

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 27

Charlotte sprawled onto the ground like a frog. Scratched and cut, her palms and knees were burning in pain.

Behind her, the Aston Martin sped off and left her in the dust.

Charlotte shivered in the cold as she pitifully picked herself up. She then realized she was alone on an elevated bridge.

And her phone had run out of juice.

She was at the brink of collapsing into tears.

Why are all men so cruel!

The boss she met in the day was like that and so was the gigolo at night.

None of the cars that passed by her slowed down.

After being out in the cold for an hour, she managed to stop a taxi. Charlotte quickly stopped it by jumping in front with outstretched arms.

That night, Charlotte caught a cold and slept so soundly that even the alarm couldn't wake her.

When morning arrived, Mrs. Berry woke her up. As she dragged herself to wash up, her body ached all over.

When Mrs. Berry knew that she had caught a cold, she quickly made her some hot tea.

Robbie went to the medical kit and found some cold medicine. He also brought Charlotte a glass of warm water. "Mommy, once you finish breakfast, you will need to take your medication."

"You're such a good boy, Robbie." Charlotte used a tissue to cover her nose. "I got up late today and am running late. Mrs. Berry will take you to the bus later, alright?"

"Mommy, don't worry. I will take care of Jamie and Ellie."

Acting like an adult, Robbie's expression showed that he was eager to shoulder the responsibility.

"Mommy, you shouldn't go to work. Instead, take the day off and see the doctor."

Ellie felt bad for her mom as she helped Charlotte clean her nose with her chubby hands.

"I'll be fine after taking some meds. Don't worry." Charlotte kept drinking water as she also had a sore throat.

"I'll pour you some water," Ellie offered.

When Charlotte finished the water, Ellie took the empty glass and poured another one.

"Mommy, this is the cold medicine I have prepared for you. You should bring them to work."

Robbie put the cold medication into a small box and placed it in Charlotte's handbag.

"Thanks Robbie and Ellie."

Charlotte was proud of her children. They were only three but already so sensible.

At that moment, she realized Jamie was gone and quickly asked, "Where's Jamie?"

"Jamie is watching Fifi poop."

Ellie pointed her chubby arms toward the balcony.

Jamie was standing on a small bench and staring intently at Fifi, who was in a cage. He was holding a stick in his hand and no one knew what he was up to.

Inside the cage, Fifi stood there without moving. As its eyes darted around, it stretched its neck and tried hard to poop.

"He woke up twice in the middle of the night to check whether Fifi pooped. And this morning, he did the same too," Mrs. Berry laughed as she related. "Perhaps he thinks Fifi is going to shit that piece of gold out."

"I think I'm inclined to believe Jamie..." Robbie furrowed his eyebrows and looked serious. "Perhaps, his story is true."

"Jamie, come and have your breakfast!" Mrs. Berry called out.

Jamie ambled towards Charlotte, "Mommy, Fifi has pooped."

"Is there any gold?" Ellie sounded anxious.

“No, I’ve checked through it with a stick.” Jamie was still filled with hope. “Perhaps, it will come out next time.”

After that, he instructed Mrs. Berry with a serious tone, “Mrs. Berry, help me check if Fifi poops any gold while I’m out.”

“Alright, alright, I’ll watch over him for you. If there really is gold, I will keep it for you.” Mrs. Berry replied with a smile. “Now, eat your breakfast.”

After breakfast, she sent the three children off while Charlotte hailed a taxi to work.

In the taxi, she sneezed non-stop while mucus kept dripping from her nose. She felt very sick at that moment.

When she recalled how she suffered yesterday, she gritted her teeth in anger. She was quietly cursing both Zachary and the gigolo, wishing they would be forever impotent.

Inside the Rolls-Royce Phantom, Zachary sneezed twice and the image of Charlotte flashed across his mind. Damn it, did I catch a cold from her?

“Mr. Nacht,” Ben reported, “The result of Bruce’s investigations is out.”

“Go on!” Zachary’s attention was still on his documents.

“Pardus has given the chip to a child at Grand Plaza,” Ben explained with a frown. “From the security footage, the child is around three to four years old...”

“Search the city for the child!”

“Yes.”