

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 78

“What... What do you think you’re doing?” Amanda was so frightened that she backed up against a wall.

“Don’t worry. Even if I wanted to kill you, I wouldn’t do it right here...” Charlotte forced her against the wall with the knife. Her eyes narrowing into thin lines, she said icily, “All I wanted to tell you is that the poor and downtrodden will never fear those who live in luxury. Don’t force my hand, Amanda, or who knows what I might do to you!”

As she spoke, she suddenly thrust the knife...

“Ahhhh!” Amanda let out a blood-curdling scream.

However, the knife never pierced her skin. Instead, it got lodged in the wooden door behind her.

The woman had already been scared out of her wits. Taking the bank card from Charlotte, she turned and fled immediately...

Charlotte watched her leave, heaving a long sigh of relief as she did. Just as she was about to enter the house, she found Mrs. Berry standing in the doorway, looking at her with tears in her eyes. “Miss, I’m so sorry for the trouble...”

The housekeeper felt extremely sorry for Charlotte. The latter had been coddled her entire childhood, with servants always bustling around to attend to her every need. Now, she had to resort to frightening an intruder off with a fruit knife to keep her family safe.

“Mrs. Berry, what’s up with you?”

Charlotte didn’t care much. All she wanted was to lead a happy, peaceful life with Mrs. Berry and her children; she wouldn’t allow anyone to spoil it for her.

“Mommy, Mommy...” Fifi flew out of the house and flapped around her head. “Dinnertime, dinnertime.”

“Ooh, are you hungry, Fifi? Let’s go inside.” She put an arm around Mrs. Berry and said amusedly, “Mrs. Berry, you must be aging backward into a child again. Why are you crying your eyes out over a matter like this?”

“I just feel bad for you, my girl.”

Mrs. Berry sniffed violently and wiped away her tears, hoping that the children wouldn’t find anything amiss.

“Mrs. Berry, Mommy, it’s time for dinner!”

The children quickly helped to set the table, and all of them settled around for a happy meal together.

Just as Charlotte picked up her chopsticks, she received a notification on her phone: Gigolo In Debt has just transferred you eighty thousand.

Charlotte was overjoyed upon seeing that. Immediately, she picked up her phone and texted him: So much money?

‘Gigolo In Debt’ replied: We received a few huge orders.

She quickly sent another text: Wow, that’s amazing! I thought you were lazing your time away these past few days.

I shall be the most hard-working gigolo you’ve ever seen!

Haha! Look how self-aware you are. I'm proud of your improvement!

Are you happy because my business has improved?

Of course. Doesn't that mean I earn more money? Keep up the good work!

After that, 'Gigolo In Debt' stopped replying to her messages.

"Mommy, have a chicken wing." Ellie grabbed a chicken wing with her chubby fingers and placed it on Charlotte's plate.

"Thanks, Ellie." She put away her phone and devoted her attention to having dinner with her kids.

However, her mind couldn't stop churning with thoughts. Now that Amanda and Luna had spread the news about her children, everyone she knew was bound to hear about sooner or later.

When that happened, 'Gigolo In Debt' might also find out about it...

As she thought about this, Charlotte felt a wave of anxiety creeping up on her. She decided to schedule a meeting with 'Gigolo In Debt' after her injuries healed—the sooner they ended their relationship, the better it would be for both of them.

As for Zachary, she had to find a way to return the chip to him as quickly as she could. She didn't want to see him again either.

At ten minutes to two the next afternoon, Raina called her punctually on the phone. "Ms. Windt, we're waiting for you at the place we agreed on yesterday."

“Got it. I’m coming down now!”

After informing Mrs. Berry that she was leaving, Charlotte put on some casual clothes and left the house.

Raina had driven a Rolls-Royce over to pick her up. The entire street was astir—everyone who walked past it on the street stopped for a few seconds to admire its sleek design.

Charlotte hid her face behind her hands, afraid that people might recognize her.

“Ms. Windt! Come on in.” Raina opened the door for her and ushered her into the car politely.

When she got into the car, she couldn’t help but ask, “Dr. Langhan, why are you picking me up in this car?”

“We are simply following Mr. Nacht’s orders,” the woman explained with a bright smile.

“Oh, alright then,” Charlotte replied, feeling a little nonplussed. “Let’s go then.”

The car slowly made its way down the street.

On the opposite street, her three children, who had just gotten off the school bus, were staring after the Rolls-Royce, their eyes as large as saucers.

Ellie fluttered her long eyelashes in confusion. Afraid that she might have seen it wrongly, she asked, “Was that really Mommy who got into the car?”

“Yes, I think so,” Jamie replied solemnly, rubbing his chin. “She was even wearing that set of grey-colored casual clothes that she got on discount at the department store.”

“And those little white shoes!” Robbie added in awe. However, a moment later, he said with the serious air of an adult, “Alright, we shouldn’t be such busybodies about this. Everyone has their own private life, and we should respect Mommy’s privacy.”

“Yes, yes.”

“It’s National Day today, so the school let us off early. I bet Mrs. Berry has forgotten about this completely. Let’s head home by ourselves.”

“Yeah! Let’s go home!”