

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 306

When the driver saw a little boy and a cat in the middle of the road, he made an emergency brake.

Nevertheless, it was too late. Even though the car had slowed down drastically, it still ran into Jamie.

Jamie's little body was sent flying in the air before falling a few meters away, after which he was totally motionless

"Ahhhh—" Ellie covered her face and screamed in shock.

"Jamie, Ellie!" Robbie quickly rushed over.

In the car, the stunned driver was rooted to his seat while the man on the passenger's seat was more composed. "We've made an emergency brake, so it must've been the inertial force. The boy should be alright. Call the ambulance right now."

"Yes." The driver quickly dialed the emergency number.

"What happened?" A deep and aged voice came from the backseat.

"Mr. Nacht, our car has hit a little boy, and we're now calling the ambulance," Spencer, who was sitting in the passenger seat, replied.

"Jamie!" Robbie hurriedly ran over, and when he saw Jamie lying in a pool of blood, he shouted frantically, "Help! Help—"

"Sob... Jamie, sob sob..."

Ellie was quivering in fear and wailing on the roadside.

The window of the backseat was lowered, and old Mr. Nacht popped his head out, looking at the little boy lying in the middle of the road with a lot of blood trailing from his head.

Another little boy was holding the injured boy and shouting for help while a little girl was crying at the side.

This scene made old Mr. Nacht's heart throb at once.

The old man got out of the car himself and walked over to them with his crutch. He hovered his hand over Jamie's nose to check his breathing and then ordered, "Don't wait for the ambulance. Carry the children into the car and head to the hospital immediately."

"Yes."

...

It was already 3.40 p.m., and Charlotte was still in the cab. She was worried that something would happen to the children, so she made a call to Lexie. "Ms. Cheney, Mrs. Berry is ill, so she can't pick the kids up. I'm on my way, please—"

"Ah, Ms. Windt, the kids have been dropped off earlier on," Lexie replied anxiously. "It was half-past three when they were dropped off at the usual spot. Since Mrs. Berry would always come a few minutes later these few days, I thought it was okay for the children to wait for a while there. I didn't know that you... Sigh, you should have told me earlier."

"The children already got off the bus? Then where are they now?"

"They should still be waiting at the drop-off point." Lexie panicked. "I've reminded them repeatedly to wait there and not go anywhere else. You should go there and check first. Call me again if there's anything wrong."

“Alright, I’ll talk to you later.”

Charlotte urged the driver to drive faster. Finally, she reached the drop-off point at 3.50 p.m.

Upon getting out of the car, she was utterly baffled. Where are the kids?

The children were nowhere to be seen.

Guessing that they might be playing in the grove nearby, Charlotte quickly rushed into the grove, but she still couldn’t find them.

Neglecting her back pain, she headed to the path home and searched for her children while calling out, “Robbie, Jamie, Ellie...”

However, there was no answer.

She was exceedingly anxious, but there was still a trace of hope within her as she thought the children might have reached home.

These three kids are very smart, and all of them know the way home. Besides, with Robbie around, there shouldn’t be any problem.

When Charlotte reached her unit, there was no one except for Fifi, who flew out to welcome her home. “Mommy! Mommy!”

“Fifi, have you seen Robbie, Jamie, and Ellie?” Charlotte asked apprehensively.

"No, no." Fifi shook her tiny head.

Charlotte's heart sank, but she was still hopeful. She ran into each room while calling out, "Robbie, Jamie, Ellie, hurry and come out now. Don't scare Mommy!"

"Come out now! Come out now!" Fifi imitated Charlotte and screamed after her.

Despite that, there was still no trace of the three children.

At that moment, Charlotte was so worried that she started sweating profusely. She held her injured waist and panted, trying to calm herself down. Relax, calm down. I have to calm down.