

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 340

Charlotte glanced at Fifi, who was lying on a cushion and sleeping soundly in the cage. If she did not notice the slight heaving of its chest, she would've thought that it was dead.

Who fed Fifi alcohol?

An impish face flashed across Charlotte's mind. Who else can it be other than him?

"We can leave now!" Michael, who had finished changing his clothes, grabbed his car keys and strode out.

"Okay."

Both of them rushed into the car, which zoomed toward Happy Avenue.

To ensure Michael's safety, a few bodyguards tailed them in another car.

Neither Charlotte nor Michael spoke throughout the journey. Only after they arrived at the entrance of Happy Avenue did she say, "Michael, I know that it's really despicable of me to say this, but I have no choice. Let's not meet anymore."

She choked up when she spoke, "I can't drag you down with me, and I don't want this torment to ensue. Really..."

"I understand." Although Michael was extremely reluctant, he decided to concede. "I'm not capable enough to oppose Zachary right now. If I help you, I'll only make things worse and push you into an even more dire situation. It's better if I stay away from you."

"I'm sorry..." Charlotte took a deep breath and wiped her tears away. "You must stay safe and take care of yourself."

"I will." Michael forced out a smile on his face. "Don't cry. It's a good thing that you've found your children."

"Yeah." Renewed hope burned within her when she thought of her children.

Soon, the car arrived at Happy Avenue. Michael opened the car door and helped Charlotte out. "I'll send you upstairs."

"It's fine," refused Charlotte quickly. "I don't want to cause you any more trouble."

"What if it's a scam?" Michael was still worried. "I must ensure you and your children's safety."

"Don't worry." Charlotte smiled bitterly. "Although Zachary has a lot of horrible habits, a good thing about him is that he always speaks the truth. If he says that my children are at home, they'll definitely be there!"

"Okay, then..." Michael stopped insisting. "I'll stay here and watch over you as you go upstairs. If everything's fine, turn the lights on and off three times. In that case, I'll know that you're safe."

"Okay." Charlotte embraced Michael warmly. "Michael, stay safe!"

"You too." Gazing at her reluctantly, he reminded, "If you leave Zachary's side in the future, or if you need my help, you can contact me anytime."

"Got it..."

Charlotte cast him a lingering glance before spinning around and walking into the neighborhood briskly. Soon, she broke out into a run.

She desperately wanted to meet her children, not even wanting to wait a minute longer.

After exiting the lift, she quickly unlocked the door with her fingerprint and flung it open. To her surprise, two policemen were standing in the house, both warily aiming their guns at her.

“Ah!” Charlotte was so scared that she screamed.

“Ms. Windt!” Ms. Longman recognized Charlotte and quickly walked over to explain. “Sirs, she’s the children’s mother.”

The policemen quickly withdrew their guns and scanned Charlotte. Nodding, they said, “She looks exactly like the person in the photo. Seems like she’s their true mother.”

“How can she be false?” Ms. Longman was speechless.

“What... What’s going on?”

Charlotte scanned the people in the house, completely astounded.

There were two policemen, Ms. Cheney, the kindergarten teachers, a doctor, and three medical staff...

“We’re here under Mr. Nacht’s orders to take care of the children,” explained Ms. Longman. “He instructed us to watch over the kids before you return.”

“Oh...” Charlotte was extremely confused. Did Zachary really arrange all of these? Why doesn’t this look like a kidnapping?

What the heck is going on?

However, she could not be bothered to mull over this and instead made a beeline to the bedroom.

“Where are the kids?”

“They’re sleeping. Go and take a look at them.”