

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1081

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“She has a fever and took some medicine. That’s why she is so sound asleep,” answered Olivia.

She held Ellie tightly. Unfortunately, her arms were sore, so she was trembling a little and her clothes were wet with sweat.

“Who are you to the kid?” asked the custom officer.

“I’m her aunt.”

As Olivia spoke, a traveler with a piece of luggage walked past them. He almost hit Ellie, but Olivia shielded Ellie’s head. The luggage hurt Olivia’s hand instead.

The officer saw how Olivia was caring so deeply for the kid, so he stopped asking questions. He let them pass and even reminded her that she could loan a stroller from the airport.

Olivia thanked the officer, but she didn’t dare to use the stroller. She was worried that Sharon would hurt Ellie, so she kept hugging the child and refused to let go.

The group entered the business class lounge soon after. Olivia was slightly relieved because she could finally sit with Ellie in her arms.

Sharon spoke to her subordinates and had two of them stand guard outside the lounge. The other two stayed and stood behind her.

Sharon relaxed on the sofa and glared evilly at Olivia before warning, “Quit fidgeting. Everyone is staring at us, and I will kill you if you got the police to come checking up on us.”

“When are you going to let Peter go?” asked Olivia while frowning, “I’ve already done as you asked and took Ellie over.”

"I will have my men let him go once I reach T Nation," answered Sharon cruelly, "Both you and Peter will be fine so long as I reach T Nation in one piece. If any unforeseeable issue arises, he will be the first one to die, and you will be following along soon."

"What is that supposed to mean? What unforeseeable issue are you talking about?" blurted Olivia.

"You are such an idiot. Do you think that Zachary Nacht and Charlotte Lindberg are stupid?" growled Sharon while keeping her voices down, "They are already searching for me, and things will be bad if they find me here."

"But I've already done everything you asked," said Olivia nervously, "Let Peter go now. He's injured, and you've had him locked up for a month. If things keep going like this, he will die."

"Why are you so worried? I'll let him go once I reach T Nation," replied Sharon before she shrugged nonchalantly.

"Let him go now or I will shout for help," threatened Olivia, who had been forced to a corner.

"You..." growled Sharon as she shot a look at the officers patrolling right outside.

Olivia pointed out, "The kid and I are with you now, and we are the best hostage there is. Peter is no longer of any use to you, so why are you still holding him? I will do whatever you ask so long as you let him go."

"What if you play some trick on me?"

Sharon was extremely cautious because too much had happened. She had endured a lot of pain, and she was lucky to have someone helping her out. That person was the only reason she even had a shot at escaping, and she knew that was her last chance at survival.

I will truly be in hot waters if anything were to happen.

"You overestimated me," replied Olivia before she grinned bitterly and pointed out, "I am just an ordinary person, so what

trick could I pull? Besides, I'm with Ellie. How will I escape with her?"

"You're right about that."

Sharon thought that made sense because she had always seen Olivia as the helpless maggot following Charlotte around. Olivia doesn't have any actual skills or power, so there is no way she can escape. Besides, I have Ellie with me. No one will risk anything.

Thinking about that got Sharon to make a call and have the men let Peter go.

"Let me talk to him. I want to make sure that he is safe," requested Olivia eagerly as she inched forward.

"You are so annoying," complained Sharon before she handed the phone over and demanded, "Sit further away from me. You're sweating all over, and you stink!"

Olivia carried Ellie to the side before she spoke into the phone. "Hello? Peter?"

"Olivia," replied Peter in a weak voice, "I-Ignore me. Just k-keep yourself safe."

"I am so sorry, Peter. This is all my fault. You wouldn't have been captured if it weren't for me," said Olivia who couldn't help tearing up after she heard Peter's voice.

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"This is not your fault..."

"Peter, they will set you free soon. I have some money on my credit card, and the password is Ellie's birthday. Take it to cover your medical expenses..."

As Sharon spoke, the loudspeaker announced that the flight to T Nation could be boarded soon. That prompted Sharon to snatch the phone away and hang up.

"I'm not done yet..."

Slap!

Olivia was still talking when Sharon slapped her across her face. The latter even scolded through gritted teeth, "You b*tch. Why are you talking so much? Are you trying to send a secret message?"

"No, I wasn't," replied Olivia while crying, "Peter is so injured that he can barely talk, so how am I supposed to send him a secret message? I was simply worried about him being further dragged into this mess."

Sharon thought about it and agreed, "Oh, you're right about that. You are willing to betray Charlotte for that man, so there is no way you'd let him risk his life again. Besides, he is so sick that he is on his deathbed. There is no way he can do anything even if you had sent him a message."

Olivia had her head down and kept crying.

"Come on. Carry the kid and board the plane with me. Hurry!" commanded Sharon.

Olivia stood up with Ellie and obediently followed along.

Two foreign bodyguards were monitoring her, so she couldn't try anything at all. All she could do was keep her head down.

There was a long queue to the plane, but Sharon got first-class tickets and everyone could cut the line. Hence, everyone was in a separate lane and waiting for the officers to check their tickets.

Olivia turned around to check things out. No one was going after them. That got her nervous. If things keep progressing this way, we will truly end up in T Nation...

At that same moment.

Charlotte led her people and rushed to the airport. They ran to the security's office as soon as they got out of the car. Jade, on the other hand, was leading her team to look for Sharon and the others.

Morgan was calling the management of Wildefield International Airport and was trying to get them to share the security footage. That would help speed things up.

Unfortunately, they were in such a hurry that they didn't get a chance to call beforehand or had their identities verified.

Charlotte panicked. She stood at the departure hall and looked around to try to locate her daughter.

She was going insane. Ellie was gone for some time, and Charlotte estimated that the kid might be boarding the plane with Sharon at that moment. It would be virtually impossible to find Ellie if they didn't even know which country Ellie was being taken to.

In her messed-up state, Charlotte ended up stopping every kid who was about Ellie's age. She wanted to see if they were Ellie, who was forced to wear a disguise.

To her dismay, none of them were her daughter.

"What the hell? Why are you pulling at my child?"

The parents were so angry that they pushed Charlotte away.

One parent even called the security guard and informed, "That crazy woman is going around tugging at kids. She frightened my daughter."

"I am looking for my daughter..." replied Charlotte.

"But this is my kid!"

"Please pardon her. She is probably just panicky because her kid is missing. You're a parent too, so please be understanding."

“What a lunatic,” grumbled the angry mother before she left with her kid.

Charlotte was completely lost and didn’t know what to do.

Jade couldn’t find anything, and Morgan’s contact was telling her that they needed to talk to the supervisors and verify Morgan’s identity.

Morgan got so pissed that she howled, “It’s f*cking urgent. Every second counts, so can you freaking do as I ask then do the paperwork later?”

“Sorry, but we must follow protocol.”

“You...”

“Charlotte,” called out someone with a familiar voice.

Charlotte turned around and saw Zachary there. He rushed over and pointed at the specialized lane. “We can enter from there. I’ve already arranged everything,” informed Zachary.

“Hurry,” ordered Charlotte to get her people to travel via the specialized lane.

“Have you learned which flight they’re taking?” asked Charlotte as she ran anxiously.

“They’re boarding the plane to T Nation!”

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Charlotte growled through gritted teeth, “That Sharon Blackwood really knows how to pick a place. Does she think that I won’t go there because that is a place of misery for me? Is that why she’s taking Ellie over?”

“She probably thinks that the most dangerous place is the most unsuspecting place,” replied Zachary while frowning.

“How did you know which flight they were taking? My team couldn’t learn anything,” said Charlotte curiously.

“Peter called me,” shared Zachary, “Sharon’s subordinates beat him up and locked him up for a month, but they released him some time ago. Olivia called him and deliberately leaked the information to him.”

“It’s as I suspected. That Olivia is such an idiot. Why didn’t she tell me everything right away? I could’ve rescued Peter ages ago, and she didn’t need to be threatened like that,” complained Charlotte angrily.

“She was blinded by her emotions,” commented Zachary, who was more rational. He added, “They’re boarding the plane now. We must hurry.”

“Call the airport and have them stop the plane!” urged Charlotte quickly.

“They’re still doing the paperwork...”

“Paperwork? What the f*ck? I will f*cking kill them if anything were to happen to my daughter!” roared Charlotte who was about to lose her mind in a fit of anger.

“We’re not in Erihal, so no special privileges for the rich here,” reminded Zachary, “I’ve contacted the police in T Nation since we already know the destination. Don’t worry...”

Charlotte didn’t bother listening. She hurried toward the boarding gate.

Sharon and the others had already boarded the plane by then.

She sighed a breath of relief. The plane is about to depart, and I can finally leave this place safely.

With the girl here, both the Nacht family and the Lindberg family will not dare to come after me.

Sharon had already planned ahead. She would stay in Coldbridge for a while and go somewhere else once the dust settled down.

"You'll let us go once we reach T Nation, right?" asked Olivia fearfully.

"Shut up!"

Sharon scolded angrily, but she soon became alert and scanned her surroundings. She was worried that others would overhear her.

"There is no point in bringing us along," said Olivia, "If Ellie is with you, both Mr. Nacht and Charlotte will not relent and will keep coming after you. You might as well just let us go because then they won't be bothered to look for you anymore."

"Do you take me as a fool?" scolded Sharon while frowning, "I killed Mrs. Berry, and I humiliated Charlotte in the past. There is no way she'd let me go. They'd just kill me if I don't have the kid as leverage."

"But..."

"Shut up!" threatened Sharon while pointing a finger at Olivia, "I will kill you if you keep bullsh*tting like that!"

Olivia didn't dare to say another word. She simply held on to Ellie tightly.

"Miss, is the kid asleep?" asked the stewardess, "Please put her in her seat and buckle her up. The plane is about to take off."

"Okay, got it," replied Sharon politely before she put on a skin-deep grin and turn to Olivia, "Do as the lady said! Stop hugging her like this. You're getting her all sweaty."

Olivia didn't dare to complain. She slowly set Ellie down on the seat and buckle her up.

Just then, the effects of the sleeping medication started to wear off. Ellie moved about and looked like she was about to wake up.

Sharon's expression stiffened. She waited until the stewardess had left before she demanded, "What's going on? Didn't I tell you to give her a heavy dosage? Why is she waking up?"

"She has been sick, so she can't take too many sleeping pills," answered Olivia softly, "The dosage I gave her is already beyond the limit."

"What the hell am I supposed to do if she wakes up and makes a fuss? Feed her more medicine now!" demanded Sharon with a grouchy expression on.

"No, I can't. She can't take it anymore," replied Olivia while shaking her head nervously.

Everyone started looking over because they thought that those passengers were weird.

Sharon glared evilly at Olivia. The former didn't complain anymore because she didn't want to attract any attention. She simply took two sleeping pills out of her possession and ground them into dust before adding them to a bottle of water. After that, she shook the bottle and tried to feed it to Ellie.

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"No, you can't!" insisted Olivia, who was quick to stop Sharon.

"F*ck off!"

Sharon flung Olivia's hand away, but Olivia was adamant about protecting Ellie.

The two of them fought and attracted the other passengers' attention.

A sleepy passenger complained in frustration, "Will you please keep your voices down?"

A stewardess came over at that moment and asked, "What's wrong?"

"It's nothing," replied Sharon before she glared at Olivia to signal for the latter to lie.

Olivia had her head down. She didn't dare to even breathe too loudly.

At that moment, she was weighing her options and wondering if she should tell the stewardess the truth. If I do that, the policeman on board can apprehend Sharon.

However, Olivia got cold feet when she saw the four foreign bodyguards.

They are killers. If I push them to a corner, they might retaliate and end up hurting the other passengers in the crossfire.

"Please buckle up. The plane is about to depart," reminded the stewardess.

"Why haven't we taken off yet?" asked Sharon who was in shock, "It's been a while since we boarded, so why is the gate still open?"

"A passenger is on the way over. His luggage is already being taken over," replied the stewardess.

"What the hell?" growled Sharon angrily as she checked her watch, "It's already past the departure time, so why aren't we in the air yet? Why are you wasting our time? Is our time not equally precious to you?"

"That's not it. Miss, that passenger..."

"Everyone has to wait because one person is late. Is that it?"

Sharon shouted and started making a scene.

"Are we supposed to wait forever if he never shows up? It's the holidays, and there are so many people flying home. If you keep

delaying like this, our flight will be postponed or worse, canceled!”

“But...”

The stewardess was going to explain the situation when the other passengers chimed in.

“Yeah, she’s right. Our time is precious too, and you can’t make us wait just for that one person!”

“Yeah, who knows when we’d be able to fly over if this flight gets canceled?”

“Close the doors now or I will file a complaint!”

A few stewardesses tried to explain the situation, but everyone refused to listen. Sharon made things worse by fanning the flames. That prompted the stewardesses to go to the pilot for instructions.

Sharon panicked. If things keep progressing like this, Charlotte and Zachary will reach us before we take off.

Olivia, on the other hand, was a little excited. When she called Peter earlier, she deliberately leaked the information. He probably already shared the information with Charlotte or Zachary. Maybe they’re on the way over now.

Zachary and Charlotte had already reached the gate by then. Unfortunately, the bridge had already been retracted, and that last passenger was being sent to the plane via a car.

The door was locked and the airport workers were getting ready to leave.

“Wait!” shouted Zachary as he reached out for one of the workers, “Open the door. That plane cannot take off. A kidnapper is on that flight with my daughter!”

“We didn’t receive any news about it. If that is true, please call the police,” replied the worker while frowning.

“There’s no time for that. Open the door now!” urged Zachary.

“You can’t go there...”

A worker was trying to explain the situation when Charlotte barged in without listening.

“Oy, what are you doing?”

The workers tried to stop her right away, and as they did so, they called the security guards.

They were still arguing when the late passenger finally boarded the plane.

The door closed, and the stewardess reaffirmed to everyone, “The last passenger has boarded, and the door is closed. We’ll be taking off shortly, so please buckle your seatbelt.”

Hearing that announcement and seeing the door closing got Olivia disheartened. Sharon, on the other hand, was relieved.

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Ellie woke up groggily at that moment. She was sick and had taken some sleeping pills, so she felt terrible.

“What’s wrong, Ellie? Are you okay?” asked Olivia, who was quick to soothe the kid.

“Where are we, Ms. Peyton?” asked Ellie between sobs, “I feel so terrible. I want my mommy.”

“Be good, Ellie. Your mommy will be here soon.”

Olivia felt guilty. She felt like she had wronged Charlotte and Ellie.

“I feel so terrible... urk...”

Ellie suddenly started retching.

Olivia was quick to open a bag for her to vomit in.

Sharon saw that from the side and looked disgusted.

Just then, the stewardess came over and asked, "What's wrong with the kid?"

"She..."

"It's nothing. She's just a little airsick and will be fine soon. Please take off as soon as possible," urged Sharon while cutting Olivia's words short.

"Are you sure she's fine?" asked the stewardess in a worried tone.

"I said she is! Why are you being so nosy? Take off already and stop dilly-dallying!" growled Sharon impatiently.

The stewardess had no choice but to leave.

Olivia opened up a bottle of water and fed it to Ellie.

Ellie remained uncomfortable, and she cried while demanding for her mother.

Sharon snatched the bottle of water away and put some sleeping pills in it before shaking it. She tried to get Ellie to drink it afterward.

Olivia tried to stop her, but Sharon's bodyguard stopped Olivia by putting pressure on her shoulder.

That force was so strong that it threatened to crush Olivia's collarbone. It prevented her from moving about anymore.

Sharon pinched Ellie's cheeks to force her to down the spiked drink.

Ellie recognized Sharon. The former's eyes bulged in fear and said, "You! You bad woman! What are you... uh..."

Ellie hadn't even finished speaking before Sharon shoved the water to her.

"Don't hurt her."

Olivia tried to stop Sharon, but the bodyguard had her pinned and prevented her from moving.

"Oy, what are you doing?" demanded one passenger, who noticed that something was off, "Are you even the kid's guardian?"

"Of course I am," lied Sharon, "The kid is naughty and refuses to take her medicine even though she is sick. That is why I am force-feeding it to her."

"What kind of parent would feed their kid like that?" said the passenger, who still thought that something felt off.

"Are you going to be responsible if she cries so loud that she disturbs the other passengers?" demanded Sharon, "My gosh, it is tough to be a parent nowadays. Everyone complains that I don't teach her right if the kid is loud. Yet, if I feed her the medicine, you guys are claiming that I am torturing her."

"You..."

"Come on. Stop butting in. It's none of your business," interrupted the passenger's friend.

The passenger in question stopped complaining.

Sharon glared over evilly and continued force-feeding Ellie the medicine.

The latter kept struggling and was coughing so much that she couldn't speak.

At that same moment, Charlotte and Zachary had broken through the glass door and were looking for their private jet.

Unfortunately, the jet wasn't parked near the boarding area. It was awaiting orders in another location and one needed to get in a car to head over.

Zachary grabbed one of the workers and asked for the location of the private jet.

Charlotte, on the other hand, went to hijack a car and was getting ready to rush over.

Just then, the airport's security guards came to stop them. Ben led his men to prevent those guards from doing anything.

Zachary led Charlotte into the car, and they were ready to rush over to rescue their baby girl. To their dismay, the plane located some distance away had lifted off just as they fired up the car's engine.

A worker shouted at them, "Oy, the plane you're looking for has already lifted off."

Charlotte stared at the plane in horror as her entire body stiffened.

"Get a private jet ready to head to T Nation now!" ordered Zachary, who was quick to strategize and fight.

"Understood," replied Ben before he left to work on it immediately.

"If doing that will take some time, then just book the earliest flight over!"

"Understood."

"Call the airport and have them turn that plane around now!" demanded Charlotte nervously.

"The airport won't take drastic measures like that unless the airplane issues a distress call. The plane would've already landed in T Nation by the time the airport workers sent in the application and got the approval."

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Charlotte became even more agitated after hearing what Zachary said. She urged, "Then we have to fly over right now!"

At that moment, the managers of the airport rushed over.

Zachary was discussing the matter with them while Ben was having their people prep the private jet.

Charlotte was panicking as she watched from the side. Lupine, however, called her at that moment to inform, "Ms. Lindberg, our private jet is ready. It can take off from H City in one hour."

"That's great news. We'll head over right away!"

Charlotte shot one look at Zachary before she snuck out of the place with Morgan and the others.

"Are we leaving without Mr. Nacht?" asked Morgan softly.

"He will just get in my way. I refuse to show her any mercy this time," replied Charlotte. The mere thought of how Zachary'd react annoyed her.

"That Sharon really should die a horrible death, and we can't let her off so easily. Don't worry, I'll drive to H City as quickly as possible."

"We must reach our destination within the hour. There can be no delay, not even for a second!"

"Understood."

Charlotte led her people and sped over to H City's airport.

Lupine had already had the others deliver everybody's travel documents over by then. She even contacted their people in T Nation to get them to keep an eye on Sharon.

Charlotte specifically instructed, "Monitor discreetly. Don't let her hurt Ellie. Wait until I am there. I will deal with this in person."

“Understood. I’ve already told them that.”

Lupine had always been considerate and worked diligently. She might have been standing guard in H City the entire time, but she had also been exchanging information and updates with Morgan. She prepped the private jet in H City as soon as she learned how things were going at Wildefield International Airport. All that was done in case things didn’t go their way.

Her diligence paid off.

Charlotte led her people and hopped onto the plane. Zachary called at that moment and asked, “Where are you? I got the private jet ready, and we can take off in an hour.”

“I’ve already boarded the plane,” replied Charlotte icily, “I will rescue Ellie and bring her home safely. You don’t need to go anymore.”

“Charlotte...”

Charlotte hung up before Zachary could finish his sentence.

Zachary gripped his phone and sighed exasperatedly. She still doesn’t believe me and worries that I’d get in her way. That is why she secretly left and is rushing to T Nation in advance.

“I thought they went to get the private jet ready. Who would’ve thought that they’d move faster than us?” said Ben softly to offer some comfort. He added, “It’ll be fine, though. We’re all just too concerned and want to rescue Ellie.”

“Go talk to the airport managers again. Try to prepone departure,” ordered Zachary immediately.

“Understood,” replied Ben before he went to do just that.

Marino asked in confusion, “Ms. Lindberg deliberately abandoned us here, so should we just stay still and prevent pissing her off?”

“Oh, what do you know?” growled Zachary angrily.

Marino tilted his head down immediately. He didn't dare to say another word.

Just then, Ben called and informed, "They compromised once more and allowed us to take off half an hour earlier. However, that is the best they can do."

"That's fine," replied Zachary as he walked toward the boarding gate. As he did so, he dialed the number to get T Nation's police forces involved.

Ben, Marino, and the others followed closely behind.

Ben saw how Marino seemed nervous, so the former explained, "Mr. Nacht is only that nervous because he worries that Ms. Lindberg will kill Sharon in a fit of anger."

"What's there to be worried about?" asked Marino, who was even more confused, "That vile b*tch should've died ages ago. None of this would've happened if she was dealt with earlier."

"You really are simple-minded," growled Ben while frowning, "Now's not the time to kill Sharon. Our main priority is to figure out who the person helping her is."

"Oh yeah! If we kill her, our only lead will die with her," blurted Marino as revelation hit him.

"Killing Sharon is easy, but the mastermind who helped her is another issue entirely," added Ben, "We have no idea who that person is, so we have no idea what kind of sh*ts to anticipate and prevent."

"That's true, but... why don't we just tell Ms. Lindberg all that directly, then?" asked Marino again.

"Unfortunately, we don't have the time to do so. Besides, Ms. Lindberg is too angry to listen to us now, so it is crucial that we hurry over."

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“Ah, I see now,” replied Marino, before he tilted his head down and added, “No wonder Mr. Nacht is always scolding me. Looks like I still have a lot to learn.”

“It’s best if you stop talking for now. Mr. Nacht’s still fuming,” reminded Ben.

“Understood,” replied Marino. He snuck a peek at Zachary’s back and suddenly felt nervous.

“Monitor the situation from afar. Do not act recklessly. We’ll coordinate once I am there.”

After Zachary discussed the matter with the police in T Nation, he checked his watch and sped up toward the gate.

Ben, Marino, and the others followed closely behind.

On the other side, the plane was already in the air.

It was finally quiet, but Charlotte couldn’t calm down. Her heart ached as she thought about the danger that Ellie was in. At that moment, Charlotte was tempted to torture Sharon and tear her limb from limb.

“The rumor claimed that Mr. Nacht is cruel and impatient, so why is he dragging his feet when it comes to dealing with Sharon?” asked Morgan as she gossiped with Lupine.

“Maybe it’s because he’s a dad now. Interacting with his kids must’ve chipped his cruelty off... Either that or he has other concerns,” guessed Lupine.

“Other concern my a*s! Remember what Mr. Lindberg said earlier? We must be quick and cruel when we deal with matters. We’ll never get anything done if we think too much,” replied Morgan crudely as she gestured endlessly.

“Shh, keep your voices down. Ms. Lindberg is annoyed enough already,” reminded Lupine softly.

“Oh, right,” replied Morgan before she shut up quickly.

Charlotte stared out the window and saw the cloud drifting. She was frowning so much that it looked like her expression was stuck...

The closer they got to the destination, the clearer the image in her mind was.

She remembered how, back then, the Nacht family forced her away and recalled what she endured in T Nation after that. All that kept flashing before her eyes.

Sharon’s actions were also repeatedly reminding Charlotte of one crucial point. Hatred is valid, and we should never let it go! Vengeance is the only way to end this.

Letting our hatred go will just give our enemy the chance to retaliate.

Perhaps it was because she sensed Charlotte’s murderous intent, Sharon suddenly shivered just as she touched down in Coldbridge.

She instinctively hugged herself and scanned her surroundings. However, she didn’t detect anything off.

“You’ve already landed, so you can let us go now. There’s no point in keeping us with you,” said Olivia fearfully and with great uncertainty.

“It’s true. Your usefulness had expired...”

Sharon signaled with her eyes, and one bodyguard immediately snatched Ellie away from Olivia.

“No, give the child back to me!” shouted Olivia in agitation.

Everyone turned around.

Sharon glared over evilly and warned, “Keep your voices down if you wish to survive this.”

“What are you doing? Charlotte won’t let you go if you hurt the kid,” said Olivia nervously.

Slap! Sharon slapped over mercilessly. She growled, “You b*tch. How dare you threaten me?”

“Isn’t it better if you just let us go and leave now? It’s not safe to take the kid along because you’d just attract attention,” reminded Olivia as she put her hand on her bloating face.

“You don’t need to worry about that.”

Sharon ignored Olivia entirely and walked toward the parking lot immediately.

“Give me the kid. I will carry her. She’s ill, so she can’t handle the stress,” begged Olivia as she followed along nervously.

“You really are too noisy. Kill her,” ordered Sharon in annoyance.

“Understood,” replied the bodyguard before he pulled Olivia’s hair. He was going to drag her away and kill her somewhere else.

“Wait, there’s police around,” warned another bodyguard at that crucial moment.

Sharon turned around. Security at Coldbridge’s airport had always been lenient. Yet, there were many police on patrol that day.

She felt like something was off, so she scanned around. However, she didn’t see anyone suspicious. If Zachary or Charlotte had their men here, they would already have come after me... I’m probably overthinking things.

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Just to be safe, they left Olivia as she was.

“Let’s just bring her along first,” Sharon commanded.

“Yes, ma’am.” The bodyguards then hauled Olivia onto the MPV.

The vehicle departed from the airport and sped off to an unknown destination.

Just then, Ellie, still unconscious, began vomiting all over the bodyguard.

Vexed, he shoved her aside and threw his jacket out before cleaning himself.

Olivia instantly carried Ellie and tenderly patted her lower back. “Ellie, it’s okay. You’re okay. I’m here for you,” she soothed.

Having been fed sleeping pills twice, Ellie threw up on the plane multiple times earlier on. With her digestive system practically empty, all that she barfed was yellowy bile.

Her delicate countenance was drained of color, save for her dark purple lips. She was shivering uncontrollably as her breathing grew weak.

“This won’t work. We have to go to the hospital right away,” Olivia anxiously pleaded while clinging onto Sharon’s arm. “I beg of you. Please, just send her to the hospital first.”

“Go away,” Sharon snarled before flinging her arm away, evidently displeased.

“If anything were to happen to her, you’d lose your trump card.” A distressed Olivia attempted to convince her. “Wouldn’t you need her to stay alive and healthy? I’m imploring you to please bring her to the hospital first. She’s getting frailer by the minute.”

“Are you insane? Is that really necessary? It was just some sleeping pills. Stop freaking out. We’ll just feed her some food when she wakes up,” Sharon nonchalantly replied.

“No, she really...”

“Ugh. How irritating. Throw her out of the car.” An annoyed Sharon bellowed at her men.

The bodyguard snatched Ellie over and prepared to throw Olivia off the car.

“No! Please don’t!” Olivia held onto the seat with her life and sobbed. “Please don’t get rid of me. At least I can help to take care of Ellie. If I were to die, it would be troublesome for you to tend to her as well.”

“So f*cking annoying.”

Sharon lifted her foot and prepared to strike Olivia with it.

Just then, Ellie stirred and began wailing at the top of her voice.

Sharon froze midair while her bodyguards were increasingly irritated by the sudden ruckus.

Olivia hurriedly enveloped Ellie into her arms and comforted her. “Ellie, don’t be scared. I’m here to protect you.”

“Ms. Peyton, I want my Mommy.” Ellie bawled whilst panting breathlessly.

“Stop crying!” Sharon shrieked.

That prompted her sobs to turn into a wail. At this point, Sharon was bereft of speech.

A bodyguard raised his hand and was about to smack Ellie when Sharon obstructed him. “What the hell are you doing? F*ck off.”

He retracted his hand immediately.

“This is my shield. If any harm befell her, we would all perish. Nobody, I repeat, nobody is to touch her. Got it?” Sharon barked.

“Yes.” The bodyguards no longer dared to land a hand on her.

“You! You’d better pacify her right now,” demanded Sharon as she handed Olivia some food. “If you manage to calm her down, I’ll spare your life. Else, be prepared to lose your life.”

“Alright,” Olivia muttered before gently wiping Ellie’s tears. Then, she leaned forward and whispered into Ellie’s ears. “Ellie, be good. No more crying, okay? If you continue weeping, you’ll get a fever. Then we won’t get to see Mommy anymore. You have to retain your energy and we’ll wait for Mommy to save us. Alright?”

Ellie’s pale face was buried deep into Olivia’s embrace. Although she was still visibly shaken, the ear-piercing wails had halted, replaced by muted whimpers.

“Good girl. Here, have some water.” Olivia took a bottle of water and brought it to Ellie’s mouth.

After she drank some water, her hoarse and weak voice mumbled, “Ms. Peyton, I’m terrified.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll keep you safe.” Olivia used her hand to wipe the cold sweat dripping off Ellie’s forehead. “I’m to be blamed for this. I’m sorry, Ellie,” Olivia sniffled.

For some reason, Sharon’s gaze turned downcast upon seeing the duo.

She turned her head to look out the window and mulled over herself. Throughout her life, other than her own mother, she had never met anyone who remained by her side unconditionally like that.

Never in her life.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1089

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After quite some effort, they finally arrived at their destination. It was the villa that Charlotte and Mrs. Berry once resided in.

It had been completely uninhabited and on the market for two years, but nobody dared to rent the place because of a mishap. The neighbors also all moved away.

The entire district was dreadfully silent.

Sharon carefully selected this place not only because it stored traumatic memories for Charlotte, but also because of its desolate nature.

She figured that it would be the last place on Earth that Charlotte would look for them.

With Ellie in her arms, Olivia walked into the villa. It stunned her to see the Osmanthus tree in the courtyard, along with the row of dying succulents, as well as the clothes rack. They reminded her of an indescribable sense of familiarity.

As she proceeded further into the villa, she took a quick look at her surroundings. The decor and scattered products in the living room, together with the clothes on the sofa that had accumulated a mountain of dust, confirmed that this was a place Charlotte and Mrs. Berry inhabited.

“Ellie, look. Mommy and Mrs. Berry used to stay here.”

Olivia gently patted Ellie’s back, only to realize she was out cold. Her clothes were dripping with sweat while her forehead was blazing hot.

“Oh god, Ellie’s having a fever.” Olivia rapidly sprinted to Sharon while carrying Ellie.

“I’m begging you to please send Ellie to the hospital. I’m not overstating her state of health. When she fell prey to your sister’s toxins, she kept running a high fever and puked nonstop. After Dr. Felch treated her, her condition finally stabilized. Now that she ingested sleeping pills, it’s relapsed. Once she becomes feverish, it could become fatal.” Olivia beseeched in a state of agitation.

Upon hearing Olivia's ramble, Sharon froze for a moment, as though she was pondering.

"Please, I'm begging you. Please..." Olivia crawled over to hold onto Sharon's leg and entreated desperately.

"We're not going anywhere," Sharon snapped as she kicked her away. "Piss off. Don't bother me."

"It's imperative that she sees a doctor this instant, else she'll suffer irreversible damage to her health. I'm pleading you," Olivia cried out as she kneeled on the floor. "She could lose her life over this. Please, I beg of you. Please..."

"Are you just afraid that I'll eliminate you after she dies? Is that why you're begging me so eagerly?" Sharon eyed her with contempt.

"I-I let her down. I let Charlotte down," Olivia uttered in between sobs. "If it helps, I'm willing to sacrifice my own life for her. All I ask for is that you spare the child!"

"Hmph. What a disgusting hypocrite. Oh please, you're just doing this for self-preservation. I mean, that's not unusual. It's every man for himself, after all." Sharon's tone was filled with disdain.

However, she reached out to feel Ellie's forehead. She was indeed burning up with an intense fever.

Then, she instructed an unwilling bodyguard to head out for medicine. He grumbled and complained, clearly reluctant to take on the task.

Only after Sharon promised to reward him with more money did he finally acquiesce.

"Alright. Bring her to the room to rest. We'll just wait for the fever medicine."

Sharon then fished out her phone to make a call.

"That won't do. Fever medicine is not suitable for her. She requires other forms of treatment. We must go to the hospital."

“One more word from you and I’ll chop off your tongue. Get the f*ck out of here!” An aggravated Sharon howled at Olivia.

The latter dared not rile furious Sharon any further, so she quietly returned to the room and gave Ellie some wet towels in an attempt to ease her fever.

Sharon then continued with her phone call. After a long while, her call was finally answered by a languorous voice. “Hello?”

“Daddy! It’s me”

When Sharon left, the mysterious stranger told her that arrangements would be made for her father to return home to recuperate while waiting for the court hearing.

Hence, she decided to try her father’s cellphone.

“You- How did you...”

“I escaped,” Sharon began with a hushed voice. “Where are you now? Is it convenient to talk? Your phone’s not bugged, is it?”

“I’m at the hospital,” Taylor responded in an equally low volume. “Don’t worry, the call’s not tapped.”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1090

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“That’s good. Listen carefully, Dad. I’ve about seventy million in my Mom’s bank account. When you get the chance, retrieve it as soon as you can. The amount should be enough for a comfortable retirement.”

“Where did you get the money from?” Taylor was flabbergasted.

“You don’t have to worry about that,” Sharon murmured. “The card is hidden in the pillow in my room and the password is Mom’s birthday. That’s all for now. I’m going to hang up.”

Upon noticing that the phone call was about to span a minute, Sharon rushed to complete her agenda for the phone call. Just as she was about to hang up, Taylor anxiously yelled, "Hold on!"

"What's wrong?" Sharon asked.

"When is your Mom's birthday?" Taylor enquired feebly.

"I can't believe you. You truly are a heartless man. How could you forget her birthday?" Sharon was beyond disappointed.

Despite her callous personality, Sharon's mom was her Achilles heel.

As Taylor's mistress, she was never allowed to reveal her actual identity in order to preserve his reputation. However, that never stopped her from going to great lengths when it came to Sharon's upbringing. She even went as far as sacrificing herself just so Sharon can return to the Blackwoods family.

Sharon always felt like she let her mother down. Hence, she was strictly unable to tolerate anyone who did her mother any disservice.

"Age is catching up with me. My memory's failing me these days," Taylor endeavors to defend himself. "I can't even recall your sister's and your birthdays. I don't even remember my own birthday, for that matter."

"That's enough," Sharon interjected. "630527!" In a brusque manner, she angrily reminded him.

"Got it. I'll remember it now."

Taylor had adopted a much more docile tone when conversing with Sharon. It sounded raspy and aged, different from the alluring man he once was in his days of yore.

"Is Cynthia dead?"

Since the phone call had already passed the one-minute mark, Sharon no longer feared the possibility of being wiretapped. If the police really wanted to bug her phone call, anything longer than a minute would be able to do the trick.

“Yes...”

At the mention of Cynthia’s demise, Taylor’s voice divulged his inner despair.

“She died at the hands of the poison she concocted. Tragedy...”

“Serves her right!” Sharon growled as she gritted her teeth. “That nasty b*tch deserved to die. Who asked her to commit crimes then pin the blame on me?”

“You shouldn’t talk about her like that. She’s your sister.” Taylor struggled to tell her off in his frail voice.

Sharon continued lambasting her sister with deep resentment. “That’s no sister of mine. Years ago, when my mom passed on, I already found it unusual. Now that I think about it, it must’ve been her. She must have been the one who murdered my mom. How foolish of me! It’s been so many years and I never knew she was adept at utilizing poison.”

When she was locked up in the Nacht residence’s backyard, she unintentionally heard the maids and bodyguards bemoaning about how it was a shame that a child so young was being poisoned.

At the time, she surmised that it was administered by Zara. She even thought about how ruthless Zara was that she would go to the extent of poisoning a young child.

However, when Olivia was pleading with her earlier on, she accidentally divulged that Cynthia was actually the one who poisoned Ellie. When Olivia recounted the symptoms Ellie had, Sharon could not help but recall her own mother’s passing.

That was why she decided to test the waters with Taylor.

"It all happened in the past. Why are you still dwelling on it?" Taylor sighed before changing the topic. "Oh right. You've yet to tell me. How did you flee?"

"Taylor Blackwood." Sharon interposed angrily. "Are you telling me that you already knew that Cynthia was the culprit who caused my mom's death?"

Taylor froze for a moment. He didn't think through his words before responding to Sharon's statement. Then, it dawned on him. That was a ruse to incite his reaction.

"You merciless b*stard. When my mom passed away, Cynthia was only eleven years old. Can you believe that? Never in the world did I expect her to be the killer. To think I really trusted what you said about how my mom died because of an illness. Only after I saw how that child suffered and got reminded of my mom did I realize that it could have been poison. You kept me in the dark all these years and pretended to love me, just to protect that vicious mute? Huh?" Sharon was quaking with rage.

"Women are like clothes. I can always look for more. But both of you are my daughters and you're going to accomplish great things on my behalf. The last thing I want is for you to destroy each other." Taylor kept his cool while he justified his actions.