was indeed Tiffany’s fault, but Tiffany had apologized and even groveled to this extent. If Tiffany—a top model—could agree to a reshoot, what on earth was Charmine—a newcomer—thinking by refusing to reshoot?

The manager sternly chastised her, “Ms. Charmine, this was entirely unexpected, and we don’t want this to happen either. It’s very unfortunate, but the SD card was destroyed. They can’t be used, and we have no choice but to reshoot.”

“Who said it can’t be used?” Charmine walked toward Peter and took the SD card from his hand.

The crowd was hushed as Charmine walked toward the computer. The crowd glanced at each other nervously.

## Chapter 74

Was it repairable? How could an SD card snapped in two even work?

Tiffany's brows were raised, and she instantly chased after Charmine. "Charmine, don't fool around. How can this SD card be repaired? Even if God is real, God can't do anything about this. Just give it to me; I'll buy a new one for Peter tomorrow."

"Just because God can't do it doesn't mean I can't. Now, get out of my way!" 1

Charmine shoved Tiffany away from her and walked toward the computer. She took a seat in front of the computer to invert the chip. She spliced it and fixed it.

At that moment, her fair and slender arms looked agile and beautiful.

Peter had already noticed Charmine's beautiful arms during the shoot, and seeing her in action improved his mood. Even if the SD card could not be salvaged, he knew he would get a good shot of Charmine

during the reshoot.

Charmine remained focused as everyone stared at her with bated breath. No one dared to interrupt her as they waited expectantly. Only Tiffany's breath began to shorten as she became more nervous. She knew all would be for naught if Charmine repaired the SD card, and it did not help her case that she incurred a large sum to compensate for the camera! How...? How? How could she stop Charmine from repairing the card?

Charmine placed the repaired memory card into the card reader and inserted the device into the computer slot. She began typing on the keyboard, and lines of code appeared.

As she noticed the progress bar inching toward its completion on the computer, Tiffany started to clench her fists tightly as she glanced at Veronica. If they could only destroy the computer now, Charmine would not be able to repair it.

Veronica shook her head; it would arouse suspicion the same type of damage happened twice.

Ding! That was the sound that came from the computer, and a folder popped up on the computer

screen. The folder contained all the photos taken today!

Peter instantly burst into tears of joy. He walked toward Charmine and clasped her hands in gratitude.

“Charmine, thank you! I’m so grateful!”

As a photographer, he knew better than anyone that the aura and mood of the photograph were super important. He knew that everyone needed to be in the right frame of mind and be ready. If they had reshot the photos tomorrow with the same photos and design, he could not guarantee that everyone would be in the same frame of mind. He might not even get the best shot.

Everyone looked at Charmine, full of admiration.

“That’s amazing! The photos are safely recovered!”

“Charmine is so amazing! What an all- star; amazing MacGyver!”

“Charmine, you’re my role model! I’ll only b e worshipping you from now on!”

Everyone in the room praised her kindly; they viewed Charmine in a new light.

Tiffany’s expression turned extremely ugly. She had painstakingly planned this; now she would have to

even compensate millions in cash. Above all, she managed to make Charmine appear as the hero! She wanted to kill Charmine with her bare hands.

This was not okay. She could barely contain her rage, and she knew she had to think of something else.

Seeing everyone crowd around Charmine, she halfheartedly bade her farewells and left.

...

Tiffany kicked the grass at the roadside outside the building. The horrible Charmine had ruined her plans. She knew that the photos would ruin her career if they saw the light of day. She needed to clip Charmine in the bud before she grew more successful.

It was then when she saw a man carrying roses at hand, walking toward her, and Tiffany's eyes twinkled at that moment. Of course! How could she have forgotten?