

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 339

As Zachary had predicted, the night was tormenting for Charlotte.

Michael arranged for the maid to fill the bathtub with warm water and reminded her to have a hot bath before resting for the night.

However, she could not fall asleep at all. Sitting on the bathtub with her knees drawn to her chest, she stared at the dark phone screen and slowly spaced out.

She was waiting for that call...

Filled with anxiety, she dared not blink or breathe loudly, afraid that she would miss out on any news about her children.

As long as she could meet her children and live peacefully with her family, she was even willing to become Zachary's slave.

However, an hour slowly ticked by.

Her eyes were tearing up from constantly staring at her phone, but it did not ring even once.

Charlotte buried her head between her knees and let her tears drip into the bathtub.

Afraid that something bad might happen to Charlotte, the maid knocked on the door urgently and entered. After helping her out of the bathtub, the maid wiped her body dry, wrapped a bathrobe around her, and blow-dried her hair.

By the time everything was completed, it was already one in the morning.

Yet, Charlotte still did not receive any news on her phone.

Filled with tormenting anguish, she could not endure it anymore and called Zachary.

Beep... Beep...

The ringtone ensued for a long time without anyone answering the call. Hence, it ended automatically.

Charlotte's hands trembled as she gripped her phone. However, afraid that Zachary would be enraged and vent his anger on the children, she did not dare to make another call.

However, she couldn't wait idly.

Hence, she sent a message to Zachary.

I know that I was wrong. You can make me do anything. Please, just release my children.

I'll listen to your every command in the future. Even if I have to become your slave, I won't resist anymore. Please release my children. I'm begging you, Zachary.

Please...

She sent three consecutive messages but got no message in response.

Charlotte lay on the bed, feeling like all the tears had been drained from her body.

She could not sleep even if she wanted to, nor did she have any tears left to cry. In fact, she was on the verge of an emotional breakdown.

At that moment, all that she could feel was immense regret. Why had she not realized it earlier? It was futile to go up against such a formidable man like him.

She should have just remained as an obedient and soulless slave.

It was a mistake to humiliate him right in front of old Mr. Nacht and Sharon, nor should she have resisted and escaped.

On the other side, Zachary frowned as he read the messages.

After a slight hesitation, he called her.

“Hello?” Charlotte picked up the call instantly. Her hands trembled as she held her phone, while her voice quivered as well. “I’ll definitely be obedient in the future. I definitely will! Please, release my children. I’m begging you...”

“Remember what you said!” warned Zachary coldly.

“I will, I will!” Charlotte nodded frantically. “I’ll really remember this time.”

“Your children are at home.” He finally relented and told her, “Go back and see for yourself.”

With that, he hung up the call.

Charlotte quickly rushed out to find Michael, her phone still in her hands. "Michael, Michael, send me back right away. I've found my children!"

Michael was changing in his bedroom. When the door was suddenly flung open, he was so shocked that he tripped and fell onto the bed flustered.

Overwhelmed with urgency, Charlotte rushed over and pulled him. "Michael, tell the chauffeur to send me back. I found my children!"

"Don't be so anxious yet. I'll send you after I change my clothes," said Michael as he blushed. "You should change too. Also, bring Fifi along."

Only then did Charlotte remember that Fifi was with Michael as well. They had just sent it to the vet today.

She immediately headed out to look for Fifi. After being summoned by the maid, the vet passed the cage which was holding Fifi to Charlotte. He said exasperatedly, "It's not sick. It just got drunk!"

"Huh?" Charlotte was stunned. "Drunk?"

"Yeah, it drank quite a lot so it's still in a daze now." The vet reminded, "This parrot is lucky to have survived. Other birds would've died after ingesting so much alcohol, but, surprisingly, it's still fine. However, it'll probably remain in a slumber for another two days."