

The Mocked Miss's Hidden Crowns – Chapter 6 |

Her pupils were blown wide, her breaths barely there, her pulse weak and thready.

As soon as she saw Charlotte move, Dorothy rushed over and grabbed her arm. Her voice was sharp and accusing. "What are you trying to do to Patricia?"

"Anthony, she even admitted it herself. She's not some miracle doctor."

Charlotte shot her an impatient look, her eyes cold and clear. "If you want her to die, then go ahead and keep making a scene."

Dorothy flushed, speechless, and turned to Anthony in desperation. Was he really going to trust Patricia's life to someone so young?

Anthony stepped up to Patricia's side, glanced at the heart monitor, then looked straight at Charlotte. His voice was steady and commanding. "Let her try."

"Anthony!" Dorothy was so anxious she nearly stamped her foot. "If she can save Patricia, I'll let her kick my head across the room!"

Anthony cut her off with a single word. "Enough."

The room went silent at once. No one dared challenge him.

The doctors exchanged uneasy glances, then backed away to give Charlotte space.

Charlotte acted like she didn't hear any of it. She calmly checked Patricia's pulse, examined her pupils, and made her decision. Brushing off the spot where Dorothy had grabbed her sleeve, she set down her backpack and quickly searched through the medical supplies.

She found what she needed. A micro-guidewire and a microcatheter, tools made for arterial thrombolysis.

"Turn the lights on. Everyone, stay away from me."

Her tone and confidence sent a chill through the room. The staff looked on in shock, not daring to speak up.

Arterial thrombolysis. It was called dancing on the edge of a blade-a procedure so risky and difficult that even senior doctors would only attempt it after careful planning.

She looked barely eighteen. Had she even held a scalpel before?

Anthony must have lost his mind.

Charlotte leaned over Patricia, using the monitor to find the blood clot. She put on gloves, her movements smooth and sure, and threaded the micro-guidewire right to the blockage.

The medicine flowed in, ten thousand units a minute.

Her technique was so quick and precise, it made even the most seasoned doctors stare in awe. They craned their necks, unable to look away from Patricia's still form.

For a long moment, nothing changed. The angiogram was flat. Patricia's skin stayed that scary shade of blue.

Dorothy's clenched hands slowly loosened. She let out a sharp, satisfied breath. "I told you, she's just a fraud. What does a kid like her know about treating anyone?" "It's not too late to stop her!"

Anthony's lips pressed into a hard line, his eyes icy. He spoke each word with a quiet force. "I said, shut up."

His deep voice was final. The room went even quieter, tension thick as glass.

Dorothy nearly choked on her

frustration. She muttered under her breath. He's lost it completely.

It. "If Patricia died, the whole Blair

family would blame Anthony.

Charlotte ignored all the background noise. She calmly inserted a second micro-guidewire, this one three millimeters thick.

Ten minutes ticked by.

Suddenly, the monitor broke the

silence with a steady beep. Patricia's heart rate climbed back to normal, her blood pressure stabilized, and the blue faded from her face. Color returned, her eyelids twitched, and her breathing evened out.

Patricia had been in a coma for a week. The doctors had given her barely a five percent chance.

But now, because of a girl everyone doubted, her body was coming back to life.

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"Patricia is safe now."

"She..." Dorothy just stood there, completely stunned. How did she know how

to do any of this? Did she really save Patricia?

The lead doctor, still processing what just happened, stared at Charlotte with a look of disbelief. "Did you study medicine?"

Charlotte's eyes were cool and clear beneath her long lashes. "I picked up a bit from a quack."

A bit? Who on earth teaches skills like this? That was a micro-guidewire vascular procedure. None of them even dared try it themselves. The doctors all dropped their heads, embarrassed.

Charlotte glanced around the room, her gaze finally settling on Dorothy.

Dorothy held her breath, cheeks burning red as she quickly looked away. She couldn't forget what she'd just said—if this fraud saves Patricia, I'll let her kick my head.

Charlotte pressed her lips together and turned, meeting Anthony's dark, unreadable eyes. For a second, she seemed caught off guard, then blinked and slid right back into her usual cool distance.

"The clot's gone. Her condition's stable for now. Heart disease is tricky though, so keep an eye on her."

"Alright. About that reward I promised you..." Anthony waved Hans over, who immediately handed her a check for ten million.

Did he really think she was some miracle doctor?

Charlotte didn't even glance at the check. Her eyes stayed on Anthony's face. "Like I said, I'm not a miracle healer. You've got the wrong person."

A few loose strands of hair slipped across her face, shadowing her calm, indifferent eyes. She couldn't care less about the money.

Anthony raised an eyebrow, looking a little surprised. After a pause, a faint smile tugged at his lips.

"If you're not a miracle healer, how did you know what to do?"

"I learned from the village doctor. Saw something similar once and just copied it."

Copied it? Her steady hands and confident moves told a different story.

Charlotte slung her backpack over one shoulder and let out a tired sigh. "I don't want the money. But Anthony, you owe me one."

Anthony. Everyone else said his name with fear and respect, but from her lips, it sounded almost teasing, like a little sister joking with her big brother

He found himself amused. Anthony's mouth curled into a smile as he lowered his

head to meet her eyes, his voice softening without him even realizing.

"What do you want?"

"I need a place to stay tonight."

She turned down ten million and only asked for a room?

Anthony looked at her for a long moment. He had this strange feeling, like he was somehow taking advantage of a kid.

"Do you want to call your family and let them know you're safe?" His tone was gentle, almost coaxing.

Charlotte yawned. Her eyes were rimmed red from exhaustion, making her look even more adorable. "No need, uncle."

With that, she followed the butler out.

Uncle?

Hans, standing nearby, nearly lost it. His eyes went wide, his poker face threatening to crack. Anthony wa

twilight, in his prime, and

by every woman in Cabinda.

And this girl just called him uncle.

If anyone heard about this, he'd be the butt of every joke.

"Do I really look that old?"

Anthony shot Hans a cold look, his handsome face suddenly frosty, his eyes unreadable.

Hans shook his head so fast it was

almost comical. "No way met

You don't look old at all. She's just a kid. Didn't mean anything by it.

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"She's a little young..."

Thinking of that sharp, delicate face, Anthony pressed his tongue to his teeth and let a small smile curl at the corners of his mouth. "Find out which family she's from and let them know."

Five in the morning.

Charlotte was already up, fresh and ready for the day. She pulled a pen and paper from her bag, quickly scribbled a prescription, and left it on the table. With a tap on her tablet, she blacked out every security camera in the Blair Estate, then walked right out the front door like she belonged there.

Anthony didn't get the news until ten.

"The cameras were out, so we have no idea when she left," Hans said, his tone careful. "But we found these in her room."

He held up a prescription slip and a simple black hair tie.

Anthony picked up the worn hair tie, turning it between his fingers. He thought of her thick, dark hair and his expression turned thoughtful, almost shadowed.

"Did you get her information?"

"Her name's Charlotte. When she was thirteen, she almost killed someone and was diagnosed with a serious mental illness. Her family sent her to a sanatorium in Lamplighter Village, a place for..... special cases. Looks like her family's timing and ours overlapped, which is probably why there was confusion."

"A sanatorium?"

Hans nodded. "They called it that, but it was really a place that used violence to break kids into obedience. It was destroyed years ago. Charlotte nearly died there. An old woman took her in, and that's how she survived."

Violence and submission...

Anthony's eyes darkened. "Go on."

"There was a so-called miracle doctor in the village, but nobody ever saw them or knew who they were. The one we found was a fake."

He hesitated, then added, "The villagers say Charlotte didn't even finish high school, let alone study medicine. You might want to have that prescription checked out..."

Anthony leaned back, eyes heavy with emotion. A girl from a brutal institution, no medical background at all...

"Replace the current doctors. If the prescription is legit, follow it. And..." His voice was low and intense. "Keep looking for her."

Hans blinked, surprised. "Yes, Anthony."

Anthony rolled the hair tie between his fingers, staring off into the distance, a hint of a smile playing on his lips.

Uncle, huh?

She was beautiful, he thought. Pity about those eyes.

The Main Family Estate.

The huge, gleaming villa sat right in the heart of Cabinda's wealthiest neighborhood. Charlotte glanced at it her eyes cold and a little disgusted. She paid the driver and stepped out.

She barely made it to the gate before a maid stopped her. The maid looked her up and down, clearly judging her plain clothes, and her face twisted with amoyance. "Who are you?"

"I'm here to see Steven." Charlotte lifted her gaze, cool and lazy.

"See Steven?" The maid looked her up and down again, then snorted. "Do you even

know where you are? Steven doesn't meet just anyone."

"Just tell him Charlotte is here."

"Charlotte who? If you don't leave, I'm calling security!"

The maid was new and had never seen Charlotte before.

The noise at the gate drew out a well-dressed woman in her fifties, her brows drawn tight in irritation. It was Susan Mrs. Main's personal maid.

"What's all this racket? Olivia's practicing piano. If you interrupt her, you'll regret it!"

Susan gave the younger maid a sharp pinch, then looked up and saw the girl at the gate. Her face changed instantly.

It was her.

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Could it really be Charlotte?

Yesterday, the family had sent someone to pick her up, but the word was she'd gotten into the wrong car and disappeared for the entire night. Everyone said she was still missing. So how was she suddenly here, just like that?

"Charlotte!"

Charlotte?

The younger maid froze, staring at her in disbelief.

Without acknowledging their shock, Charlotte just said, "Move," her voice cold

and direct. She stepped forward, not waiting for a response.

The maid, clearly rattled, hurried out of the way. "Susan... if she's Charlotte, then what about Olivia?" she whispered nervously.

Susan shot her a sharp look. "Be quiet." She kept her eyes on Charlotte and quickly fished out her phone.

Elizabeth was sitting with Steven, listening to Olivia play the piano. The sunlight poured into the villa, mixing with the music and making everything feel calm and perfect.

Then her phone buzzed. Elizabeth jumped up from her seat, her face instantly drained of color.

Charlotte was back?

Her sudden movement made Steven and Olivia look over in concern.

"Mom, what's wrong?" Olivia asked, her hands hovering over the piano keys. Elizabeth tried to collect herself. She forced a gentle smile, even as her panic simmered beneath the surface. "Susan just said Charlotte came home."

"Charlotte's back?"

Steven's whole face lit up. He stood up at once, practically beaming, and rushed downstairs, leaving Olivia and Elizabeth behind.

Olivia frowned, turning to her mom. "Why is Dad so happy? She's always been nothing but trouble," she muttered, just loud enough for Elizabeth to hear.

Elizabeth draped a jacket over Olivia's shoulders and smoothed her hair. Her voice dropped low. "You're the Main family's daughter. You've had the best of everything since you were little. You don't need to stoop to being jealous of someone like her."

She gave Olivia a reassuring look. "All you need to do is focus on your piano. Win that competition."

Everyone was saying that Laura, the famous international pianist, would be a judge this year. She was rumored to be on the lookout for a

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new student Olivia could impress her with her talent and looks joining the upper class and marrying someone important would be a breeze.

Elizabeth was right.

How could Charlotte, with her past and all her flaws, even compare?

Thinking about it made Olivia feel better. A small, proud smile curled at her

lips. She was suddenly curious to see for herself what five years the countryside had done to that timid, awkward girl. Had she turned into a total mess? Some awkward farm girl, maybe?

...

Downstairs, in the living room, Charlotte lounged on the sofa, one hand holding her phone, the other wrapped around a glass of water. Her legs were crossed, and her whole posture radiated a relaxed, icy confidence.

The bodyguards and maids stood by the door, sneaking glances at her. Something about Charlotte had changed. She was prettier than before, and her entire vibe was different.

Suddenly, the sound of fast footsteps echoed down the staircase.

"Charlotte."

Steven's voice rang out, full of excitement.

Charlotte lifted her gaze slowly, looking toward the stairs. Olivia was coming down, dressed in a dreamy, flowing dress, clinging to Steven's arm with one hand and holding Elizabeth's with the other.

They looked like a perfect family, even though none of them were actually related by blood. Their happiness was almost blinding.

"Charlotte, where did you go? We were so worried when you didn't come home," Elizabeth said, rushing over. She grabbed Charlotte's hand tightly, her eyes brimming with tears and emotion.

Charlotte blinked, her long lashes lifting. Without a word, she gently pulled her hand away, her dark eyes meeting Elizabeth's with a cool, unreadable stare.

Elizabeth's heart skipped a beat.

Charlotte had always been the quiet, sickly one, too shy to even look anyone in the eye. She'd never dared to show this kind of sharp, defiant look before.

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Charlotte didn't respond. She took a sip of her lemonade, set the glass on the table, and turned her gaze to Steven. Her eyes were as cool and distant as ever. "I'm tired. I want to rest."

Steven met her indifferent look and frowned. He couldn't help but feel she was a completely different person now. The timid girl he remembered was gone. In her place was someone icy, almost intimidating. Maybe those years in the countryside had changed her more than he expected.

"Alright. We'll talk when you've rested." Steven forced a smile, reaching for her hand. Charlotte slipped it out of reach without missing a beat.

He paused, awkwardness flashing across his face before he pulled his hand back. "Show Charlotte upstairs."

"Miss Charlotte, this way, please." The maid appeared at the door, sneaking a quick look at her. There was a hint of awe in her eyes.

Wow. She'd always thought Olivia was gorgeous, but Charlotte was something else. She had a beauty that wasn't flashy or showy. It was calm, almost untouchable, like a goddess standing on a snowy mountain. Even the mess of the city couldn't touch her. She was the most beautiful girl the maid had ever seen.

Charlotte didn't care about the stares. She grabbed her backpack.

As she walked past Olivia, she suddenly stopped. Her eyes, clear and cold, lifted to meet Olivia's. Her lashes cast delicate shadows on her cheeks.

Olivia shivered, caught off guard by the sudden chill in the air.

"You're in my way." Charlotte's voice was flat, emotionless.

Olivia stepped back without thinking, watching as Charlotte walked past her, expression never changing.

The bright hall lights shone down on Charlotte's slim figure. Even in plain, simple clothes, nothing could hide how stunning she was, or the quiet confidence that seemed to follow her everywhere.

Charlotte had been beautiful even at thirteen. She was the kind of pretty that made people stop and stare. Five years in the countryside hadn't dulled her looks at all. If anything, she was even more striking now. And that annoying personality was gone, replaced by something harder to read.

Olivia watched her go, biting her lip, jealousy twisting in her chest.

So what if she's beautiful? It doesn't change the truth. She's still the crazy girl who shamelessly chases after men.

Upstairs, the maid led Charlotte to a door. She opened it, and the smell of dust and mold washed over them

n'

with shopping bags and luxury boxes piled everywhere it looked more like a storage room than a bedroom.

The room was messy, filled them

This wasn't her room. This was Olivia's.

Charlotte stood in the doorway, her cold eyes sweeping over the mess. Old, buried memories started to surface, dark and painful. Her hands clenched into tight fists at her sides, her chest aching. Her face grew even colder.

The maid noticed and spoke carefully. "Miss Charlotte, after you left, Olivia moved into your room."

"So..."

Before the maid could finish, Charlotte had already turned away. Her face was unreadable as she headed for her old room.

"Miss Charlotte, that's Olivia's—"

The maid rushed after her, trying to stop her, but it was too late.

Charlotte opened the door to her old room, tossed her backpack inside, and went to work. She grabbed everything that wasn't hers—the makeup on the vanity, the designer clothes and handbags in the closet, even the trophies scattered around—and threw it all into the hallway like it was nothing.

The maid stood frozen in shock, hand covering her mouth.

Oh no. All of Olivia's precious things... just tossed out without a second thought.