

The Mocked Miss's Hidden Crowns – Chapter 5 |

"Drag her out?"

Aaron froze, hesitating before forcing out the words. "Dorothy, she's Anthony's guest..."

Since when did anyone get to question Anthony's decisions?

At the mention of Anthony-the man known for being cold and ruthless-Dorothy's expression shifted. A chill ran through her, but she kept her chin up and refused to back down. She shot Charlotte a look, then forced herself to sound steady and firm.

"Get her out. I'll talk to Anthony myself."

The moment she gave the order, a bodyguard stomped into the room, all muscle and menace, and reached for Charlotte's arm.

Charlotte watched the hand coming toward her. Her eyes narrowed, a hint of frost at the corners. She lifted her arm, quick and sharp, and a sudden burst of strength sent the bodyguard stumbling back several steps before he caught himself.

"How dare you make trouble on Blair family property? Are you trying to get yourself killed?" Dorothy's voice was shrill, her lips twisted with anger. "Throw her out!"

"Yes, ma'am!"

The bodyguard lunged at Charlotte again, this time aiming right for her face.

Charlotte drew a slow breath, her eyes flashing with anger. She tilted her head just enough to dodge, ready to strike back. Before she could move, a strong hand wrapped around her waist and pulled her away.

The bodyguard's hand sliced through the air right next to her ear. Charlotte found herself pressed against a broad, warm chest, surrounded by a crisp, clean scent.

Startled, she looked up-and met a pair of cool, steady eyes.

The man towering over her had to be close to six foot three, his expensive black suit perfectly fitted to his tall, powerful frame. His face was all sharp lines and elegance, strikingly handsome, his dark brows and deep-set eyes giving him an untouchable, almost dangerous aura. He held the bodyguard's wrist in a tight grip, his gaze cold enough to freeze the air.

"A man's hands are meant to build, not to hurt women," he said quietly, his

voice like velvet over steel. "And besides, she's with me."

He let go of the bodyguard's wrist with a sharp flick.

"You don't know the rules. Take him out and punish him, family style."

"Anthony!" the bodyguard gasped, falling to his knees. But he didn't say another word, letting the others drag him away. He knew what was coming ten lashes, at least.

Everyone in the room was holding their breath now, casting anxious glances at Anthony.

With him? Was this young, innocent-looking girl really the one Anthony had brought here?

Dorothy clenched her fists, biting her lip. "Anthony, who is she? She doesn't look like she could heal anyone."

Anthony looked down at Charlotte. She met his gaze, her eyes bright and clear, not the least bit afraid. His eyes narrowed, curious now.

Charlotte's lashes fluttered as she quickly hid a flash of something unreadable in her

eyes. She stepped back, putting a little space between them.

He noticed the sudden emptiness where she'd been, but the feeling of her waist under his hand lingered. His brow switched Are you the healer I sent for?" His voice was low and rough.

Charlotte was tall, nearly five-seven, all long limbs and quiet confidence. Still, standing in front of Anthony, she barely came up to his chin feeling like a little chick in front of a hawk.

She hated feeling overpowered. Her eyes darkened with annoyance. "No."

The word had barely left her mouth when the monitor behind them let out a rapid series of beeps. Patricia's heart rate was crashing, the EKG almost flat.

If they didn't act now, it would be too late.

Charlotte frowned, spun around, and moved to Patricia's bedside, reaching out to check her pulse and the breath at her nose.