

The Mocked Miss's Hidden Crowns – Chapter 81 | Novel Drama

Olivia's brows knit together, a flicker of guilt lighting up inside her.

Charlotte stayed silent. Nancy took that as a win and stepped protectively in front of Olivia, her face brimming with smug satisfaction. "Why are you staring at Olivia like that? You already hit her once. What, you want to do it again?"

"Wait, she actually hit Olivia?" someone chimed in, sounding genuinely shocked. "I thought all those posts on the forum were just rumors."

Another classmate jumped in, "She's so out of line. She just got here and already thinks she can push people around?"

"Honestly, it just shows how sweet and gentle Olivia is," another voice added.

With everyone backing her up, Olivia let herself smile, just a little, before quickly putting on a wounded expression. "Guys, that's enough. Let it go." She looked at Charlotte, her tone soft and concerned. "You should go home. Mom and I have been worried about you."

"Nancy, let's go."

Feeling like she had the last word, Olivia grabbed Nancy's arm and started to walk away. But before they could get far, someone yanked Olivia back by the collar.

"Did I say you could leave?"

Charlotte's grip was iron-tight. In one swift move, she tossed Olivia onto a nearby bench. Pain shot up Olivia's back, right where her bruises hadn't healed. Tears pricked her eyes, but she tried to push herself up, jaw clenched.

Suddenly, something cold pressed hard against her forehead. Olivia blinked, realizing it was a phone, and the pressure was sharp, almost threatening to crack bone.

"You..."

"Move again and I'll break your skull."

Charlotte's voice was ice, sending a chill straight down Olivia's spine. Her strength left her and she slumped back onto the bench, too scared to move.

Nancy rushed forward, shouting, "Charlotte, what's your problem? If you hit anyone here, I'm telling the teachers-ah!"

Before she could finish, Charlotte

caught her wrist and tossed her next to Olivia, Nancy landed hard, the worldspinning She clutched bet am, too stunned and hurt to say anything.

Everyone else just stared, completely stunned that Charlotte would actually go this far at school.

While the crowd stood frozen, Charlotte slowly lifted her head. Her eyes were cool and distant as she looked at Olivia, then a mocking smile curled across her lips.

"Did you forget how your mom moved you into the Main family the second my mother died?"

Gasps rippled around them. All eyes darted to Olivia.

Her face drained of color. She bit her lip, trying to sound tough. "You have no idea what you're talking about."

Charlotte's gaze was like steel. She tapped her phone against Olivia's forehead, each word coming out slow and sharp, cutting right. through. "If you want to put it nicely, you're the Main family's stepdaughter.

But to be renovel

you're

just a burden. There's nota drop of Main family blood in you."

A wave of shock swept through the group.

"So the forum was wrong? Charlotte isn't the illegitimate one? She's actually the real daughter?" someone whispered.

"We've had it backwards this whole time. Olivia isn't even related to them, let alone an heiress."

The truth landed hard, right in front of everyone. With all the stares

burning into her, Olivia felt her

cheeks sting like she'd just beennet

slapped over and over the

humiliation almost too much to bear.

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"As for why I hit you..." Charlotte held up her phone, her voice cold and sharp.

"I still have the security footage from last time. Want to see it again?"

The mention of the video made Olivia suck in a shaky breath. Her face went pale, almost sickly. Afraid Charlotte might actually show everyone the clip, she bit her lip and whispered, "You didn't hit me. It was just a misunderstanding."

"Olivia..." Nancy frowned, remembering all the times Olivia had confided in her about being bullied by Charlotte. Seeing her friend so small and quiet now, Nancy immediately stepped up. "What are you scared of? Did Charlotte threaten you?"

She turned to the crowd, her voice growing louder. "Olivia never said she was the only daughter in the Main family. Sure, she's not related by blood, but she's still a Main in every way that counts. Besides, we've all seen how hard Olivia works and how much she's done for the family. She's made them proud, year after year."

Nancy's frustration only grew. She glared at Charlotte, her words fierce. "And you, Charlotte? What have you given the Main family? You pick fights, bully your stepmother and stepsister, and even your own father couldn't stand it. He tried to kick you out. Have you ever stopped to think about what you've done?"

Silence settled over the courtyard. The students watching exchanged uncertain looks. Just a minute ago, they'd been shocked to learn Olivia wasn't the real heiress, but now sympathy started to flicker in their eyes. After all, Olivia had worked so hard for the family's reputation. That kind of dedication deserved respect.

Charlotte, though... She had the family name and the looks, but her grades were bad, her attitude worse, and she never seemed to do anything right.

Catching the pitiful glances from her classmates, Olivia dabbed at her eyes and took a deep breath, regaining her composure. It felt like she'd made the right call in letting Nancy speak for her.

Just when everyone thought Charlotte had finally run out of things to say, she looked up. Her lashes lifted, revealing eyes that were clear and bright, but cold as ice. She glanced over at Nancy and Olivia, her expression unreadable.

"When Steven had nothing, it was my mother who believed in him. She gave him the money to start his company from scratch. It's just... She died right when the business was finally taking off." Charlotte's lips curled in a half-smile, a mix of regret and bitter amusement.

Olivia stiffened, her hands clenching at her sides. She already knew where this was going. Her glare at Charlotte grew sharper, and she bit her lip so hard it nearly drew blood.

"Right after my mom died, Olivia and

her mom just moved right in. Suddenly, they were Mrs. Main and Miss Main, living the high life, loved and respected by everyone."

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Charlotte paused and pulled a tissue from her bag carefully wiping down

her phone as if Olivia's touch had

tainted it. Her tone was dripping with scorn. "Your tuition, your allowance, the designer clothes, the fancy jewelry-every last bit of it came from my mom. So, does anyone still want to ask what I've done for the Main family?"

Her claim as the Main Group's true heir was clear as day. That was her strength, her security.

Main

Olivia felt the words hit her like a slap. She couldn't even think of a comeback. She remembered her father saying it before. The Main Group owed everything to Charlotte's mother. He'd even told her that Charlotte inherited a big chunk of shares, though Olivia had never known the details.

The other students seemed to get it now too. Without Charlotte's mom, there would be no Main Group, no mansion, no Olivia shining in the spotlight. Living in Cabinda's elite circles Olivia's lifestyle wasn't cheap-her clothes her parties, all those luxuries... None of it would have existed if not for Charlotte's mother.

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"She's dead. No one can prove a thing," Nancy shot back, but even she was caught off guard by the Main family's old secrets. She gave a sharp laugh. "Seriously, who's supposed to believe you?"

Charlotte's eyes flickered with a cool, distant light. She barely glanced at Nancy, but her voice was as icy as her stare. "Have you settled that little incident at the mall? You know, where you ruined a designer dress, refused to pay for it, and got marched out by the police?"

Nancy's whole body went rigid. She never expected Charlotte to remember. It

felt like someone had dumped a bucket of cold water over her.

Taken by the police? Gossip always spread fast among students, especially something this juicy. How had nobody at school heard about it?

"What's this about Nancy getting arrested for wrecking a dress?" someone whispered nearby. "I thought her family was loaded. Can't she afford a single dress?"

Nancy was always bragging at school, acting like her family owned half the world. She loved telling everyone how rich they were, but now Charlotte had just exposed her for the fraud she was. She couldn't even pay for one dress.

"I used to think you were just vain, but you're also annoyingly loud," Charlotte said, stepping in close. She looked down at Nancy, her words cutting and measured. "If your mouth is so eager for attention, maybe you should put it to work in the public bathrooms. Go on, lick all the toilets clean. At least that would be useful."

"Charlotte!" Nancy's eyes filled with angry tears. Did she really just tell her to lick toilets?

Charlotte barely glanced at her, her lashes lowering as her patience ran out. "If you have so much time to meddle in other people's business, maybe try reading a book. You clearly need to learn how to act like a decent person."

"How dare you talk to me like that?" Nancy snapped, her voice breaking.

She only realized everyone was staring at her after she'd finished yelling. By then, Charlotte was already walking away, swinging her bag over her shoulder, not even looking back. She left behind only her cool, confident walk, the kind that made it clear she didn't care what anyone thought.

"So what if she's some rich heiress?" Nancy shouted after her, her eyes red.

"Charlotte's just a useless nobody! If she doesn't get at least second place in next week's physics exam, she's out of Vanguard High!"

She'd be watching. She wouldn't let Charlotte off easy.

"Come on, let's go!" Olivia hissed, grabbing Nancy's arm and dragging her away from the crowd of gawking students.

As they walked, Olivia glanced over at Charlotte's retreating form and lowered her voice. "Nancy, look at that jacket she's carrying. Does it look familiar?"

Nancy finally calmed down enough to really look. Her eyes went wide. She recognized it instantly.

"That's the newest release from that top luxury brand," Nancy muttered,

turn confused. Didn't

you say her dad kicked her out with nothing? How does she have that?"

The price of that coat could buy a small house.

A flash of jealousy crossed Olivia's face. "He did. She just got back from the countryside, she shouldn't have any money."

Maybe it was a knockoff. But then again, if Charlotte could manage to get herself into Vanguard High, was there anything she couldn't do?

Was it possible she'd already found a rich, powerful guy to back her in such a short time?

Thinking about the way she'd been humiliated today, Olivia curled her fingers tight, her heart twisting with jealousy and resentment. If people ever found out about Charlotte's past, she was sure no man would want her.

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The little scene out on the field definitely put Charlotte in a mood. When she walked into the classroom, her face was so cold that everyone fell silent. Curious eyes followed her, but nobody dared say a word.

Andrew had been relaxing in his seat, snacking on some bread. The second he spotted Charlotte, he straightened up. He opened his mouth to greet her, but she just tossed her backpack into her desk, turned her back, and slumped over the table.

Parrish leaned in, whispering to Andrew, "Charlotte looks super upset today. You think she's stressing about failing and getting kicked out?"

Andrew pulled a face. That had to be it. Who else would make a crazy bet to go from barely passing to second in the whole grade? She was still too young, too reckless.

"Charlotte..." he called softly.

She didn't budge. Andrew frowned, reaching out to tug at the coat she was hugging. "Hey..."

Charlotte suddenly lifted her head and clutched the coat tighter, eyes icy and sharp, almost dangerous. For a second, it looked like she wanted to tear him apart. Then she saw who it was and let out a slow breath, her gaze still cold as she muttered, "What do you want?"

Andrew got spooked. He shoved his bread toward her, voice timid. "Uh... want

some breakfast?"

She gave him a look and turned away. "No thanks. I already ate." Her tone was quiet, almost bored.

"Oh." Andrew scratched his head, set the bread aside, and couldn't help sneaking another glance at her. "Don't worry. With me around, Bald Lee won't dare kick you out." He paused, then thought to himself, Actually, it's really because of my brother.

Charlotte started folding her coat neatly and placed it on the empty chair beside her. She raised her chin and shot Andrew a look, her eyes glinting with mischief. "With your grades, does your brother even have the guts to show up at school?"

Andrew was left speechless. Brutal. Parrish cracked up, laughing so hard he nearly fell out of his chair. He'd never seen Andrew get roasted so badly, especially by a girl.

After lunch, Charlotte lounged at her desk, taking tiny sips of milk with a straw.

Parrish watched her, puzzled. "Charlotte, didn't you say you hate milk?"

Charlotte blinked at him, completely serious. "I didn't like it before. Now I do." That was it? Just like that?

Andrew overheard and quickly pulled out a carton of milk, sliding it next to her. "You like milk now? Here, take this one too."

Charlotte paused, straw still in her mouth, then turned to look at Andrew. "Actually, I changed, mind. I don't like it. I anymore

Andrew just stared at her, lost for words.

Charlotte handed the milk back, voice calm. "You drink it." Then she grabbed her coat, folded it, and rested her chin on top, curling up like a sleepy kitten content

Looking at her gentle face, Andrew felt like maybe she wasn't as cold as everyone thought.

He tried again. "Charlotte, you—"

But before he could finish, a shy voice piped up from the doorway.

"Charlotte... can I come in?"

Charlotte lifted her eyes and saw Shirley standing there, arms full of papers,

smiling hopefully.

Oh right. Her tutor. If Shirley hadn't shown up, she would've completely forgotten about that exam.

"Come in," Charlotte called.

She put her coat back in its spot, her movements careful and gentle. Andrew noticed the way she handled it, almost like it was precious. He couldn't help but stare at the black coat. It was just a jacket, nothing special. So why did she treat it like it meant the world to her?

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With Charlotte's permission, Shirley rushed over, clutching her stack of worksheets like a prize. As she passed Andrew, she spotted him glaring at her, his face twisted in annoyance. The look was so sharp she nearly lost her balance.

Charlotte noticed and shot Andrew a warning glance.

For a moment, their eyes locked. Andrew's posture faltered, his bravado crumbling in an instant. He quickly looked away, strangely flustered.

Shirley stared at Charlotte, eyes round with astonishment and a hint of awe. Andrew was the school's resident troublemaker, the one nobody dared to mess with—not students, not even teachers. Yet, she was pretty sure he was scared of Charlotte. That was impressive.

"Come sit over here."

Shirley shuffled to the seat across from Charlotte and set the worksheets down, her voice a nervous whisper. "Charlotte, I... I put together a bunch of study materials for you. I think... they might help."

Dark circles shadowed Shirley's eyes and she looked completely wiped out.

"Did you stay up all night working on this?" Charlotte asked, her tone soft.

Shirley nodded, cheeks coloring. "Yeah. I'm your tutor now. I... I have to be responsible, you know?" She'd pulled an all-nighter just to finish everything in time.

"Alright then. Teach me," Charlotte said, resting her chin in her hand, her face tilted up, eyes fixed on the worksheets with a look that said she was trying to seem interested—even if she wasn't.

Shirley picked up her pen, trying to sound encouraging. "Remember the homework I gave you yesterday? That worksheet..."

Charlotte paused, then switched the hand supporting her chin. "It was too hard. I didn't do it."

Shirley didn't look surprised. She just pulled out a new worksheet. "This one's a lot easier."

Charlotte glanced over the paper. Sure enough, it was simple.

"First question. About electrical power..."

Charlotte stared down, listening, but her eyelids started to droop. She was having trouble staying awake.

"Second question. equals three..."

Charlotte stifled a yawn, struggling to keep her eyes open.

Off to the side, Parrish watched the whole thing and shook his head. "One's brave enough to teach, the other's bold enough to pretend to learn."

Charlotte's face seemed to say, "You can teach all you want. Good luck getting any of it to stick."

Andrew, popping his gum and jiggling his leg, mumbled, "I can't believe there's actually someone at Vanguard High who's even more hopeless than me."

Parrish let out a laugh. "Feels pretty good to move up a spot in the rankings without lifting a finger, huh?"

Andrew grinned. If he could just

keep the worst student from leaving, he'd have a better shot at staying off the bottom. Besides, he'd need to be on good behavior if he ever wanted a favor from Anthony.

Time slipped by. Shirley taught for a full hour.

"Charlotte, we're done," she finally said, setting her pen down. When she looked up, Charlotte's eyes were closed. She looked like she might be asleep.

Shirley hesitated, then gently tapped Charlotte's shoulder. "Charlotte, did you understand any of that?"

Charlotte yawned and glanced down at the worksheet, covered in Shirley's neat handwriting. She frowned slightly. "Yeah, I got it," she replied without missing a beat.

"Really? Then what's the answer to the last question I explained?" Shirley asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

Charlotte took a few seconds,
studying the blank space, then
picked up her pen and scribbled out
the answer. Her method was
flawless. The steps and final result
were spot on.

Shirley's jaw dropped in disbelief. "Charlotte, that last question was the
hardest one. I couldn't even figure it out, so I skipped it. How did you know how
to solve it?"

Charlotte went quiet, frozen in place.