

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 208

“You b*tch!” Luna rushed over and gave her a vicious slap across the face, trembling with fury. “Touch my husband, and I’ll kill you!”

The woman wanted to continue attacking Charlotte, but her mother held her back.

“We should be trying to solve the problem. There’s no point hitting her,” Amanda advised. “If she can’t get it done by today, we may as well give her two days.”

Charlotte’s cheek stung in pain. However, instead of returning the favor, she silently took note of what Luna had just done to her.

Despite feeling extremely reluctant, Luna gave in to her mother’s advice. “Fine. I’ll give you two days. But if you don’t do as I say by then, you know what will happen. I’ll release everything piece of news I have about your children if you ever tell Hector anything about this.”

“I understand.”

After Charlotte left the café, a group of paparazzi began to follow her. The woman ran as fast as she could and finally shook them off after crossing several streets and alleys.

She didn’t understand it. She had never gotten back at Luna for the things the woman had done to her back then. Yet, not only did the latter not feel guilty at all, but she was even more ruthless toward Charlotte now.

At present, Charlotte had lost her job – her life was a mess.

She was on the verge of breaking down upon arriving home. Her phone had been ringing all the while; it was Hector calling.

The mere sight of this man’s caller ID gave her a headache. She immediately rejected the call and blocked his number.

At this moment, the world fell silent.

Clutching her burning forehead, she leaned against the couch to rest, only to hear her phone ring again. It was the news outlets calling this time. Irritated, the woman hurriedly blocked one number after another.

Suddenly, a familiar-looking number appeared on her screen.

Charlotte couldn't help but freeze upon seeing the digits.

This phone number was practically the same as Hector's, except for the last digit. Hector's number ended with a 9, but this one was a 6.

She quickly recalled how Helena had gotten herself a number similar to Hector's while she was frantically pursuing him.

"Hello?" Charlotte answered the phone.

"You're so hard to reach, Charlotte! It's me, Helena."

She sounds the same as before.

"Hey, Helena. What can I do for you?" she asked politely.

"Oh, I'm fine. It's someone else who wants to talk to you..."

Helena handed the phone to someone else.

A gentle voice immediately came through the line. "Hey, looney. Do you know who I am?"

Charlotte instantly froze; she only returned to her senses after a long while. "Michael!"

"Thank God you remember me. I just made a bet with Helena, and I would have had to buy her a year's worth of heels if you didn't remember me."

The man's voice sounded as warm and playful as the sun.

"How could I not remember you?"

Charlotte instantly felt glum. Apart from her father and Hector, Michael was one of the few people who treated her extremely well.

Because of an accident back in university, this man had his finger chopped off by a machine just to save her.

At that time, she had sobbed uncontrollably as she watched him lying in a pool of blood.

Michael had been in so much pain that he turned pale and was practically drenched in sweat. Even so, he had merely let out a smile and said to her, "You feel bad? If you do, you should marry me."

Michael and Hector had fought over her for many years. They both had done so much just to win the girl's heart.

But in the end, however, she still chose the graceful and elegant Hector. He was the first one to capture her heart, after all.

Michael, on the other hand, was more like an elder brother or close relative to her.

After news of Charlotte's and Hector's engagement broke out, Michael left the country on his own and cut off all contact with the woman.

"Are you free? How about a drink?" Michael asked gently.

"Okay," Charlotte replied casually before immediately thinking twice. Those reporters follow me wherever I go, don't they? Won't that spell trouble for him?

As if he had read her mind, he said, "Don't worry. I'll protect you. Just tell me where I can pick you up, and I'll head over."

Michael had always been a thoughtful man.