

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 77

When she spotted them, Amanda burst into laughter. Rather mockingly, she said, "Oh my, so these are the bastard children that Charlotte is raising! They do look a lot like her. I wonder who's their loser father..."

"You're the most impolite witch I've ever seen," Jamie sneered, seething with rage. He picked up a broom and started chasing Amanda with it. "Get out!"

"Get out, get out!"

Fifi flapped around the room indignantly, copying the way Jamie had yelled.

"Well, you're quite something! Aren't you, you little beast? How dare you try and hit me with a broom?" The woman avoided Jamie's broom deftly and cursed Charlotte out at the same time. "Charlotte Windt, you little wench, come out right here now!"

"How uncivilized of you," Robbie said, frowning as he glared at Amanda. "Didn't your parents teach you to be polite to other people?"

"I know who she is! She's Timothy's grandmother," Ellie pointed accusatorily at Amanda and said, pouting. Looking rather exasperated, the girl continued, "Please leave now, or we're going to call the police on you."

Robbie picked up the phone and called the security department immediately. "Hello, is this the security department? There's an evil witch in our house. Please come over here and fetch her away immediately."

"You bunch of no-good, fatherless little brats..."

"Shut up!" Charlotte had finally changed and emerged from her room. Angrily, she snapped, "Amanda, you must think I'm an easy target. This isn't the first time you've shown up to cause trouble at my house. Don't think I won't have the guts to hit you!"

As she spoke, Charlotte lunged towards the fruit knife on the coffee table...

“Charlotte! You—you’ve finally decided to come out, I see,” Amanda said with a sneer, although she was visibly panicked. “You witch! How dare you swindle your uncle of his money behind my back? Return the bank card to me right now!”

That made Charlotte freeze for a moment. The other day, Simon had stuffed a bank card into her hand. Before she could even turn him down, he had left.

That was what Amanda had come looking for her for.

“Get your facts straight. I didn’t ask him for it—he was the one who gave it to me,” Charlotte said coldly. “I would never touch a cent of the White family anyway.”

“Then give the card back to me! Stop pretending to be all high and mighty. If you didn’t want the money, you would never have accepted the card in the first place!” Amanda yelled loudly. She shot another nervous glance at the knife in Charlotte’s hand and backed away a little.

“I’ll go get it now,” Charlotte said, pointing the knife at her. “Get out and wait for me.”

“Get out!” Mrs. Berry shoved Amanda out of the door and slammed it shut behind her.

“Mommy...” The three children ran over and crowded around Charlotte. “Who’s that witch outside our door? Why is she so mean?”

“Her parents didn’t teach her to behave properly, so she went off the beaten path,” their mother replied, squatting down to look her children in the eye. “Don’t waste your breath with this sort of people, or even listen to what she has to say. If you see her in the future, run far away!”

“Got it.” The three children nodded obediently.

“Alright, run along to the kitchen with Mrs. Berry now.”

Charlotte patted the children on their heads and gave Mrs. Berry a look, silently asking her to look after the kids.

The latter nodded and ushered the children back into the kitchen.

Charlotte soon found the bank card in her bedroom and went outside with it to meet Amanda. “Here’s your card—take it and get out of my sight. If you come here and harass my family again, I’ll make you regret it.”

“Ha!” The other woman took the card from her and laughed mockingly. “Make me regret it? How do you think you’re going to do that? Look at this lousy house you’re living in. If you can’t even take care of your own needs, don’t bother making such nonsensical remarks! Do you think you’re still the rich heiress you once were?”

“Are you done?” Charlotte snapped, interrupting her. “Yes, I have nothing now. But that’s precisely the reason why I have the guts to do whatever I want...”

She suddenly lunged at Amanda with the fruit knife in her hand. Aiming for the woman’s heart, Charlotte inched closer and closer to her, laughing her head off as she did...

“But you’re different, aren’t you? You have all the money and power you could possibly want. Your life and your face are probably priceless to you!”