

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 216

Now, Charlotte felt as if someone had stripped her naked and thrown her in the middle of the crowd; she was all exposed.

Everyone was a witness to everything she did wrong, and everyone threw all sorts of curses at her. In fact, they were even cursing at her parents, saying that they should not have brought a disgusting person like her to the world.

Even the ones who knew her were ashamed to be on her side; they felt that knowing her was a humiliation by itself as well.

At that very moment, Charlotte was someone who was collectively despised by the whole world.

She was a shooting target that everyone was aiming at, hoping that they could cut her into bits.

Charlotte's hand shook, and her heart was racing a mile a minute.

She was at a loss, and her mind was a barren landscape. What do I do now?

"Charlotte! Charlotte!" came Lily's anxious cries from the other end of the line.

"Hey." By now, Charlotte was on the verge of a breakdown as she choked out, "Lily, I was framed. What do I do?"

"Charlotte, I'm sorry. When I saw your video with Mr. Sterling at the start, I really thought you did it to pressurize his wife. Now that things have turned serious, the situation is disadvantageous to you. If this continues, your reputation in society will take a turn for the worst. Hurry up and talk to Mr. Sterling. Don't delay a second more. Otherwise, those netizens are going to witch-hunt you and expose all your

private matters and your past. When that happens, you're doomed. All right, I'm going to work now. Call Mr. Sterling quickly. You've got to let a man handle this."

After that, Lily ended the call.

Charlotte continued gripping onto the phone as thousands of thoughts raced across her mind. She could not possibly call Hector, but neither could she call Zachary. Of course, it was pointless to call Gigolo either.

Hence, she was left with one choice—Michael.

Just as Charlotte was about to call Michael, she realized the number that he used four years ago had long been canceled.

It was then she recalled Michael had contacted her via Helena's phone yesterday; she did not even know Michael's new number. Unless... Should I call Helena? But will Helena get Michael for me? After all, Helena's the culprit. Regardless, I have to try.

Charlotte then called Helena's number.

No one picked up after a long while, and despair was starting to creep into her heart. That's right. Why would Helena pick up my call at a time like this?

Just as she was about to give up, her call suddenly went through.

Helena's voice came through the speakers. "Charlotte, I..."

At that moment, upon hearing Helena's voice, a myriad of emotions washed over Charlotte's heart.

The thoughts of what happened last night flashed past her mind, and worries surged in her heart.

For a split second, Charlotte wanted to ask her, "Are you involved in this?"

However, Charlotte dared not voice that question out, fearing that she would lose her last chance to be saved.

"What's the matter?" Helena's voice was calm, friendly, and polite.

In fact, Charlotte could not hear anything wrong with that tone of hers. At that, she could not help but feel impressed by Helena's strong psychological quality.

At the same time, she laughed at how ignorant she was. A while back, she still thought that Helena was a simple-minded, sincere, and nice girl.

In reality, Helena only hid her true nature better than Luna did.

"I'm looking for Michael."

Charlotte tried her best to sound calm, not wanting to seem like she was in a panic in front of Helena.

"Michael's sick," Helena muttered sorrowfully. "He was feeling unwell since he came home last night. When my daddy came to get him for breakfast, he realized Michael's passed out with a high fever, so he sent him to the hospital right away. My daddy and mommy are taking care of him in the hospital now."

"What happened?" Charlotte was stunned by the news. "He was fine when we parted ways last night."

“That’s what I wanted to ask you,” Helena retorted. “You should know that Michael has a weak heart since young, and he’s allergic to certain food. Did you make him eat the wrong food? Is that why he’s sick now?”