Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1447

Chapter 1447 Is Francesco Male Or Female

"What's wrong, Gamma?" Charlotte rushed over to pick her up. "It's already so late. What aren't you asleep yet?"

"I had a nightmare. I'm scared." Gamma hugged her neck. Leaning against her, she sobbed, "Aunt Charlotte, I miss Mommy."

"Don't cry, Gamma. I'm trying my best to find your mommy. We will be able to locate her soon," Charlotte gently comforted the little girl. "Be a good girl, and go back to sleep now."

With that, she carried Gamma back to her room and put her on her bed. Suddenly, Gamma saw the picture Charlotte was holding and asked curiously, "Eh, what's that?"

When Charlotte told her it was a photo, Gamma reached out to grab it. Upon taking a closer look, she said hesitantly, "This… looks like…"

All of a sudden, her eyes widened as she shouted, "It's Mommy!"

"Huh?" Charlotte was stunned for a moment. Nonplussed, she replied, "How can he be your mommy? This is a boy."

"No, this is Mommy. It's Mommy," Gamma repeated as she stared intently at the picture.

"All right now, settle down." Charlotte did not think too much about it. "Be a good girl, and go to sleep."

As she spoke, she got up and tucked Gamma in. Then, when she tried to pull the photo out, the latter refused to let go. "This is a photo of Mommy. Aunt Charlotte, can you give it to me?"

"Gamma, this photo is very important to me, so I can't give it to you." Charlotte gently pulled the photo away. "All right now, time for bed!"

"But—"

"Shush…" Charlotte put a finger before her lips to remind Gamma not to wake Alpha and Beta up.

Hence, Gamma had no choice but to sleep, pouting.

After giving her a peck on her forehead, Charlotte got up to leave. While closing the door, she gave Gamma a gentle wave, signaling her to go to sleep soon.

However, Gamma was still staring intently at the photo with widened eyes. In fact, tears were already welling up in them.

Holding the photo, Charlotte was about to return to the room when she saw a small figure waiting by the door.

"Robbie!" she called while striding over to his side. "Why aren't you sleeping yet?"

"I can't sleep." Robbie looked at her glumly. His eyes were still moist and bloodshot from crying earlier. "Mommy, is Daddy's condition really severe?"

Charlotte hung her head as she could not find the words to explain.

"I'm really useless for not being able to find Uncle Dan." Due to the overwhelming sadness, tears brimmed in Robbie's eyes. "If I can find him, Daddy may be saved."

Charlotte hugged him and consoled, "It's not your fault. You're still a child, and you've done your best."

"But—"

"Don't worry. I'll think of a way. I will definitely save Daddy." Charlotte took out the photo to reassure him. "Look, I found a picture of Francesco and shared my discoveries with Bruce. I believe he will be able to find a clue very soon."

"What picture? Let me see." Robbie examined it. "Is Francesco so young? This person looks like a young lady."

"How can it be a young lady? He's obviously a young man." She was nonplussed. "This picture was taken when Francesco was in his youth."

"You're wrong. It's a girl." He pointed at the photo and explained, "She might have short hair and dresses like a boy, but Mommy, look at her shoes."

Taking a closer look, Charlotte saw a flower on top of Francesco's sandals.

"It's not just the sandals alone; even her frame looks like a girl's." Robbie was certain. "Mommy, did you get the wrong photo? Or perhaps, Francesco is actually a girl?"