

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 341

Charlotte rushed into the bedroom anxiously and saw Ellie, who was hugging her favorite alpaca doll and sleeping soundly on her pink princess bed.

An unfinished milk bottle and a family photo rested beside her.

“Before Ellie fell asleep, she kept asking me if her mother will come back. She was hugging the family photo and crying her heart out. I had to coax her for a long time before she went to sleep,” whispered Ms. Cheney.

“Thank you!” Tears brimmed in Charlotte’s eyes and streamed down her cheeks. She tiptoed into the room, bent down, and planted a gentle kiss on Ellie’s forehead. In a whisper, she said, “Ellie, Mommy’s back. I won’t lose you again.”

When Ms. Longman and Ms. Cheney saw that, their eyes reddened.

Charlotte hugged Ellie and tucked her in. After moving the milk bottle and photo frame aside, she quickly strode to the adjacent room and pushed the door open gently.

When she turned on the wall lamps, she spotted Robbie and Jamie who were both fast asleep on their beds.

Jamie was hugging his toy gun and sleeping soundly, his drool all over his pillow.

His right leg, which was in a cast, was placed delicately on the bed, while his left leg was propped up against the wall. His body was sprawled across the bed and the blanket had already slipped off the bed. His sleeping posture looked as wild as his usual personality.

“Haha!” Ms. Longman covered her mouth and stifled a chuckle. “I just placed his leg in the correct position and tucked him in earlier. Within a few minutes, his posture became like this.”

“That’s how he sleeps.” Charlotte quickly went over to check him up. She asked anxiously, “What happened to his leg? His head is also bandaged. What happened?”

“That’s a long story. I’ll explain it to you later,” whispered Ms. Longman. “Spend some time with your children first. We’ll be waiting for you outside.”

“Okay.” Charlotte nodded and pulled the blanket over Jamie’s blanket. Then, she moved his legs back into the correct position and adjusted his sleeping posture. After gently pulling the toy gun out of his arms, she kissed his forehead tenderly.

“Hmm... You’re such a pretty girl...”

Jamie turned around and mumbled.

A chuckle rumbled out of Charlotte’s lips as she smacked his chubby butt gently.

This brat is thinking about pretty girls instead of his Mommy in his sleep! Where is his conscience?

She grabbed a piece of tissue paper and wiped the drool away from Jamie’s mouth. After pinching his cheeks affectionately, she turned around and looked at Robbie.

His sleeping posture was much better. However, his brows were furrowed as he hugged the family photo. There was even a baton used for self-defense lying beside him.

This child had always been more mature and thoughtful than his younger siblings. Hence, he often had more worries running through his mind.

Charlotte had always worried that it would be a toil on his mental health if he matured so quickly.

However, on second thought, Robbie would not need to worry so much if she was a strong and capable mother who could give them a sense of security.

As the eldest brother, is Robbie trying to shoulder my burden because I can't make them feel safe?

Her heart ached as she stroked his face and smoothened out his furrowed brows. She then bent down to kiss his eyes. To her surprise, he suddenly opened his eyes after she moved away.

"Mommy..." Robbie stared at her in astonishment and only returned to his senses after a while. Rubbing his eyes vigorously, he exclaimed, "I'm not dreaming, right?"

"No..." Charlotte cupped his cheeks and whispered gently, "Robbie, Mommy's back!"

"Mommy!" Robbie immediately pounced into her arms and said agitatedly, "I miss you so much, Mommy. I was so scared that I won't be able to see you again."

"You foolish boy. I still need to watch over you while you grow up." Charlotte embraced him and patted his back gently. In a gentle tone, she reassured, "I'll never leave your side again!"

"Mommy..."

Robbie, who had put up a strong front for many days, could not control his emotions anymore. He started bawling in his mother's arms.