

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 439

“H-How dare you hit Ms. Windt?”

Mrs. Berry was livid, grabbing the thermos in front of her and throwing it at Sharon.

Although Sharon successfully dodged it, her body wasn't spared from the hot soup inside. Her shrieks instantly reverberated through the room as the soup scalded her. With a pained and outraged expression, she roared, “You damned old lady! How dare you?”

“What? I was just doing your parents a favor by teaching their uncultured daughter a lesson.”

Mrs. Berry got down from the bed and helped Charlotte up.

“Boys!” Sharon pointed at Mrs. Berry with an unrelenting gaze as she ordered, “Take her down.”

Two bodyguards walked in and were about to tackle Mrs. Berry.

Charlotte quickly stood in front Mrs. Berry, shielding her. “Don't you dare lay a finger on her!”

“What if I want to?” Sharon rushed forward and shoved Mrs. Berry hard.

Mrs. Berry was knocked against the bed and fell to the ground, causing the IV needle on the back of her hand to pierce deeper into her flesh, instantly drawing blood.

Seeing this, Charlotte flew into a rage and landed a hard slap on Sharon's cheek.

The crisp sound echoed through the room.

Sharon couldn't recover from her shock. To be precise, she had never expected Charlotte to be so bold as to hit her.

A red handprint immediately formed on her cheek.

"How... How dare you hit me?" Sharon's eyes went wide with fury as she screamed hysterically, "I'm gonna kill you!"

With that, she lunged at Charlotte.

"Don't touch Ms. Windt!" Mrs. Berry rushed over to protect Charlotte.

The two bodyguards sprung to action, pulling Mrs. Berry away, but the latter used her heavy weight to her advantage and put up quite a fight.

"Let her go!" Charlotte stepped forward to help Mrs. Berry, but her hair was grabbed by Sharon.

Not one to go down without a fight, Charlotte unsheathed her claws and fought against Sharon.

Two more bodyguards rushed in and swiftly restrained Charlotte, twisting her arms behind her back.

"Go to hell, b*tch!" Sharon raised her arm and was about to slap Charlotte.

"Stop!" An angry roar pierced through the tension.

Sharon's hand froze midair and she looked back, gasping in shock, "Daddy? What are you doing here?"

"Let them go," Taylor sternly commanded.

The bodyguards immediately loosened their grip and stepped to a side.

"Miss!" Mrs. Berry hurried over to support Charlotte. "Are you alright?"

Charlotte caught sight of the wound on the back of Mrs. Berry's hand. The needle had penetrated so deeply into her flesh that blood was constantly trickling out.

The sight of it was like a sharp blade driving into her heart. As she held Mrs. Berry's hand, her entire body started trembling with fury and heartache.

"Get out." Taylor's brows furrowed.

"Daddy..."

"I said get out!" Taylor shot a glare at Sharon.

Filled with bitter resentment, Sharon pointed at Charlotte and gritted out, "This isn't over."

Then, she swiveled on her heels and stormed off.

"Stop right there!" Charlotte called out.

Sharon stopped in her tracks and was about to let out a string of curses.

Before she could, Taylor stepped forward and bowed deeply to Mrs. Berry and Charlotte. "My sincerest apologies. I will take full responsibility for this matter."

"Daddy..." Sharon's eyes widened in disbelief. "How could you apologize to her? Do you know that this b*tch-"

"Shut up." Taylor did not allow Sharon to speak.

Before she lost her cool, she stalked out of the ward.

"All of you leave us too," Taylor ordered.

The bodyguards retreated and stood guard outside.

After the door was closed, Taylor bowed and apologized to Charlotte and Mrs. Berry again. "My daughter was spoiled since young. I will definitely discipline her harshly after this. Please rest assured that I'll make sure she never bothers the two of you again. I'm truly sorry. Please accept my apology."

After that, he turned to leave.

Faced with his sincerity, Charlotte couldn't bring herself to kick up a fuss.

Oddly, Taylor stopped just shy of the door and turned back to look at Charlotte, asking in a feeble voice, "Was your father's name Richard Windt?"