

The Mocked Miss's Hidden Crowns – Chapter 3 |

"Please come in, Miss Healer. Anthony's waiting for you. It's an emergency."

Charlotte stared at the grand courtyard in front of her, all old-world elegance and wealth. The name "Blair" was stamped boldly above the gate. That was when it hit her. She must've gotten into the wrong car.-

"You all..."

"We'll pay you every penny we promised." Aaron cut her off, clearly thinking she was only here for the money. There was a flicker of annoyance in his eyes.

Charlotte frowned, a little irritated. "That's not what I meant..."

"If you want to discuss more money, talk to Anthony," Aaron rushed to say, sounding like he was scared she might bolt. "He's not short on cash."

Money, huh.

Who isn't after it, really?

The Main Family lived across town, and it would take her at least an hour and a half to get back. Charlotte glanced up at the darkening sky, remembering the forecast called for a huge storm tonight. She rubbed her aching neck, her voice lazy. "I just want to know if meals and a place to sleep are included."

Aaron stopped in his tracks, his mind clearly reeling.

"Uh... of course."

He really thought to himself, healers are something else. No one thinks quite like they do.

"Alright, let's go."

Charlotte grabbed her bag, stepped out of the car, her long legs moving with easy confidence. The wind outside was wild. A sudden gust whipped up her skirt, her legs pale and straight in the swirling air.

Charlotte frowned, pushing her skirt back into place.

At that moment, a flashy Bugatti Veyron glided through the gates. The window was cracked open, and she could just make out someone lounging in the back seat.

The man wore a sharp, black tailored suit. His features were striking and cold, his whole vibe screaming power and control. His hand rested lazily on the window, a cigarette burning between his fingers.

He looked up, his gaze catching on Charlotte across the courtyard.

Pretty face. Slender, graceful figure. Those legs.

His eyes narrowed, and the corner of his mouth lifted. Suddenly, his cool, handsome look had a hint of mischief.

"Anthony, Aaron called. The healer is here. Should we go to Patricia's room, or...?"

Hans, Anthony's right-hand man, turned, catching Anthony staring off at a patch of open ground, smiling just a little. "Anthony, is something up?"

Anthony broke his gaze, cigarette dangling from his lips. He loosened his tie, exhaled smoke, and smiled. "Nice weather."

Right then, thunder crashed overhead. The sky opened up, rain pouring down in sheets.

Hans was silent.

The rain kept coming, water pooling on the stone path. The villa looked like something out of a movie

shrouded in

mist and rain, its sheer

grandeur showing off just how rich

this family was.

Aaron glanced at Charlotte. Her face was perfectly calm, not a single sign of surprise or awe.

He thought, most people from the

countryside would be wide-eyed seeing a place like this. But not her.

chill Guess

She was completely

that's what makes a healer special.

Aaron scratched his head, curiosity winning out. "Miss Healer, can you really cure anything?"

Charlotte just lifted her eyes, her face blank. She didn't respond.

Aaron didn't seem to mind. "You're so young. How did you become a healer, anyway?"

Charlotte stayed silent.

"Patricia's case... every doctor says it's hopeless. This job isn't going to be

easy. That ten million isn't just handed to you, you know You should be ready."
Still, nothing from Charlotte.

He tried again, "Miss Healer, do you—"

"You're noisy."

Charlotte cut him off, frowning, clearly annoyed by his endless questions.