The Mocked Miss’s Hidden Crowns – Chapter 101 | Novel Drama

"There he is, he's coming out!"

The curvy woman pressed a finger to her lips, then sauntered over to Jesse, her hips swaying with every step. She slipped her arm through his and flashed him a bright, playful smile.

They shared a few lingering touches as they headed toward the top floor.

Charlotte stood up, still sipping on her milkshake, and followed after them.

The 18th floor was the casino. Security was no joke-bodyguards lined the entrance, making it clear that just anyone couldn't walk in.

Charlotte didn't even hesitate. She made her way to the restaurant on the 16th floor, then strode to the end of the hallway and kicked open the restroom door with a confident swing. She scanned the room with sharp, curious eyes.

She pushed open a window, pulled a grappling hook and rope from her bag, and aimed for a window above. With a sharp toss, she sent the hook flying up.

It caught right on the window rail. Charlotte rose onto her toes, took a breath, and launched herself upward, moving with an effortless, almost catlike agility.

In a few seconds, she landed quietly on the 18th floor.

She tucked the rope away, smoothed her hair, and walked out of the restroom like she belonged there.

Inside the casino, everyone had already passed security. As she wove through the crowd, no one gave her a second look.

Charlotte took a slow glance around, picked a cozy spot, and settled onto a sofa. She pulled out the iPad Anthony had bought her.

She powered it up, logged in, and synced her data.

Then she opened Twitter and set up a brand new account.

A few seconds later, she posted her first update: Live.

She started the stream, angled the camera for the best shot, and tagged @CabindaPolice.

The busy, electric energy of the gambling floor was now online for the world to see.

At first, hardly anyone was watching. Brand new account, no followers, just a few stray viewers.

Charlotte lounged back, one leg crossed over the other, her fingers tapping rhythmically on the screen. A sly, almost icy smile tugged at her lips.

Her hands moved quickly across the iPad, and then, with a few taps, the live video was pushed out to every user on Twitter.

Almost instantly, millions of people flooded in.

"Wait, is this a real casino live stream?"

"Are they actually throwing down that much cash? It looks like a movie scene."

"This isn't a movie. The guy dealing is that viral dude, the one who lost it on camera."

"Yeah, I just checked. It's definitely him."

"This is a huge illegal gambling den. Does anyone know where this is? I'm reporting it right now!"

Charlotte glanced up, then sent out another update.

Location.

The internet exploded.

Within minutes, alarms started

blaring across the casino. Gamblers scrambled to their feet, panje flashing across their faces as the looked around, trying to figure out what was happening.

"What the hell? What's going on?"

Jesse, cigarette hanging from his lips, pushed the woman off his lap. "It's probably just a glitch he said acting like he couldn't care less. "Get someone to check it out."

He'd always thought his place was untouchable. Years of business, never a single problem.

Then his phone rang.

He picked up, listened, and his face drained of color. The cigarette slipped from his mouth.

"Jesse, are you okay?"

"It's the cops!" he barked, his guys

y grab the cash

the money, we're getting out!

Cops.

Panic shot through the room. People looked like their knees might give out.

If they got caught, they'd be facing years behind bars.

The place dissolved into chaos.

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Everyone rushed for the main entrance, panic turning the crowd into chaos. People pushed and shoved, desperate to get out, but the electronic lock was broken. No matter how hard they tried, the doors wouldn't budge, from inside or out.

"Open the emergency exit," Jesse shouted, his voice cracking as he clutched his round belly, sweat beading on his forehead.

Just a moment ago, he'd felt smug about his secret emergency door, convinced it would save him in a pinch. Then someone yelled from across the room, voice shaking, “Jesse, the emergency door's stuck too! It won't open!"

Stuck? That couldn't be right. Jesse shoved a bodyguard out of the way and kicked the main door, over and over, but it didn't even tremble.

Inside the casino, with all the staff and gamblers, there were at least forty people. Everyone was trapped. The sound of fists and feet pounding on the doors echoed through the place, but the fancy reinforced doors barely dented. There was no way anyone was breaking out.

"Jesse, the cops are almost here! You promised this place was secure. What do we do now?" someone shouted, panic rising in their voice.

"What's the point of having your guys? Can't even get a door open!" another yelled, voice sharp with fear.

"Everyone, shut up! You think I want to stay here?" Jesse snapped, his nerves fraying as the wail of police sirens grew louder outside. He grabbed handfuls of his own hair, pacing in circles, frantic.

"Go to hell!" A young guy lunged forward and kicked Jesse hard in the stomach.

Jesse collapsed, gasping and clutching his belly, his face twisted in pain.

Both exits were blocked, and with eighteen floors between them and the ground, no one was about to try their luck jumping. Fear and fury filled the air, and Jesse became everyone's target. Someone else kicked him. Another man spat at him, then snatched up a chair and smashed it against the door, the

crash ringing out across the room.

Meanwhile, Charlotte stood calmly in a shadowed corner, pouring herself a glass of orange juice. She took a slow sip, watching the chaos unfold like it was just another show.

After a few tense minutes, the door finally swung open from the outside. Police officers stormed in, weapons raised.

"On the ground! Hands up! Don't move!"

Everyone dropped to their knees, hands over their heads, cursing under their breath.

Jesse barely had time to breathe before someone cuffed his wrists. As he was hauled to his feet, he glanced toward the corner and caught a flash of someone familiar. His eyes widened.

No way... Was that Charlotte?

He'd heard she was back in town, but how could she end up here? Jesse blinked,

but the corner was empty. Had he imagined it?

Suddenly he remembered her from five years ago, the way she'd looked up at him, helpless and pleading. The memory sent a shiver straight through him. After he sorted out this mess, he'd make sure she paid for what happened back then.

On the way home, Charlotte scrolled through her phone. News about the police bust

was everywhere, videos going viral.

She paused on a clip of Jesse, handcuffed and being shoved into a police car. A slow, satisfied smile tugged at her lips.

Family Group Chat

Jackson: @Nine Charlotte, you're seriously going to let him off that easy?

Jackson: He'll just end up back on the street, causing trouble again. f the Main Family gets involved, they !!. just throw some money around and bail him out.

Adonis: Which car is that bastard in? Tell me the route, I'll take care of him myself.

Charlotte's fingers hovered over the screen, an amused smile spreading as she typed.

Nine: Just wait. Let them bail him out. That's exactly what I want.

Even through the phone, Jackson and Adonis could feel that spark in her words, like she was holding back something dangerous.

It was obvious Charlotte wasn't done with Jesse yet. She was just getting started.