

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 177

“Argh!” Charlotte yelled in desperation. What should I do? Am I going to die here today?

“Mommy if you jump, I jump!”

Fifi repeated the line from the Titanic as she encouraged Charlotte to jump.

“Of course you can jump. You’re a bird but I’m not!”

Charlotte almost cried in response.

Outside, the intruder was charging at the door. She figured the door wouldn’t be able to hold out much longer.

However, she was thirteen floors up and would be grievously hurt if she jumped.

She was now trapped between a rock and a hard place.

Death awaited her no matter what she chose.

“Jump! Jump! Jump!” Fifi flapped its wings while egging Charlotte on.

“Damn it, there’s no choice!”

Closing her eyes and taking a deep breath, Charlotte prepared to jump. But when she felt the rustle of the cold wind on her ears, she stepped back. Holding the window sill, she cried out in despair.

“I don’t want to die! My children are still so young and I haven’t spent all my money.”

Bang! The door was finally kicked open.

“B*tch! You’re gonna die!” The attacker brandished his knife and charged fiercely at her.

“Ahhh!”

Charlotte screamed as she jumped out frantically. But her clothes were caught by the window eaves and she was trapped.

“This can’t be!” Charlotte was overwhelmed by despair.

“Evil man!” Fifi dived towards the man to peck his eyes.

However, he thrust his knife forward which caught Fifi by her wing on its way toward Charlotte’s neck.

Injured, Fifi dropped into Charlotte’s arms.

Resigned to her fate, Charlotte closed her eyes in despair. However, just when the knife was a centimeter from her throat, it stopped.

She was already prepared to die but the knife didn’t pierce through her.

As for the man in black, he collapsed to the ground.

As she gradually opened her eyes, she could see a familiar figure at the door. He had his hand by the door and emanated a feral vibe. His eyes were filled with undeniable concern as he stared anxiously at her.

“Are you alright?” Zachary asked with his voice trembling slightly.

“Boohoo...” Charlotte began to bawl. “What took you so long!”

“You only told me 32 Happy Avenue but didn’t say which floor or house number. I’ve been running all the way.”

Zachary approached and opened his arms to hug her.

Just when Charlotte wanted to jump back into the room, she forgot that her clothes were caught by the window eaves. As she moved too forcefully, she suddenly felt her body falling backward.

Charlotte widened her eyes and all she could think off was “death”.

Am I fated to die today?

Zachary darted toward her like an arrow, grabbed onto her hand tightly, and pulled her back in with all his might.

As she crashed into his arms, his muscular chest gave her a sense of security, just like a harbor sheltering her from the storm.

“Boohoo...” Charlotte bawled as she hugged his waist for dear life.

“Stupid woman, are you a fool?” Zachary lectured her while spanking her ruthlessly on her ass. “Your stupidity almost killed you!”

“Boohoo...” Charlotte continued to cry as her body trembled out of fear and pain.

His spans are so painful that my ass is going to split open.

However, when she heard his heartbeat frantically pounding away, she was inexplicably moved.

Zachary tore off her dress and helped her back in from the window.

Safe within his embrace, Charlotte grabbed onto his shirt and didn't dare let go.

“Don't worry, I won't let anyone harm you.”

Zachary lowered his head and was about to kiss her forehead.

“Mommy...”

Suddenly a weak moan was heard.

“What is that sound?” Zachary was stunned with his eyes showing mixed emotions.

Charlotte got a fright but quickly recovered her senses. “Fifi, my God! You're hurt.”