

The Mocked Miss's Hidden Crowns – Chapter 71

That guy was seriously scary. I was not about to mess with him.

"If you want your son to survive, keep your hands off me," Charlotte said.

The chaos around them faded into silence. Charlotte turned to face the boy's mother, her voice steady, cool, almost cold. "So, do you want him to live or not? Make a choice."

"I... of course I do," the woman choked out, nodding desperately, tears streaming down her face. Her son was only ten. Of course she wanted him to be okay.

"Then do exactly as I say. Got it?"

The woman stared at Charlotte through her tears. It was obvious Charlotte was just a high school girl. She probably hadn't even read a medical textbook. But there was something about her, a quiet authority that made the woman nod before she even realized it.

"Wipe your face," Charlotte said.

The woman quickly scrubbed at her cheeks.

"Hold his face still. Don't touch his head."

The woman did as she was told.

Charlotte glanced at the boy, then looked around for Anthony. He was right behind her, watching her with a focused intensity.

Before she could say anything, Anthony crouched down beside her. His eyes never left her face. "What do you need me to do?"

Charlotte pulled herself together and lowered her gaze. "This is going to hurt. Don't let his legs move."

"Okay." Anthony gripped the boy's legs, holding them steady.

He was twenty-eight, but this was the first time he'd ever done anything like this.

Charlotte took a breath to calm herself. When she lifted her eyes again, she was all business.

She picked up a thin golden needle in one hand and searched for the right spot with the other.

The first needle went in at his temple, a spot that could help stop the bleeding from his scalp.

The boy twitched and groaned in pain, finally coming to. He started to struggle.

Seeing her son in such pain, the woman's fear turned to anger. "Do you even know what you're doing?" she snapped. "Why does it hurt so much?"

The boy's father was across the street, in a restaurant for a meeting. He rushed over as soon as he heard, his legs almost buckling when he saw what was happening.

"What happened? Where's the doctor? Why isn't anyone helping?"

Charlotte barely glanced at him, already moving on to the next pressure point. She cleaned the spot, inserted the second needle.

The boy screamed again.

Only then did the father really notice Charlotte. Without thinking, he swung his briefcase at her. "Who are you? Get away from my son!"

"Where's the ambulance? Why isn't it here yet?"

His hand was frozen midair, caught in a firm grip.

"You"

The man looked up, ready to explode, but the words died in his throat when he saw Anthony's face.

Wait. Wasn't that Anthony Blair, CEO of The Blair Group?

Thinking he must be seeing things the man wiped his eyes for a better look. There was no mistaking it. He had seen Anthony before aragala. and would never forget that face

As Charlotte placed the third needle, the boy stopped moaning.

The mother gasped, her voice trembling with relief. "The bleeding... it stopped. It really stopped!"

The father snapped out of his panic

and checked for himself. The

bleeding was gone. He looked up,

pale and shak

just in time to see

Anthony gently draping his own jacket over Charlotte's shoulders, leaning in to speak softly to her. Cóntent

Every move, every word, every look screamed how much he cared about her.

The father's heart pounded in his chest. Who was this girl to Anthony Blair? He'd nearly attacked her just now. Would Anthony hold it against him?

He was still trying to figure out how to apologize when the ambulance finally arrived.

A paramedic knelt down to check the boy, then looked up in shock. "Who stopped the bleeding?"

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"She did."

A bystander pointed right at Charlotte.

When the paramedic finally got a good look at her, he froze, his eyes wide with disbelief.

"You're the one who did the emergency treatment?"

Stopping a brain bleed like that... Most doctors couldn't have managed it without surgery tools. And she had done it with just a few needles?

Charlotte just nodded, barely reacting.

The paramedic stared at her in awe. "You stopped the bleeding in time. If you hadn't, I can't imagine what would have happened. Who taught you how to do that?" People around them started whispering, all their attention shifting to Charlotte.

"That girl is amazing. First she jumped in the water, then she saved him again with those needles. She basically saved his life twice."

"That boy is lucky she was here. Anyone else and he probably wouldn't have made it."

"She looks so young. How does she even know how to do all that?"

Charlotte lowered her head, quietly stuffing her things back into her bag. Then she glanced up at Anthony. "Ready to go?"

Anthony studied her, his dark eyes impossible to read. A slow, mysterious smile played on his lips.

Charlotte felt her heart stutter, but she met his gaze, calm as ever.

"Yeah, let's go."

Anthony gave a little laugh, almost helpless, then reached out to pull her coat tighter around her shoulders. He took her wrist in his hand, his grip gentle but sure. "There are too many people here. I don't want to lose you."

Charlotte didn't move, her eyes dropping to where his hand held hers. A faint frown creased her delicate features.

"Hm?"

Her lashes fluttered, but she didn't say a word. She just let him lead her, quietly obedient.

Anthony's smile softened.

They had just started to leave when someone called out.

"Miss, wait!"

The man who had been so worked up earlier hurried over, dragging his wife along. He bowed to Charlotte, a full ninety degrees.

"Thank you for saving my son. I was too emotional before. I really hope you can forgive me."

"Could we get your contact information? We'd like to thank you properly, in person."

Anthony stayed quiet, watching Charlotte's expression.

"That won't be necessary," she said, her voice light and calm.

The man hesitated, then fumbled through his bag and pulled out a business card holding it out with both hands. "This is my card. If you ever need help with anything, I'll do my best to help you."

Charlotte glanced at the card.

The Dean Group, CEO, Henry Dean, phone number...

She memorized everything in a heartbeat, then looked away, leaving the card behind. She tugged gently enny's anand walked off with him.

Watching her go, the couple exchanged a long, complicated look.

"Honey, our son's savior... She's definitely something special."

"If she's with Anthony Blair from The Blair Group, how could she be ordinary?"

Henry Dean wiped sweat from his brow.

He had never heard of any woman being close to Anthony. Thinking about how casually they held hands Henry's heart still raced, his legs felt

weak. ng

He was just grateful that briefcase hadn't hit her. Otherwise, his arm might not even

be in one piece.

Anthony led Charlotte to the car and turned on the heat.

They were both soaked, looking like they'd just been through a storm together.

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"You'll catch a cold. Come to my place and change?" Anthony's voice was soft, a gentle question as he dabbed the water from Charlotte's face with a tissue.

"Okay." Her answer was quiet but clear, no hesitation.

He smiled, fastening her seatbelt with care.

Ten minutes later, they pulled up in front of Imperial Heights. Anthony got out first, circled around, and opened her door. Charlotte was still feeling the effects of swallowing lake water and swimming too hard. Dizzy and a little unsteady, she wobbled getting out.

Anthony caught her right away, steady hands at her arms. She stumbled forward, her face pressing into his chest. Even through his thin shirt, she could feel the warmth of his skin, the uneven beat of his heart.

"Did you want a hug?" He looked down, eyes teasing.

Charlotte rubbed her sore nose, a blush rising in her cheeks. Before she could answer, Anthony slipped his arm under her knees and swept her up. He chuckled, low and soft. "I'll just give you one."

His voice was gentle, a little rough, with a warmth that made her melt. Charlotte relaxed in his arms, letting herself lean into him.

"Helen, get some hot water ready," Anthony called as he carried her upstairs, straight to the room she'd stayed in before.

Helen blinked at the sight of them, both soaked through. It hadn't rained today, so what had happened? She hurried to tell the maids to fill a bath in the guest room and make two bowls of hot ginger tea.

"Take a bath first," Anthony said, setting Charlotte down gently. He brushed her damp bangs off her forehead, his voice soft. "I'll wait for you downstairs."

Charlotte nodded, eyes following him until he was gone.

Half an hour later, Charlotte came down in pale pink pajamas, her hair damp and falling in soft waves over her shoulders. She looked radiant under the nightgowns, so pretty she

seemed almost unreal.

The maids downstairs couldn't help but stare. Ms. Main was stunning.

Anthony had already showered and changed into light gray loungewear. He stood tall by the window, holding a bottle of milk in one hand, a Cuff of smoke rising from the cigarette in his other. There was something cool and distant about him, a kind of quiet elegance.

He turned when he heard footsteps. The second he saw Charlotte, he put out his cigarette and tossed it in the trash.

"Ms. Main, I found the hair dryer," Helen said, coming over with a bright smile. "Let me help you dry your hair."

Charlotte was about to say yes, but Anthony's voice interrupted. "I'll do it."

He walked over without missing a beat, took Charlotte's hand, and led her to the sofa. He popped a straw into the milk and handed it to her.

The maids exchanged looks. First he carried her in, now he was holding her hand and drying her hair himself. Their relationship was obvious.

Helen just grinned and handed over the hair dryer, waving the other maids back.

The gentle hum of the dryer filled the room. Warm air swirled around Charlotte's head as she curled up on the sofa cradling her milk and enjoying the feeling of Anthony's fingers running softly through her hair.

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"Are you feeling sick anywhere?" Anthony asked.

Charlotte blinked, her voice calm and even. "No."

Well, of course not. With her skills, if anything was wrong, she'd have fixed it herself. Anthony thought back to when she had saved his grandmother and that little boy. He couldn't help but smile, just a hint of laughter in his eyes.

And she still insists she's not some miracle doctor. Liar.

He kept her secret. Only when he was sure every bit of her hair was dry did he switch off the hair dryer and nod for Helen to bring over the steaming bowl of soup.

Charlotte barely glanced at it before turning her face away, looking completely uninterested. "I don't want any," she mumbled, her energy low.

Other than the occasional sleepwalking, she hardly ever got sick.

"It's just to warm you up," Anthony said, taking the bowl from Helen's hands. His tone was soft, patient. "Come on. Drink a little."

The maids standing nearby looked ready to faint.

"I've only ever dreamed of seeing Anthony act this gentle."

"How does Ms. Main do it? I mean, to get Anthony Blair, of all people, to act like this?"

"She's young, but they look so good together."

Charlotte's lips pressed into a thin line, her face all scrunched up in obvious annoyance. She stared right back at Anthony, refusing to budge.

In the end, Anthony gave in and set the bowl aside.

He couldn't help but smile at her stubborn frown, something warm and indulgent flickering across his handsome features. "So, did you have a fight with your family?" His voice was low, almost gentle.

He remembered seeing her looking up hotels on her phone when he'd gone to pick her up.

"Yeah," Charlotte replied, her tone light and casual. "They kicked me out."

She didn't sound sad at all. In fact, the way her pretty face tilted, she looked almost a little rebellious.

Anthony already knew her story. Her

father had sent her out to the

Pel.nt

countryside for five years and only recently brought her back. No surprise their relationship was strained And she probably didn'töet along with her stepmother and stepsister either.

"If you're not going home, where are you going to stay?"

Anthony's eyes searched her face. He raised one perfectly shaped eyebrow.

"How about staying here?"

Charlotte looked straight at him, sitting cross-legged on the sofa, her bright eyes steady. "Do you always invite girls to stay at your place?"

That made Anthony laugh. He grabbed a tissue and gently wiped something from her chin. "Do I seem that casual to you?"

Charlotte just blinked, then tossed her empty milk bottle into the trash

I'll

with perfect aim pay hacks

said, her voice lazy and relaxed.

Was that a yes?

Anthony let out a low, amused chuckle.

"Do you even have money?"

"I can earn it," she answered, stifling a yawn as she stood up. Her eyes looked a

little red, tired. "I'm going to sleep."

"Helen, show Ms. Main to her room."

"Yes, Anthony." Helen looked delighted, hurrying over to Charlotte with a respectful smile. "This way, Charlotte."

Charlotte turned, suddenly noticing

all the maids staring at her, eyes wide and shining. The second she met their gaze, they all dropped their heads and greeted her politely Ms. Main."

Charlotte had always been the quiet, keep-to-herself type. Being at the center of attention like this felt strange.

She pressed her lips together, gave Anthony a quick look, then followed Helen upstairs to the third floor.

"If you need anything, just let me know. Good night," Helen said, closing the door softly behind her.

Once she was alone, Charlotte found her soggy backpack in the bathroom and pulled out everything inside.

Her tablet and phone were both soaked, completely dead. Useless.

She frowned, digging through her pile of medicine bottles for a specific one. After searching for a while, she still couldn't find it.

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She must have dropped it at the crash site.

Without her medicine, there was nothing for her to take tonight. If she lost control and did something completely out of line... Just thinking about it made her shudder.

Charlotte dragged the chair over, wedging it tight against the door just like she did last time. She hadn't managed to get out before, so she doubted she'd be able to now. Satisfied, she climbed back into bed and pulled the covers up to her chin.

The room still held a hint of Anthony's scent from earlier, after he had carried her in. It was soft, clean, and oddly comforting.

She touched her pale palm, and for no real reason, the corners of her lips lifted in a tiny, nearly invisible smile.

"Is she asleep?" Anthony stood in the hallway, eyes fixed on Charlotte's door, voice quiet.

"Yes, Anthony."

"Make sure no one from the Blair family finds out Ms. Main is staying at Imperial Heights. Especially my grandmother."

Helen hesitated for a second. It was pretty clear Anthony cared about Charlotte. Maybe even really liked her. Was he worried his grandmother, Patricia, wouldn't approve because Charlotte was so young?

"Don't worry, sir. I'll make sure everyone gets the message."

All the maids here had been trained by Helen herself, and Anthony had personally approved every single one. If he said to keep quiet, gossip wouldn't leave these walls.

"Have breakfast ready early tomorrow. Ms. Main needs to eat before class."

"Oh? Yes, of course!" Helen was stunned. She'd thought Ms. Main just looked young, but she was still a student? Helen couldn't help but sigh. How could Anthony even think about getting involved with someone so young?

Midnight came. Anthony sat in his study, a video call with the company's senior execs dragging into a fourth hour. The atmosphere on the other side of the screen was tense. No one dared look up.

"Anthony, we just got news. Nine disappeared six months ago. No one knows where he went."

Nine. The hacker legend who'd

exploded onto the scene years ago. He'd built a global firewall that no one could breach, Every top backer had tried to crack it, but no one succeeded.

Then, six months ago, Nine left his system unfinished and disappeared. Some said his enemies caught up with him. Others thought he'd made his fortune and slipped away to te a normal life.

These days, the Blair Group was teaming up with a European finance giant to develop an AI robot. The data was worth billions Hackers kept trying to break into the system, and even Anthony had barely managed to hold them off

At this point, their only hope was to find Nine and get his help.

"Keep searching. I don't care what he wants-pay it."

Just as Anthony finished speaking, he spotted a figure gliding past his office, heading down the hall.

His bedroom was at the end of that hall.

Charlotte wasn't asleep? Did she need something?

"That's it for tonight." Anthony ended the call, stood, and opened his door.

Charlotte was in front of his bedroom, dressed in soft pink pajamas, her head bowed as she carefully punched in a passcode.

"Charlotte?"

He called her name, but she didn't seem to hear him. Her fingers never stopped moving.

How could she possibly know my password?

Anthony grinned and walked up behind her, just as a gentle chime sounded.

The lock clicked open. The door swung wide.