

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 76

The moment Charlotte entered the house, Fifi flew into her arms and knocked the wind out of her.

“Mommy, Mommy!”

“Miss, you’re finally back!” Mrs. Berry flung down her mop and ran over to her. She grabbed Charlotte’s arm and said with tears in her eyes, “Oh, my poor dear, let me see where they injured you!”

“It was just a few injuries, nothing serious... Ouch!”

Charlotte had made to hug Mrs. Berry, but a dizzying pain in her shoulder prevented her from doing so. She looked down and winced.

“Mommy, hang in there!”

Fifi flew to land on Charlotte’s hair, nudging the woman’s head with her green one to comfort her.

“Fifi, my darling!” Charlotte reached up and patted the parrot gently on the head.

“Have a seat, come on!” Mrs. Berry steered Charlotte towards the sofa and made her sit down. “Poor girl. It’s been so many days! Why haven’t your wounds healed completely?”

“It’s fine. They’re starting to heal.” Beads of sweat appeared on Charlotte’s forehead. “Mrs. Berry, these are the medicine and vitamin supplements that the doctor gave me. Could you help me put them away? I’ll go and change my clothes in my room.”

“Are you sure you can manage by yourself? I can help you change.” The housekeeper looked uncertain.

“No, it’s alright! The school bus should be reaching soon. Why don’t you go and pick up the kids?”

“Oh, right. My memory sure is getting worse by the day. I’ll go once I put away these bags of medicine.”

Mrs. Berry helped Charlotte back to her room before she went and put everything away. Afterward, she headed downstairs with Fifi to pick up the kids.

Charlotte put on a set of home clothes with much difficulty. Just as she was about to take a sip of water, her kids ran into the house and started chirping noisily, “Mommy, Mommy, Mommy!”

“Hello, my darlings!” she cried. The three meatballs ran into her arms, knocking into her wound in the process. She had to bite down hard on her lip to make sure she didn’t cry out in pain.

“Oh my goodness, children, be more gentle!” Mrs. Berry admonished. “Your mother...”

“It’s alright, it’s alright.”

Charlotte shot a look at Mrs. Berry, warning her not to bring up her wounds to her children.

“Mommy, why are you sweating so much? Are you feeling uncomfortable?”

Robbie, her oldest, had excellent observation skills. He frowned when he realized that there was something off about his mother.

“Robbie, Mommy is fine...” Charlotte reassured him as she caressed his hair.

“Mommy, are you sick?”

Jamie quickly poured her a glass of water. He ran towards her, causing some of the water to splash out of the glass. He quickly caught the droplets with his hand, afraid that they might splash onto Charlotte. "Mommy, have some water!"

"Thanks, Jamie." The woman felt extremely touched by her sons' kind action.

"Here, Mommy! Ellie will help you wipe your sweat." Her youngest stood on her tiptoes and wiped Charlotte's sweat away with her sleeves, worry written all over her cute little face.

"Thanks, my dears. Have all of you been good while Mommy was away?"

"Yes!" the three of them replied instantaneously.

Charlotte felt very happy. No matter how difficult life got for her, she was always reminded once again that life was worth living every time she saw her kids.

"Alright, kids. Mommy will be resting now. Go and play with Mrs. Berry for a moment, won't you?"

Mrs. Berry soon managed to cook up an excuse to lure the kids away. "I'll make you guys chicken nuggets for dinner tonight. Do you want to come and help me?"

"Okay..." The three of them skipped out of the room after the housekeeper

Charlotte locked the door of her room behind her after they left. When she looked down at herself, she realized that her clothes were completely soaked in sweat.

She had no choice but to head into the bathroom and wipe herself down before changing into another set of clothes...

At that moment, a loud slam sounded as someone banged violently on the front door.

“Who’s there?” Mrs. Berry called. When she opened the door to see who it was, she let out a huge gasp. “It’s you! What are you doing here again?”

“Why can’t I be here?” It was Amanda’s voice.

Charlotte hurried to put on her clothes. However, because of her injuries, lifting her hand took a lot of effort. She managed to put on her shirt after a long while of struggling.

“Mam, please leave. We don’t want any trouble around here.”

“Who the hell do you think you are to talk to me like that?” Amanda hollered, an arrogant expression written all over her face. “Where’s Charlotte? Tell her to come out and speak to me right now.”

“Mam...”

The children dashed out of the kitchen when they heard the commotion. Upon seeing Amanda standing at the door with fury written all over her face, they yelled, “Who are you? Why did you barge into our house, and how dare you behave so impolitely?”