

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 3

The conflict was going to be a hassle and would probably take a long time. Looking up, Charlotte noticed the sky had turned a gloomy grey. The storm was about to hit anytime.

She didn't want her kids to get soaked in the rain, especially Ellie, who had been physically weak since young. The little girl would definitely catch a cold if the rain got to her.

"Robbie, Jamie, Ellie, stay in the car. I'll go down and see what's happening," Charlotte told her children before getting off the cab.

"Mommy, be careful!" the kids yelled out unanimously.

Fifi the parrot poked its head out of Ellie's pocket again curiously.

Ellie gave it a tiny snack and petted its fluffy head gently. "Fifi, hold on tight. We'll be home soon!"

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“Sir, I’m sorry. I didn’t hit your car on purpose.” The cab driver was explaining nervously. “It was the passenger’s fault. She has three kids and a good deal of baggage. My cab is overloaded, so I accidentally bumped into your car.”

When he saw Charlotte, he immediately pointed at her. “You’re responsible for this!”

“Huh? Why?”

Charlotte was about to retort when the window of the Rolls-Royce rolled down.

“Forget it. The president is busy!”

The man seated in the passenger seat spoke as he swept a glance over Charlotte.

“Yes!”

The man in suit nodded and told the cab driver to drive carefully next time before leaving.

Charlotte gazed instinctively at the backseat of the Rolls-Royce when the driver opened the door. To her surprise, she saw a half-naked man with his back to her.

A snarly wound snaked across his back as blood trickled down onto the wolf head tattoo on the small of his back.

Wolf head tattoo? The Wolf head tattoo!

Charlotte's eyes widened in disbelief. She stared at the tattoo wordlessly as her heart jumped to her throat.

The ferocious wolf was gazing at her, its eyes stained bright red by the man's blood, looking ever so bloodthirsty.

It's him!

It really is him!

"Move out of the way!"

The cab driver gave Charlotte an abrupt push, causing her to topple to the ground.

When she looked up again, the Rolls-Royce had disappeared from sight.

Charlotte felt her head buzzing as she stared at the empty road ahead.

Was that him in the car just now? The kids' father?

Wasn't he a gigolo at Sultry Night? Why was he in that expensive car with that horrible wound?

"Hey, why did you push my mommy?"

Jamie waved his fists angrily at the cab driver.

“Brat, stop yelling at me. If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t have gotten this unlucky,” cursed the cab driver.

“You were the one speeding before hitting that car. That’s none of our business!” Robbie retorted in his bubbly voice. “As your passengers, we’re not responsible for your mistake! You violated the traffic law. We can file a complaint against you!”

“Yes, you bullied Mommy. I will ask the police to arrest you!” Ellie pouted furiously and pointed at someone in the middle of the road. “There’s a traffic police!”

Fifi, who was perched on her shoulder, chirped out instantly. “Traffic police! Traffic police!”

“What a nuisance. Get off! I refuse to bring you to your destination anymore.”

The cab driver proceeded to open his trunk and threw their baggage in the middle of the road before leaving in a huff.

“Hey! How could you?”

Charlotte picked up her baggage clumsily and brought the kids to the side of the road.

Meanwhile, the man in the backseat of the Rolls-Royce, Zachary Nacht, looked up and glanced at the rearview mirror.

That woman looks familiar. Where have I seen her before this?

“Mr. Nacht, I’ll inject the anesthetic now!” said the doctor who was dealing with his wound.

“No need.” The man was reading a file in his hand. His wound was bleeding profusely, but he wasn’t bothered at all.

“Um, this may sting a little then. I’m going to stitch your wound up.”

Frowning, the doctor started stitching the wound up. As there was no anesthetic involved, the doctor was more nervous than usual.

The man’s tanned skin glinted under the light icily. His muscles contracted from the immense pain, but his expression remained the same.