

The Mocked Miss's Hidden Crowns – Chapter 4 |

Aaron nearly choked, glancing over at the girl. She was stunning, with that delicate, innocent-looking face, but her eyes were sharp and icy. There was something about her that made her seem powerful, like she could take over the whole room just by standing there.

Aaron felt a strange chill from her energy. He pressed his lips together and decided it was safer not to say anything else.-

They walked through the courtyard and turned down a hallway, finally stopping at a part of the house that looked freshly renovated, almost like it belonged in a magazine. They hadn't even stepped inside when panicked shouts spilled out.

Charlotte peeked in through the doorway. An elderly woman with a head full of white hair lay on the hospital bed, her monitors beeping wildly as her blood pressure and heart rate dropped lower and lower. She looked like she was hanging by a thread. The doctors and nurses were rushing around, bumping into each other in their hurry. "Charge the paddles. Get ready to defibrillate," the lead doctor called out.

Charlotte's eyes landed on Patricia, whose face had gone paper white. Charlotte let out a soft, almost mocking laugh and spoke up, her voice calm but clear. "Are you saving her or making things worse?"

Her words cut straight through the chaos. The entire medical team froze and turned to stare at her.

There she was, a slim, tall girl with striking features, looking way too young to be anywhere near a hospital emergency. Her eyes were cool and steady as she watched them.

A ripple of irritation went through the room.

Who does this girl think she is? Does she even know anything about medicine? How dare she question them in front of everyone?

A woman stepped forward, decked out in luxury brands, looking every bit the part of someone used to getting her way. "Who are you? What are you even talking about?" Patricia had three children-two sons and a daughter. The woman who spoke was her second daughter-in-law, Dorothy. She was in her forties, but you wouldn't know it from how well she took care of herself. Even now, her perfect makeup made her glare seem even sharper.

"She's the miracle doctor Anthony brought in," Aaron blurted, trying to explain.

Dorothy's eyes narrowed as she looked Charlotte up and down, then let out a cold laugh. "Her? A miracle doctor? Are you kidding me? Are my eyes playing tricks on me or are yours?"

There was nothing about Charlotte that said doctor, let alone miracle worker.

"The patient looks like she's having heart failure, but it's actually acute thrombosis: You need to clear the blockage or her brain won't get enough oxygen" Charlotte said her voice steady and her face unreadable.

The doctors exchanged confused glances. Acute thrombosis? How could she even know that without any tests?

Patricia had a history of heart problems. This wasn't the first time she'd crashed like this. How could all of them be wrong?

They glanced at Charlotte again. She looked barely eighteen, probably hadn't even started college, much less medical school.

Could their diagnosis really be off?

One of the older doctors scoffed. "People these days will pretend to be anyone and say anything just for attention."

"I've been in medicine for decades, I've met so many so-called miracle doctors and every single one turned out to be a fraud," another doctor added, rolling his eyes.

The oldest physician spoke up with total confidence. "Keep going. Get ready to defibrillate."

He trusted his years of experience more than anything a random girl could say.

Charlotte couldn't help but smirk, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Quacks."

The doctor bristled, his pride

bruised Dorothy, get her out of here She's interfering with Patricia's treatment."

No one in the room was willing to trust a stranger over their own judgment.

Dorothy's patience snapped. She didn't want to waste another second arguing. "Someone, get her out of here! Now!"