

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 2

Hearing the name “Sterling,” Charlotte glanced at the convoy and saw the Sterlings’ crest on the cars.

Are they here for me? She grew excited at that thought.

Could it be that Hector never betrayed me? Did he call off our engagement because he had no other choice back then? Now that he knows I’m back, he must be here to pick me up!

“Miss, is Mr. Sterling here to pick us up?”

A delighted Mrs. Berry was about to step forward when two bodyguards pushed them away rudely.

In the next moment, a graceful woman dressed in expensive clothing walked out, flanked by an entourage.

Charlotte’s lips parted in surprise. Isn’t this Luna White?

Luna was clad in a designer suit. She looked more elegant than she was four years ago.

Her fingers were curled around a little hand belonging to a boy around the same age as Charlotte’s triplets.

“Mrs. Sterling, Timothy, this way please,” the bodyguards greeted them politely.

“I will never take the train again. It’s filthy and full of commonalties,” declared Luna, covering her nose with her handkerchief in disdain.

“Yes, yes. If it weren’t for the weather, Mr. Sterling wouldn’t have let you and Timothy suffer.”

The bodyguards escorted Luna and the little boy into a car.

Both Luna and her son were so arrogant they didn't even glance around them. Thus, they failed to notice Charlotte in the crowd.

"What is going on?" Mrs. Berry recognized Luna and blurted out. "Isn't that your cousin? Is she married to Mr. Sterling now?"

"I think so."

As the Sterlings' convoy drove away, Charlotte recalled Hector's promise in the past.

He said I'll be his only bride in this life.

But now, he's married to my cousin. They even have a son this big!

Tears prickled at Charlotte's eyes as her nose burned.

"Mommy, what's wrong?"

When the kids spotted Charlotte's red-rimmed eyes, all three of them surrounded her and voiced their concerns.

"I'm fine."

Wiping her eyes dry, Charlotte knelt down and pulled the three of them in for a hug.

“Mommy, don’t be sad. When I grow up, I’ll buy a big car for you. Then, you won’t have to suffer anymore,” offered her eldest son, Robbie. He thought she was upset because someone had bullied her.

“Mommy, who bullied you? Lemme beat them up!” Jamie, the second boy, waved his fists adorably and puffed up his cheeks.

Ellie, the youngest of the triplets, rubbed her cheek against Charlotte’s and comforted her. “Mommy, don’t cry!”

“Don’t cry! Don’t cry!”

Suddenly, a green head poked out of Ellie’s pocket. It belonged to a cheeky parrot that was glancing around curiously at this moment.

“No, I’m not crying.” Charlotte inhaled sharply and put on a smile. “Come on, let’s go home!”

“Yay, let’s go!”

Charlotte gave them a kiss each before slinging the backpack over her shoulder again and heading out to hail a cab.

She used to be a wealthy heiress with an entourage wherever she went, but now, she had to queue up to hail a cab with Mrs. Berry and her kids, not to mention being heavily loaded with their baggage.

As all of them couldn’t fit in one cab, Mrs. Berry had to take a separate cab by herself.

The sky was dark, signaling the arrival of a storm. Hoping to avoid it, the cab driver was speeding anxiously along the road when suddenly, he rammed into a Rolls-Royce up ahead.

The cab driver's face turned pale instantly and got down from his cab to check the situation.

Charlotte sat in the passenger seat and looked out of the window, snapping her brows together.

It was a limited-edition Rolls-Royce Phantom. There were only three units in C Nation and thirty-five worldwide. Even if it were a minor scratch, the cab driver would have to compensate a substantial amount of money, which might cause him to go bankrupt.