

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 161

Hector seemed to be a little surprised that Charlotte would call him.

After listening to what she had to say, Hector replied with a sigh, "When I left the kindergarten that day, I told Luna firmly to return the necklace to you, and she told me that she would. I have been busy with work for the past few days, and I haven't been home much, so I didn't know that she was causing so much trouble... "

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't bother you with this."

Charlotte could hear the weariness in Hector's voice.

"No, no. I'm not bothered. I'm actually quite happy that you'd call me for help," Hector replied gently. "Don't worry. I'll take care of this. When they come back, I promise that I'll get the necklace and return it to you."

"When will they be coming back?" Charlotte asked.

"In ten days, probably. She said that she's bringing Timothy to spend some time at my winery in Arkfield... "

"Ten days... " Charlotte whispered, turning downcast.

Zachary only gave her three days to get the necklace. With one day gone, she only had two days to get the necklace back. Otherwise, she would be forced to sign that slave contract.

What should I do?

"Were you scolded by Mr. Nacht for this?" Hector asked, sounding concerned. "I'll go explain to him... "

"It's alright."

Recalling the time he got seriously injured by Zachary, she did not want Hector to act rashly.

“But... “ Hector sounded worried.

“It’s okay. I’ll just recount the situation as it is. He won’t do anything to me,” Charlotte replied, pretending to be calm.

“Alright then.” Hector smiled bitterly to himself. “The two of you do have a better relationship after all...
“

“I... “ Charlotte wanted to explain herself but decided not to. There’s no point in doing that. “I’ll send you the bracelet tomorrow. Please help me get the ruby necklace back when they return,” she said.

“Okay. Don’t worry. I’ll keep my promise. Also, I think it would be best for you to pass me the bracelet in person. It’s an expensive item, after all. If you have time to spare, I can go over to get it from you tomorrow,” Hector replied.

“I... “ Charlotte hesitated for a moment, then said, “Okay. Let’s meet outside.”

“Alright then. I’ll meet you at Blue Diamond tomorrow at six in the evening.”

“Okay.”

Hanging up the call, Charlotte walked out of her room. It seemed like Mrs. Berry had finally fished out the bracelet from the pile of poop in the cage, and she was darting toward the bathroom.

“Mine! Mine!”

Fifi also flew out of its cage and chased after Mrs. Berry, pecking on her hand non-stop.

“Fifi, stop it!” Ellie shouted as she flailed her hands around, trying to shoo the bird away.

“Mrs. Berry, come in! Quick!” Robbie opened the bathroom door for Mrs. Berry, immediately shutting the door the moment she got in.

“Fifi, you better stop now!”

Jamie was doing his part by guarding the bathroom door with a broom in his hands.

Fifi had no choice but to leave. Even as it flew around in the living room, it was still making the same screeching sound. “Mine! Mine!”

“What a materialistic parrot!” Ellie’s face was flushed as she pouted her lips and stomped on the floor.

“From today onward, I’ll be giving you a lecture every single day. Hopefully, you’ll become an enlightened bird sometime in the future!” Robbie pointed his finger at Fifi.

“That’s right! It needs to be taught a lesson. Otherwise, what would become of it when it grows up?” Jamie exclaimed, trying to sound more adult-like.

As Charlotte watched her cute kids banter, she chuckled lightly. The sight of everyone having fun was heart-warming, even if there were ups and downs on the way.

“Alright, that’s enough. Go have your breakfast! Today is a weekday! Have all of you forgotten about going to school and work? Don’t be late!” Mrs. Berry yelled from the bathroom.

“Oh no! It’s seven forty.” Charlotte glanced at the clock and hurried to the kitchen to get the breakfasts.
“Hey, kids! Time for breakfast!” She called out.

“Okay!” The three little ones washed their hands in the kitchen sink and sat at the dining table, waiting for Charlotte to get their soup.

However, things took a turn for the worst. Plop! That was the sound that echoed in the room before Fifi’s poop dropped into the cooking pot with their soup.

The family of four simply stared, speechless, for a split second before angry yells filled the air.

“Argh! My precious breakfast!”

“Fifi! You’re not my friend anymore!”

“Fifi! I’ll pluck out all your feathers!”