

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 101

When Charlotte arrived at the HR department on the thirteenth floor, the manager handled the handover procedures for her.

The manager had completely changed his arrogant attitude!

Charlotte couldn't help but wonder what brought about the stark difference. Why is the jerk acting so different suddenly?

After handing over the employee transfer letter to her, the manager said, "Charlotte, please take care of me after you're promoted!"

"Eh?"

Charlotte was at a loss when she took the employee transfer letter from him. The next moment, she was stunned after reading the letter.

The president's office?

I'm being transferred to the president's office?

Is this real?

Am I seeing things now?

"Charlotte!" At this moment, David patted her shoulder and congratulated her. "Mr. Collins asked me to bring the belongings to you. He initially wanted to congratulate you, but you left earlier. Anyway, congratulations on your promotion!"

"Thank you..." Charlotte replied instinctively and asked, "Am I seeing things now? Am I really transferred to the president's office?"

"It's true. Mr. Ben made the order himself." The manager continued, "Charlotte, your good luck has come. I'm sure you'll keep moving up in your career!"

"Hehe..." Charlotte laughed awkwardly and brought David to leave the office.

"Charlotte, how's your injury now? It seems that your shoulder hasn't recovered yet. Besides, your neck is still bandaged. Does it still hurt?" David asked caringly.

"I'm much better now. Thank you, David."

Charlotte felt that David was the most kind-hearted man in the whole company. As such, she could fully trust and befriend him.

"Thank God you're fine. I'll help you carry your belongings. Take your new work pass to scan at the elevator."

"Okay."

Finally, she didn't have to climb the stairs to work as she could go up to level 68 with her own work pass.

As the elevator was moving up, she felt a special sense of pride. It was as if she made a little progress in her life when the elevator moved up a floor.

When she arrived at the president's office, a staff welcomed her and brought her to her desk.

It's the reception counter in front of the elevator on level 68!

Charlotte was startled when she was her desk.

She knew that there was a reception counter in front of the elevator on every floor. The job scope of a receptionist was to confirm the identity of guests and their purpose of visit. After that, she had to inform her relevant colleagues to liaise with him.

To put it nicely, she was a junior secretary. However, in essence, she was only a guard on level 68!

In other words, she was an entry-level secretary in the president's office!

"Charlotte, congratulations! I've to get going. All the best!"

David patted her shoulder and left smilingly.

Since he was an innocent man, he truly believed that it was a position of honor.

On the other hand, Charlotte felt dejected somehow. After all, the only difference between her job and a guard was that she didn't have to walk that much!

"Charlotte, welcome!"

The executive secretary in charge of training new staff was Lucy Wright. She looked brisk and experienced, probably in her forties.

Furthermore, she exuded a sense of friendliness even though she spoke sternly. She came up to Charlotte to explain some basic tasks to her.

“I’ll instruct a colleague later to teach you about your job scope since you are a newcomer in this position. Keep an open mind in learning. I hope that you’ll be familiar with your job quickly.”

“Since your role is changed, your salary will be raised from eight thousand to eighteen thousand. When you have passed your one-month probation, your salary will be twenty-five thousand. It starts from today...”

“What?” Charlotte couldn’t help but yell, “Did you say that my salary will be twenty-five thousand? Am I hearing things?”

“No, you’re not.” Lucy Wright continued smilingly, “Since you’re a newcomer, be patient in learning new things, and your salary will increase gradually. Mr. Nacht treats his employees very well!”

“Understood. I’ll work hard and learn. Thank you!”

Charlotte clenched her fist as a gesture to motivate herself and put on a bright smile.

At this moment, she didn’t feel that Zachary was a devil or a jerk anymore. Instead, he was Zachary the Cute!

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Charlotte learned about her job the whole day and could only take a rest at four in the afternoon.

After that, Lucy led her to hand over some documents to the meeting room.

While they were on the way, Lucy reminded, "Leave the room once you put down the documents and don't disturb the board members while they are in the meeting."

"Be gentle in doing everything and don't make a noise."

"Also, don't irritate Mr. Nacht because he hasn't been in a good mood for several days. Otherwise, everyone in the company would get into trouble!"

"Understood." Charlotte followed her while carrying the documents with one of her hands.

Lucy knocked on the door gently when they arrived. After receiving permission, she entered the room with Charlotte.

Charlotte was stunned as soon as the door was opened. The room was six-meters high and painted in cold colors, thus exuding an imposing and overpowering atmosphere.

The board members sat on both sides of the long table. While most were middle-aged, two of them looked relatively younger.

She saw that all of them wore a solemn expression. They were either reading their documents seriously or discussing with others in a low voice.

It appeared that all of the seats were taken except for the president's seat.

Zachary isn't here yet!

After Charlotte and Lucy put the documents on the table, the other executive secretaries immediately distributed the documents to every board member.

One of the executive secretaries instructed Charlotte to clean the unwanted documents and trash on the table. After that, she was also asked to distribute the documents together.

When Charlotte was cleaning the table, one of the board members behind her said softly, "If we still can't find Chip X, the company might have to postpone the launch of our new tech products."

"Aren't we cooperating with the police all the while to search for the chip? No progress so far?" another board member asked.

"Sigh, our problem will be solved if there is progress..." A board member with grey hair heaved a sigh and continued, "We have spent dozens of millions every day on the search but still haven't received any news after seven to eight days..."

Charlotte was shocked once she heard it. My goodness, the search costs dozens of millions! Does it mean the company has spent more than a billion after several days?

"Mr. Martin, Mr. Dixon, don't worry. Since the president is handling it by himself now, I'm sure we can find the chip," the younger board member comforted them.

"That's right. When I reported my work to Mr. Nacht, I heard that he instructed Ben to investigate a baby. So, I think he's going to investigate it from another perspective..."

"A baby? What does it mean?"

Meanwhile, Charlotte was too shocked to continue listening to it.

If Zachary really comes to my house to find it, I'll be doomed... I have to return the chip today!

"Charlotte, Charlotte!"

Charlotte was startled when she heard Lucy's voice. As her hands shivered, she accidentally knocked over a cup.

Bang! Everyone in the room could hear that a cup was broken.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry..." Charlotte nervously squatted down to clean the broken pieces.

Meanwhile, several board members turned around and knitted their brows at her in displeasure.

"What have you done?" the senior executive secretary who was in her fifties yelled, "Get out."

"I'm sorry, Ms. Snyder. She's a newcomer. I'll provide more training to her," Lucy apologized immediately and ushered Charlotte out of the room.

Charlotte bowed before everyone to apologize and hastily followed her.

However, the door suddenly opened when they were approaching it.

Two bodyguards entered first to make way for Zachary, who was in a black suit. Instantly, everyone in the room was stunned by his sturdy figure and imposing manner.

When Charlotte saw him, she immediately felt guilty and nervous.

"Mr. Nacht!" Lucy greeted him politely and dragged Charlotte to stand aside.

At this moment, Charlotte's heart was thumping non-stop. She looked up slightly to peek at Zachary while wondering if he had checked her house.

On the other hand, Zachary seemed ice cold and didn't take a sideways glance at anyone, including her. He entered the room and walked straight towards the president's seat.

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“Mr. Nacht!” The board members greeted him courteously.

Moreover, all of the staff who stood on both sides of the room lowered their head to bow at him.

Zachary nodded in response and sat on the black president’s seat.

After that, Lucy immediately held Charlotte’s hand and left.

Nonetheless, the moment Charlotte walked out of the meeting room, she heard Zachary say, “All board members, please rest assured. I’ve identified the location of the chip and will retrieve it by tomorrow morning!”

“Wonderful!”

The board members clapped their hands and cheered.

Charlotte instantly felt a chill run down her spine. My god, it looks like Zachary’s underlings have found my three babies. Under such circumstances, their identities will be revealed...

Damn it! What should I do?

“Charlotte, what are you doing?” Lucy yelled sternly in a low voice, “Why do you always look lost during office hours? If you don’t recollect yourself, you can’t stay in the president’s office even for a day!”

“I’m sorry. I...”

“Go to the washroom and wash your face. Calm yourself down and see me in the training room.”

“Okay. Thank you Ms. Wright.”

Charlotte quickly rushed to the washroom. After making sure that no one was around, she took out her phone hastily to call Mrs. Berry.

“Hello, Miss!”

“Mrs. Berry? How is everything at home?”

“Huh? What do you mean?” Mrs. Berry was confused. “I’m cooking red bean paste for your dessert tonight...”

“No, I mean...”

When Charlotte was about to be more specific, she thought that everything was fine at home since Mrs. Berry was in the mood to prepare dessert.

As such, she stopped asking about it and said, “Okay, I’ve to get going.”

“Okay.” Mrs. Berry didn’t realize that something was wrong with Charlotte because she was busy cooking.

Given that Mrs. Berry was fine and the kindergarten teacher didn’t call her, Charlotte believed that Zachary’s underlings hadn’t found it. Nevertheless, they could also be on the way or preparing to move.

No matter what, she still had time as long as they hadn’t arrived.

Charlotte touched her chest and heaved a sigh of relief. The chip inside the black box was still in her shirt.

Now that the board members were having a meeting and the staff waited outside the meeting room, she had to grab the chance to return the chip as soon as possible.

After making up her mind, she left the washroom and walked sneakily toward the president's office.

Everything went smoothly as she planned so far. Although she met two colleagues who were on duty, they only glanced at her and didn't say much.

In less than a minute, she arrived at the president's office. However, when she reached out her hand to push the door, the infrared sensor of the digital door was triggered. The next moment, the little screen read that a fingerprint was needed to open the door.

She cursed herself silently for being so stupid. How can I easily enter the president's office?

"Please key in the password!" She suddenly heard a voice prompt from the sensor.

"Password?" Wishing to try her luck, she keyed in Zachary's phone number.

Beep... Beep!

"Wrong password!"

The voice prompt stunned her. Damn it! If it isn't his phone number, could it be his birthday?

When she pondered over it, the alarm bell of the door suddenly set off.

Charlotte jumped in shock and nervously ran away. Unfortunately, two bodyguards blocked her way as soon as she wanted to escape.

“Hehehe...”

Her heart thumped wildly while her whole body sweated.

She let out an embarrassing laugh, hoping to conceal her guiltiness. “Well, if I say that I passed by and accidentally touched the digital lock, would you believe me?”

The two bodyguards shook their heads emotionlessly.

“I... I really...”

Unexpectedly, before she could finish, the bodyguards made their way and lowered their heads courteously. “Ms. Windt, please!”

Charlotte was startled. Am I hearing things? Why don’t the stone-faced bodyguards arrest me but treat me courteously instead?

“What’s going on?” A man asked in a familiar voice. The next moment, she realized that it was Ben.

“I...”

“Ms. Windt, Mr. Nacht is in a meeting.” Ben glanced around to make sure that no one was around. Then, he lowered his voice and said, “Are you looking for him? Come tonight!”

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“Hmm...”

Charlotte realized finally that all of them saw her as Zachary’s girlfriend.

“You can ask for my help privately if you are faced with any problems at work.” Ben reminded gently,
“But it’s better to keep your relationship with Mr. Nacht as a secret from other colleagues!”

“There is nothing between us...”

Charlotte had mixed feelings when she left hastily.

Damn it! Everyone around Zachary thinks that I’m his girlfriend now. Wait, I think even those who attended the auction will think the same.

In that case, Zachary’s reputation is at stake. If the fact that I have children is exposed, he will become everyone’s laughing stock!

Besides, if he knows that the chip is missing because of me and my children...

Then, he won’t just wish to strangle me. He might even cut me into pieces and turned me into ashes.

Will my three children be dragged into it?

Charlotte was overwhelmed with anxiety when she pondered over it.

Since they found out that she tried to sneak into the office, she couldn’t use the same strategy anymore. As such, she had to find another way to return the chip to him.

But how should I do it?

“Hey, you!” All of a sudden, someone rushed toward Charlotte and yelled.

Charlotte instinctively took a look and asked, "Are you calling me?"

"Yes, you! Come over here!"

The senior executive secretary who was in her fifties waved at her.

Charlotte came up to her timidly. The nametag on her chest read: Melody Snyder, Senior Executive Secretary.

"Take this cup of coffee into the meeting room for Mr. Nacht!"

Melody handed over the tray with the cup of coffee on it to Charlotte.

"Me?" Charlotte was astounded. After all, Lucy taught her that a low-level secretary like her couldn't enter the meeting room randomly. Why did Ms. Snyder instruct me to do such an important task?

"Yes, you. Enter the room quickly," Melody bellowed.

"Okay." Charlotte took the cup of coffee and walked toward the meeting room.

Another senior secretary pulled Melody's arm gently asked, "How can you let a new staff do this?"

"Mr. Nacht is losing his temper now. I must be tired of living if I go in now." Melody covered her chest in fear and said, "The last time when Mr. Nacht lost his temper, he threw a cup and accidentally hit Lucy's head. She had to undergo seven stitches as a result. I don't want to be disfigured."

“In that case, this new staff...”

“She had broken a cup earlier on. An incompetent secretary like her will be fired sooner or later. I’m giving her the last chance to be productive before leaving the company.”

The senior secretary was a little startled.

When Charlotte arrived at the corner, she looked around to check if no one was around her. Then, she immediately took out the chip from her shirt and put it into the cup of coffee.

The clock is ticking, and I have to give it a try to return the chip to him.

After all, if he wants to investigate it, he wouldn’t doubt me because I didn’t make the cup of coffee.

After making up her mind, she knocked on the door and entered the meeting room with the cup of coffee.

“The press conference of our new product launch will be held on Friday as scheduled. There is no need to postpone it.” After making the announcement, Zachary asked, “Any objections?”

“Mr. Nacht...” An elder board member with grey hair was sitting in the first row on the right side of the meeting table. He said slowly, “I think we should postpone it until we’ve retrieved the chip. If we make the announcement now, the whole world will be aware of our plan. It will be embarrassing if we postpone it!”

“Mr. Sterk, you don’t believe me?”

Even though Zachary’s lips curved into a smile when he spoke, he stared at Mr. Sterk with his piercing eyes.

"I wouldn't dare," Mr. Sterk said slowly with a seemingly caring smile on his face. Nevertheless, he was very insistent on his opinion. "I'm only offering a safer piece of advice!"

Zachary didn't reply to him. Although he still kept his smile, his gaze looked a lot colder.

The rest of the board members fell silent as they dared not to make a sound.

Meanwhile, Charlotte came in and put the cup of coffee with trepidation before Zachary.

"Give the cup of coffee to Mr. Sterk!" Without sparing him a glance, Zachary stared at Mr. Sterk and said intently, "Since you're used to having tea, it's time for you to try a different type of drink!"

"Okay..." Charlotte gave the cup of coffee to Mr. Sterk. My goodness!

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“I’m glad to accept Mr. Nacht’s kind act.”

Mr. Sterk took the cup of coffee smilingly and gulped it down.

Charlotte was gob smacked. She actually wanted to tell the elder that he couldn’t drink it because there was a chip in the coffee.

Nonetheless, as the words stuck in her throat, she didn’t even utter a word.

After Mr. Sterk gulped down the cup of coffee, he suddenly felt that something was stuck in his throat. He couldn’t help but let out a retch. The next moment, he immediately covered his mouth to prevent himself from puking.

He had to hold his vomit in because Zachary gifted the cup of coffee to him.

Zachary leaned back on the president’s leather chair in an arrogant posture and looked at him amusedly.

It was as if he was ready to watch a good show!

The other shareholders wished to help him because he didn’t look well. However, none of them dared to speak before Zachary said anything.

“You... You don’t have to hold your vomit in...” On the other hand, only Charlotte dared to say it out and grabbed a rubbish bin nervously. “Just vomit here...”

At this time, everyone inside the room was flabbergasted.

Who recruited this slow and blunt secretary?

How can someone as stupid as her work in level 68?

Zachary’s eyes squinted and rage pulsed through his veins.

Was I out of my mind when I decided to promote her? Why did I bring the stupid wench to level 68 to irritate myself?

“Bleurgh...”

Mr. Sterk vomited non-stop to spit out all the coffee he had just gulped down.

At this moment, Zachary’s face turned a lot grimmer, as if dark clouds were looming over before the storm.

Meanwhile, everyone sweated in fear, while some of them even began to wipe away their sweat with their handkerchiefs. They glanced at Zachary for a while and shifted their gaze toward the pitiful Mr. Sterk.

“That’s right. Just puke it all up.”

Charlotte held the rubbish bin in one hand and patted his back in the other, hoping that he could puke the chip out.

However, after quite some time, Mr. Sterk only puked the coffee up but not the chip.

“Charlotte, what are you doing?” At this moment, Melody happened to enter the meeting room and witnessed it. She yelled at her in a low voice, “Get out of here now!”

“I...”

“Get out.”

Charlotte initially wanted to say something, yet she had no choice but to leave after Lucy shot her a look.

After only a few steps, she suddenly heard a bang behind her. The next moment, many of them screamed, “My God, Mr. Sterk...”

She turned around and saw that Mr. Sterk had fallen to the ground, squeezing his neck with both of his hands. His face turned purple, eyes widened, and tongue stuck out...

He looked exactly like Fifi when it swallowed the chip!

My goodness, the chip must be stuck in his throat now...

She instantly regretted her decision and couldn’t forgive herself if something terrible happened to him.

“Call an ambulance. Call an ambulance now!”

The meeting room became a mess in no time at all.

Although Zachary was a little worried, he still said composedly, “Ask Raina to come here!”

“Yes sir!”

“How could it be?” The board members were frightened.

“Mr. Nacht, as stubborn as Mr. Sterk might be, you can’t do this to him.” An elder board member said in a trembling voice, “We’re all elders who fought alongside your grandpa for decades and helped the Nacht family prosper throughout our lives. How can you poison him merely because he is in disagreement with you?”

“Indeed, Mr. Nacht. You can’t treat Mr. Sterk like this. This is too much...” Another two elder board members shot him an accusatory glance with tears. “We know that you’re ruthless in doing everything, but how can you do this to people in your own company?”

“I have to call old Mr. Nacht...” An elder board member was emotional and wanted to make a phone call.

Meanwhile, Zachary felt increasingly furious. What on earth is on their mind? I merely gifted a cup of coffee to Mr. Sterk, yet they suspect me of poisoning him?

“Who made the coffee?” Zachary bellowed.

“It was her. She made the coffee.” Melody immediately pointed at Charlotte.

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“Me?” When Charlotte was about to explain, Mr. Sterk began to roll his eyes and foam at the mouth. Considering that time was of the essence, she immediately rushed toward him to rescue him.

“What are you doing? Get lost!”

Melody wanted to push her away but was stopped by Lucy.

Charlotte quickly spread Mr. Sterk’s arms and pinched his chin. The next moment, she put her slender fingers into his mouth to get the chip out.

“Hey, what are you doing? Don’t do anything stupid.” The elder board members were scared to death. “Drag her away from him!”

The bodyguards immediately looked at Zachary, waiting for his order.

“Let her try.” Zachary stared at her.

“Bear with it for a little while...”

After a while, she could reach the chip with her finger. Nevertheless, she dared not to pick it up with her fingers, worrying that she would tear his throat.

Meanwhile, he struggled and pushed the people around him non-stop because he felt extremely uncomfortable. As such, he accidentally hit Charlotte’s injured shoulder.

Biting her lips, she forced herself to bear with the pain and continued to pick up the chip.

Suddenly, Mr. Sterk hit Charlotte’s injured shoulder forcefully with his moving arm. Because it was rather painful, her hand shivered but unexpectedly pushed the chip down into the throat.

“Bleugh...”

Mr. Sterk threw up for a while but quickly calmed down. He gasped for air but apparently wasn't as uncomfortable as before. Moreover, his eyes and face gradually looked normal.

"Mr. Sterk, are you alright?" Two elder board members came up to him emotionally.

"Much better." Mr. Sterk was still gasping for air when he continued weakly, "Just now... something was... stuck in my throat... I was almost suffocated!"

"Luckily... this lady... saved me!" he pointed at Charlotte and continued, "Thank you!"

"You're welcome." Charlotte forced out an awkward smile. "Mr. Sterk, how do you feel now? Does any part of your body feel uncomfortable now?"

Since Mr. Sterk swallowed the chip accidentally, she knew that he would have the same fate as Fifi soon.

On the other hand, Zachary seemed to have mixed feelings when he looked at her.

"No, I feel much better now." Mr. Sterk shook his head.

"Why was there something in the cup of coffee? What on earth was that?" a board member questioned.

"All board members, I will investigate this matter thoroughly and explain everything to you!" Zachary announced, "Ben, blockade the company now, check the surveillance video, and give me an answer in one hour!"

"Yes, sir!" Ben immediately left the room to execute his order.

This doesn't look good! Did the surveillance camera record the moment when I put the chip into the cup of coffee?

At this moment, Raina finally arrived at the room with other medical personnel.

With Zachary's permission, he checked up on Mr. Sterk and reported, "A sharp object was probably stuck in Mr. Sterk's throat when he drank the coffee. However, since he has swallowed the object, we can only ascertain what it really is after undergoing an x-ray examination."

"Take Mr. Sterk to the hospital for x-ray examination and treatment," Zachary commanded.

"Yes, sir." Raina nodded.

The medical personnel brought a wheelchair and helped him sit on it.

As the two elder board members were worried about him, they wished to follow him to the hospital.

Before leaving the meeting room, Mr. Sterk turned around and said to Zachary, "Mr. Nacht, this lady..."

He pointed at Charlotte and pled, "She's my savior. Please don't give her a hard time."

"Rest assured!" Zachary's lips quirked coldly.

However, Charlotte shuddered because she felt that his smile was terrifying.

An hour later, Ben played the surveillance video with the computer in the meeting room and announced, “We’ve figured it out. It was Melody Snyder who made the coffee. However, worrying that she would be scolded because Mr. Nacht was in a bad mood, she instructed Charlotte to bring the cup of coffee into the room...”

“What was in the cup of coffee?” the board members questioned.

“As for this question...”

“It’s the Chip X that we lost!” Zachary lifted Mr. Sterk’s x-ray film that Raina gave him and announced, “As I said earlier, Chip X would come back today!”

“What...” Everyone’s jaw dropped once Zachary finished. What the hell?

In the hospital, a nurse was persuading Mr. Sterk to take the laxatives. “Mr. Sterk, please do as I say. Drink it, and the object will be passed in your stool soon.”

“Johann, please drink it. The Divine Corporation and the entire Nacht family are waiting for your stool!”

Mr. Sterk’s lips twitched as he felt helpless...

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In the principal's office at Apple Kindergarten.

"Mr. Nacht, are you here because of the kids again?" Principal Ruby was terrified when she saw the men in black suits. "I'll ask the teacher to bring them..."

"No need," Bruce interrupted. "Kids are innocent. What would they know? Even if there was a problem, it's the parents' problem."

"You mean?"

"I want the information on the kids' parents."

"Understood. Give me one moment."

In the president's office of Divine Corporation.

Zachary sat in a black leather chair, looking at Charlotte with a piercing gaze. "Be honest, else there would be no mercy."

Charlotte dared not say anything and kept her head down. Her heart rate was skyrocketing as she tried to squeeze an idea out of her brain.

What do I do? What do I actually do! I was the one who served the coffee that choked Mr. Sterk. I was the one that got him to throw up too!

With little thought put into it, anyone could easily figure out that Charlotte was the one that put the chip in there in the first place.

Even if there was no proof, it was still obvious that she knew the chip was in the coffee.

How do I explain this?

She could just make something up and lie her way out of it, but Zachary already knew that Jamie accidentally left with the chip. How do I explain my relationship with Jamie?

Her phone was still quiet at the moment, which meant that everything was fine at the kindergarten.

Or did they stop because the chip was found?

“Talk!” Zachary exclaimed.

Charlotte jumped, and slowly raised her head to look at him. His murderous intent overwhelmed her as she felt her knees weaken and everything in her head jumbled up.

She had lost the ability to think properly.

“So you’re not talking?” Zachary was losing his patience. “Hand her to the police and sue her for theft,” he ordered Ben.

“Understood!” Ben immediately approached Charlotte.

“I didn’t do it! I didn’t steal anything!” she said abruptly.

“Tell me then, why was the chip in the coffee?” Zachary tapped rhythmically on the chip, his brows knitted. “I’m getting really fed up here, so you have one minute!”

"I..." Charlotte was all over the place at the moment, unable to organize her thoughts into a simple sentence.

"Ten seconds left!" The tapping sped up, indicating Zachary's impatience. "Ten, nine, eight, seven,..."

What do I do?

While Charlotte's thoughts were in disarray, her phone suddenly rang. It was from Apple Kindergarten's Lexie.

Oh no! His men is at the kindergarten!

She got even more nervous, but one thought immediately popped up. The children comes first...

"Three! Two! One!"

"I picked it up somewhere!" Charlotte blurted out at the count of one.

The tapping stopped. "You... picked it up?" Zachary raised an eyebrow.

"Y-yes..." She gulped, carefully fabricating the lie in her head.

"My pet got sick so I brought it to the vet. I spotted the chip from a pile of poo there. There's an "S" marked on it and I remembered that the company's missing one. I assumed it was the one that you people were looking for, but I wasn't sure. I thought that if I returned it face to face, I would be labeled the thief. So I figured sneaking it in was the only choice. Coincidentally, I was asked to send the coffee in and I decided to put it in the coffee because you'll definitely find it. But..."

Charlotte finished everything she wanted to say in one breath. "This is what happened, I swear!"

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Zachary stood quietly in front of Charlotte, staring at her with his cold gaze.

She was still unsettled, so she dared not look at him nor utter another word.

In her head, she was going through everything she said just now. This is a thorough story and I didn't miss anything out, right?

"Mr. Nacht," Ben quietly interrupted. "The chip was, in fact, swallowed by the kid's parrot. And they did say that the parrot was sent to a vet. Maybe Ms. Windt and the kid visited the same vet, and found it after the parrot discharged it from its systems."

"That's too much of a coincidence, no?" Zachary questioned.

Ben immediately lowered his head and backed away silently.

Charlotte's mind was in a mess right now. What do I do? If they really investigated the kids, they'll find me out. Will they think I plotted all this?

"Ms. Charlotte Windt!" Zachary squeezed her chin as he picked her head up. He looked her in the eyes, "If you lied to me, you're dead!"

"I didn't..." Charlotte held her breath, it felt like her heart skipped several beats from the shock. She forced herself to stay calm, met his gaze and replied with the utmost sincerity, "I really did not lie to you!"

Charlotte paused for a second, and complained.

"If I knew this would happen, I would've just gave it to you directly. You're always so unpredictable and moody. I was afraid you might doubt my intentions, that's why I came up with this plan. Logically, I found your chip and returned it to you. I even saved Mr. Sterk's life! You should be rewarding me right now. But instead, you accused me of stealing and threatened to send me to jail. How am I being blamed for all this..."

As she uttered those last few words, Charlotte forced some tears out of her eyes, feinting innocence. Her lips shivered as though in fear.

Her beady eyes shimmered as her face flushed bright pink from the accusations.

Zachary's forehead creased as his heart softened.

He caressed Charlotte's lips with his thumb for quite a while before letting her go. "Leave!"

Her lips twitched as she wiped away the tears before walking away.

Internally, she was ecstatic.

Thank god!

When she reached the door, she heard Zachary giving out an order. "Contact Bruce. Let him know we've recovered the chip, and there's no need to find the parents anymore."

"Yes sir." Ben immediately took out his phone.

At the kindergarten, Ms. Longman had the parental information in her hand and was about to hand it over to Bruce when the phone rang.

Bruce picked up the phone while reaching out to take the papers. "The chip's recovered. No need to look for the parents anymore. Come back!" It was Ben's voice.

"Alright, I'll head back right away."

Bruce pulled his hand back and ended the call.

“Thank you, Ms. Longman.” He looked towards the principal. “Our stolen good has been retrieved. There’s no more need for the information. Thank you for your time and help me apologize to the kids. Good bye.”

“That’s good to know. Farewell then.”

Before the principal said anything else, Bruce was long gone.

“Thank goodness it was found!” The principal let out a sigh of relief as she slid the papers she had into a shredder.

On the other hand, Charlotte went to the washroom and called Lexie. “Hello, Ms. Cheney. Were you looking for me just now? Did something happened to the kids?”

“Nothing happened, don’t worry. The kids are fine,” Lexie replied. “Ms. Longman just came to retrieve the kids’ parental information, so I thought I should let you know.”

“Huh? Why did she want my information?” Charlotte was stumped.

“It looked like the people from Divine Corporation came back for it, but Ms. Longman said that when she got them the papers, they told her that they already found what they needed and left.”

“Did they take the papers?”

“No. She said they left without even looking at it.”

“Okay, thank you so much.”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 109

Since the chip was recovered, Charlotte's lie was able to come full circle.

It was as though a significant weight have been lifted from her shoulders. What she needed to do next, was to cut off all ties with Zachary and halt his pursuit.

That way, even if the children's identity were revealed, it would be none of his business.

When she saw Zachary walking over with his men, Charlotte quickly took out her phone and called Gigolo In Debt. She wanted to show off her relationship to Zachary and anger him.

As she called the number, a phone rang in Zachary's direction.

Charlotte was stunned, and looked at him in confusion. Is this a coincidence? Or...

Zachary kept his poker face going and quietly ended the call with his hand in the pocket.

However, he was actually panicking inside. Why is she calling that number right in front of me? Is she suspecting something?

"Hello?" Ben, who knew what was going on, was quick to respond and took out his phone. "What is it?"

"Yes, the chip has been recovered," Ben continued.

At the moment, Charlotte heard her call being ended, but Ben was still on the phone and this lifted some of her suspicions.

Just a coincidence it seems. But why does Ben have the same ringtone as Gigolo In Debt? Are they the same person?

Charlotte locked her gaze at Ben and made a mental comparison, dismissing it immediately after.

Ben's shorter and their build is totally different. It's definitely not him.

However, she shifted her gaze over to Zachary and it matched her image of Gigolo In Debt. All their features were uncannily similar.

Zachary was entering the elevator at this point with two of his men with him.

Charlotte decided to redial the number. This time, she even got close to the elevator to see if she could hear anything. If it rings again, Zachary is definitely suspicious!

In the elevator, just as Zachary switched off the ringtone for his phone, a call came in.

He did not pick it up immediately. In fact, he waited for the elevator to descend a few more levels before he took the call.

"What are you doing? Why didn't you pick up just now?" Charlotte did not hear any ringing from the elevator and thought she was overthinking things again.

"What's going on?" Zachary knew she was suspicious now.

"Didn't we have a deal? You're acting as my boyfriend right?"

"What do you want me to do?" Zachary asked.

“Come pick me up after work,” Charlotte paused. “Get me a rose bouquet as well. I’ll pay for it!”

There’s definitely something going on if he refuses.

“What if your boss attacks me?” Zachary asked intentionally.

“He won’t. My boss’s an educated man, he won’t go around attacking people for no reason,” Charlotte answered. “I want you here so that he sees I have a boyfriend. For someone as prideful as him, seeing you would definitely make him give up.”

“Alright, I’ll be there after work, send me the location.”

“Right away.”

When she got off the call, Charlotte was excited. He actually agreed! That means he’s really not Zachary Nacht. Or maybe, it’s Zachary trying to throw me off!

In her mind, nothing could be proven unless Zachary and the gigolo met face to face.

“Mr. Nacht, Ms. Windt seems to be on to you,” Ben reminded softly.

“Chris is coming to H City, right?” Zachary asked out of the blue. “Ask him to come see me.”

“Yes...” Ben took out his phone, but was concerned. “Mr. Chris and you look almost identical. Impersonating you won’t be a problem, but you know, he’s kind of a playboy. What if...”

“He wouldn’t dare.” Zachary raised his eyebrows.

“Understood.”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 110

During lunch, Charlotte was still wondering whether Zachary and Gigolo In Debt were actually the same person.

If he was, why is he doing this sort of role play with me? He even promised to pick me up. Wouldn't that just expose himself? But if he's not, why do the look so similar? Borderline identical!

While she was deep in thought, a soft voice suddenly startled her. "I heard that you've been transferred to Level 68, Charlotte. Congratulations."

"Thank you." Charlotte looked up. It was Yolanda.

Charlotte recalled the incident where Wesley attacked her. Even though she could not find anything, something still felt really off with Yolanda.

It had been quite a while since it happened so Charlotte could not recall the details, but seeing Yolanda still made her weary.

"Really sorry about last time." Yolanda sat opposite of Charlotte with her food tray and said with an apologetic tone. "When Mr. Holt attacked you, I really wanted to rush to the rescue, but I froze up in fear! I'm so useless!"

"Don't say that. It's okay," Charlotte comforted.

"As long you forgive me. We're still friends right?" Yolanda asked.

"Of course." Charlotte nodded in response. From an objective standpoint, Yolanda was totally in the clear. All Charlotte had was a gut feeling, and she did not want to label Yolanda with baseless accusations.

“Great!” Yolanda smiled. “I got took two cups of fruit juice by the way. Have one!” She handed the cup to Charlotte, and even placed a straw for her.

“Thanks.” Charlotte saw that Yolanda had a cup as well so she did not think too much about it. She took a few sips and continued with her meal, not noticing the flash of contempt from Yolanda’s gaze.

For the whole afternoon, Charlotte was occupied with work. After what happened with Mr. Sterk, Melody was laid off.

Lucy had replaced her as the new executive secretary, so they had to redistribute the workload in the afternoon.

Charlotte was diligently learning everything she could in order to get accustomed to her work as soon as possible.

In the blink of an eye, it was time to get off work so she sorted out her things and got ready.

For some reason, Charlotte felt really hot and thirsty the whole afternoon so she drank a lot of water. She kept going to the pantry for more.

In the elevator, a few past colleagues walked in when it stopped at the thirteenth floor. They all congratulated Charlotte on her promotion to Level 68.

She thanked them with a smile. No one besides Yolanda looked me in the eyes back when I was demoted to the security department. Now we’re suddenly friends again? How realistic.

While she was in her head, Charlotte’s phone suddenly rang and she immediately picked it up. “Hi, are you here?”

"I'm just around the corner."

"I'm in the elevator right now." Charlotte wanted to show off her relationship to the colleagues present, so she used a cute voice. "Be careful while you're driving, okay? I'll be right there."

"Okay."

After the phone call, the female colleagues immediately surrounded her. "Charlotte, who's that? Boyfriend?"

"Yeah, his coming to pick me up," Charlotte said in a bashful manner.

"Oh! Then we definitely have to take a look. With your looks, the man must definitely be rich and handsome!" The females started gossiping.

Yolanda looked profoundly at Charlotte in the corner. "Charlotte, since when did you get a boyfriend?" she asked all of a sudden.

"Quite a while ago," Charlotte replied cheerily.

"You should treat everyone then! You all agree?" Yolanda teased.

"Yeah! You should!" A few of them chimed in. "Last time, Sydney's boyfriend got everyone a bunch of good food."

"My boyfriend got everyone chocolate too!"

“Hahaha, Charlotte. There’s no escaping this!”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 111

Charlotte gave it a thought. If Zachary found out that so many colleagues knew about my boyfriend, he'll definitely get annoyed and distance himself from me.

"Alright, dinner's on me!" Charlotte nodded with a smile.

"Let's just skip dinner, let's head over to Sultry Night for drinks!" Yolanda proposed. "We ladies need to cut down our weight, so no dinner tonight! We celebrate with alcohol!"

"Yeah. Mr. Holt's not here anymore, we won't do what he did for sure," one of the male colleagues spoke.

"You're right! Last time Mr. Holt ordered so many expensive liquor and it costed Charlotte a fortune! We're not gonna do that."

Hearing those words, Yolanda's gaze turned cold for a moment before returning back to normal. "I have some coupons here, so we can get loads of discounts."

"That works too. Sultry Night it is then!" Charlotte agreed heartily.

As the flock came out of the elevator, they kept Charlotte surrounded and chattered nonstop, singing praises of her every step of the way.

Charlotte had an awkward smile the whole time and did not know how to reply besides thanking them. Only Yolanda was acting normally and not as pretentious.

At that moment, Charlotte thought that Yolanda might be the best colleague out of all of them there.

"Huh? Isn't that Mr. Nacht?" one of them alarmed everyone. "Quick, stop talking and step aside."

Everyone there immediately went quiet and lined up at the side.

As Zachary walked by, they lowered their head and greeted him, “Mr. Nacht!”

Zachary took a glimpse of Charlotte as he walked by.

Charlotte looked at his back and that gut feeling came floating back up. So similar...

Ring! Ring!

Her phone interrupted her thought process. It was Gigolo In Debt. “Hello!” Charlotte picked up the phone.

“You out yet?”

While he was talking, Charlotte looked towards Zachary. He did not have his phone with him and was giving out orders to Ben quietly.

Is it really not him?

Charlotte wanted to confirm it once and for all, so she hurried out the building.

Zachary’s Rolls-Royce Phantom was parked right in front of the entrance. The body guards opened the door, and kept an eye out as Zachary got in.

Charlotte was spacing out for a moment before she heard a familiar honk.

She looked towards the direction of the honk and saw the Aston Martin that Gigolo In Debt always drove, parked beside a flowerbed not far away.

Before Charlotte could go over, the Aston Martin immediately sped towards her as the Rolls-Royce left, stopping right in front of her.

The window came down and the gigolo popped his head out. "Hey!" he smiled.

Charlotte was stumped. Something felt weird but she could not pinpoint what it was. His clothes, his figure, and even the eyes. Everything was the same.

No, wait! His eyes!

The Gigolo In Debt she knew was not as cold as Zachary, but his eyes still had that intense vibe to it. His eyes would never shine like how the man in front her did, with a smile no less.

"Daydreaming?"

While Charlotte was deep in thought, a suggestive voice snapped her back to reality.

The gigolo had a huge bouquet of Champagne Roses with him as he got out of the car. "I missed you so much, Baby!" He pulled her close and attempted a kiss.

"What are you doing?" Charlotte evaded him and gritted her teeth. "You wanna die?"

"You're the one that wanted me to act as your boyfriend, right? I'm just making it look real," he said with an evil grin.

"But..." Before Charlotte could say anything, her colleagues had surrounded her once again.

“Wow! Charlotte’s boyfriend really is rich and handsome!”

“Expensive car and a handsome face. I’m jealous!”

“Why the mask though?”

“My baby here likes it. Are all you pretty ladies here my baby’s coworkers? Nice to meet you all.” The gigolo’s charming greeting immediately got everyone’s approval.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 112

Charlotte looked at the Gigolo In Debt in front of her. Something just feels wrong.

He was right when saying that she wanted him to act like her boyfriend. Naturally, he would need to do his best. Can I blame him for an outstanding performance?

However, one thing was for sure. Zachary and the gigolo were not the same person.

She just watched Zachary got in a car, and Gigolo In Debt was standing right there with her. Unless he knew how to clone himself, there was no way Zachary could make this happen.

Even now, she still thought they look almost identical when put side by side. Nevertheless, suspicions were cleared up and she could confirm that it was just her head playing tricks on her.

“What’s going on in there?” The gigolo gave Charlotte’s forehead a light knock. He opened the door and cushioned her head. “Get in!”

“Charlotte’s boyfriend is such a gentlemen.”

Charlotte got in the car while everyone sung praises of the gigolo.

The gigolo’s phone vibrated, so he took a look at who called. A grin appeared on his face as he left it unanswered.

“Charlotte, can I tag along?” Yolanda went over and asked.

“Of course. There’s space for three more at the back,” Charlotte invited. “Hop on.”

“Alright. Thank you.” Yolanda pulled two more female colleagues over and told the others to get another car. “Let’s meet at Sultry Night.”

“Okay!”

The Aston Martin sped off like a gust of wind.

Gigolo In Debt was driving a lot faster than usual, zipping through the traffic and overtaking cars whenever possible.

“Slow down,” Charlotte reminded.

“We’re not actually going that fast here,” he said as he got close to her. “You look so beautiful.”

“You just noticed?” Charlotte rolled her eyes at him. She got close and whispered in his ear, “Drinks are on you tonight, go at it as much as you can. I’ll pay you back afterwards.”

“Pay me back?” The gigolo was amazed when he heard that.

“If you want to use your own money, be my guest,” Charlotte replied. “You make more than me anyway.”

“Hahaha! Interesting!” He burst out in laughter.

“Why are you acting so weird today?” Charlotte’s brows knitted. “I’ve never seen you laugh before today. Really happy about something?”

“Why wouldn’t I be happy? I get to be your boyfriend!” He got close to her ear again. “Aren’t you happy?” He asked in a flirtatious manner.

“Stop it!” Charlotte face was bright pink.

“Tsk tsk. Displaying your affection for each other right in front of us? Do we need to look away?” the ladies at the back teased.

“I should have never tagged along. This love is blinding! Hahaha.”

“Quick, let’s just keep our eyes shut and pretend we saw nothing,” Yolanda chimed in.

“He’s not usually like this.” Charlotte smiled awkwardly.

All of a sudden, the gigolo’s phone vibrated once again. He took a glance at Charlotte and picked it up with his Bluetooth headset. “Hello!”

“Looks like you got carried away!” Zachary’s cold voice came from the other side of the call.

“Yeah, I’m fetching my girlfriend from work,” Gigolo In Debt gave him an irrelevant response.

“If you lay a finger on her, you’re dead!” A smoldering rage could be heard from Zachary’s tone.

“Hehe...” Gigolo In Debt replied with an evil laugh. “Anxious already? I thought you said it was just a game?”

Charlotte was left there confused at who he was talking to. Is it the rich lady that gave him this car?

“Chris Broid!” Zachary was about to explode.

“Alright. Okay. Don’t worry!” Chris comforted before things get out of hand.

“Leave immediately when it’s over!” Zachary warned.

“Understood!” Chris ended the call and winked at Charlotte.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 113

“Something wrong? Is your work affected because you came here today?” Charlotte softened her voice and asked bashfully, “Was it your boss just now?”

“My boss?” Gigolo In Debt shifted his gaze for a brief moment before answering, “Yeah, it’s my boss.”

“Did she find out that you came to pick me up? Is she mad?” Charlotte got nervous. “Why did you let her find out? This will affect your work for sure.”

“You know who I was talking to?” He was a bit confused.

Charlotte took a look at the back and got close to his ear. “Weren’t you talking to the rich lady that’s been supporting you?”

“Pfft... Hahahaha!”

Gigolo In Debt burst out laughing, as if he just heard the funniest joke ever.

“Hey, you two better watch how you flirt. There are still people at the back!” the colleagues teased once again.

“Sorry! So sorry.” Charlotte immediately apologized and gave the man beside her a slap on the thigh. “Stop it! Eyes on the road!”

However, he kept laughing as he was unable to hold it in.

Charlotte had to give his arm a full forced pinched and stared at him before he slowly calmed down.

Not long after, they arrived at Sultry Night.

Charlotte took Yolanda's vouchers and was about to get beers with the discounts. However, Gigolo In Debt took her by the hand and walked straight towards the VIP area.

"What are you doing?" Charlotte anxiously tried to stop him. "You'll need to spend a lot in this area!"

"It's okay! Tonight's on me, so don't worry. You don't have to pay me a cent. You're treating your colleagues after all. Let's go all out, no need for these silly discounts," the gigolo proposed.

"But..." Charlotte had more to say, but her colleagues had caught up to them. "Are we going to the VIP rooms? I've never gone there before."

"Me too! Charlotte, your boyfriend's really generous!"

"Thank you, Charlotte!"

"Thank you!"

All of them were expressing their excitement and gratitude.

Charlotte's smile froze as she was screaming internally. She grabbed Gigolo In Debt by the arm and gritted her teeth. "You're spending all the money you made from selling your body just like this? Don't you want to get out of that industry?"

He could not help but laugh once again. Pulling her towards him by the shoulder, Gigolo In Debt spoke into her ears. "As long as you're with me, I can stay in there forever."

"You..."

“We’re here!”

Before Charlotte could complete her sentence, she got dragged into the room.

The manager of the Sultry Night was waiting there with an assortment food and alcohol.

Charlotte suddenly realized that this was the room they always met up in.

The liquors on the table costed at least tens of thousands, each. Oh my god! Has he gone insane!

She quickly pulled him to the side. “Are you crazy? Where would you get the money for all those expensive drinks?”

“They’re all paid for by my boss,” Gigolo In Debt smiled. “And of course, you don’t have pay anything too.”

“Won’t she get angry at you?” Charlotte felt unease. “You’re using her money to entertain me and my colleagues. I highly doubt she’ll be happy about this.”

“It’s fine. Everything’s taken care of. So don’t you worry.”

He gave her cheek a light pinch and proceeded to welcome the colleagues in.

At the moment, Charlotte was still concerned, but it’s too late for her to voice out anymore.

Everyone cheered as they got in the room.

“Wow! It’s beautiful!”

“Oh god! These are all expensive liquor!”

“Charlotte, thank you! Your boyfriend too!” Yolanda raised her wine glass. “Everyone! A toast! To Charlotte and her boyfriend!”

“Alright!”

Everyone gathered towards the couple for a toast.

“I don’t drink...” Charlotte wanted to refuse, but succumbed in the end to their enthusiasm as she accepted their toast one after another.

On the other hand, Gigolo In Debt was very welcoming, downing glasses after glasses of alcohol. He immediately got comfortable with everyone there.

However, after only two glasses of alcohol, Charlotte felt woozy and unusually feverish.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 114

It felt so hot that Charlotte actually wanted to take her clothes off. She figured it was because she had too much alcohol and decided to go to the washroom.

“Are you okay?” Gigolo In Debt wanted to go with her, but Yolanda was one step ahead of him. “I’ll go check on her.”

At the same time, the other colleagues were eagerly trying to engage in conversation with the gigolo. Thus, he did not put too much thought into it and continued speaking with the others.

“Charlotte, you okay?” Yolanda came in the washroom and looked at Charlotte nonchalantly.

“I think I drank too much, it’s so hot right now.” Charlotte tried to cool off by washing her face with the cold water.

“I got you some water.” Yolanda took out a bottle of water and uncapped it for Charlotte. “Take a sip.”

“Thank you!” Charlotte’s mouth felt dry at the moment, so she accepted the bottle and finished it instantly.

“Better?” Yolanda narrowed her eyes. “Still feeling feverish?” She asked coldly.

“A bit better.” Charlotte touched her forehead. For some reason, she felt even thirstier after finishing the bottle of water. “I’ll take a break in here for now, you can go have fun. Don’t worry about me.”

“You can’t rest here! The others would need to use the washroom too you know?” Yolanda laughed. “Besides, it’s not really convenient since there are men here too.”

“Then...”

“Looks like the room next door is empty. Let’s take you over there.” Yolanda helped Charlotte walk and spoke in her ear. “We should go out from the side door, else the guys are just going to come up to you for a toast again.”

“For sure. I can’t drink anymore.”

Charlotte’s consciousness was slowly fading. Not being able to think properly, she let Yolanda bring her out.

“Hey Charlotte!” Lily called out when she saw them. “Where are you bringing her, Yolanda?”

However, her voice was drowned by the blaring music and all the talking in the room.

She looked over to Charlotte’s boyfriend and saw that he was happily playing some party games with the other men.

Well, Yolanda’s with her, so there should be nothing to worry about.

Truth be told, Yolanda did not bring Charlotte next door. She actually went around a few corners and got to an abandoned room quite far away.

The equipment in the room had malfunctioned so it was sealed off from all usage.

It was pitch black in the room. No lights nor music. The only light source available came from the window on the door, faintly shining on Charlotte’s pretty face.

“Water,” Charlotte moaned as she shifted around after Yolanda tossed her on to a sofa. “I need water...”

"You want water?" Yolanda picked up a bottle of expired beer from the table and poured it straight down Charlotte's face. "Drink up!"

"Ugh..." Charlotte shook her head in panic, trying to evade. Nevertheless, she was too weak to even move.

At that moment, Charlotte was barely conscious. She did not know what was going on besides the feeling of the liquid in her face.

"You b*tch!" Yolanda tossed the bottle aside, and lunged at Charlotte, squeezing Charlotte's head between her hands.

"It's all your fault!" Yolanda gritted her teeth. "Mr. Holt had a bright future ahead of him, and you made him lose his job! You even got him in jail! Everything's your fault! He was an outstanding individual, the first man to ever get into a prestigious university from our village! He was our pride, the person that I looked up to and admired..."

Yolanda was breathing heavily. "I followed in his footsteps and came to Divine Corporation. I worked hard and did my best to showcase my abilities, all in the hopes of getting noticed by him. But you were the only one in his eyes. So be it! If you loved him and cherished him, I would've gave you my blessing. But no! You had to ruin him, my guiding light! I'll never forgive you for this!"

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 115

Yolanda stood up and took out her phone. "Hello. Everything's ready. You can come in."

"The abandoned room, you imbeciles. Hurry up!"

Silence ensued.

In the meantime.

Gigolo In Debt did not find Charlotte in the washroom, so he went to rooms next door, but to no avail.

He tried calling her as well but it did not go through.

"Have you guys seen Charlotte?" he turned off the music and asked.

Everyone started shaking their heads. "Is she in the washroom?"

"No, I've been there." Gigolo In Debt frowned. "Who's the girl that helped Charlotte to the washroom again?"

"No idea..." Everyone was oblivious.

"It's Yolanda," Lily said after coming back from the washroom. "I saw her going out with Charlotte. What happened? Are they not back yet?"

"Call her immediately," Gigolo In Debt urged. "Quick!"

"Okay." Lily quickly took out her phone and called Yolanda. She even put it in speaker mode, but the call never went through.

"Is it because the signal is bad in here?" The colleagues was not as concerned. "Yolanda has always been a thoughtful person. Maybe she'll be back with Charlotte soon."

“Yeah. Maybe Charlotte drank too much and Yolanda brought her out for some fresh air. They’ll be back soon. Don’t worry about it.”

“Who’s this Yolanda? “Gigolo In Debt was still very much concerned. “Is she new? How’s her relationship with Charlotte?”

“Yolanda has been in the company for two years now. She’s considered a senior in the administration department. Among the people here, she’s the closest with Charlotte.”

Gigolo In Debt felt a little better after hearing that. He figured that everything was alright and wanted to continue where he left off.

All of a sudden, his phone rang. It was Zachary, so he immediately went out to pick up the call. “Hello!”

“You brought her to Sultry Night?”

“Her colleagues wanted me to treat them!”

“Quit fooling around,” Zachary scoffed. “Get out of there right now.”

“Huh? You’re already coming?” The gigolo was disappointed. “Can you at least let me finish the night in character?”

“Do you want to die?”

“Alright! Okay! I get it. Let me find your girl first. Call me when you get here.”

“What? Where is she?”

“She drank a little too much and a female colleague helped her outside for a breather. Now both of their phones are unreachable.”

“Chris Broid, if anything happens to her, you’re dead!”

In the dark and abandoned room, three wretched men with floral shirts walked in.

“Why the f*ck is this place so hard to find? All these twist and turns!”

“Yeah! I didn’t even know Sultry Night had an abandoned room like this.”

“Shut up and come here!” Yolanda demanded.

“You’re not even paying us a lot, quit nagging already.”

The men stopped as soon as they saw the woman on the sofa.

“This is what we’re here for? That’s awesome!” Their eyes widened.

On the sofa, Charlotte’s coat had already been taken off as she shifted around with her exquisite figure. Her face looked incredibly seductive under the faint lighting available.

The three of them drooled in excitement.

“This body, this face, it’s way better than any women out there.”

“I actually thought it was going to be some old lady! That’s why I was reluctant.”

“You should have told us earlier that it was going to be someone like this! We’d be here waiting!”

The men spoke as they took their pants off.

“It’s quiet here. No one’s going to interrupt you and no one’s going to find out.” Yolanda tossed them a stack of cash and snickered.

“You men have fun. Be sure to let her have the time of her life.”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 116

“Don’t worry. We will definitely service this fine young lady to the best of our abilities. Hahaha...”

The drooling men surrounded the sofa, overjoyed at the sight of Charlotte.

Yolanda walked out of the room and gave Charlotte an icy stare as she closed the door with a sinister grin on her face.

“Don’t worry, Charlotte. I’ll go get your boyfriend right now. Maybe he’ll love you even more after seeing what happened here.”

“Oh baby, I’m gonna enjoy this!” One of the men with a crew cut reached his hand towards Charlotte.

“Wait!” A bald man slapped the hand away and took out his phone. “For someone like this, it’d be too bad if we could only do it once, right? Let’s record everything so we can use it as leverage! She’ll be dancing in the palm of our hand.”

“Boss, you’re smart!” the other two praised.

The bald man set up his phone for recording and took out masks for the three of them. “Wear these. That way, no one will know who we are even if the video gets on the internet.”

“You really thought about everything, boss!”

“Now step aside! I’ll be the first!”

“Huh? Okay then... Hurry up!”

“I can last really long! Hehehe.” The bald man slowly closed in on Charlotte. “Pretty lady, I’m coming!”

Yolanda was on her way back to the room where everyone was but out of nowhere, she bumped into Zachary!

No amount of colorful lights there could cover his raging presence at the moment. As he got closer, the killing intent of a beast could be felt intensifying. "Where is Charlotte Windt?"

"Mr. Nacht..." Yolanda gave him a stiff smile, forcing herself to calm down. "Charlotte h-had too much liquor." She was shivering. "So I brought her out here for some fresh air. But she suddenly disappeared when I went to get her... ugh..."

Zachary had his hand on her neck before she could finished.

Yolanda was suffocating, as though a monster had her neck tightly in its hand. Her mouth wide open and eyes flooded with terror.

The man in front of her was no longer human. He was death incarnate, here to decide her fate. If he wanted, she would be dead.

"Where. Is. She?" Zachary's teeth ground like a beast would with its prey beneath its claws.

Yolanda raised her trembling hand, and pointed towards the direction of the abandoned room.

Two black suited bodyguards immediately rushed over.

Zachary did not let Yolanda go. In fact, he grabbed her hair and dragged her along.

"Ahhh!"

Along the way, quite a few customers were terrified by what was going on and some screamed in fear.

“Please! Please let me go. I don’t know anything!” Yolanda was in disarray, kicking her legs with immense fear in her eyes, begging for mercy.

“Ah!”

A horrific scream came from the room. A man was caught off guard and got kicked away by Ben.

Thud! The man’s fat body slammed into the wall, and fell to the ground. He was out cold.

The other two men wanted to escape, but was quickly subjugated under the bodyguards’ feet and were now on their knees.

Zachary slowly walked in and flung Yolanda in front of them.

“It’s her!” The men pointed at her. “She paid us to do this!”

“No! I didn’t!” Yolanda denied, violently shaking her head.

Zachary did not bother himself with them. He took off his coat and covered it on Charlotte before carrying her out. As he was leaving, Zachary gave out an order without even turning his head.
“Whatever you were paid for, do it on her.”

The two were stunned for a split second and immediately nodded. “Yes sir!”

“N-no! Don’t! Please no!”

Yolanda’s howl could be heard from corridor, but no one did anything about it.

“Suffer the consequence of your own malice,” Zachary said and left.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 117

Zachary carried Charlotte out from the back exit.

Chris was anxiously waiting on the car. When he saw them he immediately approached Zachary and apologized, "I'm so sorry man. I would have never known..."

Thump!

Zachary kicked him aside. "If you weren't my aunt's son, I would have crushed your throat by now!"

Chris face turned pale from the pain, but did not say anything about it. On the contrary, he apologized, "It was all my fault. Is she okay?"

Zachary paid him no heed and carried Charlotte into the Aston Martin.

At the moment, Charlotte had totally succumbed to the effects of the drug Yolanda gave her. She entangled herself on Zachary's body and buried her face into his neck, indulging herself with the familiar smell.

"It's you..." Charlotte murmured. She wrapped her hands around his neck and gave him an endearing kiss.

"Goddammit!" Zachary's forehead creased. "So, you've been drugged."

No wonder you just laid there like a fool without even resisting.

Charlotte continued to shift about in Zachary's arms, like a ball of fire trying to light up his desire.

At the moment, Zachary had one hand on the steering wheel and the other holding on to her. He had no choice but to let Charlotte have her way with his body as he suppressed his sexual urges. He needed to focus on driving.

However, as Charlotte got even more audacious, her movements were wilder than ever before.

Unable to calm himself down, Zachary drove the car into a forest near Southcastle Shore where he proceed to lay her on the seat. "You asked for it," he rasped as he bit her earlobe.

He kissed her savagely, like how predators enjoyed their prey.

Charlotte was burning with passion and played along, making it even more irresistible for Zachary.

Under the alluring moonlight that sipped through the windows, their silhouettes intertwined.

It was a passionate night filled with ecstasy.

In the morning, Charlotte was awakened by the sunlight in her eyes. She was still a bit woozy when she opened her eyes and saw a familiar figure.

Zachary was sitting on the bonnet of the car with a cigarette in hand. His hair shifted as the wind blew. His white shirt was unbuttoned and danced in the wind, revealing his wolf head tattoo on the waist from time to time.

Charlotte looked at him in shock and looked at herself. She was naked with only Zachary's long coat covering her. Moreover, she felt an intense soreness in the groin area.

Her mind went blank for quite a while before realizing what happened and her heart rate skyrocketed.

“Ahhh!”

Charlotte’s terrified scream pierced through the calm of morn.

Zachary knitted his brows and put out the cigarette. He went and got two bottles of water from the trunk, uncapped one and passed it to Charlotte.

“What’s all this?” Charlotte grabbed his arm as she was at a loss for words. “What happened last night? We, you and me... What did you do to me?”

“What do you mean by that? You’re the one that kept latching on to me,” Zachary spoke in a stern manner. “Be grateful that I had the decency to help you out.”

“You’re lying! You filthy scum!” Charlotte raised her hand to hit him, but Zachary caught it. “So you’re attacking people now after the enjoyment? That’s not right!”

“Don’t you mock me with your slander, I’m not that type of person!” Charlotte roared in rage, her chest heaving from the heavy breathing, a seductive sight to behold.

Zachary stared at her smooth and perky breasts, his body showing some reaction. However, he did not do anything besides turning on the onboard recorder’s monitor.

“Take a look for yourself!”

“Take me...” A moan came from the screen. The resolution was not good, but Charlotte was able to recognize herself, riding on Zachary while kissing and hugging his face. It was even more intense than the movies!

“I...” Charlotte was flabbergasted. She could not believe what she was seeing. How? Why? How did I become like this? This isn’t like me at all!

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 118

“Still can’t remember anything?” Zachary asked. “Even what happened at Sultry Night?”

“What happened at Sultry Night?” Charlotte’s head was aching, trying to recall what happened. “I remember you coming to pick me up, my colleagues coaxing me, asking for you to treat them. And then we went to Sultry Night for drinks...”

She briefly paused. “They came to give toasts, I drank two glasses full and got drunk. Then, I was in the bathroom, Yolanda gave me some water and... Nothing. I can’t remember anything after that.”

At this point, Charlotte suddenly realized something. “You bastard! You took advantage of me when I was drunk!”

“Look at it again...” Zachary tapped on the screen. “Who’s actually the one being taken advantage of here?”

On the screen, Charlotte teared open his shirt and kissed him non-stop.

“Shut it off.” Charlotte covered her eyes. “This really isn’t me. Why would I do this?”

“You were drugged, you idiot.”

Zachary turned off the recorder and deleted the footage.

“Drugged?”

Charlotte gave it some thought, and noticed that things in fact, did not add up. Even though she was not good at drinking, two glasses should not have been able to almost knock her out like that.

Wait. I was already quite feverish in the afternoon. The liquor at night only made it worse. And it felt just like how it was four years ago...

“Figured it out?” Zachary continued to remind her. “Your condition last night was way worse than four years ago. That’s because you took double the dosage.”

“No way! Who would do something like this?” Zachary’s words sent shivers down Charlotte’s spine. “I don’t think I did anything to anyone.”

“Just listen.”

Zachary played the recording that Ben sent him on his phone. It was the conversation between Yolanda and the three men.

“I’ll pay you guys a hundred thousand to defile someone for me.”

“You’re asking us to do that for a mere hundred thousand? What if we get caught? The punishment is really heavy for crimes like these.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll handle everything. You guys just have to gang up on her when I send her over.”

“Hehehe... That woman must be ugly. That’s why you actually need to pay money for her to get laid.”

“Au contraire, she’s actually more beautiful than you can imagine. You’ll see.”

Charlotte was gob smacked. “Oh God! Is this Yolanda?”

Yolanda had a unique voice that was soft and slow. Even when talking about such sinister deeds, her tone remained the same.

"You understand now?" Zachary shook his head in exasperation. "The juice you drank yesterday afternoon was spiked. Same goes for the water she gave you last night. She was out to get you, but you treated her like your best friend. If it weren't for me..."

Zachary did not finish his sentence. If those men even touched Charlotte, he would have blamed himself the most.

I should never have let Chris impersonate me!

All he wanted was to clear Charlotte's suspicions; who would have known Chris was that playful?

Thank god I got there in time.

"This is horrifying." Charlotte got goosebumps from the thought of last night. "T-the men, did... d-did they..."

"Of course not." Zachary pulled her into his arms. "I would never let anyone hurt you."

She could feel the beating of his powerful heart, and it gave her a firm sense of security, just like a guardian angel looking after her.

Wait!

Another question suddenly popped into her head. She instantly pushed him Zachary away, and snapped, "You stupid gigolo! Tell me, did you use a condom last night?"

Zachary went silent. He was stumped, and it dawned on him that he put his mask on last night when he got in the car.

At the moment, he was Gigolo In Debt.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 119

“You obviously didn’t then!” Charlotte was mad. “You’re disgusting! Playing around with rich ladies everyday and sleeping with me in their car...”

Zachary’s forehead creased and clenched his fist.

God knows Charlotte was the only woman he ever slept with, but she was slandering him, even disgusted by him.

Zachary was ready to just snap her neck then and there, but he figured he was the one that started the game with that alter ego. Now’s not the time to reveal myself. Just bear with it!

“What’s done is done. What do you want me to do?” He put down the bottle of water and started the engine.

“Who knows what diseases you might have?” Charlotte stared at him angrily. “Don’t you use condoms when you’re with your customers? Why is it always me that’s...”

“B*tch, you better stop nagging, else I throw you out right now!”

Zachary gritted his teeth in anger. If it were anyone else, he would have exploded.

This ungrateful wretch!

It took everything he had to control his rage.

Charlotte had tears in her eyes and pouted in fear, her petite figure trembling profusely.

She knew the man beside her did not back down on his words.

Being left in the wild with no clothes on like that would definitely spell her demise, so she kept quiet.

Zachary gave her a glance and saw how miserable she was. Once again, he got soft and passed her the bottle of water.

Charlotte took the water from him and drank slowly. Her throat was burning, her head was aching and even her body was in pain. She was aching everywhere.

As she thought about it some more, she started crying.

I made a mistake four years ago, and four years later, the same mistake once again. With the same guy! Why am I like this?

“What are you crying for?” Zachary got annoyed. “You make it seem like I sexually assaulted you!”

“If you knew I was drugged, why didn’t you take me to the hospital?” Charlotte was in shambles. “Why did you have to take advantage of the situation?”

“How’s the hospital going to help you in that situation?” Zachary rebut. “Besides, do you want to get on headline news once again?”

Charlotte was left speechless. It was true that if what happened last night was publicized, she would become a laughing stock again.

“It’s not like we’ve never slept together before, what’s there to cry about?”

Zachary had a ball of rage stuffed in his stomach at the moment. Is sleeping with me that much of a humiliation to you?

“You’re right!” Charlotte took a deep breath. “I’ll just treat it as being possessed by a ghost!”

Zachary kept quiet as he flung his fist on the car window out of rage.

Bang! Glass shards flew everywhere.

Charlotte closed her eyes and curled up in terror.

Zachary showed no emotion whatsoever as he kept his piercing gaze on the road, silent ever since.

With the speed that the car was going, they reached a pharmacy in the city center soon after.

Zachary got out and headed in.

Charlotte did not know what was going on. She desperately wanted to leave, but her condition right now would not let her.

Some passerby took notice of her so she immediately covered her face with the coat.

Zachary did not take too long and came back with a white pill. “Swallow it!”

“What’s is?” Charlotte was confused.

“Contraceptive,” he replied in cold manner. “Unless you want to go through pregnancy and miscarriage once again.”

Charlotte instantly took the pill and swallowed it with the aid of water.

Zachary then made a phone call before driving to the back entrance of Storm Hotel.

The manager was already awaiting his arrival when he got there. When the manager saw Zachary, he wanted to bow to greet him.

However, Zachary stopped him and asked him to lead the way.

“Understood!” The manager immediately guided in front of them.

Zachary used his long coat, covering Charlotte as tightly as possible and carried her into the elevator. They went straight up to the thirty-ninth floor where the presidential suite was.

The exact same room they slept in four years ago.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 120

“Mr. Na—” the hotel manager blurted, but immediately held his tongue at a sharp, warning look from Zachary. Realizing that he had almost spilled the name “Mr. Nacht”, the manager let out a brisk cough before continuing, “Everything you asked for is ready, sir! Please have a good rest. Let me know anytime if there’s anything else you need.”

At this, the manager retreated and even closed the door behind him.

“Why did you bring me here?” Charlotte demanded as her eyes darted around in a panic. “What are you still trying to do... Ahh!”

Before she could finish, her feet were swept off the ground abruptly. With a rough haul, Zachary threw her into the round bathtub filled with water.

Splash! She flailed around for a moment as she struggled to sit up, and coughed out some water which she had choked on.

Wiping water off her face with a hand, she grabbed onto the edge of the bathtub with the other. She panted heavily for some time before finally steadying herself, glaring at him and yelling, “You darned gigolo! How dare you...”

“Shut up!” he interrupted fiercely and pointed at her. “From this minute on, you better clean yourself up quietly. I’m gonna do you again if I hear another word from you!”

A suppressing atmosphere filled the bathroom at his menacing glare and authoritative voice. Charlotte felt subdued by the air of dominance emitting off him.

Frightened, she immediately held a hand over her mouth and stared quietly with widened eyes.

“Bathe!” he commanded as he chucked a bathrobe at her, then walked out of the bathroom.

She pursed her lips tightly, not daring to make another sound.

Nevertheless, she really did want to clean herself up.

Last night had been a long tiring one. She couldn't help feeling grungy and filthy all over. She slowly eased herself into the bath, letting her body unwind in the warm water...

The bath was relaxing as she immersed herself in it. However, she flinched when the wounds on her shoulder and neck started to sting as they came into contact with the water.

Meanwhile, Zachary had taken a shower in the other bathroom. With only a towel wrapped underneath his torso, he hastily rubbed his hair as he came out and called Raina on his phone. "Send a female doctor over to the Storm Hotel, now! One whose face is fresh to the public!" he ordered.

Not wasting a millisecond, he hung up and reached out a hand towards his mask. In that instant, Charlotte emerged from the bathroom.

He quickly turned away.

He cursed in his mind. The mask was still lying on the bed, where he'd have to turn around and walk over a distance before he could reach it.

Of all times, that Ungrateful Wretch now stood right behind him.

"You're done so quickly?" he asked purposefully.

He had to figure out something to say to direct her away.

“Mmhm,” she murmured. She was about to say more, but immediately covered her mouth at the thought of his threats earlier.

This gigolo had sounded so scary just now. What if he really were to act on his threats?

Her entire body still felt sore and her legs had barely recovered enough strength to support her own weight. After an excruciating night, receiving more “punishments” from this man would be the last thing she wished for.

“That’s not clean enough. Go bathe one more time!” he forced a demanding tone, hiding his desperation as much as possible.

“I...” she resisted, and then held her tongue again just before more words could spill out of her mouth. Not wanting to get herself into more trouble, she begrudgingly turned back towards the bathroom.

Now is the time! Zachary made a dive towards the mask on the bed. His fingers were barely an inch away from reaching it when Charlotte came back to the room all of a sudden.

He withdrew and turned away in a split second. The towel wrapped around his lower body almost slipped from the impulsive movement.

“I’m not bathing anymore!” she grimaced as she held a hand over her painful, swollen neck. “I think the wound on my neck’s starting to ooze pus. It hurts! I’m going home...”

She then proceeded towards the door as she spoke.

Now or never! Zachary made a lightning-speed dash and grabbed hold of the mask. Just as he prepared to put it on...

“Oh, right!” Charlotte made a sudden turn and faced him. “You know, I think it’s better if we don’t see each other anymore...”

Her voice trailed off slightly as she looked down on the floor. She mustered up her courage again after a second.

She finally looked up as she continued, “Let’s put an end to that contract between us. From this day on, you don’t have to pay your compensation anymore. Go and live your own life in peace...”

At this time, Zachary had finally slid his mask on. He could feel his heart palpitating. It felt as if it had almost leaped out of his chest just now.

If she hadn’t lowered her head the whole time in guilt and abashment, he could’ve blown his cover just a second ago.

“I’ll burn that piece of agreement and delete your number once I go back. Let’s not trouble each other anymore from now on.”

At that, she reached for the door handle and began to make her leave.

“You’ve slept with me from the start, and now you’re thinking of leaving just like that?” his cold voice rang from behind. “You wench!”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 121

“What do you want?” Charlotte gave an irked frown. “If you’re not happy, I can return all the money to you. You’ve paid me over a hundred thousand, right? I’ll reimburse every single cent!”

“I’m fine with the money, but what about my body?” He closed in on her with an icy glare. “You think you can do whatever you want to me and then leave everything behind while forgetting all about it?”

“You... Don’t you dare try anything funny!” she stammered and took a few steps backward, nearly tripping herself. “If you touch me again, I’ll call the police!”

“I’m the one who should call the police,” he refuted coldly. “Anyone would believe that I’m the real victim if they see the recording from last night.”

“You scoundrel!” she snarled. “You recorded us on purpose to use it against me?”

He was speechless at how dim-witted her thoughts were, letting out an almost inaudible sigh under his breath. “What on earth do you think I can threaten you for with a video recording?”

“You...” she argued, but her voice broke off into an abrupt pause. He’s right... Even if he threatens me, what else can he get out of me besides my body, which he already did? Everybody knows I’m broke. There’s nothing for anyone to rob me of...

Ding!

She jumped at the sudden ring of the doorbell.

Zachary walked over to the door. Thinking that he was going to touch her, Charlotte quickly evaded him and retreated to a corner.

He yanked her head with a hand to keep her still and turned the door handle with the other.

“Mr. Na—” a female’s voice echoed as the door swung open. Just like the hotel manager earlier, she had almost blurted out his name before freezing at Zachary’s intense glare. “Ahem... Good day sir, I’m the private doctor the manager has requested for.”

“Come in.” He pointed towards Charlotte as he continued, “Check on the injuries on her neck and left shoulder.”

“Yes sir,” she answered respectfully. The doctor seemed to be in her forties. Her uniform and the medical kit in her hands added to the air of professionalism around her.

“What’s going on?”

Before Charlotte could digest the situation, Zachary forcefully pressed her down onto the couch. “Behave yourself and stay still! I’ll send you home once the doctor has treated your wounds.”

She had no choice but to give in and obey.

The doctor crouched on the floor as she tended to Charlotte’s wounds and replaced her soaked bandages. “Ms. Windt, there’s some pus on your wounds. I’ll dress them as I can for now. You’ll need to take some antibiotics today. If they’re still worsening by tomorrow, you’ll have to get them treated at the hospital.”

“Understood. Thank you.” Charlotte nodded.

After prescribing the medicine, the doctor left with a curtsy towards Zachary.

“That’s weird. Why was she acting so reverent towards you?” A look of confusion cast upon Charlotte’s face.

“Whoever has the money is the boss!” he said in a matter-of-fact tone as he began to put on his clothes in front of her.

She turned away hastily. “Wh-what are you doing? Can’t you be a little more modest?”

“Your clothes are in the wardrobe. Go put them on yourself,” he replied indifferently. “Otherwise, feel free to go home in the hotel’s night robe if you wish.”

She shot daggers at him as she pulled out the pile of clothes and walked to the bathroom.

There was a white dress that came along with a set of pre-sanitized innerwear. Amazed at every detail taken into consideration, she changed into her new clothes obediently. Much to her surprise, they fit her perfectly! It’s as if each piece was specifically tailored for her.

Not only that, but the fabric also felt so comfortable against her skin, and they slid onto her body so conveniently...

“Are you done?” Zachary’s voice rang from outside.

“Yes, I am!” She stepped out of the bathroom and asked, “Whose clothes are these? They fit me perfectly! They feel so comfortable.”

“Why are you even asking? Of course they’re yours!”

He walked towards her and ruffled her dripping wet hair. He then seated her down in front of the dressing table, retrieved a dryer from the drawer and began blowing her hair.

She sat there quietly, staring at herself in the mirror before shifting her gaze to the man behind her tending to her hair. A warm feeling blossomed in her heart.

Come to think of it, this gigolo's actually pretty nice...

Indeed, he has always deposited his monthly compensation so dutifully as agreed, without a single delay. He's been so loyal and was at her every beck and call despite his arrogant attitude. On top of that, she didn't expect him to have secretly arranged for a doctor to treat her worsening injuries and even prepared a perfect change of clothes for her.

If it weren't for his shady job as a gigolo, perhaps it would be a good option for them to unite as a family...

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 122

Just as the thought flashed across her mind, Charlotte brushed it off immediately.

No, Charlotte Windt! You shouldn't soften up!

Once a gigolo, always a gigolo!

It would be impossible for him to clear the stains on his name as someone who had been doing such a dirty job for years.

Even if she herself were to ignore his past, what about the kids?

If they were to become a family, what if they bump into a client who recognized him while on the streets? How would the kids feel?

Her children would become a laughing stock because of their biological father's identity. They would never be able to face society with their heads held high.

The more she thought about these, the more her fears tugged at her heart. She reminded herself again and again to never let her guard down, no matter how gentle this gigolo seemed to be...

Never!

"It's done!"

With a smooth flick, Zachary switched off the dryer. He ruffled her soft hair as if he were petting a little puppy.

"That's enough." She nudged his hand away and kept a distance from him. "You don't have to send me home. I'll take a taxi!"

"Are you sure about this?" There was no resistance in his tone this time. He reminded coldly, "Once you step out of here on your own, I'll never come to your aid anymore!"

“That’ll be the best!” she replied instantly. “Once I transferred the money back to you, we’ll cut ties. Let’s not meet again.”

He frowned as he stared at her quietly. After a brief moment, he nodded. “Alright!”

“Also, you have to delete that recording...”

“It’s already deleted earlier this morning, didn’t you see that?” His frown deepened as he spoke.

“That’s fine then. Goodbye.”

At that, she turned and scurried off.

He stood as he watched her back disappear into the distance. His face paled with anger, his fists clenched tight. This time, he would teach this woman a lesson... He would surely make her come back begging on her own accord!

Charlotte exited the lift and hailed a taxi as soon as she stepped out of the lobby.

She glanced back at the Aston Martin not far away through the car window. Her heart throbbed with a sudden twinge of sorrow.

She reminisced on the madness they went through the night before, and on his gentle and caring demeanor today. And how they’ve cut ties with each other just like that.

It felt like everything was gone with the wind in the blink of an eye.

It was like a dream, as if nothing had actually happened since last night.

Lost in her thoughts, the taxi arrived in front of her house before she knew it.

It was afternoon. The kids had left for kindergarten.

Mrs. Berry showed up at the door and hurried over to her. "Goodness me... Where have you been last night, Miss? I've tried calling you so many times but you didn't answer. I was so worried!"

"I went out with a colleague and drank too much, so I crashed at her place," Charlotte excused sluggishly. "I'm tired, Mrs. Berry. I need a nap."

"Alright. I'll make something to eat after you're rested."

"Okay."

She dragged her feet back into her room. Just as she attempted to make an online transfer to the gigolo, her fingers froze atop her phone screen. A sudden realization dawned on her – she didn't even know his bank account number!

Besides, there would only be seven hundred left in her credit card if she transfers the money back to him!

How many more days could she survive with only seven hundred?

Oh no... What do I do now?

She was racking her brain when her phone suddenly vibrated and rang. It was Hector who called.

At that name, she hung up immediately without answering. She couldn't be bothered about that man at a time like this.

Without further hesitation, she sent a text to the gigolo. Give me your account number. I'll transfer the money now!

She waited for a few minutes, but there was no reply.

Does he not want his money back?

She thought that she should return the money regardless, to avoid any trouble with him in the future. However, if he doesn't want the money back right away, she could at least wait until her next paycheck...

Just then, her phone vibrated with a new incoming message.

The "Gigolo In Debt" replied with his bank account number.

C National Union Bank, XXXXXXXX, Danny Grant.

"Heh... Men will be men after all!" she let out a mocking laugh as she read the name.

What an old-fashioned name for a gigolo. No wonder he never brought that up.

She sighed at the thought of transferring out a huge sum of money. It's alright... I guess it's better to sever ties as soon as possible.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 123

With a tap on her phone, Charlotte transferred a lump sum to his account. To give herself additional peace of mind, she dialed his number. "I've transferred one hundred and seven thousand in total. Please check if you have received it."

"Okay," the familiar voice answered plainly.

"Goodbye!"

Within a second after hanging up, she erased his number from her contact list.

She couldn't help but feel irritated. What's with that cold attitude? Wasn't he so gentle and passionate just a while back at the hotel? Was it all a pretense?

Where did all his manners disappear to? Not even a "thank you" after she returned his money!

Wretched gigolo!

Apart from that, she stared blankly at the remaining balance flashing on her screen. There was only seven hundred left, it wouldn't even be enough to buy milk for the kids...

It hasn't even been a month yet since she started on her current job. She was at a loss on how to manage until payday.

She fumbled through her closet and drawers, hoping to find something valuable that she could possibly sell or pawn off for some quick money.

Alas, there was nothing else besides the ruby necklace. Zachary Nacht had gotten it for her back at the charity auction.

She felt miserable. The ruby necklace wasn't something she could use right now although it's worth a hundred million. She had to return it to the Devil himself one day.

Come on, is there really no other way? She rested a palm on her head and let out a helpless sigh.

Her brows were tightly woven in a deep furrow when her phone suddenly rang again. Puzzled at the unknown number, she hesitated briefly before picking it up. "Hello?"

"Charlotte! It's me, Lily. Are you okay?" a high-pitched voice echoed from the other end.

"Lily?" It took her a while before she recalled that name. Lily was the other girl from the administration department. "I'm fine... How did you know my number?"

"I got it from the HR department. I heard that you took emergency leave today, so I just wanted to check up on you."

"I'm fine, thank you."

Charlotte was wary despite sounding as polite as she could. After what had happened yesterday, she couldn't trust anyone enough to let her guard down. Until now, she was still in the dark as to why Yolanda had ambushed her like that. She couldn't remember having done anything that could've offended her...

"What happened last night? You disappeared without any notice after you left the suite with Yolanda! Your boyfriend never came back either after he left to search for you," Lily responded. "Everyone thought you lot were trying to escape from the bill, but Sultry Night's manager told us that your boyfriend had already paid for the entire session."

"I'm okay... I guess I just drank too much," Charlotte avoided the question. "I'm sorry for leaving you guys just like that yesterday."

"Don't worry about that. By the way, Yolanda hasn't come into the office today as well. The company had just announced that she was involved in some criminal activity with Mr. Holt! Apparently they've been handed over to the police. We're all shocked! It's so scary..." Lily answered.

So Yolanda had been Wesley's partner in crime! No wonder things seemed so fishy. The way Yolanda had repeatedly confronted her about Wesley all this while was suspicious.

And on that night when Wesley was about to stab her, she had undoubtedly felt a push from behind. She thought she must've been imagining, but at Lily's explanation, she was now certain that Yolanda was the person who had tried to push her to death.

"Charlotte, I wanted to apologize as well... I should've stopped you when Yolanda led you out of the suite. I had no idea things would turn out like this! Everyone in the office was discussing about it today. They were talking about how Yolanda tried to harm you, but fortunately Mr. Nacht rushed to the scene and rescued you. I can't imagine what would've happened if he hadn't shown up in time..." Lily rambled on.

"Did you just say... Mr. Nacht?"

Charlotte was startled. Wasn't it the "Gigolo In Debt" who had rescued her? How could it be Zachary Nacht?

"Yeah, Fiona said it was Mr. Nacht who carried you away in his Aston Martin," Lily said as her voice began to quiver. "I'm really sorry, Charlotte! Please don't ever bear any grudge against me. I really didn't mean to let you get hurt..." she sobbed.

"Don't worry, Lily! I know it's not your fault. You should get on with your work. I'll see you tomorrow, okay?" Charlotte dropped the topic and hung up.

There's something she couldn't fathom...

Didn't the Aston Martin belong to the gigolo? How could it be Zachary Nacht again?

Perhaps Fiona had mistaken the gigolo for Mr. Nacht.

They both looked so similar from behind after all.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 124

A headache began to brew as multiple thoughts overwhelmed Charlotte's mind at once. I shouldn't be thinking about this right now. How I can afford my next meal is more important than men...

She had to figure out a way to earn some quick cash.

A sudden knock at the door snapped her out of her jumbled thoughts. "Miss, you haven't slept, have you?" Mrs. Berry's voice resounded from the other side of the door.

"No, I haven't. Come in, Mrs. Berry," Charlotte answered promptly.

The door swung open as Mrs. Berry entered with a few papers in her hand. "Miss, the kids will be leaving for the Sunflower Class' spring trip tomorrow. We'll have to sign this consent form and invoice, and make the payment at the kindergarten today. Are you going to do this yourself, or should I go instead?"

"You do it, please. My wounds still hurt, I need some more rest..." Charlotte grabbed her phone and was about to transfer money to Mrs. Berry. "How much is it?"

"It's eight hundred per pax, so the total for all three of them is two thousand four hundred," Mrs. Berry replied as she handed over the invoice.

Charlotte gaped at the papers before her eyes. What sort of kindergarten is this? Eight hundred per child for a mere school trip? Do they intend to bring the kids on a tour to outer space or something?

"Oh, this reminds me!" Mrs. Berry chirped as she saw the balance in her phone. "I still have a remainder of three thousand from the furniture expenses you gave me last time. I can make the payment with this money first."

"Did I...?" Charlotte looked up in confusion.

Mrs. Berry didn't seem to hear her mumble. "I should go to the kindergarten now then. Rest well, Miss. I'll make dinner once I come back."

At that, she walked away hurriedly and left the house.

Charlotte stared as the plump woman's back waddled off and disappeared from view. She felt guilty for having given only a thousand to Mrs. Berry to purchase some furniture earlier.

Mrs. Berry had come home with an old shoe rack and a simple bookshelf from the thrift store. She even returned with a balance of three hundred...

Where did the extra three thousand come from?

Mrs. Berry must have sold her own jewelry to help fund the household's expenses.

She sighed at how useless she herself had become. Mrs. Berry had been so faithfully looking after her and the children all these years. In addition to delaying the housekeeper's salary, she even had to ask Mrs. Berry for help with money these days.

Charlotte couldn't live with this remorse for much longer. She flipped her laptop open and began searching for a part-time job.

There're certainly loads of opportunities out there. As long as she strived harder, there wouldn't be a need to starve.

E-hailing driver, food delivery person...

She scrolled on in dismay. Most of the vacancies listed required her to have her own mode of transport. She no longer had a car, and couldn't even afford a bike with the amount of money she had at the moment.

Come on, is there any other job I can take?

Her eyes lit up when she came across an advertisement for a bar singer. Good looks, appealing figure, adept at musical instruments... She scanned through the job requirements eagerly, then saw the last sentence where the salary was stated. Two hundred and eighty per hour!

It seemed like the bar had just recently opened its doors. The bar appeared to be the more sober type of place where customers would go to unwind themselves in the music, have some drinks, socialize and play games, and perhaps also to do a little bit of flirting around.

It couldn't possibly be on the same level as a nightclub as grand and flamboyant as the Sultry Night.

These kinds of bars would most likely have less nonsense in comparison.

Besides, she wouldn't bump into shady people like the "Gigolo In Debt" in a bar like this.

I can give this a shot! She quickly wrote up a resume and submitted it with a click.

As someone who had taken piano lessons since young until the highest grade and even won multiple international awards, she was confident that she could pull off the job.

Music had only been a hobby for her as a child. She'd never thought that she would one day need to feed herself with this skill.

Desperate to obtain the position before it was snatched up by anyone else, she dialed the number stated on the employer's advertisement.

The phone was answered almost right away, as if the hiring company was indeed in urgent need of someone to fill the vacancy. "You can come for an interview at 8 p.m. tonight if you wish. If you pass, we might even consider letting you start work tonight itself."

"Alright. May I know if I'll get paid on a daily basis?" she enquired.

"That's definitely possible. The payment form is negotiable as long as you have the looks and talent we're looking for," the voice on the other end replied.

"Great! I'll be there at 8 p.m. sharp tonight. Thank you!"

She hung up the call with relief and excitement. Just then, her children's voice echoed through the house, "Mommy, are you home?"

"Robbie! Jamie! Ellie! Fifi!"

She hurried out of the door to greet them.

"Mommy!" Her three kids immediately plunged themselves into her arms. Fifi circled around in the air above them while chanting along, "Mommy! Mommy!"

"Ellie, did you bring Fifi to the kindergarten again?"

Charlotte planted a kiss on Ellie's chubby, rosy cheek.

“She flew into my bag. I only found her hiding inside when I was at the kindergarten...” Ellie explained as her pink lips pressed into a tiny pout.

“But the teachers didn’t scold me for that!” she continued eagerly. “Fifi behaved herself today. She didn’t disturb anyone during class, and everybody had fun playing with her. They all loved Fifi!”

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“Yes, Timothy said he would ask his father to buy him a talking parrot.” Then, Jamie took out a gold invitation card. “Mommy, he also invited us to his birthday party.”

“Uh...” Charlotte was taken aback. Both of them were at each other’s throats the last time they met. When did they develop such a close relationship?

“Mommy, Timothy does not bully Ellie anymore.” With a serious expression on his face, Robbie continued, “Every day, he brings different types of food for Ellie. For lunch, he even gave her his chicken wings and strawberries.”

“Exactly, he isn’t as rude as he was before,” Jamie agreed. Then, he started to mimic punching motions and boasted, “Recently, he even asked me to spar with him, and I taught him a few tricks.”

Ignoring her brothers, Ellie tilted her head and asked innocently, “Mommy, can I forgive him and accept him as a friend?”

“Of course.” Charlotte nodded her head with a smile. “I will not intervene with the people you want to make friends with.”

“If so, can we attend Timothy’s birthday party then?” Jamie did not hesitate to ask.

“Well...” Charlotte pondered then came up with an excuse. “His family members will probably be at the birthday party too. Although all of you have cleared the misunderstandings and developed a new friendship, his family members may think otherwise. I think it will be best if all of you don’t attend his party. Anyway, you can celebrate with him in the kindergarten.”

“I thought so too.” Robbie, the most mature one, nodded in agreement. He added, “Timothy’s mother and grandmother are so fierce. We should skip the party instead.”

“Okay.”

Disappointed, Jamie pursed his lips and looked down. I won’t be able to see the Transformers figurines at Timothy’s house anymore.

On the other hand, Ellie seemed unaffected. In a serious tone, she stated, “I will draw a picture and send it to him as a birthday gift. Will that be alright, Mommy?”

"Of course! All of you are such wonderful friends!" Charlotte pecked on each of their cheeks.

"Mommy! You are a girl. Please do not me all the time," Jamie pouted and ran away.

"Oh?" Charlotte was surprised by his reaction. In the past, he was always jealous of his sister and complained that I was biased toward Ellie. He even protested that I had to give them the same number of kisses each time. What's wrong with him now?

"Jamie likes a girl," Robbie snitched. Squeezing his chin as though he knew everything, he divulged, "He is always peeking at her."

"Is that true? Who is it?" Charlotte curiously questioned.

Inching to his mother's side, Robbie whispered, "He likes our new music teacher."

"Haha, really?" Charlotte chuckled. "Well, do you like her too?"

"Of course not!" Her eldest child immediately puffed his chest and patted it. "I am only interested in my studies."

"Haha, you have the right priorities, Robbie," Charlotte praised and gently ruffled her son's hair.

"Mommy, Timothy also gave this to me..." Ellie took a bracelet out of her bag. "He gave me this because I helped him to eat the strawberries that he hates."

"This..." Charlotte took a closer look at the bracelet and frowned, "Ellie, you should not accept such gifts from others in the future, okay?"

“Why?” Her daughter widened her eyes and queried.

“This bracelet is expensive, and it is their family heirloom...” Charlotte trailed off before she thought of a simpler way to illustrate her point. “In any case, you should not accept such presents in the future unless your friends made them personally. Do you understand?”

“Okay, I understand,” Ellie reluctantly nodded and agreed.

“Mrs. Berry,” Charlotte called out and instructed, “When you send Ellie to school tomorrow, will you pass this bracelet to her teacher? Tell the teacher to return it to the student who gave this to her.”

“Alright.” Mrs. Berry acknowledged while cooking.

Charlotte was about to continue, but Fifi was making noises to signal that it was hungry, so the children rushed to feed their pet parrot.

At that moment, the security guard knocked on their door to remind them to pay their utility bill. He also threatened to cut off their electricity if they did not pay.

Instantly, Charlotte lost her trail of thought.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 126

After dinner, Charlotte hurried to Bar DTT for an interview.

Since she wanted to become a singer, her appearance was important. Therefore, Charlotte dug up a black dress that she bought years ago and wore it. She even put on some red lipstick.

Looking at her reflection in the mirror, she thought the lipstick was too much, so she wiped it away.

Pairing her dress with a pair of sports shoes, she headed straight to the bar.

Although she was dressed rather casually, her looks still attracted attention from the people in the bar.

The place was quite empty, with only three tables occupied. There was also only a handful of staff...

With Charlotte's arrival, the boring atmosphere in the bar suddenly came to life.

Guests sitting at those three occupied tables suddenly straightened, and their eyes lit up, ready to strike up a conversation with her.

Meanwhile, at the table in the corner, the bar owner, Peter, patted the shoulder of a young man next to him. "Our fresh prey has arrived. You will surely like her."

"Pft, your bar is so lousy and does not even have a pretty hostess..." The young man in the black leather jacket jeered but suddenly paused when he saw Charlotte walking in. His disdainful gaze turned into a surprised one, and his eyes looked like they were about to fall out.

"Sir, do you like her?" Peter gave him a sneaky smirk. "I will get her number for you."

"Stop it." Chris immediately stopped him and warned, "Don't you dare touch her."

"You know her?" Peter asked.

"We are more than just acquaintances..."

Chris narrowed his eyes and studied Charlotte with an odd expression.

Compared to the innocent look she had yesterday, he preferred her wild and sexy look today more.

"I'll get her to come over," Peter fussed.

"I told you not to touch her!" Chris emphasized with lasers shooting out of his eyes.

"Okay, I got it, " Peter surrendered while nodding his head vigorously in shock.

"Boss, the new singer is here for an interview." One of the waiters brought Charlotte over.

Instantly, Charlotte spotted Chris and stopped in her tracks. Is he...the Gigolo In Debt?

His figure, clothes and he looks exactly the same from the back...

Chris turned his head, and his gaze landed on Charlotte. There was a complicated expression in them. Did she recognize me?

"You..." Charlotte looked at the handsome yet slightly childish-looking young man and regained her composure. "Are you..."

Chris' heart skipped a beat. She recognizes me? Does she regard me as her older brother?

"Danny Grant?" Charlotte called out, thinking he was "Gigolo In Debt".

"Huh?" Chris was puzzled. What is going on? Did Zachary come up with such a dull name for his alias?

"Sorry, I must have mistaken you for someone else?" Charlotte uttered, feeling uncertain about the situation.

I'm sure he is that gigolo. Well, I should play along and pretend we don't know each other since we have already cut off our ties.

"You?" Peter cheerfully gleamed at Charlotte and confirmed, "You are here for an interview as a singer?"

"Yes." Charlotte nodded.

"What instruments do you play?" Peter questioned.

"I play the piano," Charlotte answered as she glanced at the stage to see a white piano.

"You can go up the stage and play something for us," Peter offered while gesturing towards the instrument.

"Okay." Charlotte stole another look at Chris before she walked up the stage. She started with an easy nocturne before moving on to a challenging song, the theme song of "Pirates of Caribbean".

Instantly, everyone gave her a round of applause.

All the young people in the crowd cheered for her.

When she was finally done with the song, she left the stage and approached Peter. "Was that alright?"

"It was passable. However, people come here to drink, and it's not a high-class western restaurant. Therefore, you may have to sing while playing the piano, and preferably, you have to perform fast-paced songs," Peter smiled as he gave his comments.

Immediately, Charlotte butted in, "No problem, I can play a few more..."

"There's no need to. I'll give you some time to prepare, and you shall start your first performance at nine," Peter stopped her mid-sentence. "I'll pay you two thousand per hour. Each shift will last two hours, and you will have to come by on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays. Is that okay with you?"

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 127

Surprised, Charlotte paused momentarily before she cautiously confirmed, "Two thousand for an hour? Is that right?"

"If you think that it's too low, there is still room for discussion..." Peter explained.

"No, it's alright. I'll take it." Charlotte was overjoyed. "I thought I would have to show you my certificates before you would offer such a price..."

"I don't need a certificate because I can tell how good you are from what I've heard thus far." Peter chuckled, "Okay, you should head backstage to prepare."

"Yes, of course. Thank you so much," Charlotte thanked him and promptly headed backstage with another waiter.

Meanwhile, Chris swirled the liquid in his glass while his gaze followed Charlotte.

"Who is the man sitting beside our boss?" Charlotte whispered.

"That is Mr. Broid!" The waiter exclaimed and continued, "He is our boss' friend and a shareholder of this bar."

"What does he do?" Charlotte enquired.

"I think he is the heir to a rich family. Besides that, I have no clue."

Then, the waiter advised, "Charlotte, you look like a simple woman, so I will like to give you a piece of advice. Mr. Broid is a playboy and very flirtatious. His girlfriends come and go as often as he changes his clothes. If money is your priority, you can go ahead and have fun with him. Otherwise, you can forget about anything else because he will not take any relationship seriously."

"I was just curious. Don't worry. I don't have any funny ideas..." Charlotte awkwardly laughed it off. It seems like he was not the "Gigolo in Debt" because the latter was not some heir to a wealthy family.

Just as Charlotte was about to leave, a group of sexy and good-looking women rushed into the bar enthusiastically towards Chris.

"Mr. Broid! We all miss you so much."

"Mr. Broid, what took you so long to come here? How heartless!"

"Yes, Mr. Broid. Why did you not visit Sultry Night today?"

"Shut up!" Chris frowned and scoffed, "All of you are making too much noise."

Oddly today, he felt like those women could not hold a candle to Charlotte.

One is an angel, while this bunch is just colorful birds...

"Mr. Broid, you have a big appetite today. After ordering so much, can you stomach it?" Peter raised his brows and joked in a low voice.

"It's too much," Chris spat, then ordered the women, "Wait outside for me."

"Huh? Why?" The women were unhappy that their client seemed different today.

"Get out!" Chris fumed.

“Oh...” the women obediently left.

The men at the other two tables were salivating and lusting over those beautiful women, unable to tear their gaze away from them.

“What’s wrong with you today?” Peter asked.

“I’ll leave first,” Chris stated before he got up and put on his jacket. “Take care of the lady from earlier.”

“Understood!” Peter obliged.

By the time Charlotte returned from backstage, the man she had mistaken for the “Gigolo In Debt” was gone.

She did not overthink it and went to Peter to go over the details of her contract. “Sir, can I change into something else? I think these clothes are too revealing.”

“Sure, you can wear whatever you want.” Peter shrugged.

“Thank you. Additionally, I think nine is too late for me. Is it possible to change it to eight-thirty instead? If so, I will be able to take the last train home.”

“Sure, eight-thirty is fine,” Peter readily agreed.

“Thank you so much! You are so easygoing.” Charlotte grinned.

“Haha, of course.”

To the bar owner, he had to take care of her after his biggest customer ordered him to do so.

At eight-thirty, Charlotte was preparing to go on stage when she saw a familiar figure walking in.

Slender and tall with a domineering and mysterious aura, he exuded the vibe of a king.

As he entered, the people indoors grew silent.

Zachary Nacht!

What is he doing here?

Shocked, Charlotte turned around instantly.

Oh dear! If he knew I was working here part-time, would he fire me?

"It's time for you to go up on stage," the waiter reminded.

"Give me a moment."

Charlotte rushed to the dressing room and grabbed a black-laced mask from the bunch before slowly walking up the stage.

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“Mr. Nacht!” Peter walked over and welcomed him. He respectfully bowed and greeted, “What are you doing here today?”

Instead of replying, Zachary sat down in a corner without a word.

His aura was so strong that even the flickering lights that were projected on him seemed to fade.

Meanwhile, Peter was still crouched over, waiting for Zachary’s order.

The young man lit up a cigar and took a puff before he asked, “Did Chris come by earlier?”

“Yes, he did,” Peter promptly replied.

“He invested three hundred million in you?” Zachary raised his brows.

“There were several branches...” Peter cautiously answered. “They all made money.”

“You mean a shitty place like that has the ability to earn money?” Zachary sneered, “You can play around with that few hundred million. However, if I find out that you are up to no good...”

He wagged his finger, and Peter hurried over immediately. Then, he coolly jabbed the cigarette butt into the latter’s palm.

Psh! An ugly expression appeared on the bar owner’s face. He did not dare to make a sound, so he gritted his teeth in pain.

Charlotte had just sat down, and after watching this scene, her face turned pale.

What is happening?

Why is he making trouble for someone else again?

What did the bar owner do to him?

Why does he have to treat my boss like that?

“You can start,” the DJ reminded her.

Snapping out of her daze, Charlotte began to focus on her performance.

She started singing “Love Story” by Taylor Swift, which drew everyone’s attention instantly.

Even Zachary peeled his attention away from the bar owner and projected it to the stage.

On the stage, there was a lady in a black dress and a black-laced mask. She had a sexy figure and had a carefree attitude. How peculiar!

At the sight of her, his thoughts drifted to Charlotte.

Would that stubborn woman have such a side to her?

“Mr. Nacht, would you like to try some wine that I have specially kept?”

Breaking Zachary’s train of thoughts, Peter’s injured hand shook as he brought his treasured wine to the young man.

“No need.” Zachary waved him away and got up to leave.

Ben and the rest quickly followed after him.

Peter followed behind to send them out, looking as pitiful as an abandoned dog following his owner around.

While singing, Charlotte watched Zachary walk away. Was he here to torture my boss?

Whatever, it is none of my business!

After only an hour of performing, she had received good feedback.

Although there were not many customers, those that were there were full of praises for Charlotte. They even told the bar owner that they would bring their friends over to hear her sing.

By ten thirty, Charlotte ended work, and Peter gave her five thousand in hard cash.

She was touched, but when she saw his injured hand, she could not help but blurted out, “Who was that guy from earlier? Why did he do this to you?”

She casually left out the part that she knew who Zachary was.

“Problems in the real world are complicated, so there is no need to ask further.” Peter then chuckled, “Oh yes, you can call me Peter.”

“Sure, Peter,” Charlotte chirped.

Grinning, Peter waved her off and nagged, “Alright, you should head home soon. Remember to report at eight-thirty tomorrow. For the first week, you have to come every day so we can test out the response.”

Charlotte nodded.

Then, she carefully placed the money in her bag. Initially, she wanted to take the train home. However, a few young men surrounded her and demanded she give them her number. Therefore, she had no choice but to wave for a taxi and hurry home.

On the trip home, Charlotte was thrilled. With this part-time job, she could earn five to six thousand each day, which was more than what the “Gigolo In Debt” would give her.

She did not need to rely on anyone else and could support her family.

While daydreaming, the taxi stopped at a red light, and she spotted an Aston Martin beside her. Isn’t that the gigolo’s car plate number?

Unfortunately, she could not see the driver from her angle.

The traffic light turned green, and when her taxi moved forward, Charlotte turned to see the man who visited Bar DTT earlier.

He is that gigolo?

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Immediately, Charlotte took out her phone and tried to find the contact, "Gigolo In Debt". However, she realized that she had deleted his number.

She rummaged through her text messages, but when she finally found the number, the car beside them already sped off.

Letting out a sigh, she could only comfort herself. Forget it. We cut our ties, so why do I care?

That night, she dreamt of many things. One moment, she dreamt about Zachary, and the next moment, she would dream of the "Gigolo in Debt". Then, she would start dreaming about the young man...

She had no idea who was who.

Maybe because she was tired, she overslept. She only woke up when Mrs. Berry nagged, "Your children already boarded the school bus. If you don't get up, you are going to be late."

Instantly, Charlotte climbed out of bed and brushed her teeth. Without washing her face, she ran out of her room.

When she reached the door, she turned back again and pushed the money from her bag into Mrs. Berry's hands. "Mrs. Berry, this is the money I made last night."

"How did you make so much money last night? Miss, why are you running? Have some breakfast before you leave..." Mrs. Berry shouted in concern as she chased after Charlotte with a rice ball in hand. However, the latter already got into the elevator.

Looking down at the money in her palm, Mrs. Berry grew worried.

Moments later, Charlotte was trying her best to squeeze into the train. When she finally arrived at her stop, she ran like a madwoman to her office.

By the time she arrived at her level, she was covered in sweat.

“What’s wrong with you? Mr. Nacht does not like employees who don’t look after their image,” Lucy scolded. “Quickly go to the restroom and wash up.”

“Okay.” Charlotte went to the restroom to wash her face and tidied herself. She was about to leave when she heard two female colleagues whispering.

“Did you know that someone named Charlotte was employed at level 68? I heard she pulled some strings.”

“Who is backing her?”

“I’m not sure, but I heard from someone on level 13 that something happened to her in a bar, and Mr. Nacht saved her. I think she has a special relationship with him.”

“How is that possible? Mr. Nacht has such a high status, so what does he see in a mere employee like her?”

“Well, you never know...”

“Whatever, let’s not go on. If Mr. Nacht finds out, he will fire us.”

Hearing footsteps that followed, Charlotte immediately fled from the toilet. She was puzzled by what she heard. Did Fiona from the administration department see it wrongly? Was it Zachary who saved me?

While she was pondering over the matter, she felt a strong aura from the opposite side.

She raised her head to see Zachary walking before her with his eyebrows knitted together. He had a dark expression on his face.

Instinctively, she lowered her head and stood in a corner.

Without making eye contact, Zachary walked past her.

Only after she heard the door opening and closing, she let out a breath of relief, knowing that he had entered the president's office. Discreetly, she made her way back to her table.

"Mr. Nacht is in a bad mood today. Watch out and don't make any mistakes," Lucy reminded her in a low voice.

"Of course," Charlotte noted.

"There will be a few visitors coming to our office today. Their information is all here. Do take note of the time..."

"Okay," Charlotte cut her off and opened the file to see the first visitor, Hector.

While she was still in a daze, the elevator door opened, and a familiar figure walked out. He looked around and was momentarily stunned when he saw Charlotte.

"Mr. Sterling!" Owen softly reminded from behind him.

Hector snapped out from his thoughts before he smiled and greeted, "Hello, I am here to visit Mr. Nacht. I have an appointment with him."

"Mr. Sterling, good morning! Please come this way." Charlotte responded professionally and promptly led him to the office, handing him over to a more experienced secretary to make further arrangements.

Hector's gaze lingered on her for a moment before he walked into the office.

Charlotte returned to her table and continued with her work. Recalling Zachary's unhappy expression from earlier, she wondered if he would make things difficult for Hector.

While pondering over the questions, a secretary suddenly rushed over. "Ms. Wright, please come over here! Mr. Nacht lost his temper and threw an object that hit Mr. Sterling's head!"

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“Quickly fetch the first-aid kit!” Lucy immediately ordered.

Calmly and steadily, she quickly walked to the president’s office.

Charlotte’s heart thumped wildly in her chest. She wanted to see what happened but could only wait.

Besides, if she went there, she might make things worse for Hector.

“Mr. Sterling, you are leaving already? I have a first-aid kit with me. I’m sorry for Mr. Nacht’s behavior. He is not in a good mood today. Let me send you to the hospital...” Lucy trailed on.

“It’s okay.” Hector turned a corner and disappeared into the restroom.

“Owen, this is the first-aid kit. There is some medicine in it.” Placing the box in Owen’s hands, Lucy continued, “Maybe you can use it?”

“Thank you.” The other party took the kit and said, “I will take care of it. You should get back to work.”

Nodding, Lucy returned to her desk and instructed the other secretaries, “I want all of you to be busy with work. When Mr. Sterling comes out, don’t stare at him.”

“Okay.” The secretaries had common sense and understood that he left the president’s office because of his pride. The more they stared at him, the more embarrassed he would feel.

While at her desk, Charlotte was frowning and felt uncomfortable. She did not understand why Hector had to give in to Zachary’s requests and bow down to him when the Sterlings were so well-off.

Isn’t it better for him to manage his own business?

Is Zachary the only client in the world?

At that moment, the injured man emerged from the restroom with a handkerchief covering his forehead. Owen followed behind him.

Charlotte could not help but steal a glance. His forehead was still bleeding, and his white shirt was soaked with blood. He looked miserable.

Feeling bad, she clasped her hands together tightly. All she wanted to do was to show concern, but she did not dare to.

Till Hector entered the elevator, she did not make a move. However, she caught him raising his head and looking at her with bloodshot eyes, along with an inexplicable expression.

Her heart ached and tears welled up in her eyes.

Finally, Hector left as the elevator door closed.

Charlotte lowered her head, overwhelmed.

"Charlotte, go to the president's office with Dani to clean up," Lucy ordered.

"Huh? I..." Danielle trembled in fear. "Ms. Wright, I'm afraid..."

"What is there to be scared of?" Lucy growled, "Do a good job and don't sprout nonsense or look around unnecessarily. If you don't step on his toes, Mr. Nacht will not eat you up."

"Noted." Charlotte quickly brought the necessary tools to the president's office.

Danielle could only follow obediently. She tugged Charlotte's arm and muttered, "Charlotte, can I clean the outside later while you clean the inside?"

"Sure."

In contrast to Danielle, Charlotte was unafraid. She even wanted to confront Zachary about why he hit Hector. Did he have to resort to violence like that?

After they knocked on the door and entered the president's office, Zachary commanded, "Tell the others that no one shall allow Hector to step into Divine Corporation without my permission from now on."

"Yes!" Ben immediately heeded his order.

Danielle lowered her head and timidly picked up the glass shards by the door.

On the other hand, Charlotte walked to Zachary's desk and squatted down to tidy the documents that had been scattered on the ground. There, she found Hector's blood stains all over the place.

Once again, she felt bad and felt a wave of anger.

"You don't have to clean up. Get out," Zachary ordered.

"Yes..."

However, Charlotte stopped Danielle mid-sentence, "Mr. Nacht, are you not afraid of the stench of blood?" She coldly continued, "Otherwise, are you used to such violence?"

Ben held his breath. He wanted to remind Charlotte not to argue with Zachary at that moment, but he did not dare to speak.

Meanwhile, Danielle was taken aback. Is Charlotte out of her mind? How dare she talk back to Mr. Nacht like that?

Even if she doesn't care about the consequences, at least she shouldn't drag me down!

"Are you questioning me?" Zachary glared at Charlotte, with a cold stare.

Trembling in terror, Danielle's legs turned jelly.

"Get out of here," Zachary told Danielle, with his eyes still fixated on Charlotte.

Immediately, Danielle scurried away.

Gauging the situation, Ben followed behind.

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Charlotte did not continue. She quietly tidied the documents and placed them on the desk.

Then, she cleaned up the bloodstains with a cloth.

With every wipe, she felt like she was wiping her own wound...

“Do you feel hurt because Hector got injured?” Zachary uttered.

Charlotte did not respond and continued to clean.

Losing his patience, Zachary frowned and seethed, “Are you a mute? Talk to me!”

With that, Charlotte finally stopped cleaning and looked up at him. “Why do you resort to violence? Why can’t you talk it out? Do you have to hurt others?”

Without a word, Zachary gazed at her with a complicated expression.

It took a while before he got up and slowly walked towards her.

Sunlight shone on his body. Although it gave his figure a warm hue, it somehow made him seem colder.

While he gradually approached her, Charlotte started to feel afraid. Unconsciously, she stepped back, and even the stubborn look in her eyes disappeared. Her eyes shifted, and she guiltily tried to explain, "Well, I just thought you shouldn't resort to violence..."

He continued to walk towards her while she continued to retreat. Although she was terrified, she still mustered up her courage and confronted, "Mr. Sterling wants to discuss a partnership with you. If you don't want to work with him, you can always turn him down. Why did you have to throw something at him?"

His black leather shoes appeared within her sight, and she drew a sharp breath. He is right in front of me.

Her voice trembled as she spoke, "If you act like that, everyone in the office would be afraid of you. Your existing and potential partners would be scared of you too..."

"Only you are not afraid of me," Zachary growled in a dangerously low voice.

He forced her to retreat until her back was against the wall and she had nowhere else to go.

Then, he placed one hand on her shoulder while his other hand pinched her cheek to force her to look into his fiery eyes.

"I..." Charlotte stammered.

She panicked and did not know what she could say to get out of the situation.

"Do you think you can attract my attention by resorting to such tricks?" Zachary mocked. "Or else, do you think I like you, so you have the right to act like a spoiled princess?"

"I never thought you were interested in me..." Charlotte blurted, "A person like you will never be interested in anyone else but yourself anyway."

"Good!" Zachary let out a burst of icy cold laughter, like a beast showing mercy before his prey.

It made Charlotte uneasy, and she realized that her words earlier only added fuel to the fire.

"I...have to go..."

She wanted to escape, but the man's tall and strong frame was like a cage around her. Therefore, she bent down and weaseled her way out beneath his arm.

Zachary did not stop her but snapped his fingers instead, and the infrared sensor on his door started to flash.

The door was locked and Charlotte could not open it.

She tried to twist the doorknob in several ways, but it would not budge. There was only an automated voice prompt. "The door is locked. Please use your fingerprint or enter the password."

At that moment, Charlotte was flustered, and she turned back. "What do you want? Let me out right now."

Silently, Zachary twirled his black leather chair and leisurely lit up his cigar.

"Mr. Nacht..." Out of ideas, Charlotte rushed to him and pleaded, "I apologize for whatever I said earlier. I should not have been so disrespectful. Please forgive me and let me go."

Still, her boss stayed quiet and took another puff from his cigar.

“This is an office. If you don’t let me out, what would others think?” She was desperate and tried to persuade him with another method, “Some people were already speculating about our unusual relationship. If you do this, others may think you are a boss that harasses his female employees...”

“Haha!” Zachary laughed. “Do I even need to harass female employees?”

“You...”

“There is something I’m curious about...” Zachary puffed out some smoke before he continued, “Who were the people that were talking about us? How did rumor that start?”

“They said...” Charlotte timidly asked, “Were you the one who saved me when something happened to me at Sultry Night?”

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Zachary did not reply and stared at her coldly while the corner of his lips curled up.

His attitude only scared Charlotte even more.

“You were really the one who saved me?” She asked him carefully.

“You didn’t even know who saved you?” Zachary retorted.

“I...”

Charlotte wanted to tell him that she did not know what happened then because she was drugged and was in a semi-conscious state, but she stopped herself.

It was not something glorious after all. If he was not the one that saved her, she was just going to be setting herself up.

“Forget it. I’ll never get an answer from you.” She tried to change the topic and complained, “Mr. Nacht, please let me out. I still have to work.”

“I saved you,” Zachary suddenly returned to the previous topic. “How do you want to repay me?”

“It can’t be you...” Charlotte was alarmed. “If you are the one who saved me...how is that possible?”

“I was out for a drink, and coincidentally, I was there.” Zachary let out another puff of smoke then glanced at her arrogantly. “Even if someone bullied my dog, I will step in to help. It is an act of charity to me.”

“How is that possible...” Charlotte was confused. “The one who saved me was...”

She thought she saw the “Gigolo In Debt”. What on earth is going on?

“You were drugged and clearly very thirsty. Also, you kept moving in my arms...” Zachary teased. “You even wanted me to...”

“That’s not possible...” Charlotte fervently denied. There were a ton of questions at the back of her head. “The man who saved me was my boyfriend. After it happened, I woke up to him. How can it be you...”

Before she could finish, Zachary pulled her into his arms.

She wanted to resist but was locked in his arms without the space to move at all.

“What are you trying to do? Let go of me right now.”

Charlotte struggled as much as she could. However, the more she did that, the more it aroused Zachary’s desire for her.

“That day, you were not like that...” The man slurred.

He lifted her chin to look at her flawless face and beautiful eyes. The sight sent his blood pumping and his body burning with desire for her...

“That day, you took the initiative to kiss me. It was like this...”

He whispered huskily and nibbled on her earlobe. Instantly, the fiery touch threw Charlotte’s sanity out of the window.

She froze and stood nervously. Her voice sounded like a moan as she croaked, “No...”

“You also did this...”

He slowly moved towards her cheek, pressing his lips against it before he moved to her neck, chin and rosy, red lips.

The moment Zachary’s lips touched hers, Charlotte felt a wave of warmth rise within her body. She was slowly losing control.

“No...mmm...”

She seemed like a helpless kitten, shaking uncontrollably.

Her previously stiff body seemed to slump over, melting into his arms.

Regardless, there was a voice in her head reminding her repeatedly. No, no, no...

Meanwhile, Zachary was enjoying this side of her, fragile and delicate. His movements became more intense, and his hand moved to the bottom of her skirt.

“Oh...” Charlotte shuddered and instantly snapped to her senses. She pushed him away in panic.

However, she did not manage to push him away. As she used too much strength, the wound on her shoulder split open again. The pain was so intense that her face turned pale, and she started to sweat.

Reluctantly, Zachary loosened his grip on her. He licked his lips longingly, with desire still burning in his eyes.

Charlotte took the chance to back away and straighten her clothes.

Looking at her pained expression, he knew that she aggravated her wound again, so he went over to check on her.

Instead, Charlotte warned, "Don't come over here."

Zachary frowned but compromised, "Okay."

Following that, he snapped his fingers again, and the lock on the door opened again.

Charlotte ran as fast as her legs could carry her, like she was running away from the devil.

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In the washroom, Charlotte was splashing cold water onto her face in a desperate attempt to calm herself down. As she recalled the incident that night, she was utterly bewildered by what had happened.

She fiddled through her phone and identified the contact number saved as “Gigolo in Debt”. Hesitating, she ruminated about whether to call him.

After all, she had to stay firm with the decision that was made that day. Since then, she had never contacted him anymore. If I were to contact him now, that will amount to a tight slap to my face!

Besides, it took an insurmountable effort to cut ties with the gigolo. If I contact him now, I’ll be entangled in this messed-up relationship again!

Eventually, she decided to heed her rational senses. The burning issue was with Zachary. He had become immensely possessive over her. Sooner or later, something bad would happen.

Perhaps I should leave Divine Corporation.

Currently, the income from DTT was sufficient to feed the family. Once her income source has stabilized, she would tender her resignation letter to the Divine Corporation.

Charlotte felt relieved after making that decision.

She kept her phone in her pocket and returned to work.

Suddenly, Danial came over and asked anxiously, “Charlotte, did Mr. Nacht fire you?”

“Why would I be fired?” Charlotte was puzzled.

“The way you talked back to him just now, are you not in trouble for that?” Danial scrutinized his surroundings cautiously and said, “He was fuming with anger. It was a terrifying sight!”

“Yes, he was indeed furious,” Charlotte feigned her frustration, “additionally, he lambasted me and chased me out of the room.”

“He merely reprimanded you?” Danial was surprised.

“What did you think happened?” Charlotte laughed bitterly.

Danial replied, “Good to know. You’re so lucky...”

After that, Danial did not say anything further and returned to work.

Charlotte thought to herself. I should avoid that Devil in the future. Or else, rumors will start circulation in the company again.

After work, Charlotte’s colleagues invited her to join them for dinner but she rejected their kind invitation.

Her priority was her children back home. With the scarce time that was available, she treasured the invaluable family time and wanted to spend time with her children. Not to mention, she would need to work at the bar later at night.

Charlotte was heading towards the subway when she unexpectedly received Mrs. Berry’s call. “Miss, there’s an issue again. It’s best if you head to the kindergarten now.”

Charlotte rushed towards Apple Kindergarten, feeling a sense of Deja vu.

In the principal’s office, Luna and Amanda were seated on the sofa. The ambiance in the room was eerily hostile. On the other side of the room, Ms. Longman and Ms. Cheney were standing worriedly in front of them like servants who made a mistake.

Meanwhile, Ms. Berry and Ellie were at the corner of the room.

However, Robbie, Jamie and Timothy were absent.

“We don’t have time for this. If her parents are not going to show up, we shall leave this to the police.” Amanda’s instruction was absolute.

“Alright, Mam...” the lawyer immediately took out his phone and was ready to call the police.

Ellie broke into tears and waved her chubby hands in protest. “I don’t want to go to prison, I don’t want to go to prison...” she repeatedly begged.

“Ellie, don’t be afraid. Mommy will be here soon enough,” Mrs. Berry quickly tried to calm her down.

“Hey, kid, don’t be afraid,” Luna smirked. “You’re only three and a half years old. Even if you’ve made a mistake, you won’t go to prison. Nonetheless, the person that will actually be imprisoned is your guardian, who is your Mommy!”

“I don’t want, I don’t want Mommy to be imprisoned...” Ellie’s cries resonated even louder.

Ellie’s shrieking cries of agony echoed throughout the room. Her eyes were swollen and her cheeks flushed red. It was heart-wrenching for a young girl like her to display such despair and melancholy.

“Ellie!” Charlotte rushed into the room and lovingly hugged her child.

“Mommy!” Ellie embraced her hug. She was crying out of breath. “Mommy, I’m sorry...”

“Ellie, don’t worry about it. Mommy is here. It will be fine.” Charlotte tenderly patted her on the back.
“Now, tell me what happened?”

“Mommy,. I lost the bracelet...” Ellie shakenly replied.

Her voice was obscured by the excessive crying.

“Let me explain the situation.” Amanda scornfully looked at Charlotte. “She lost my grandson’s diamond bracelet that was passed down for generations. It costs about thirty million. Now, don’t you think that we should be compensated?”

“Mom, why are you being courteous to them?” Luna exclaimed in agitation, “clearly, she stole it!”

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“Mind your words!” Charlotte rebuked her.

“That’s the truth,” Luna slyly replied.

“Shut up,” Amanda interjected and gazed intensely at Luna.

Then, she turned and looked towards Charlotte.

“Be it that the bracelet was stolen or lost, that is not important. Nonetheless, it is undisputed that your daughter is the culprit of this unfortunate event. We’re reasonable people and do not intend to be hard on the child. Hence, we invited you here to resolve the situation. Now, how do you suggest we solve this?”

Ever since she was punished by Zachary during the last auction, Amanda had adopted a different strategy.

Now, she was pretending to be reasonable and courteous towards Charlotte. This way, even if Zachary were to find out, she would not be reprimanded.

“Please give me some time to figure this out,” Charlotte urged.

Charlotte was a reasonable person. It didn’t matter that the mother-daughter duo were nasty and absolutely despicable. If Ellie did lose the bracelet, she would have to bear the responsibility.

“We’re rushing back home to celebrate my grandson’s birthday.” Amanda checked the time on her watch. “Is ten minutes sufficient?”

“That works.” Charlotte carried Ellie in her arms and calmed her down. Later, she asked Mrs. Berry softly, “Mrs. Berry, didn’t I ask you to accompany Ellie to return the bracelet?”

Mrs. Berry's frustration was apparent. "That's true. However, when I was sending off the three babies to the school bus, Ms. Cheney was not there. Therefore, I instructed Ellie to hand it back personally to Ms. Cheney. I didn't expect this to happen... I'm all to blame!"

Mrs. Berry blamed herself for it.

"Don't blame yourself for it. I'll try to make things clear." Charlotte turned towards Ellie and gently touched her face. She then asked, "Ellie, can you tell me what happened?"

"When I reached school and wanted to return the bracelet to Ms. Cheney, I realized that the bracelet was gone..." Ellie whimpered. "Mommy, I'm sorry..."

"No worries." Charlotte swiftly hugged her. "Ellie, you're still young. It's normal to make mistakes. Mommy is here to help you solve it. Don't be afraid, alright?"

"Mommy, will you go to prison?" Ellie's arms were wrapped around her mother's neck.

Her grip was so tight, it was as though her mother would disappear if she were to release her grip.

"Mommy will be fine. Ellie will be fine too! Trust me." Charlotte gently assured.

She patted her on the back again and signaled at Mrs. Berry.

Mrs. Berry hastily attended to Ellie. "Ellie, let's go to your brothers. They're still helping you to look for the bracelet. We'll go help them!"

“Sure,” Ellie released her arms and followed Mrs. Berry. After taking a few steps forward, she looked back at Charlotte and said, “Mommy, we’ll return once we find the bracelet.”

“Okay. Go ahead.” Charlotte nodded and smiled.

“Hey, how can you let the child leave like this? Now, who’s going to be responsible?” Luna immediately stood up.

“What can you get from the child?” Charlotte asked coldly. “Didn’t you mention it just now? I as her guardian shall take responsibility for this matter.”

“We don’t have time to fool around with you,” Luna was extremely impatient. “Give me back my bracelet, or compensate me for my loss. Otherwise, I will sue your child for theft.”

“You’re so grumpy and impatient. You should learn from your mother!” Charlotte gawked glacially at her.

“You...” Luna was speechless yet infuriated.

Charlotte decided to ignore her. Following that, she invited Ms. Longman and Ms. Cheney to a corner of the room and asked for more information.

Yesterday, Ms. Cheney saw Timothy pass the bracelet to Ellie. However, she was oblivious to what happened subsequently. Also, she tried to look for the bracelet at the school field and in the classroom. However, her efforts were futile.

Ms. Longman summoned a group of teachers to look for the bracelet as well. Additionally, she instructed the school worker to inspect the CCTV footage for possible clues. Therefore, they would be informed if there were any new findings.

"We're already here for an hour." Amanda broke the silence. "Our time is very valuable. This can't go on anymore, call the police!"

"That's the way to go. Besides, inform the media!" Amanda stroked her head in exasperation. "It will be a big problem if someone loots it and sells it off! agitation, "clearly, she stole it!"

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“Hold on,” Charlotte stopped them before they could do anything. Her facial expression instantly changed. “I understand that calling the police is necessary. However, why the media as well?”

“That’s my decision to make.” Amanda snarkily responded.

“You...” Charlotte was speechless.

“Mr. Williams,” Amanda instructed authoritatively, “inform all the media outlets in the country about the missing bracelet. If someone finds and returns it, the reward will be five million. However, if it was sold in the black market, I will take necessary legal action.”

“Noted, Mrs. White.” the lawyer acted accordingly.

“Also, circulate the evidence that was taken just now. The photos and the videos...” Amanda added.

Charlotte instantly plunged into a state of trepidation. If the media were to be informed, the identity of the children will be exposed...

“Let’s settle this privately!” Charlotte promptly said. “What do you want? Be frank with your demands!”

“Privately?” the corner of Amanda’s lips lifted upwards.

“Slap yourself two hundred times.” Luna gritted her teeth and stared ferociously at her.

Charlotte was dismayed. Nonetheless, she had earlier anticipated that the mother-daughter duo was here to take revenge upon her.

“Luna...” Amanda was putting on an act. “She’s our relative. How can we do that?”

“Mom...” Luna appeared to be aggrieved.

“Besides, she’s with Mr. Nacht. We can’t make an enemy of her!” Amanda gazed at Charlotte with a complicated smile. “How are we going to settle this in private?”

“I...” Charlotte had no idea. Thirty million was not an amount that she could afford.

“I knew it, you don’t have any solutions for this.” Amanda crossed her arms in discontent. “On one hand, you refuse to let us call the police. On the other hand, you refuse to compensate us. Come on, you can’t expect us to lose thirty million without getting any compensation. This is preposterous!”

Amanda looked the other way. “Ms. Longman, Ms. Cheney, please be our judge. How can she treat us like this!”

“Yes, that’s true...” Ms. Longman awkwardly nodded.

Nonetheless, Ms. Cheney truthfully answered, “Ms. Windt, since Ellie was the one who lost the bracelet, I think you should compensate them...”

“Hey, finally Ms. Cheney uttered a proposition that is fair to us!” Amanda felt wronged. “Since you’re not able to provide a solution, I guess we don’t have a choice...”

Amanda stood up from her seat...

“Hold on.” Charlotte recalled something and took it out from her bag, “I’ll use this then...”

Amanda stared at the ruby necklace held firmly in Charlotte’s hands. Shockingly, it was casually wrapped with mere tissue papers. There was no packaging nor any sort of protection to safeguard the treasure. Nevertheless, the necklace radiated captivating shine and beauty.

“Isn’t this the ruby necklace that was auctioned off that day?” Luna’s eyes shimmered with desire and jealousy. “Is this fake?”

“Let me have a look.” Amanda retrieved the ruby necklace and scrutinized it meticulously. Shortly after, she confirmed, “It’s real!”

“This ruby necklace is priced at a hundred million,” Charlotte was very reluctant to have pledged it. “It’s more than enough to cover your losses. Once I manage to find the necklace, I’ll be back to redeem the necklace.”

“If you don’t manage to find it?” Luna pestered her further. “Then, this necklace will rightfully belong to me!”

“That’s not going to work. The value of both items are not the same,” Charlotte replied anxiously, “if I can’t find back your bracelet, I’ll find other ways to compensate you. However, you can’t lose the necklace as I intend to redeem it!”

“There must be a time limit for this.” Amanda smirked. “Within seven days, if you can find the bracelet, I’ll return this to you.”

She proceeded to stipulate her conditions. “If you failed to find the bracelet, you’ll need to bring thirty-eight million to compensate us. If you manage to do so, I’ll return this necklace back to you. However, if you don’t have the bracelet nor the money, then this necklace will belong to me!”

“This...” Charlotte was hesitant.

“If you don’t agree, then I’ll call the police and the media over...” Amanda used her leverage against Charlotte.

“I agree.” Charlotte’s back was pressed against the wall.

“Alright, then we shall enter into an agreement. Ms. Longman and Ms. Cheney can be our witnesses,”
Amanda replied.

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After they signed the agreement, the mother-daughter duo left contentedly with the ruby necklace.

Ms. Longman and Ms. Cheney proceeded to the security room to inquire about the situation.

When Charlotte was ready to look for her children, a familiar voice sounded from her back. "Why don't you ask for my help?"

Charlotte turned over and was startled by who she saw. It was Hector gazing at her with his sculpted and gorgeous face. Worryingly, he shed a few pounds and his complexion was haggard and ghastly.

That afternoon, he was injured by Zachary in the Divine Corporation. Although the wound was bandaged and he changed into a new set of clothes, the sadness and dejection still lingered...

"I'm sure you know I can help you solve the problem. Why do you always bear everything on your shoulders every time? Hector frowned.

"I must be independent." Charlotte smiled bitterly.

Hector's heart ached for her. He wanted nothing more than to hold her in his arms.

She subconsciously took a few steps backward to avoid him. Consequently, his hand hung hopelessly mid-air and he was forced to swallow the rejection. "I forgot. You no longer belong to me."

Such pernicious words and his desolate actions deeply touched Charlotte's heart.

If he had behaved unreasonably and crudely as before, she would definitely resist and resent him.

However, the way he restrained himself and the disappointed look on his face changed things. Her heart pained at the sight of his distress.

Past memories started to surge within her mind. As she vividly recalled, their first hug when they were sixteen was in a similar fashion. Likewise, the urge to embrace one another was met with an opposing force to restrain themselves.

It was a futile attempt just like their relationship. Eventually, everything fell apart.

"It's my own matter and I can deal with it myself," Charlotte replied softly. "On the other hand, why are you doing this to yourself? Your prestigious business consists of other clientele apart from Divine Corporation!"

"I can take care of this myself..." Hector didn't want to discuss the matter. "Don't talk back to Zachary because of me. Remember, it's not worth the risk."

"You're thinking too much. I'll not do that." Charlotte intentionally distanced herself from him. "Mr. Sterling, your wife and mother-in-law just left a moment ago and they should not have gone too far. You should leave now to avoid any sort of misunderstanding."

"The bracelet was a gift from Timothy to Ellie. Hence, there's no need for any compensation. I'll deal with this..." Hector responded.

"The best way for you to deal with it is to distance yourself from me." Charlotte interjected and reminded him strictly. "As long as you express your feelings towards me, the two of them will keep causing me trouble..."

Hector heard what she said and the conversation went into a stalemate. The silence went on for a long time before he decided to turn away and leave.

Charlotte sighed as Hector's figure slowly disappeared from sight.

She regretted how things panned out, but it can never return to how it used to be...

“Mommy...” her children called out to her.

Charlotte turned around and Ellie hopped into her arms. Her cheeks were buried deep in Charlotte’s chest when she asked in distressed, “Mommy, we can’t find the bracelet. What are we going to do?”

“Mommy, Timothy’s mother said that the bracelet costs thirty million! Is that true? Robbie frowned and asked with a straight face.

“How much is thirty million?” Ellie scratched her head and looked worriedly at her brother.

“Dummie, that’s an amount that Mommy can never earn in her lifetime.” Jamie inadvertently blurted out. He quickly covered his mouth and guiltily looked at Charlotte. “Mommy, don’t worry about it. I can earn that amount when I grow up.”

“My innocent children.” Charlotte gently rubbed Jamie’s hair and touched Robbie’s cheeks. She held Ellie in her arms and said, “Don’t worry about it. Mommy already compensated them. The matter has been solved!”

“Is that true?” The three children were shocked.

“Yes, it is. Recently, Mommy’s work performance is outstanding and I earned a lot of money. Therefore, I can compensate them for the bracelet!” Charlotte pretended to be relieved.

“Yay! That’s great!” the three children celebrated joyfully.

Charlotte then instructed. “Alright. You all should follow Mrs. Berry back home. Mommy still has some matters to handle right now and I’ll be back home slightly late!”

“Yes, Mommy! Robbie, Jamie, and Ellie will be good children!” They responded cheerfully.

...

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After Mrs. Berry left with the kids, Charlotte immediately ran back to the classroom and searched high and low for the bracelet...

She looked everywhere. The classrooms, the school field, the school bus, the toilets, and every single corner in the school compound.

With no choice but to persevere, she started to scavenge through the garbage bins. As a consequence, her clothes were later soiled full of dust and dirt.

As the sky darkened, the teachers and school workers left one after the other.

Ms. Longman tried to persuade her, "Ms. Windt, I suggest you go home in the meantime. All of us will look for it tomorrow. Additionally, I've sent out a notice informing all school personnel about the bracelet. If anyone finds it, it will be passed to me."

"I plan to search for it longer." Charlotte was overhauling the garbage tin. "Ms. Longman, don't mind me. I'll search for it until eight at night and I'll leave after that."

"Truth be told, we've looked around in these places..." Ms. Longman wanted to convince her further. Nonetheless, she changed her mind after she saw Charlotte's determination. "Alright then. I have to go. Take this torchlight with you, just in case you need it."

"Thank you." Charlotte retrieved the torch light. "I needed this."

Ms. Longman turned and walked away. Later, she met Ms. Cheney at the school entrance and the two immediately discussed the incident.

"A woman trying to raise three children is not easy," commented Ms. Cheney, "where is the children's father? He's such an irresponsible parent..."

Ms. Longman replied, "She should be a single mom..."

"Today, Mrs. Sterling had gone overboard by obnoxiously reprimanding the three children. It was atrocious for her to comment that the alleged theft was the result of insufficient familial education by their parents. I tried to calm her down but she threatened to have me fired instead! What an obnoxious woman!" Ms. Cheney eventually disclosed her grievances.

Ms. Long was uneasy. "Mrs. Sterling is infamous for her arrogance and domineering behavior. Try not to mess with her."

Ms. Cheney felt that it was extremely unfair for Ellie. "Clearly, Timothy intended the bracelet to be a gift for Ellie. However, his mother now turns around and accuses Ellie of theft. Such a repugnant act!"

"Unfortunately, the law is against Ms. Windt and Ellie. Minors do not possess the legal capacity to bestow gifts, especially something that is so valuable. Therefore, the Whites have the upper hand in the situation!" Ms. Longman was clearly against the Whites' conduct.

Ms. Cheney replied, "I understand. Therefore, I dared not to speak up during the argument just now. Nonetheless, Mrs. Sterling shouldn't have scolded the children in such an unscrupulous manner. When it happened, Ellie was crying and shivering with fear, it pains me to see her terrified look..."

"Indeed, she's a very mean and cold-blooded woman. Only when Ms. Windt arrived, did she restrain herself from scolding Ellie further!" Ms. Longman agreed.

Ms. Cheney eventually visualized the potential catastrophe that would befall her by having Timothy in her class. "True. A parent like this is horrifying. I have to pray to God that nothing bad happens to Timothy during my class. Otherwise, I'm doomed!"

"Not just you, but the whole kindergarten will also be done for..." Ms. Longman shivered at the thought of it.

Finally, Ms. Cheney lamented, "It's extremely unfortunate to be involved with a family like this!"

While the two teachers tried their best to speak softly, they were unable to remain inaudible during the quiet and peaceful night. Inevitably, Charlotte managed to eavesdrop on the whole conversation.

She held onto the torchlight firmly and her eyes emanated intense fury and wrath.

Although she knew very well that the mother-daughter duo were insidious and heartless, she underestimated their level of atrocity.

They have the audacity to hurt my children with such barbaric language!

Suddenly, her phone started ringing.

Mrs. Berry was calling Charlotte. She immediately took a deep breath to calm herself down. After she managed to recalibrate her emotions, she answered the call. "Mrs. Berry!"

"Miss, are you still at the kindergarten?" Mrs. Berry asked.

Charlotte replied, "Yes. I'm searching for the bracelet. What's wrong?"

"Ellie is having a fever..." Mrs. Berry broke the bad news.

Charlotte instantly panicked. "What? I'll come back immediately."

Charlotte grabbed a ride and rushed back home.

Ellie laid down semi-consciously on the bed. One would notice that her chubby cheeks were flushed red.

Beside her, Mrs. Berry tried to lower her temperature by sponging her with a cold towel.

Furthermore, Robbie applied an ice bag on her forehead using his right hand. Meanwhile, his other hand was measuring her temperature with a thermometer.

At the other side of the bed, Jamie was trying to feed her some water. He patiently scooped the water bit by bit and put it in her mouth. While doing that, he routinely wiped off the remaining drops of liquid on the side of her mouth.

“Ellie, Ellie, it’s Mommy...” Charlotte called out to her.

She held her hand over and touched Ellie’s forehead. Needless to say, it was blazing hot!

“Mommy...” Ellie mumbled indistinctly, “Mommy, I have a daddy right? I’m not a b*****d, I’m not...”

After hearing what she said, tears uncontrollably streamed down Charlotte’s cheeks.

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"It was Timothy's mother." Jamie clenched his fist forcefully. He was all riled up and continued to utter, "She rebuked us for not having a father, and even said that we are..."

Jamie gritted his teeth to stop himself from finishing the sentence. What came next was something he dared not mention. Consequently, his eyes started to turn red.

"Don't bother. She did it on purpose!" Robbie tried to remind his brother. However, red streaks were evidently visible in the corner of his eyes as well.

Charlotte bit her lips and remained quiet. Nevertheless, she knew the impact of those derogatory words towards the children...

Previously, she bit the bullet when they bullied her inhumanely. Nonetheless, this time, she wouldn't let them off the hook anymore...

"Karma will catch up to them." Mrs. Berry was infuriated.

"What's her temperature?" Charlotte changed the topic of conversation.

"101.3 degrees Fahrenheit!" Robbie frowned. "Mommy, I think we should let Ellie have some fever medicine."

Jamie swiftly raced towards the living room to retrieve the first aid kit box. "I'll get the medicine."

Mrs. Berry fiddled through the box and found the fever medicine. Immediately, she gave Ellie some of the medicine according to the recommended dosage.

Worryingly, Ellie was coughing profusely. Much to their dismay, she vomited most of the medicine and only managed to ingest a small portion of it.

Charlotte was perturbed with Ellie's condition. Ever since she was born, her health and immune system were far from inferior compared to that of her two brothers. Therefore, Charlotte had always provided her with delicate care and attention.

After years of meticulous care and rehabilitation, Ellie's health improved dramatically. Regrettably, the sudden fever must be caused by the inflammation of the tonsils due to her excessive crying.

After feeding Ellie with the medicine, it was already eighty-twenty at night.

While changing her shirt, Charlotte told Mrs. Berry, "Mrs. Berry, I'll need to head to work now. May I trouble you tonight to take care of Ellie? Please remember to keep her hydrated and to frequently perform sponging for her. If the fever doesn't subside when I return from work, I'll bring her to the hospital."

"Miss, it's already late at night. Where are you going?" Mrs. Berry was concerned.

Charlotte replied, "I found a side job from eighty-thirty to ten-thirty at night. Heck, I'm almost late."

Charlotte hurriedly put on her clothes and left with her handbag.

"Mommy, please wait for a second." Robbie pursued her hastily and passed her a bag. "You haven't had dinner yet. Bring this bread along."

"This as well." Jamie ran out of the house with a box of milk. "Mommy, don't worry about Ellie. We'll take care of her."

"Alright." Charlotte started to tear up. "Thank you, everyone. Mommy's got to go now!"

"We will do so, Mommy!" Jamie and Robbie replied with innocent smiles on their faces.

Charlotte took a ride towards Bar DTT. In the car, she mindlessly munched on the bread and gulped on the milk. All she could think about was her children and the hardships they had to go through. Unable to hold it together, she burst into tears.

She was willing to endure all sorts of hardships and suffering. However, her children were off-limits.

The mother-daughter duo were detestable. Also, they were rich and had ample time at their disposal. On the flip side, Charlotte didn't have the energy to be siphoned into a never-ending feud with them.

Perhaps I should consider transferring the children to another kindergarten...

Be that as it may, she needed money for the transfer. Hence, her only goal at the moment was to make as much money as possible.

When the clock hit eight-thirty sharp, Charlotte was still on her way. At the same time, an unsaved number was calling her. As expected, it was a call from DTT. Hence, she immediately answered the phone. "Hello!"

"Charlotte, what's the matter with you? Are you not coming today?" It was Peter from Bar DTT.

"I'm sorry. There was an emergency back at home and I departed from my house slightly later than usual. I'm on my way but I might need another ten minutes..." she shakingly replied.

"Alright. I'll ask the other singers to replace you for the moment. You'll start at nine-thirty!" Peter suggested.

"Sure, thanks Peter." Charlotte was grateful for the gesture.

As Charlotte put down the phone, she could finally catch a breath. Fortunately, her boss was a reasonable man. If it were someone like the Devil, perhaps she would be fired already.

At nine-ten, Charlotte arrived at the DTT anxiously. Meanwhile, there was a male singer on stage singing a rock song. Although he was very professional, the crowd remained unsatisfied with the performance.

“We want to listen to the gorgeous lady from yesterday!”

“That’s right! We’re here specially for her. Where is she?”

Charlotte sneaked in from the back and headed straight towards the changing room.

At the corner of a room, Peter restlessly signaled for her to put on makeup and head onto the stage.

Charlotte obediently nodded. In the meantime, she noticed a man who looked exactly like the Gigolo In Debt and was sitting beside Peter.

His posture emanated overwhelming haughtiness and arrogance. Delicately, he swirled the wine glass and smiled fondly at her. One look at his eyes and she was instantly electrified by his burning affection.

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Charlotte immediately shifted her line of sight. At that moment, doubts as to the identity of the man were brewing in her mind. Is he really the Gigolo In Debt?

Nevertheless, she didn't have much time to think about it. In a swift motion, she put on the black-laced mask and proceeded on stage.

Without further ado, she immediately started singing "Style" from Taylor Swift.

The crowd cheered thunderously and gave her a big round of applause.

The atmosphere lifted at a stroke and it was blazing through the roof.

As the performance went on, the audience started to grow bigger. Some even recorded the performance and uploaded it online...

When she finished her first song, the atmosphere peaked and showed no signs of receding.

There were even a few customers who went on the stage and wanted to have a toast with her.

Charlotte was taken aback by the sudden encounter. Fortunately, Peter was there and he courteously escorted the customers away from the stage.

Also, a few security guards stood authoritatively by the stage to prevent similar incidents from happening again.

Charlotte took a deep breath. Later, she gratuitously looked towards Peter, only to discover that the man who looked like the Gigolo In Debt was making the OK gesture.

He nodded in satisfaction and continued chugging down more alcohol.

Charlotte came to the realization that everything was planned by the man!

Nonetheless, she had to brush away her concern and continue with her performance. Midway, she noticed that the man was staring at her again. While his gentle stare showed signs of appreciation, the devilish smirk on his face suggested otherwise.

When the man noticed that Charlotte was looking at him, he lifted the glass and made a toast to her. Meanwhile, he winked flirtatiously at her.

Charlotte shivered at the sight of his behavior. Nonetheless, she hurriedly looked away and continued with her performance.

The Bar was engulfed with boisterous cheers vying to reward her.

Shortly after, the huge screen beside the stage displayed a QR code together with a leaderboard for rewards to the Night Queen.

Without delay, the customers took up their phones and scanned the QR code.

Charlotte was engrossed in her performance and paid no attention to the screen. After her performance, the security guards escorted her backstage. When she saw the leaderboard, a deep sense of accomplishment and jubilation flourished within her as the reward that night amounted up to forty-eight thousand!

The news came like a bolt from the blue...

“The reward isn’t too bad, right?” Peter’s cheeky voice can be heard from behind her.

“Oh my gosh! What are we going to do with all this money?” Charlotte exclaimed.

“According to our rules, all these rewards belong to you.” Peter’s smile was bright as the sun. “You brought a lot of customers to our bar, I should thank you for that!”

“Forty-eight thousand, it all belongs to me? Did I hear it correctly?” Charlotte couldn’t believe what she heard.

“That’s right. The other singers are treated the same way. All rewards belong to them.” Peter pointed towards the leaderboard.

“That’s great to hear! I’m rich!” Charlotte leaped for joy when she heard the confirmation.

“From now on, you’ll be known as the Night Queen from Bar DTT.” Peter pointed towards the screen again. “I gave you the name in a hurry. Do you have any problem with that?”

“That’s an ugly name.” she responded.

Charlotte instantly thought of Zachary. As Raina addressed him as Mr. Nacht, being named the Night Queen would give a false impression that Charlotte was Zachary’s partner.

“Haha, I’m an uncultured old man who is clueless when it comes to these sort of things. I suppose you can use it temporarily since it’s just limited to our bar.” Peter scratched his head awkwardly.

“Can you lend me this mask?” Charlotte pointed towards the mask on her face. “If I happen to meet anyone I know, it’s best if they don’t know my true identity. I’ve thought about it and I feel that I should wear it every time I’m at the bar.”

“Of course, feel free to use it.” Peter readily agreed.

Concomitantly, the bar's account received another transaction. The amount was ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine!

"Oh my god! I'm really rich!" Charlotte was enraptured.

"It was from Mr. Broid." Peter smiled after checking the account number. "He's just outside. Do you want to have a drink with him?"

"Is he the friend that was sitting beside you?" Charlotte was intrigued. "What does he work as?"

"He's the heir to a rich family." Peter scornfully teased. "Don't you guys know one another? Stop trying to pretend in front of me."

Charlotte was startled. Is he really the Gigolo In Debt?ction.

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"Let's go? We shall have a toast with him." Peter passed Charlotte a glass of red wine.

"I don't think that's necessary." Charlotte shook her head. "I'll need to rush back home. Please help me to thank him."

With that, she carried her backpack and wanted to leave from the backdoor...

Peter saw her leaving and the corner of his lips lifted into a mysterious smile.

"Hey, gorgeous woman. I've been waiting for you. Let's have a drink together." A young man stopped her in her tracks.

Their eyes met and she immediately felt the intensity from his gaze.

"I'm sorry. You've got the wrong person." Charlotte lowered her head and wanted to go around him. However, his bodyguards stopped that from happening.

"You had the audacity to ignore Mr. Hammond!" The bodyguard was furious.

"Shut up!" The young man rebuked the bodyguard. "How could you speak to the gorgeous woman in such a crude manner."

After that, he walked towards her and sincerely clarified. "Don't worry. I'm not a bad person. Actually, I just want to be your friend."

"I need to head back home right now." Charlotte avoided him and took a different path.

"Playing hard to get?" The young man lost his patience. "Then don't blame me for using force."

He grabbed Charlotte by her hair and dragged her to the car.

"Let me go..." Charlotte struggled in vain.

Honk!

The sharp honk was quickly followed by a dazzling flash of light. It shined right into the young man's eyes and blinded him temporarily.

"F***, who's the busybody?" The young man raged.

His bodyguard aggressively walked in the direction of the car. However, he was terrified and shivered with fear when he returned. "Mr. Hammond, it's Mr. Broid!"

"Which Mr. Broid?" the young man was still puzzled.

Meanwhile, a slender figure exited the car and approached them. With his squinted eyes, the young man tried to identify the dark figure. What followed suit was a menacing howl. "Leave her alone!"

Charlotte turned her head around and was taken by surprise...

She recalled the night of the previous auction, left alone on the streets when a group of men tried to take advantage of her. Gigolo In Debt's grand arrival was in a similar fashion.

"Mr. Broid..."

Just when the gigantic security guard wanted to speak, Chris forcefully twisted his wrist into a delicate arc.

A loud crack was heard amidst the silent night. He collapsed on all fours and screamed in agony. His facial expression provided a clear visualization of the pain he was suffering.

“Mr. Broid, please forgive me. I don’t know that she’s one of yours...” Mr. Hammond’s face was pale as paper. He quickly apologized to Charlotte. “I’m literally blind for doing this to you! I’m very sorry to have offended you, please forgive me...”

“Hey...” Charlotte was dumbfounded. Who is this Mr. Broid?

“Get out of here!” Chris howled in a glacial tone.

Mr. Hammond and his subordinates scrambled for their lives.

Charlotte first looked at the group running away, then she turned over and stared at Chris. “You...”

“What? You don’t recognize me anymore?” Chris let out a burst of mysterious laughter. “It’s only been a few days and you’ve forgotten me. That hurts!”

“This can’t be true. You really are...” Charlotte was astonished.

Even his voice was extremely identical to the “Gigolo In Debt”. Is he really him?

“How’s the injury on your shoulder?” Chris noticed that her jacket was pulled off from her during the scrimmage.

Thus, he was concerned that her injury would be affected.

“It’s really you?” Charlotte sought for confirmation. “You, why are you...”

“First, get on the car.” Chris helped her into the luxurious ride.

Initially, Charlotte was able to keep her emotions in check. However, the sight of the Aston Martin completely shattered her defenses. Hypnotically, she followed him into the car. Then, he helped her put on the seat belt and adjusted her seat.

“I thought that you can’t recognize me anymore...” Chris teased her. “It appears that I have caused quite an impression the last time we met. I believe my brother...”

However, Chris couldn’t finish the sentence. Out of the blue, Charlotte slapped him right on his cheek. She gritted her teeth and rebuked him. “F*** you pathetic gigolo! How dare you make a fool out of me!”

“Hey...” Chris was stunned.

He was under the impression that Zachary had explained everything to her, including his identity. Therefore, he was about the end the sentence with... “I believe my brother told you everything.”

Unexpectedly, she misunderstood him as Zachary’s alter ego...

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Nonetheless, she can't be blamed for this. After all, the two of them looked identical. Be it their height, body, voice, and eyes... they looked exactly the same! The only noticeable difference between them was the heightened arrogance of Zachary and the childish behavior of Chris.

Before this, the "Gigolo In Debt" was wearing a mask all the time and he only appeared during the night. Also, Chris only impersonated him once and as a result, he was aware of the secrets between them, including Charlotte's situation.

Hence, it was perfectly reasonable for her to have mistaken him for Zachary.

"Speak, what's going on?" Charlotte admonished him.

"What?" Chris heart was racing. He was hesitant to utter the truth.

"You're just a gigolo. Why is everyone saying that you're the heir to a rich family?"

"Also, why did you take off your mask and expose your true identity?"

"Why are you here at Bar DTT every day? What's your relationship with Peter?"

Charlotte bombarded him with tons of questions.

"Actually..." Chris paused before continuing. Eventually, he decided to provide an obscured answer.

"Think about it this way. It was a misunderstanding all along. I was never a gigolo!"

It was the truth. Previously, Zachary merely explained the situation in brevity. Hence, it was her own assumptions that led to the misunderstanding.

“You’re saying that...” Charlotte recalled the night when they first met.

He was alone in the VIP room and was surrounded by security guards. Clearly, this should not be a privilege enjoyed by a gigolo.

Furthermore, she had never witnessed him courting any clients before. At most, they briefly spoke about it during their conversations on the phone. It was my imagination after all?

“That can’t be right.” Charlotte was suspicious. “How would you explain the incident four years ago?”

“Four years ago, I went in the wrong room.” Chris casually replied. “Fate must have brought us together.”

“I see...” Charlotte was finally convinced. “Then, your real identity is...”

“I’m just a rich playboy that does nothing.” Chris was well aware of his character. “That’s better than a gigolo, right?”

“At least you have some self-awareness.” Charlotte rolled her eyes at him. Later, she asked, “Why did you impersonate a gigolo and sign the loan agreement with me?”

“For fun.” Chris laughed mischievously. “I’m sick of a boring life where everything goes my way. I crave challenge and adventure. Hence, when you mistook me as a gigolo and forced me to enslave myself, that was exhilarating!”

Hence, he decided to play along with her.

Since it was just fun and games, there shouldn’t be a problem so long he didn’t cross any boundaries.

Charlotte was stupefied by his puzzling smile. However, she couldn't explain why.

Then, she thought about Zachary and interrogated him further. "If that's the case, who's the person that saved me that night?"

"Why do you ask?" Chris' reaction was speedy. "Did someone tell you about it?"

"My boss said he saved my life," Charlotte uttered the truth.

"Your boss?" His heart sank. Don't tell me that...

"It's the pervert boss." The mere utterance of Zachary's name was sufficient to trigger her fears. "My colleague told me that he carried me out from the backdoor. Today, I asked him again and the answer was the same... However, the person I saw the morning after the incident was clearly you..."

Charlotte blushed and she squeezed her eyes shut to avoid eye contact.

Chris looked at her expression and recalled what happened that night. When Zachary carried her out from the backdoor, she was clearly drugged...

Hence, that night, they...

Chris was unrattled by the thought. It felt as if his woman was tainted by another man...

"Speak. What's going on?" Charlotte pestered him.

“Initially, he was indeed the person who rescued you. Later, I arrived and snatched you away...” Chris replied.

Chris was a veteran womanizer. He was familiar with all the tactics and tricks to get the woman that he wanted. Hence, a lie was nothing to him.

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“So that was what happened...” Charlotte finally pieced the puzzle together. However, another doubt was quick to surface in her mind. “But, the Devil is such an aggressive and domineering person. How did you manage to snatch me away from him?”

“After all, you are my girlfriend,” Chris answered confidently, “as domineering as he is, he would not have sacrificed his customers and business just for a woman.”

“That’s true.” Charlotte believed what he said. Indeed, she knew how Zachary was when it comes to work. His mind would be engulfed by business and nothing else.

She then recalled Zachary’s behavior today. If it were him who saved her that night, he would also be the person who slept with her. However, he did not mention any of this.

Unless...

He’s the real gigolo, and the person in front of me is a fake!

Charlotte looked towards the self-proclaimed “Gigolo In Debt”. However, she quickly dismissed her doubts. It’s impossible. That day, I saw Zachary leave with my own eyes. Then, this dude beside me drove this exact same car to fetch me.

The two events happened in less than a minute. It would be impossible for the “Gigolo In Debt” would not be in two places at once.

Therefore, Zachary was in fact his true self. On the flipside, this dude beside me is the real “Gigolo In Debt”. That must be the truth!

“What are you thinking about?” Chris tenderly approached her. “Are you surprised that I’m not a gigolo?”

“A bit.” Charlotte gave him a complicated stare.

She gave him a complicated look. Since he’s not a gigolo. Should I let him reunite with the children?

At the end of the day, the children need their father...

“If you wish, it’s not too late for me to be a gigolo.” Chris put up a straight face and proposed.

Charlotte burst into laughter.

“You finally laughed.” Chris pinched her cheeks. “Do you know that you look good when you’re smiling? Smile more!”

Charlotte suddenly realized that Chris wasn’t that bad after all. Whenever she was in trouble, he would be there to rescue her.

Besides, he was honest with her. Every day, he would religiously transfer the money into her account and report his earnings.

Now, he was trying to make her laugh and feel happy...

In her opinion, he was a perfect person.

Before this, she was concerned with his occupation. However, now that she found out that he was not a gigolo, there wouldn't be any negative influence on the children. Perhaps, it is possible that...

As she was contemplating bewildering thoughts in her mind, Charlotte snapped back into reality and noticed that the car was taking the wrong route back home. She nervously asked, "Where are you driving me? Why am I further from home?"

"We're going for supper. It's too early to go home." In actual fact, Chris had no idea where her house was.

However, he was quick on his feet and told a lie without breaking a sweat.

"No can do. I need to go home now. Please send me back." She quickly urged.

"Hmm..." he hesitated.

"Did you forget my address?" she assumed.

"No..." He tried to wiggle his way out.

Suddenly, Charlotte's phone rang and it was from Mrs. Berry. "Miss, Ellie's fever is now at 103.1 degrees Fahrenheit..."

"I'm coming back immediately." Charlotte panicked. "Mrs. Berry, can you please prepare the medical card and a water bottle? We'll head straight to the hospital when I reach home."

"Alright." Mrs. Berry then put down the phone.

Chris managed to locate her address from the navigation records. He immediately made a U-turn and exclaimed, "32 Happy Avenue, am I correct? We'll be there in ten minutes!"

"Thank you." Charlotte was delighted that he remembered her address. "I've deleted your contact number. Call me again so that I can save it."

"My phone..."

Chris's heart sank. Previously, Zachary lent Chris his phone for the sole purpose of impersonating him. However, the phone was later reclaimed at Sultry Night!

Although Chris could furtively borrow the car, he could never gain access to Zachary's phone.

"Why? You don't want to give it to me?" Charlotte was displeased with his hesitant look.

"No..." Chris's eyes glistened as he found an excuse. "I've stopped using that number. I'll give you my new one."

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“No... I’ve stopped using that phone number. Here, you should have my new one,” explained Chris.

As he was saying that, he passed his phone to Charlotte after unlocking it...

“Why did you change your phone number?” asked Charlotte. “Oh, I know... I bet a lot of girls must’ve had your old number,” she added.

“Hey, the past is in the past. I’m a different man now. I’ll only be yours in the future!” Chris promised solemnly.

“Hah! Only a fool would believe you.” Charlotte feigned a smile.

“I swear!” Chris raised his hand. “From now on, if I’m ever seen fooling around with other girls, then I shall be forever cursed with erectile dysfunction.”

“Don’t give me that bullsh*t!” said Charlotte. Seeing Chris being so sincere and honest, Charlotte finally budged and dropped the subject. Hmm, what should I set his name as in my contacts, though?

Chris took a glance at her and knew exactly what she was thinking about. Hence, he frivolously said, “Just put my name as the child’s father.”

A trickle of sweat was flowing down Charlotte’s forehead the moment she heard that. “You like kids?” asked Charlotte anxiously.

“I’ll love them as long as you’re their mother. I’ve got a suggestion... Why don’t we start making one tonight?” Chris grabbed her hand tightly.

“Stop fooling around! I have things to do at home.” Charlotte withdrew her hand and was quite flustered.

“Aww... Then how about we pick this up tomo-”

“Bye! Drive safe.”

Charlotte was still preoccupied with Ellie’s illness, so she wasn’t in the mood for a lovers squabble.

That being said, she was touched by the fact that the attractive Chris really liked kids.

This was because her kids, who just went through a lot today, would always nag on and on about meeting their father. Should I let them meet Chris? Will I ruin it in the future if I do?

“Just stop the car here. I’ll go up by myself,” said Charlotte after arriving at her block.

“I’ll walk you...” Chris was getting ready to unfasten his seatbelt.

“Nah, it’s ok.” Charlotte opened the car door and rushed to her apartment.

However, Chris still made sure that she made it inside before he drove off.

As he was making a U-turn, he realized that Charlotte’s purse was still in the car. After making the turn, he parked the car by the roadside and took out his phone to call her.

Before he could make the call, he saw Charlotte carrying a young girl while running out. Behind them was a plump woman trudging behind, doing her best to keep up with them.

Three of them went in a cab and sped off in the opposite direction...

Chris was stunned. As he watched the cab drift away, his mind was flooded with a plethora of questions.

However, he was still able to keep his sangfroid when he tried to access the situation calmly. Curious, he opened Charlotte's purse, and her black wallet caught his attention. Chris opened the wallet and saw a family photo being kept in it.

In the photo, Charlotte and the plump woman he saw earlier were sitting beside each other. In their arms were three babies while a green parrot was standing on top of Charlotte's head. Six of them, yes, including the parrot, were beaming with smiles, and they looked really happy.

Chris was shell-shocked, yet, he was able to compose his mind and came up with a bold assumption. Even so, he wasn't intrepid enough to confirm it himself...

During this mental crisis of his, his phone rang, and that brought him back to reality. "Hey, bro!" He answered it.

"Where the hell is my car? Where did you take it to?" Zachary impugned him.

"I was only borrowing it out for a quick drive. Since my car is still in E Nation, I had no choice..." replied Chris in a furtive manner.

"Well, you can use all the other cars, all except for this one. Come back with it right now!" yelled Zachary.

"Okay, okay, jeez... I'll send it home right now. Calm down. There's no need to be so mad." Chris conciliated him.

After hanging up the phone, Chris called Peter and asked, "Is the bar still open?"

"Yes, it still opens for another half an hour."

“Okay, wait for me. I’ve got something to deliver to you there.”

Chris drove back to Bar DTT and handed Charlotte’s purse over to Peter. “Don’t let her know that I was the one who brought her purse back. Just tell her that she left it here.”

“No problem!”

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Charlotte, accompanied by Mrs. Berry, rushed to the nearest children's hospital to get Ellie immediate medical attention. It was already twenty minutes to midnight, yet there was still a long line at the hospital.

Then, Charlotte left Ellie with Mrs. Berry and quickly get in line with the other registrants. She was extremely anxious and worried for her sickly daughter.

"I didn't even get to check on Robbie and Jamie when I rushed out of the house with you. I wonder how they're doing right now." Mrs. Berry was still perturbed about the vexatious ones at home as she was feeding Ellie.

"Those two can take care of themselves, so there's no need to fret about that."

Charlotte was feigning to be unconcerned, but she was more worried than anyone else about Robbie and Jamie. Both of them are still toddlers. Although their bodies aren't as frail as their younger sister, still, how can I not worry? Please be okay.

"I've told Fifi to keep an eye on them," said Mrs. Berry. She then rambled on, "Fifi was acting weird today too, though, ensconcing herself inside that little cage of hers all day long. She only came out to play with Ellie at night right after you left."

"Yeah. With Fifi by their side, they'll be happier."

At the same time, Charlotte was getting more and more distressed by the minute as there was still a long line of registrants ahead of her. Come on... If this keeps up, Ellie would have recovered on her own before we even get to see the doctor.

"In my days, getting a family doctor would have done the trick. There's no registration whatsoever..." Mrs. Berry sighed.

The moment Mrs. Berry brought that up, Charlotte reminisced about her days back in the Windt family. They had a personal doctor. Even if the illness were chronic, they would just go to a private hospital to get treatment immediately, without the need to wait.

Even if things remained the same, people would have changed. The past would be nothing but a distant memory...

Out of the blue, Charlotte recalled that she had Raina's contact number and that she was told to call her if she had any health-related issues.

Charlotte was a bit conflicted, however, as calling Raina also meant making her current situation known to Zachary...

Forget it. Let's just keep waiting.

"Mommy..."

Ellie had just opened her mouth for a bit, and a stream of fresh vomit came out from her mouth.

"My god..." Mrs. Berry quickly helped her clean her mouth.

"Ellie!" Charlotte hurried over to Ellie's side and wiped her face with one hand while patting her back with the other one. "Ellie, don't be afraid. Mommy's here, okay? Mommy's right here."

"Mommy, this is unbearable..." sobbed Ellie.

Ellie's face was pale white. Her whole body was soft as butter, and all the food she ate before was all over Mrs. Berry. Her usual shiny bright eyes were then filled with poignance and overflowing with tears...

"Ellie, it's gonna be okay. We'll go see the doctor soon, okay?"

Having done wiping the stains on Ellie's clothes, Charlotte carried Ellie to the side to call on the nurse there. "Miss, my daughter can't seem to handle it anymore. Can you please let the doctor have a look at her first?"

"Because of the season change, it's usual for children to get infected by the common flu. Many kids have fallen ill, just like yours, and they all have to wait for their turn unless it's an emergency like asphyxia. Or else, you'll have to wait for your turn just like everyone else."

The nurse was so occupied with her job that she didn't even spare any time lifting her head to look at Charlotte.

"But..."

"Excuse me."

Right at that moment, Charlotte was pushed away by the other parents to the other side.

Now what? Seriously, what do I do now?

"Miss, why don't we go to the other hospitals and test our luck there? We've already waited for about half an hour, and the line is still as long as the start. If we keep on dawdling this way, I'm afraid Ellie can't hold on anymore," suggested Mrs. Berry as she wiped the stains on her clothes with a wet towel.

Looking at her unconscious daughter's pale white face, Charlotte was left with no other alternatives but to ask Raina for her help before things exacerbated any further.

Raina answered her phone almost instantly. "Ms. Windt?"

“Dr. Langhan, my uh, my friend’s daughter got sick. However, the children’s hospital was full of people, and they’ve waited for hours, but it still isn’t their turn yet. Unfortunately, the girl’s condition is getting worse by the minute. Do you suppose that you can...”

“Okay, Ms. Windt, calm down. Just bring your friend here. I’ll treat her personally.”

“Okay, thank you so much. May I have the address?”

“I’ll send it you right now.”

After hanging up the phone, Charlotte and Mrs. Berry called for an Uber and headed towards the address.

Fortunately, the hospital was less than two miles away from where they were.

On their way there, Charlotte whispered, “Mrs. Berry, later when we meet Raina, just tell her that Ellie is your granddaughter.”

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“What?” Mrs. Berry was bewildered.

Charlotte gave a terse explanation to her, and she nodded.

When they arrived at the private children’s hospital, Raina was already standing at the entrance with her assistant waiting for them.

After that, Mrs. Berry carried Ellie to the entrance while Charlotte carried her purse and followed them.

“What’s wrong with her?”

Raina saw that the girl was experiencing severe malaise and quickly asked for an explanation.

After explaining her condition to Raina, Charlotte added, “This little girl is Mrs. Berry’s granddaughter. Mrs. Berry’s daughter, along with her husband, are currently working outstation, so she asked for my help instead and told me about the little girl’s condition. I accompanied the two of them to the children’s hospital, but it was filled with a surfeit amount of people. We had been waiting for too long, so we had no choice but to resort to your help...”

“It’s okay. Let’s focus on treating the girl first.”

With Raina tending to Ellie personally, there’s no need for any registration or the other specific procedures to be done.

There were no qualms about Raina’s skill as the exclusive doctor of the Nacht family. She was able to identify the problem in the blink of an eye and immediately prescribed medicines for Ellie.

“It’s just influenza that was messing with her body. Anyway, I’ve prescribed some medication for her, and it’s best if she could get some rest. After that, she’ll be as good as new.”

“Besides, Ms. Windt, since you’re here right now, I might as well help you with the wounds on your neck and your shoulders.” Raina prescribed some medication for her.

“Okay, thanks.” Charlotte then signaled Mrs. Berry with her eyebrows.

“Dr. Langhan, thank you for everything you’ve done for my granddaughter. I’ll take her home to get some rest now,” said Mrs. Berry, after taking the hint.

“You’re welcome. I’ll get someone to send both of you home safely,” Dr. Langhan offered.

“It’s fine. There’s no need to trouble you with that. We can take a cab home, but thank you for the offer.” Mrs. Berry carried Ellie and hurried towards the exit.

Before they could reach the exit, however, Ellie regained her consciousness and started yelling dazedly. “Mommy, mommy...”

“Ellie, Mommy will be back home soon. Let’s go home first.” Mrs. Berry comforted her.

Charlotte then sent them off with her gaze.

“Ms. Windt,” called Raina.

“Coming...” Charlotte walked inside.

Raina helped her reapply bandages for her wounds and gave her some ointment and medicine. After that, she mentioned some important precautions to her and offered to drive her home as well.

Adamant, Charlotte continuously rejected her offer, and she sidled away when she had the chance.

Having exited the hospital, she saw Mrs. Berry waiting at the side of the road with Ellie in her arms. They called a cab and left as quickly as they could.

From a distance, Raina witnessed all of it and was baffled by what happened. Charlotte sure is acting weird tonight...

Everything should be fine. If there was really something Charlotte wanted to hide from me, she wouldn't have come here seeking my help.

Feeling justified, Raina dropped the thought and continued on with her work.

It was already half-past three at midnight when Charlotte arrived home. Together with Mrs. Berry, they fed Ellie the medicines and sung her to sleep.

Even though Mrs. Berry was exhausted, she still made something for Charlotte to sate her appetite. After seeing how tired Mrs. Berry was, Charlotte told her to prioritize her body and get some sleep while she kept watch over Ellie.

Dawn came, and Ellie's fever was finally going down.

Feeling relieved, Charlotte lay down beside her daughter and fell into a deep slumber until half-past six in the morning.

The rustling wind and chipping of birds outside then woke her up. "Sh*t, I'm gonna be marked tardy again." Nicole woke up with a jolt and jumped off the bed.

"Miss, you only had about an hour of sleep last night. I couldn't bring myself to wake you up..." Mrs. Berry said as she prepared breakfast for the kids.

“You still have to wake me up nonetheless. I’ve got a job I need to be on time for.”

Not wasting any more time, Charlotte quickly brushed her teeth, washed up, and then headed out to work.

“Mommy, your breakfast.” Jamie ran to her with a bun and a bottle of soy milk.

“Thank you, Jamie.” Charlotte grabbed her breakfast and darted towards the elevator. “Be a good boy, okay?” said Charlotte, without looking back.

“Affirmative!” Jamie responded.

“Robbie and Jamie, do finish your breakfast before it gets cold. Later on, I’ll be seeing both of you off when the school bus arrives. After that, I need to come back home immediately to look after Ellie since she’s still not fully recovered. You two behave in school, okay?”

“We will, Mrs. Berry...”

As Charlotte was dashing towards the subway station to catch her train, a blue Lamborghini came out of nowhere and stopped beside her.

Startled, she took a few steps back away from the Lamborghini. A handsome man with a charming smile got out of the car and stood before her. “Babe, apologies for being late. But I’m here now to escort you to work, shall we?” He said.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 146

Charlotte was stunned for a moment and hurriedly got into the car.

Everyone around was watching her.

Several women who lived in the same neighborhood were gossiping around. "Isn't this Mrs. Berry's daughter? Look, she has a boyfriend now."

"He looks rich and handsome. Mrs. Berry lucked out!"

"Quick, close the convertible." Charlotte covered her face since she did not want to be seen by her acquaintances.

"What are you afraid of? I have nothing to be ashamed of." Chris closed the convertible and even waved at the women. "Bye, ladies!"

"Bye!" They were overjoyed.

"Why did you wave at them?" She could not understand him. "Don't you think you're being too flashy?"

"They're your neighbors, aren't they? So we will know each other eventually," Chris said cheekily, "When do you plan to let me meet your family?"

"Stop messing around." Although Charlotte spurned, a smile appeared on her face. "Why are you driving in a different car today? Where's the Aston Martin?"

"That car broke down, so I took it to repair."

Chris sped away in his car.

"Broke down? It was fine yesterday." Charlotte was shocked.

"It broke down on the way back."

He was not lying. He deliberately crashed it on the way back and brought the car with a deformed front hood to Zachary's garage.

Early this morning, Ben arranged for someone to send it for repair.

That way, Zachary would not be driving that car, and Charlotte would not meet the real Gigolo In Debt anymore...

After doing all that, Chris felt a little uneasy as this was his first time playing tricks on Zachary since childhood.

He was hesitant and felt anxious for a moment, but in the end, he did it anyway.

He knew that he had protection, so Zachary would not actually do anything to him.

"Drive carefully next time."

Charlotte exhorted and started feasting on the buns and soy milk.

Chris glanced at her and pretended to be pitiful. "How rude. I drove to pick you up, but you won't give me food."

"Fine. Just one bun—the one I've started eating." She handed him a half-bitten bun.

Surprisingly, he did not mind and leaned closer to take a big bite. "Mmm, so delicious!"

“The buns made by Mrs. Berry are delicious, indeed.”

She stuffed the remaining half into his mouth.

“Bring a few more tomorrow.” He licked his lips. “I can eat ten of such delicious buns in one go.”

“You will make me poor.” Charlotte smiled and wiped his mouth for him.

“I personally drove to pick you up, yet you accuse me of eating too much of your food.”

Chris totally enjoyed his close interaction with Charlotte. Although I have dated many women, I have never shared a bun with a girl in a car like this. This is the most blissful thing in the world.

“All right, all right. I will bring ten for you.”

Charlotte was worried that he could not accept her current state of living, but she did not expect him to be so down-to-earth. It seemed like her worries were unnecessary.

I will observe for a little bit longer. Then, if he continues to behave this well, I might consider taking him to meet Mrs. Berry and the children.

The children need a father, after all...

A speedy drive meant that it only took ten minutes for them to reach the street across from the office.

“Let’s stop here. I don’t want to be seen by my colleagues.” Charlotte was very cautious.

“All right.” He parked his car by the road. “I will be busy this afternoon, so I can’t pick you up after work. I’ll see you at the bar tonight!”

“Sure.” When she was about to get out of the car, he suddenly held her and leaned in intimately.
“Goodbye kiss!”

Charlotte blushed and closed her eyes nervously.

Chris curled up the corners of his lips and leaned in even closer. When his thin, sexy lips were about to make contact with her forehead, a Rolls-Royce suddenly passed by...

He hurriedly let go of her and teased, “Let’s leave it there. We’ll get back to it tonight!”

Opening her eyes, Charlotte glanced at him bashfully. She then quickly got off the car and ran towards the company building...

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 147

Charlotte was still blushing when she walked into the office building. She soon noticed all her colleagues lined up neatly in two rows. They bowed toward her and greeted, "Mr. Nacht!"

She was taken aback and froze on the spot.

It was not until Lily, who stood beside her, kept winking at her that she reacted with hindsight and turned around...

Zachary's tall and slender figure walked in with rays of sunshine behind him, exuding a commanding presence.

Charlotte hurriedly retreated aside; she bowed her head nervously while holding her breath.

Zachary stared straight ahead and strode forward. As he walked by her, he suddenly stopped and coldly reminded, "Since you're late for thirty-five seconds, your punishment is to clean the swimming pool!"

"I..." Charlotte wanted to explain but then nodded humbly instead. "Yes, Mr. Nacht!"

Charlotte slowly lifted her head when his steps were farther away and stared angrily at his domineering back. Although he looked like her boyfriend, she loathed him.

I just want to kick him! !!

When Zachary was entering the elevator, he turned around and glanced in her direction...

Her bitter and hateful expression instantly became a fake and respectful smile.

When the elevator door closed slowly, Charlotte sighed in relief...

"Charlotte, Charlotte..."

A voice came and interrupted her thoughts.

Recovering her senses, Charlotte smiled and greeted, "Lily!"

"Are you all right?" Lily tagged her along to ride the elevator. "You don't look good."

"No big deal." Charlotte shook her head. "Maybe I didn't sleep well last night."

"No wonder you are so out of it today. You didn't even realize that you were in Mr. Nacht's way." Lily smiled and teased, "Luckily, it was you. Mr. Nacht only punished you for cleaning the swimming pool. If it were someone else, that person would be doomed."

"Stop kidding..." Charlotte clarified in a low voice, "There's nothing between Mr. Nacht and me."

"Impossible. Mr. Nacht hugged you so tightly that day..."

"Impossible, you're mistaken..."

"Here's the elevator. Let's go."

Charlotte reached level 68 anxiously. When she was about to go to work, Lucy came to inform her, "Don't go to work yet; leave it to Dani. You should clean the infinity pool. Report to me after you are done."

"Okay." Charlotte pitifully came to the infinity pool.

Although it was sunny today, it wasn't hot and the pool water still felt chilly.

Charlotte took off her shoes and socks, rolled up her pants, and started cleaning the pool.

Given she had prior experience, she felt much more proficient doing the cleaning work this time.

She was also not as frightened when she turned around to realize that someone had appeared beside her.

She only froze for a brief moment before greeting respectfully, "Hello, Mr. Nacht!"

Zachary sat on the recliner and was spinning the ultra-thin mobile phone in the palm of his hand.

Charlotte worked silently; she was afraid of provoking him.

"How much is your monthly salary again?" Zachary suddenly asked her.

Charlotte was mopping the floor when she heard his question. She immediately stopped her work and looked at him timidly. "It was eight thousand when I was in the administration department and the security department. Now that I've transferred to the president's office, it's twenty thousand..."

"Do you want to make money?" Zachary looked at her.

"I do." Charlotte nodded.

Zachary hooked his finger and motioned her to come closer.

Charlotte cautiously walked over to him.

Zachary gave her an X-ray report. "Go to the hospital and persuade Mr. Sterk to take the laxative and get the chip out. I will give you one million if you succeed!"

Charlotte was shocked. She almost forgot about this and hurriedly asked, "The chip hasn't come out yet?"

"No, he took the laxative twice but it still didn't work." Zachary scowled. "The stubborn old man didn't want to take it anymore. Tomorrow is Friday. If you can send me the chip by today, one million will be transferred to your account immediately."

"Yes, Sir!" Charlotte could not hide her enthusiasm. "I'll go right after I finish cleaning."

"You don't have to clean anymore. Go right now." Zachary motioned her to leave immediately. "Your mission today is to get the chip!"

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 148

“Yes, Sir. I’ll do it right away.”

Barefooted, Charlotte hurriedly rushed out but returned shortly afterward to retrieve her shoes and smirked awkwardly at Zachary.

I’m so happy that I can make money!

Zachary looked at her back with a mocking sneer. What a greedy woman!

After Charlotte reported to Lucy briefly, she put on her shoes and hurriedly went home.

As soon as she walked in, she called out, “Mrs. Berry, do you still have the laxative that you gave Fifi last time?”

“What laxative?” Mrs. Berry did not understand at first.

“No laxative, no laxative!” Fifi shouted in the cage.

“Shut up!”

After shouting at it, Charlotte said to Mrs. Berry, “I mean, that green laxative that helped to get the chip out of Fifi last time...”

“There is still half a bottle left. Why? Do you have constipation?”

“No, an old man from the office needs it. You can help me make a pot of vegetable beef soup and some pot stickers. Prepare a fruit basket, too. I will take them to the hospital to visit the patient.”

“All right.”

Charlotte went back to the room to stay with Ellie, who had been sick for a while.

At half-past one in the afternoon, Mrs. Berry had finished preparing the food and found the laxative.

Charlotte immediately rushed to the hospital with everything.

In the car, she saw that the medicine was branded “Dulcolax”. This is a good brand; it really does what it says!

Upon arrival at her destination, Charlotte realized that this was the same place where Ellie saw the doctor last night—Sacred Heart Hospital!

Sacred Heart Hospital was the best private hospital in H City. It provided one-stop services for all treatments, saving the trouble of requiring patients and their families to register multiple times for separate procedures. Furthermore, each patient had an assigned nurse and doctor.

Since the hospital provided quality services and exceptional expertise, the charges were also sky-high.

Raina waited at the door for Charlotte; the former was to take the latter to Mr. Sterk.

The poor old man was lying alone in the luxurious ward and staring at the ceiling blankly.

In just two days, Mr. Sterk had become extremely skinny and very resistant to drugs.

Whenever the nurse wanted him to take his laxatives, he would lose his temper. “Go away. I won’t take it... I would rather die than take laxatives...”

The nurse stepped back helplessly, shook her head, and said to Raina, “Dr. Langhan, we are out of ideas. Mr. Sterk is not being cooperative.”

"I can't blame him. Mr. Sterk has already taken the laxative five times and had become so weak. It's only natural that he refuses to continue taking it." Raina frowned and sighed. "Besides, even if he takes it, there is no guarantee that we can get the chip in a short time."

"I have a laxative here; I can get it out if he takes it." Charlotte took out the Dulcolax, shook the bottle, and smiled mysteriously. "I can personally vouch for its effectiveness!"

"Uh..." Raina blinked. "From my professional point of view, this is not a real laxative... But if Mr. Nacht wants you to try it, you can."

"Yeah." Charlotte walked into the ward with the food and fruit basket prepared earlier.

"Get out—" Mr. Sterk was about to lose his temper, but he was stunned when he saw Charlotte. "It's you?"

"Do you still remember me?" Charlotte was a little embarrassed. "Last time..."

"Thank you for last time. If it weren't for you, I would've died already."

Mr. Sterk's attitude became cordial.

"You are welcome. I brought you lunch; try and see if you like them. My father used to like eating these."

Charlotte served the delicacies made by Mrs. Berry on the table.

Seeing the food, Mr. Sterk could not help tearing up. "I haven't had a good meal for two days. Those b*stards, they tried to take away my food if I didn't take the laxatives!"

"Quick, take a bite!" Charlotte scooped a bowl of vegetable beef soup for him. "Mrs. Berry herself made this. I've loved it since I was a child."

"Thank you." After Mr. Sterk took a bite, his tears almost ran down. "It's so delicious."

"You can eat slowly. There is more."

Not only did Charlotte assist Mr. Sterk with his meal, but she was also friendly to him and even massaged his legs.

Within an afternoon, the two became good friends who would talk about everything under the sun.

Mr. Sterk told her warmly, "Charlotte, don't just stand there. Have a seat."

"It's okay." Charlotte did not want to beat around the bush anymore. She immediately took out the bottle of laxative. "Actually, Mr. Sterk, I came with a mission. I know you are very repulsive to taking laxatives, but I promise that you will purge out the chip after taking this bottle. This will be the last time."

Mr. Sterk frowned. "Did Mr. Nacht send you here?"

"Yes." Charlotte nodded honestly. "But I got this laxative from home. It's tried and tested—really!"

"All right, I'll go for it!"

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 149

Mr. Sterk closed his eyes and drank up the small bottle in one go.

Charlotte quickly brought him warm water to rinse his mouth.

“What the hell is this? It’s bitter, smelly, and astringent!”

The taste of the solution had Mr. Sterk frowning with a twisted facial expression.

“It’s just a laxative to treat constipation...”

As soon as Charlotte finished speaking, Mr. Sterk started to look odd and he shouted, “Quickly, help me to the toilet!”

“Hurry, hurry!” Raina hastily notified the male doctors outside.

Several male doctors came in to help, and Raina took Charlotte outside to wait.

Charlotte paced around the corridor anxiously like a father waiting for his wife to give birth.

Half an hour later, a male doctor walked out and announced emotionally, “It came out!”

“Huh? The chip is purged?” Charlotte asked excitedly.

“Yes...” The male doctor took the chip with tweezers and held it up high. “It’s finally out!”

“That’s great!”

Charlotte almost jumped up in excitement.

Forty minutes later, Charlotte took the chip to the president's office on the 68th floor...

Never before had Charlotte beamed so proudly that she almost laughed out loud thinking of the one million that would be paid imminently.

"Mr. Nacht, I have the chip!"

Standing before the office desk, Charlotte held out the box in a ritualistic gesture.

Inside the box was the golden chip which had cost billions to locate. Finally, it was returned in good condition...

After a while, Zachary looked away from the tablet and up at Charlotte.

His glance was rather cold; it was not a look of surprise and gratitude Charlotte had expected.

"What's the matter?" Charlotte felt uneasy.

Zachary did not speak but coldly made a gesture.

Ben stepped forward and took the chip. He then skillfully installed the connector and linked it up to the computer.

The white wall behind Zachary suddenly turned into a projection screen showing the S-shaped logo that represented Divine Corporation. Right after that, a circle was seen spinning...

Charlotte craned her neck and looked over curiously. What exactly is inside this priceless chip?

However, after spinning for a long time, the circle did not go away.

Beep—

Bang! A loud noise sounded, the screen flickered, and finally, smoke started coming out of the computer.

Charlotte was startled and quickly backed away.

Ben stepped forward to turn off the power and took out the chip that was now scorched and deformed.

“Wh-what’s going on?” Charlotte asked in astonishment.

Ben looked at Zachary, and after receiving approval, he explained, “In order to prevent someone from stealing the secrets in the chip, we have added a self-destructing feature to it. Once the chip has been stolen for ten days, it will automatically destroy itself.”

“Huh?” Charlotte opened her eyes widely and was stunned for a while before recovering her senses. “It’s been almost a month since the chip was lost. So...you know that it is useless to get the chip back. Why do you still put in so much effort to find it?”

“If we don’t continue searching, how will our opponents lower their guard?” Ben asked back.

“Just because of this?” Charlotte could not understand. “Then why make me go to Mr. Sterk...”

“As long as the chip is in his system, Mr. Sterk will be under surveillance,” Ben explained, “Mr. Nacht is only protecting him.”

"Th-then tomorrow's event..." Charlotte asked in a panic, "The chip is now destroyed. What are you going to do?"

"On the seventh day after the chip was stolen, I made a new chip to replace it."

Zachary took out the new chip from his phone, which was precisely the same as the previous one...

"So that's why you firmly said during Wednesday's meeting that the chip would be back before dark today..." Charlotte suddenly came to a realization. "But the new chip has always been in your hands!"

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 150

Charlotte had to admire Zachary for his thoughtfulness and intelligence. Everything was under his control...

Looks like I've never truly understood Zachary before.

He has been nothing but a cruel and moody devil to me. However, I admire his capability now.

He's really amazing!

It took a while for Charlotte's mind to come back to reality. She sighed. "The purpose of spending so much manpower and financial resources to salvage the chip is to lower our opponents' guard. Seems like this chip is far more valuable than I thought!"

"You finally got it." Zachary's lips curled up slightly.

"Then..." Charlotte bit her bottom lip and asked courageously, "There's no issue with my one-million reward?"

"Of course not." Zachary waved his hands. "You brought back the chip so soon; I should double your reward!"

"Two million?" Charlotte was ecstatic. "Thank you, Mr. Nacht, thank you!"

She immediately took out a note on which she had written her banking information long ago. She stretched it out neatly and handed it to Ben. "Please transfer the funds into this account, hehe!"

"Uh..." Ben took the note and looked at Zachary cautiously.

"I will transfer two million without leaving out a single penny, but..." Zachary pushed the tablet in front of her. "Explain this to me first..."

"What?" Charlotte took a look at the tablet and became horrified...

A piece of trending news appeared on the computer screen—

Luna, the young lady of the Sterlings, participated in the 9th Haven Gala and became the center of attention with a long-lost ruby necklace from F Nation! !!

In the photo, Luna beamed with a bright smile with the ruby necklace gleaming on her chest...

Charlotte hurriedly closed this link. She did not expect so many media outlets to be covering this matter.

Thanks to the ruby necklace, Luna has by now become the center of everyone's attention!

"Th-this..."

Charlotte lowered her head and stammered; she was at a loss for an explanation.

She did not even dare to look up at Zachary because she could feel he was looking at her like he was about to eat her up.

"Mr. Nacht, I shall get going first." Ben had cleverly chosen to leave the room at this time.

Charlotte panicked even more. She opened her mouth and tried to explain but she did not know where to start.

How should I put it?

Should I tell him that the children have lost the Whites' ancestral bracelet and that Amanda and Luna wanted me to compensate them by threatening to report the incident to the police and media

otherwise? Should I tell him that since I'm unable to compensate them, I could only use the ruby necklace as collateral...

If I tell him all this, the children will be exposed...

Zachary will accuse me of lying, and I won't be able to leave this office alive...

"You have one minute."

Zachary arrogantly leaned back on the leather chair and lighted his cigar slowly.

"I..." Since she could not give him an explanation, she could only make a fool of herself. "In the car that day, you threw the necklace away yourself. Someone probably picked it up, or..."

"Try lying to me again?" Zachary raised his brows with a murderous vibe.

"I..." Charlotte trembled with fright and dared not to talk nonsense again.

"Seeing how greedy you are, you'll definitely return to pick up the necklace after you got off the car ..."

Zachary stared at her coldly. "Now, why is the necklace in that woman's hands?"

"I don't know..." Charlotte's voice had been reduced to the size of a mosquito by now.

"You gave it to her?" Zachary questioned.

Charlotte did not dare to speak, let alone look at him.

Running out of patience, Zachary got up and slowly approached her...

“Wh-what are you doing?”

Charlotte backed away anxiously, feeling that she would be torn apart by him...ys been in your hands!

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 151

“What do you think?” Zachary squeezed her chin, raised her face, and looked into her eyes. “No one has ever dared to give my things away to others—you are the first!”

“No, I...” Charlotte wanted to explain, but didn’t know where to start.

“It seems like you are hiding something,” Zachary sneered, “So, how are you going to explain it to me?”

“I’m sorry...” Charlotte bowed her head and apologized, “It is reasonable that I should compensate, but this is a hundred million. I won’t be able to afford it even if you sell me off...”

“All right, we’ll do what you just said!”

Zachary interrupted her and turned around to return to his seat. He then picked up a pen and paper and started writing.

“Uh...” She was dumbfounded. “What are you doing?”

“You asked me to sell you off to repay your debt.” He quickly drafted a simple debt repayment agreement and handed it to her. “Sign, and press your fingerprint!”

“...”

Charlotte took a look and could not help being stunned.

Debt Settlement Agreement: Charlotte Windt owes Zachary 100 million. Deducting 2 million in bonuses, she now owes 98 million and voluntarily collateralizes herself to Zachary Nacht. From now on, Charlotte shall obey all of Zachary’s orders and always be on-call...

“You can repay me 98 million now, or return my ruby necklace, or sign this debt repayment agreement. Decide for yourself!”

He tapped on the agreement with a pen as if he were a judge pronouncing her fate with a gavel.

She suddenly felt thunderstruck. Her world was spinning so fast that she almost fainted...

How could I have forgotten that the Devil is inherently cruel and greedy?

How dare I mess with him?

Do I have a death wish?

"Hmm?" Zachary was losing his patience.

She had countless countermeasures flashing through her mind like a barrage. Soon, she chose the simplest one—

"You gave me this necklace and many people can testify that. Since it's mine, I can do whatever I want with it. So why should you make me pay for it? You can't justify it even if you go through the legal process."

"Very good." Zachary's lips curled up. "Are you discussing law with me?"

"Th-That's how it was..." Charlotte pretended to be calm.

"I did give it to you, but you gave it back to me." He started to explain, "Since you gave it back to me, it's not yours anymore—it's mine to throw away. However, you ran back to get it and then gave it to someone else without my permission..."

He immediately called Ben, "Call Mr. Williams."

"Yes, Sir."

"W-wait a minute." She panicked immediately. "Mr. Nacht, let's discuss this properly."

"Weren't you confident a minute ago?" Zachary raised his eyebrows.

"I don't understand..." Her legs became feeble and she wanted to cry. "You lost a necklace worth 100 million just like that, which means you don't care at all. So why should I pay?"

"I can give you a necklace worth 100 million or throw it away, but I don't allow other women to wear it on their necks. That is an offense to me!"

Zachary solemnly warned, "You must pay for your irresponsible behavior!"

Charlotte was speechless. I shouldn't have underestimated his manipulateness.

I shouldn't have overestimated Luna's IQ, either!

That stupid woman actually strutted around with the ruby necklace. She doesn't know that she is bringing trouble to herself and me.

"I don't have the patience to argue with you." Zachary checked his watch. "If you don't sign, I'll leave it to the lawyer."

"I..." She was flustered. After thinking about it, she said tentatively, "Please give me some time. I will return the necklace to you, all right?"

"Fine, I'll give you a chance." He nodded. "You tell me the time."

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 152

“Seven days?” Charlotte asked tentatively.

Zachary did not speak but frowned slightly.

“Th-three days?” She immediately flinched. “If I can’t return your necklace within three days, I-I will sign this agreement.”

“You promised this yourself; I didn’t force you to.” He leaned on his seat gracefully, looking generous. “I will wait for you here at the same time three days later!”

“Okay.”

Charlotte did not know how she got out of the building. It was already 7:40 p.m., and all her colleagues had got off work.

She called for a cab and was on the verge of crying when she was in the vehicle. Why is everyone forcing me?

First, it was Luna and her mother. Now it’s Zachary. They just keep coming for me, one worse than the one before...

I just want to live a peaceful life. Why won’t they let me go...

“Where are you heading?” the taxi driver asked.

“I...” She was startled and said, “Bar DTT.”

After thinking about it carefully, she decided to confess these things to the Gigolo In Debt, to discuss it with him and face it together.

Zachary forced me into this because he likes me and wants me for himself.

If I tell him the truth, take my boyfriend to see him, and explain my situation clearly, Zachary will no longer have such thoughts.

And then I will find a way to return the ruby necklace to him. That will resolve everything.

Thinking of this, she texted Gigolo In Debt: I'm reaching the bar soon. Are you there yet?

There was no reply from him.

Charlotte then recalled her chat history with the "Gigolo In Debt".

Although the number in her phone's contact list had been deleted, the messages were not.

Thus, she sent a text message to his old number.

Thinking that his old number had been deactivated, she sent the same text message to his new number, and saved it under "Gigolo In Debt 2".

Soon, Gigolo In Debt 2 called, "Baby, I'm on my way to the bar. Where are you? I'll pick you up."

"It's fine. I got a cab," she said, "Gigolo, I want to talk to you after the show tonight."

"Sure."

Chris was overjoyed. As long as I can spend more time alone with her, our relationship will improve.

“We’ll talk later. See you at the bar.”

“See you there.”

After hanging up, Chris made a call and gave his instructions.

“Send nine hundred and ninety-nine red roses to Bar DTT. And bring me my ten-carat ring.”

...

An extended Rolls-Royce Phantom appeared...

Zachary could not help but feel puzzled when he received Charlotte’s text message.

She firmly broke up with me before and returned the money to me. During this time, she hasn’t contacted me at all. Why did she suddenly send me this text?

She doesn’t seem to be testing waters, nor is she requesting to make up. On the contrary, the tone of her message...it’s like how we used to contact each other every day...

Besides, I haven’t been to Sultry Night for a long time. Why is she suddenly asking me to go to the bar?

Something about this message made Zachary feel as if he and Charlotte had been keeping in touch...

Thinking of this, he told Ben, “Check and see if Charlotte has gone to Sultry Night.”

“Yes, Sir.” Ben investigated and reported immediately—

“Mr. Nacht, Sultry Night said that Ms. Windt hadn’t been there for a long time.”

“The security department found that she took a taxi and headed southwest.”

“We ran a check on the license plate of that taxi with the Ministry of Transportation. It is heading towards Bar DTT.”

“Ms. Windt just got out of the car at the back door of Bar DTT.”

“Why would she go there?” Zachary frowned and then ordered, “Have someone drive my Aston Martin over and bring the previous equipment.”

“The Aston Martin was crashed last night by Mr. Broid and was damaged. It was sent for repair this morning. Your equipment is in another car. Would you like the other car to be driven here?”

“Damaged?” Zachary narrowed his eyes.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 153

Charlotte arrived at the bar. She put on a mask, performed on stage, and won a massive round of applause again that night.

The audience kept cheering and applauding, and many even gave her tips.

Charlotte profited much from the performance. She had only been here for three days and had already multiplied the turnover of the bar.

Peter decided to increase her appearance fee from two thousand eight hundred to three thousand starting that night.

Charlotte was delighted, but the money was still nothing compared to a hundred million.

During the ten-minute intermission, Charlotte went offstage to drink some water and glanced at a particular corner. He's not here yet... She could not help feeling disappointed.

"Chris will arrive soon." Peter read her thoughts. "He will definitely appear in the second half."

"I'm not waiting for him." She denied without meaning what she said.

"Haha, don't pretend in front of me." Peter smiled. "By the way, you forgot to take your purse with you when you got off work yesterday. I have put it in the cashier's cabinet for you. Remember to take it before you leave."

"Thank you. I would've forgotten if you hadn't reminded me. I'm so forgetful."

She thanked him and continued performing on stage.

At this moment, someone carried nine hundred and ninety-nine red roses onto the stage and presented them to Charlotte.

Immediately, someone in the audience rang the bell. With a microphone, Peter announced, “Mr. Broid has reserved the place, and it will be his treat tonight. Let’s drink to our heart’s content!”

“Bravo, Mr. Broid!”

The guests stood up to cheer and applaud, rendering the bar’s atmosphere very lively.

Charlotte turned around and saw Chris walking in from outside. He was dressed in trendy fashion, looking youthfully handsome and unruly.

He blew a kiss at her and smiled amorously.

Meanwhile, she sat on the piano bench with mixed feelings...

He is handsome, youthful, humorous, and has an easy-going personality that many in the upper class don’t have.

He will be a good playmate, but it will be difficult for him to bear the responsibilities of a family.

To put it bluntly, he is still a child who hasn’t grown up.

Can he really be a good father?

Women are born with motherly instincts, and many women, no matter how fragile and squeamish they were before, can quickly serve the role as soon as they become a mother. This is natural.

However, men can rarely do it...

“Got what you want?”

Peter had a beer in hand and approached Chris while glancing at the stage and smiling naughtily.

“I’m serious this time.”

Chris looked at Charlotte obsessively. “She is a combination of elegance and sexiness; she can be an angel or an evildoer. A woman who possesses these two qualities is the best in the world, and that’s why she fascinates me.”

“Wow!” Peter exclaimed, “I rarely see you so emotional.”

“Of course. I even have the ring ready.” He took out the diamond ring in his pocket.

“Are you planning to propose? Why don’t you take some time to think about it again?” Peter patted his shoulder. “Your mother may disagree.”

“This is love at first sight. I should firmly grasp this opportunity, lest there be too many regrets later!”

Chris looked at Charlotte tenderly.

“Mr. Broid.” At this moment, a few sexy internet bloggers gathered around him. “We are looking for you everywhere, but you are actually here.”

“Why don’t you go to Sultry Night anymore? We kept waiting for you there every day.”

“Yeah, you didn’t even say anything when you moved to another location.”

A few ladies were now sitting beside Chris. As they spoke, they pressed their sexy bodies against him, and some even leaned over to kiss him.

“Go away!” Chris scolded them in disgust.

“You didn’t use to treat us like this...”

Two girls to his left and right hugged his arms tightly, while a third one sat directly on his lap, wrapping her arms around his neck and giving him a warm kiss...

Onstage, Charlotte frowned when she saw this scene. She even missed a beat while playing the piano...

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 154

Even when he played the role of a gigolo at Sultry Night, I've never seen him so close to any woman. But now he is so presumptuous in front of me! !!

"Get lost!" Chris struggled hard and finally pushed the girls away. One slumped on the sofa, one sat on the glass coffee table, and the third one even landed on the floor.

All of them frowned pitifully and murmured, "Mr. Broid, what's wrong with you today?"

"All right, ladies, Mr. Broid has something important to do today so he can't play with you. I'll bring you to the VIP box. It's on me."

Peter coaxed the ladies away.

Chris irritably tugged at his collar, picked up the glass of beer in front of him, and finished its content. By the time he refocused his attention on the stage, Charlotte had already finished her performance and had gone backstage...

He hurriedly went to find her there.

Charlotte came out of the bathroom and was about to pack her things and leave. Chris tugged at her hands and pleaded, "Baby, are you angry?"

"I've long heard that Mr. Broid is unruly. I've even seen it tonight."

Her tone was full of displeasure.

"It was those women who clung to me. In fact, I pushed them all away, and forcefully too," he explained hurriedly, "I will ignore them in the future. I swear!"

"If swearing works, why do we need the police?" Charlotte frowned. "Why have you become so naive lately?"

As soon as the words were spoken, even she felt a little surprised. Yeah, he is really different from before.

In the past, he was very responsible. I have never seen him being intimate with any woman, but now he keeps getting surrounded by various ladies...

He used to be calm and steady. He dealt with matters decisively and never talked nonsense. Now, he seems to be all talk and no action.

"Okay, okay. It's my fault," he coaxed her, "I will prove with my actions that I will never do it again."

Although she still felt unhappy, she fussed no more when she remembered that he had been good to her before.

"Forget it. I'll get my purse. Wait for me at the back door."

"All right, I'll get the car first."

Charlotte went to the cashier's to get her purse and suddenly saw a familiar figure. Zachary!

Why is he here?

Zachary strode into Bar DTT like a king, disrupting the drunken stupor.

Ben and four other subordinates cleared his way.

Everyone calmed down and sat there obediently, not daring to make noise anymore, while Peter hurried over to greet him respectfully.

Zachary looked around as if he were looking for something.

“Give me my purse. Hurry!”

Charlotte covered her face with her coat and urged anxiously.

“Found it, here you go.” The cashier handed her the purse and teased, “Why are you so anxious? Where are you going with Mr. Broid?”

She did not respond and scurried away.

If the Devil sees me working a part-time job here, I will be in trouble...

Because she ran too fast, she hit the door. Her knees were numb with pain as she limped away.

“Baby, why are you so careless? Did it hurt?” Chris immediately hopped out of the car to help her.

“It’s fine, let’s go.” Charlotte was anxious. “My demon boss is here.”

“What? Zachary is here?” He was shocked.

“Yes, hurry up!” She quickly got into the car.

He immediately started the car and drove away.

“You can’t drive after drinking. Where’s your driver?”

“Let’s get out of here first.”

Chris closed up the convertible, opened a bottle of mineral water, and gulped it down. Still feeling thirsty, he took off his jacket irritably.

“How much did you drink?” Charlotte realized something was wrong.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 155

“Just a bottle of beer.” Chris also thought he was a little strange tonight. “It’s weird, I usually don’t feel anything even after drinking a dozen bottles.”

“You’d better pull over and call for a driver,” Charlotte hurriedly reminded, “You can’t violate traffic rules.”

“If we stop now, they will catch up soon.” He cautiously stared at the rearview mirror.

“Why do I feel that you are more afraid of my boss than I am?” she asked casually.

His eyes flickered, but he soon justified himself. “Aren’t you afraid of running into him? I don’t want to cause you trouble.”

“Don’t talk about this for now. Let’s call a driver,” she urged.

“Don’t worry, I know myself.”

Seizing every opportunity, Chris drove the car to the suburbs at breakneck speed as if he were in a race.

“What are you doing? You can’t speed in the city. Stop now.”

Charlotte turned to look at him.

He’s flushed and sweaty. Something must be wrong with him.

“You were like me that day...” She suddenly came to a realization and widened her eyes in astonishment. “Did someone drug you?”

“No way...”

He recalled carefully. The three girls clung to me. A girl kissed me but I quickly pushed her away. I then took a large glass of beer in front of me and drank it.

Could I have been drugged at that time?

“Stop the car.” Charlotte panicked; she could feel his restlessness.

“Don’t be afraid, baby...” Chris held her hand and kissed the back of it as he panted. “I will be responsible to you.”

“You...” She became more nervous when she heard it. “Don’t mess around. Let’s go to the hospital.”

“You little fool, what’s the use of going to the hospital for this kind of thing...” He looked at her tenderly. “I need an antidote; you are my antidote...”

...

Bar DTT.

Zachary sat on the silver leather chair and spun the rhodium ring on his finger.

Although his face was still cold and frosty, his slightly frowning brows had exposed his thoughts...

After Ben made a round of inspections, he came forward and reported, “Ms. Windt indeed comes here as a singer and Mr. Broid also comes often. Fifteen minutes ago, the two left through the back door.”

Zachary lifted his gaze and stared at Peter coldly.

Peter lowered his head and said in fear, "Mr. Nacht, I didn't know Charlotte is yours, I-I thought..."

"You thought? Do you know how many people died of these two words!"

Zachary's tone was murderous.

"Mr. Nacht, please don't be angry!" Peter knelt on the ground with a bang.

Zachary did not do anything to him but got up and left. Without turning his head back, he ordered, "Stop running the bar; it only harms people!"

"Yes, Sir." Peter lowered his head and held his breath.

...

Chris parked his car in the suburbs next to a lake.

When he opened the convertible, the cool breeze blew comfortably.

However, Charlotte did not feel comfortable. She was distraught seeing the way Chris was acting. "I-I'll go find a doctor for you..."

With that said, she wanted to push open the car door and run away, but he grabbed her hand...

"Baby, don't go." He pressed a button on her seat.

Charlotte's body slowly reclined. She struggled to get up, but he turned over and put his weight on her...

"Don't touch me!" She screamed in horror.

"Why do you resist me so much? You are mine..."

He gently stroked her hair, trying to restrain his desire and to be gentler so he would not scare her off...

"No..." Charlotte shook her head in a panic. Although she and gigolo had been together a long time ago and even had three children, for some reason she did not like his closeness and was instinctively resisting it.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 156

“Do you remember the last time when we did it here in the car? You were so into it, weren’t you...”
Chris whispered in Charlotte’s ears with the last shred of his rationality. “Don’t be afraid. I’ll be gentle...”

“No!” Charlotte tried pushing him away, but to no avail.

With the effect of the drug completely taking over him, Chris felt as if he was burning, with all the blood in his body surging toward his groins.

He took off his clothes, grabbed Charlotte’s hands, and leaned in for a kiss.

As Charlotte turned her head away by reflex, she noticed something odd about his lower back.

The wolf head tattoo that was supposed to be there was nowhere to be seen.

Her eyes widened in shock. It’s not him! It’s not!

How can this be?

“Babe, I want it. Give it to me...” Chris growled, his lips closing up onto her red lips.

“You liar!” Charlotte slapped him. “You freaking liar!”

“What?” Chris blurted out, coming to his senses from the pain.

“You’re not him! You don’t have the wolf head tattoo on your back!” Charlotte yelled. “Who are you? Why are you pretending to be him? What are you trying to do?”

“Does that really matter?”

Chris could not even think straight. All that his body was telling him to do was to make love to the woman before him.

“I love you, Charlotte. I want you. You’re mine... “

Grabbing both of her wrists, he restrained them with a hand and began stripping her clothes off with the other.

“No!” Charlotte thrashed against him.

Screech! At that very moment, a Rolls-Royce collided violently with the Lamborghini that she was in.

The impact was so severe that Chris fell over, freeing Charlotte from his grasp.

Rushing to open the car door, Charlotte tripped, landing on the hard pavement and rolling into the bushes as she got out.

A stinging pain immediately shot up her shoulders and neck.

She tried to get up, but her arms felt weak and gave way, slamming her back onto the ground.

A pair of black leather shoes suddenly appeared in her sight. Panicking, she instinctively retreated.

However, after taking a closer look at the person in front of her, her jaw dropped.

The towering silhouette of a man seemed to sparkle in the darkness of the night. Through his mysterious mask, a pair of eyes burning with anger could be seen.

It's him! He's here!

"Gigolo..." She called out his name by instinct.

At that moment, Charlotte was certain that the man she had been waiting for had finally come.

Zachary bent down and carried her into an embrace, his deep voice sounding in her ear, "Why didn't you listen to me?" He was trying his best to sound gentle and calm.

"Oh, it's really you!" Charlotte could no longer hold back her tears. She put her arms around his neck and cried, "I thought that I would never see you again!"

"Babe..." Chris mumbled as he finally got himself out of the car to go after Charlotte.

However, what greeted his eyes was a masked man in black, who was carrying Charlotte and walking toward him.

It was as if he were the god of the underworld guarding his lover.

Meeting his death glare, Chris felt as if he was looking at the devil himself.

"Hey... I..." Chris was speaking so softly that he could not even hear himself clearly.

Though the effects of the drug had not worn off completely, Chris was still well aware that Zachary could end his life with just a snap of his fingers.

Just as he had expected, Zachary began choking him with one hand, and the strength of his grip was suffocating.

“Urgh... “

Chris’s pupils dilated as his face turned a grotesque purple color. Struggling helplessly, his voice cracked and trailed off.

“Go to hell!” Zachary swore, overwhelmed by rage.

“Zac... ach... “

Chris rasped with his hoarse voice in the last attempt to save himself.

Zachary’s grip, however, only got tighter and tighter.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 157

“Oh god, you’re going to kill him at this rate!” A sudden realization struck Charlotte, and she began pulling on Zachary’s arm. “Let him go!”

Chris’s eyes had already rolled back, and his hands were drooping down like two lifeless sticks.

At last, Zachary came to his senses and loosened the grip on his right hand.

Chris immediately fell to the ground, half paralyzed with fear.

Sighing, Zachary carried Charlotte into his car and took off.

As they left the scene, Ben appeared with his subordinates. As they cleaned the place up, he said, “Send Mr. Broid to the hospital.”

“Yes sir.”

...

In the car, Zachary covered his jacket over Charlotte to keep her warm. His brows were still furrowed, and the fury in his eyes were not entirely gone.

Charlotte’s dress was torn in pieces – half of her chest was exposed, and so were her thighs. She was in a complete mess, but there was a striking sexual appeal to it.

Biting her lower lip, Charlotte was looking down, all quiet. All that she felt at that moment was shame.

How could I not have recognized that he’s a different person? Am I blind?

Their car came to a halt at the Storm Hotel.

“Why are we here?” Charlotte glanced at the hotel entrance, then at Zachary, feeling a little panicked.
“Don’t tell me you want to...”

“Shut up!” Zachary got off the car first.

The manager promptly came by to greet them, “Your room is ready. We have also made preparations according to your instructions.”

Zachary carried Charlotte out of the car and made his way toward the lift.

“I want to go home!” She protested under her breath.

Zachary simply replied with a cold glare.

The room prepared for them was the presidential suite they had stayed in four years ago.

Splash! And once again, Zachary dumped her into the bathtub.

Gasping for air as she sat back up, Charlotte wiped away the water on her face.

“Clean yourself up,” he said emotionlessly as he left the bathroom.

Charlotte’s eyes drooped down like a sad puppy as she stared blankly at the bathwater. Why is he treating me like this? Feeling upset, she began cleaning herself.

For some reason, she felt obliged to listen to everything he said.

After all, disregarding his words always turned out to be a bad decision. It's not like he'll hurt me anyway. He's just really mean.

As she got out of the bathroom after the shower, she realized that the hotel room was in complete darkness. The only hue of light was the faint glow from the emergency lights.

Even when she tried turning on the lights, the switches did not seem to work. Feeling scared, she called out in a shaky voice, "Gigolo..."

"I'm here." His deep voice sounded from the French windows behind her.

Charlotte jumped. As she turned around to face him, she found him sitting on the sofa in a bathrobe, sipping on his wine.

"What happened to the lights? Is there a malfunction?" She asked, making her way toward him.

The next thing she knew, she was bumping straight into a table. Ouch! My knees.

"Are you stupid?" Zachary growled.

Pouting and whining from the pain in her knees, Charlotte slowly nudged toward him.

He was not wearing his mask. In the dim lighting, she could make out the outlines of his face. He looks kind of familiar...

Zachary pressed a button on the remote, and the emergency lights were also turned off.

Now that all the lighting in the room was gone, all that Charlotte could make out was his pair of sparkly eyes.

The uneasiness in her heart swelled, and she unconsciously tried to move closer to him but immediately tripped on the sofa. Then, losing her balance, she fell over him, her face landing on his chest.

His skin felt like fire to her touch. She almost felt as if she was getting scalded.

She tried to get up, but she could not see what she was grabbing onto and thus, fell back down. This time, her forehead knocked onto his jaw, and the numbing pain instantly brought tears to her eyes.

Feeling her squirm around on his body, Zachary could not bear it any longer as he pinned her down with his arms and said coldly, "Stop it!"

"O-okay..." She replied softly, looking up at him.

In the darkness, she could not see his face clearly, but she could still feel that striking sense of familiarity.

Even the scent on his body was calming and reassuring.

She instinctively leaned even closer.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 158

“What’s in that head of yours? Do you even have a brain?” Zachary said, giving her head a light knock.

Feeling embarrassed about her actions, Charlotte explained hastily, “That man looked almost identical to you! And... and he was driving your car, and he even wore the same mask as you, so I thought...”

She paused for a moment and then began bombarding him with questions, “Why is he driving your car? Even the license plates are the same! What is going on? Even if he made a replica of your mask, how could he have...”

“And that’s why you got the wrong person?” Zachary replied crudely. “You were going to let him f*ck you, weren’t you?”

“No... I wasn’t...” Charlotte shook her head frantically. “He didn’t even touch me! I-”

“If I hadn’t arrived in time...”

Zachary inhaled deeply. Just thinking about it was infuriating for him. He roughly grabbed her face and kissed her...

“Mmph...” Charlotte tried pushing him away, but her heart was telling her to give in.

His kiss was intense, like a harsh storm. It felt more like a punishment than a sweet kiss, as if he were trying to claw away all traces of other people from her body, replacing them with his own bitemarks.

Charlotte felt like she was suffocating from the kiss. She lay weakly in his arms, giving him the authority to do whatever he pleased.

As they entwined, she felt his breaths become heavy, and she could feel his boner pressing onto her body.

Feeling startled, her heart rate soared.

Even as she tried to push him away, he seemed unwilling to let go. Caressing her cheek, he stroked her swollen lips with his thumb, his gaze darkening with desire.

“Promise me that this is the last time. I won’t be there to save you if you ever do something like this again!” His voice was raspy.

“Yes, yes!” Charlotte nodded and said, “I’ll never do that again!”

It was only then that she realized that even with the same appearance, he had a unique scent on his body different from anyone else. Even his gaze and tone had distinct qualities.

He’s my one and only.

“Little idiot,” he said lovingly as he ran his fingers through her hair, pulling her closer.

In his head, he was beginning to doubt his feelings for her. She’s just a troublesome woman who disgusts me, but why am I worrying and thinking about her more and more?

What’s the matter with me?

Charlotte leaned against his body like a puppy trying to keep warm. The sound of his strong, steady heartbeat was oddly reassuring to her ears.

The atmosphere of the room became warm and fuzzy, stirring up something in their hearts.

Stroking her smooth shoulder lightly, Zachary could feel his desire burning from within.

“Gigolo... “ Charlotte whispered. “Are you really Gigolo?”

Zachary’s fingers stiffened a little. Frowning, he said, “What the f*ck are you on about?”

“Oh, how I wish that you’re not Gigolo... “

Charlotte sighed inwardly. If only he weren’t Gigolo, if he likes kids too, then we can be a happy family of seven.

“Who would you wish for me to be then?” It was a question that he had never discussed with her.

“Anyone. Just someone with a regular job, I guess,” she replied. “Even if you are a taxi driver, security guard, or some company’s employee, I’d be fine with it... “

Zachary was rendered speechless.

His brows furrowed deeper. It seems like she hasn’t joined the dots yet, about his true identity.

But is that really a bad thing? At least I can still keep up the act...

“Alright then, let’s sleep,” he said suddenly.

Zachary sat up and carried Charlotte to the bed.

While pulling for her blanket, Charlotte ended up tugging on the bathrobe wrapped around Zachary instead. Upon realizing that he was not wearing anything inside, her face turned red as a tomato as she flipped to the other side.

Zachary calmly pulled her into his embrace. His long, muscular arms were locked around her. "Stop moving around so much. Else, I don't know if I can control myself."

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 159

Charlotte listened and stayed still.

After the rollercoaster of events that occurred that day, Charlotte was exhausted, and it did not take long before she fell sound asleep, curled up like a kitten in his arms.

On the other hand, Zachary's head was still in overdrive, and he was not in the mood to sleep. He frowned as he looked at the woman in his arms.

She had a great physique. Every part of her body seemed to be perfect, and every inch of her skin was silky smooth.

And at that particular moment, her body was pressing onto his.

Of course, he was turned on.

However, he would not let himself do anything to her.

Quietly and carefully, he got off the bed and went to the bathroom. It took him one cold shower and a hundred push-ups to calm his inner beast down. Then, in his bathrobe, he slumped on the sofa and finally fell asleep.

It wouldn't feel as tough if I keep my distance...

That night, Charlotte slept really well despite the scary episode that had occurred. Perhaps, Zachary's presence gave her the sense of security that she needed.

The next day, Charlotte woke up to the sunlight seeping through the curtains by the window.

She instinctively reached out for the pillow on her side. However, no one was there.

Where is he?

He's gone.

She quickly sat up and yelled, "Gigolo! Gigolo!"

There was no response.

Charlotte wrapped herself in his bathrobe and searched all around the hotel room, but he was nowhere to be found.

Stopping by the mirror by the bed, she found a sticky note.

I'm going first. There are some clothes in the closet for you to wear. For breakfast, you can call for room service, and they'll send it here. After breakfast, the hotel manager will make the preparations to send you off to work!

He signed off the note with a doodle of a pair of boxers.

Charlotte burst out in laughter. The messy handwriting and his doodle made her feel oddly touched.

In her head, she could not help but lament how perfect that man would be if he worked a different job.

But...

Charlotte shook her head and decided that she should stop daydreaming.

She had a more troublesome issue to deal with. Oh my god. What is that Zachary guy thinking? He was forcing me to sign that contract to repay my debts. A billion? Is he trying to make me his slave now?

Facepalming, Charlotte was starting to feel distressed.

What a devil! He's totally extorting me!

However, her situation felt somewhat familiar. Thinking back, she did the same to Gigolo – she made him give half of his salary to her for three whole months...

Charlotte froze.

Hold on. If Chris is not Gigolo, then that means that Zachary is!

But that day, I saw Zachary get in his car before Gigolo came to pick me up in another car...

Recalling the events of the past, she concluded that Chris was the one who picked her up that day.

Has he been pretending to be Gigolo since that day?

But if Zachary is the real Gigolo, then why would he let Chris pretend to be him?

Charlotte's head was in a complete mess. Things simply did not add up.

However, her intuition told her that Zachary was the real Gigolo.

Not only were the two of them similar in appearance, their eyes, the way they talked, and many little details in the way they behave were very much the same.

She knew that she had to figure out Gigolo's true identity soon, or he would continue to mess around with her.

However, getting back her precious ruby necklace was a more urgent matter.

Or I'll have to sign that slave contract and never live to see the sun again!

Charlotte quickly got changed and got ready to set off for work.

Ring! Ring! Her phone started ringing. It was Mrs. Berry. "Miss, I found the bracelet!"

"Really? Where?"

"Well, about that. You'll see when you come back."

Charlotte glanced at the clock. Six thirty. I'll make it.

The moment she stepped into her home, Ellie came running into her arms. "Mommy..." She cried, pointing to the balcony. "Fifi is the... the worst!"

Ellie looked so emotional that her face was completely red. Her big eyes were all serious as she pouted, and she seemed to be on the brink of tears.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 160

“What happened with Fifi?” Charlotte carried Ellie over to Fifi’s cage.

“Mommy, look!”

Jamie was standing on top of a wooden bench. Leaning forward a little, he was poking something in the cage with a stick.

Standing opposite him, Robbie was making a scary face at Fifi. “Fifi! If you don’t cooperate, we’ll pluck out all your feathers!”

“What in the world is going on?” Charlotte exclaimed. As she took a closer look, she gasped.

The Sterling family’s missing bracelet laid there, on top of a pile of bird poop in Fifi’s cage.

Furthermore, Fifi was using its wings to guard the bracelet.

When Jamie tried to extract the bracelet using a stick, Fifi would peck on his stick agitatedly.

“I found it this morning when I was trying to clean up Fifi’s cage... “ Mrs. Berry said exasperatedly.

“The bracelet itself is also covered in bird poop. It’s pretty hard to notice,” she added with a forced smile.

“Urgh! I knew it! Why else would it have gone missing? I kept it safe that day in my pencil case,” Ellie smirked with her hands on her hips.

“So it’s you!” She pointed angrily at Fifi.

“Dumb Fifi! The last time, you ate a chip, now a bracelet? Stealing is a crime, you know?” Robbie joined in on the reprimand.

“Well, Fifi seems to like shiny, sparkly things... “ Jamie said, opening the cage to get the bracelet out.

Sensing danger, Fifi began flapping its wings in protest. “Mine! Mine!” It screeched.

“It’s not yours!” Ellie was seriously feeling angry at her pet. “Do you even know what you have done? You got us in so much trouble! And Mommy had to pay so much money!”

“Mine! Mine!”

Unfortunately, Fifi did not seem to understand the message. Instead, it began to protect the poop-covered bracelet even more aggressively than before.

“Fifi, you can’t do this! Give it back!”

“Fifi, it’s not yours! You can’t take it!”

“Fifi, I’ll really be mad at you if you keep this up!”

The three kids began chiding the little parrot with the worst accusations that they could think of.

Standing by their side, Mrs. Berry was at a loss for what to do.

Meanwhile, Charlotte ran back to her room and called Luna. Now that she had found the bracelet, she wanted to contact the Whites to get her ruby necklace back.

However, none of her calls got through.

Charlotte then tried to call Amanda, but to no avail.

When Charlotte tried calling Simon, the call finally got through. "Charlotte... "

"Hi Uncle Simon, do you know where Aunt Amanda and Luna are? I need to talk to them about something..." Charlotte asked anxiously.

"Oh, they actually left for F Nation this morning! Along with Timothy," Simon replied.

"What?" Charlotte was absolutely stunned. "But... but it's not even seven yet, so maybe they are still on the way? Can you contact them for me? I'll..."

"They have already left," Simon cut her off. "Their flight is at seven-thirty in the morning. They called me ten minutes ago, telling me that they have already boarded the plane. They should be taking off soon."

"But... but I found the bracelet!" Charlotte said in distress. "Is the ruby necklace still at home? I'll bring you the bracelet..."

"Luna took the ruby necklace along with her," Simon added hastily. "Charlotte, I'll be going to the company soon, so I'll end the call here. Do bring the kids for a meal at my house when you have the time."

"Uncle Simon..." Before she could finish her sentence, Simon hung up the call on her.

Holding onto her phone, Charlotte clenched her teeth in rage. I should have known better. It wouldn't be easy to get the ruby necklace back now that the Whites have their hands on it.

But I'll have to get it back, or I'll be signing that slave contract with Zachary...

No matter how hard it was to deal with the Whites, Zachary still felt far scarier to her.

After moments of hesitation, Charlotte dialed for Hector Sterling.

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!”

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Charlotte decided that they would have breakfast at a cafe downstairs. After telling Mrs. Berry to take good care of the bracelet, she took the three kids and left.

It was really a waste that the vegetable beef soup that Mrs. Berry had made that morning was completely ruined because of Fifi.

The three kids were feeling so upset about it that they made a pact to ignore Fifi for the next three days.

Just as the kids finished their breakfast at the cafe, their school bus arrived. Charlotte got them on the bus, waved goodbye, and hurried to the company.

What a morning.

Though she tried her best, she ended up being ten minutes late.

Luckily, Lucy could not be bothered to tell her off about it because the product launch event for the company's latest products was to be held that day, and everyone was doing preparation work on the sixty-sixth floor.

On the other hand, Charlotte, who was just an entry-level Administrative Assistant, was asked to stand by at the reception counter on the sixty-eighth floor.

There were no visitors that day, and Charlotte had a lot of free time on her hands. She decided to read some documents at the reception counter and learn so that she could become a proper secretary soon.

All of a sudden, the doors of the lift opened, and a towering figure emerged from it.

Looking up, Charlotte was greeted by none other than Zachary Nacht walking toward her.

His brows were furrowed deeply, and his expression was dark. Everything about his body language at that moment spelled anger, as if he were trying to burn down the floor that he was stepping on.

Feeling a little uneasy, she greeted, "Mr. Nacht... "

Zachary did not even bother to look at her and walked straight past her as he talked via his Bluetooth earpiece.

"What are you trying to do? I thought that we made a pact not to meddle with each other's operating systems. Why are you hacking into my company's system all of a sudden?"

"Well, that's on him!"

"I don't have the time to argue with you right now. Let me tell you this. Stop whatever you're trying to do, or face the consequences!"

As he ended the call, he kicked a chair that was blocking his way.

Bang! The chair flew toward the wall and collided with it, leaving a rather visible mark on the wall.

Charlotte shuddered a little, and her heart was pounding fast.

She had never seen Zachary that angry before. Oh my god. If he had been kicking a person and not a chair, the person would have been seriously injured!

As she looked at the mark on the wall in fear, Ben came out of the lift and told her, "Get a bucket of ice and bring it into the president's office."

"Okay... " Charlotte hastily went to the pantry to get the ice.

The door of the president's office was left ajar.

As Charlotte walked closer, she could hear Ben trying to calm Zachary down. "Mr. Nacht, the product launch event is in half an hour. We have time to..."

"How could they even have the audacity to do that?" Zachary roared. "Ten years ago, our families made the pact before my grandfather to make peace with one another and to never meddle with each other's businesses! How could she break the vow?"

"Mr. Nacht, Bruce is already working on it. It should be..."

"Of course, it can be resolved!" Zachary growled. "That's a given. But that madwoman is getting on my nerves..."

"Yes, yes. Ms. Summers is in the wrong this time, but perhaps she is doing this to avenge Chris? You almost killed him..."

"Who?"

Ben froze from Zachary's chilling tone.

By the door, Charlotte trembled and dropped the bucket of ice onto the floor. Looking at the mess that she had made, she quickly bent down and gathered the ice cubes.

"What are you doing here?" Zachary glared at her.

"I..."

"I got her to get some ice," Ben explained as he came over to help Charlotte. "Go get another bucket. I'll clean this up."

"Okay." Charlotte left hurriedly, still thinking about the conversation that she had overheard.

Though she could not understand much about the business rivalry, she clearly heard them mention the name "Chris".

Is Chris closely related to Zachary? Does he work for him?

If so, that would explain a lot...

Maybe they look so similar because they are brothers? Or relatives, perhaps?

And maybe Zachary instructed him to act as Gigolo to pick her up that day...

That means that he's very likely the real "Gigolo In Debt".

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Charlotte was feeling more sure about her suspicions by the second. However, there was another question that was bugging her. If Zachary really is Gigolo, then why would he be doing all of this to me?

All of a sudden, the words that Chris had told her came to mind.

“Have you ever thought about the possibility that maybe I’m no Gigolo at all and you’ve just misunderstood me? Four years ago, I walked into the wrong hotel room. Maybe it’s just a mistake, but I think that it’s fate, in a way... I’ve gotten used to living a smooth life. Though there have been no challenges or problems, nothing feels refreshing anymore. Having someone treat me as a gigolo and extorting money from me feels exhilarating!”

Oh no. What if he was telling the truth all along?

But Chris isn’t Gigolo, is he?

Without conclusive evidence, she was still feeling rather unsure about the situation. What if it’s just a coincidence? Am I thinking too much?

Maybe the Chris that Ben had said was not the Chris that I knew?

I mean, Zachary probably wouldn’t act as a gigolo in front of me, would he? Would his ego allow for that?

Furthermore, thinking back on the times they had spent together, Charlotte’s attitude toward Gigolo was nowhere close to nice. If he were really Zachary, he would have beat me up over and over!

Thinking about that, Charlotte felt more doubtful than ever. Her head was in a complete mess. Shaking her head, she decided that she should shift her focus away to something else.

However, yet another question began bugging her. I'll be able to tell if Zachary is really Gigolo by the tattoo on his lower back!

Even if everything else has been purely coincidental, there is no way that they can have the same tattoo for no good reason, is there?

Finally coming up with a plan that she was satisfied with, Charlotte was in high spirits. Taking a deep breath, she carried the bucket of ice to the president's office.

The atmosphere in the office was tense. Zachary was doing work on his computer as he formulated his response strategies.

"Get Team Razor to pick up Mr. Sterk. We need him back at the Divine Corporation safe and sound. We need to get all of our security guards to guard our entrances and exits with utmost caution. Arrest any suspicious personnel. Tell Bruce to do a thorough check on what the media corporations are doing."

"Yes, sir!" Ben immediately sprang into action. However, after a few moments, he turned to Zachary and asked, "Mr. Nacht, if we get all eighteen of our people to safeguard Mr. Sterk, you won't have anyone around you to..." "

"What are you here for then?" Zachary said crudely.

"Ok, I understand." Ben dared not ask more questions and got back to work.

Feeling somewhat uncomfortable in the tense atmosphere in the office, Charlotte put down the ice bucket and was about to make her way out quietly.

"Ms. Windt..." Ben talked to her softly. "There are some puddles on the floor from all the ice cubes earlier on. Please clean it up."

“Okay,” Charlotte replied, getting a rag to clean up.

“What are you doing?”

Zachary looked up from his computer screen and stared at her intently.

Charlotte found herself stumped momentarily and then replied, “Wi-wiping the floor.”

“Who asked you to do that?” Zachary said, raising an eyebrow.

Charlotte turned to look at Ben, still shaking a little.

“I got her to do it... “ Ben explained. “Because of the... “

“Why can’t you do it yourself?” Zachary gave him a glare.

Ben blinked. He quickly stood up and did a ninety-degree bow to Charlotte, saying, “Ms. Windt, I’m terribly sorry... “

The next thing she knew, Ben was grabbing the rag from her hands and wiping the floor.

Charlotte was at a loss for words. What? What is going on?

“Get out,” Zachary ordered.

“Okay.” Charlotte left the office, feeling jittery.

Just as she got out, she realized that she left the tray for the ice bucket in the office. Walking back, she overheard Zachary’s yells. “Who gave you the courage to order her around?”

“I’m sorry. I was terribly mistaken. Please forgive me!” Ben apologized profusely.

“Don’t let it happen again,” Zachary warned.

“Yes, yes! It’ll never happen again!” Ben’s voice was cracking.

Listening to them by the door, Charlotte had mixed feelings.

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Personally, she felt that it was normal for a higher-up like Ben to order her around.

Why was Zachary so angry at him?

Furthermore, why would he even bother about me when he's that busy?

He was talking as if I'm his woman or something!

Charlotte could not help but purse her lips into a smile at the thought of that. Having such a dependable man be so protective of her was giving her butterflies in her stomach.

Hold on.

I need to calm down!

That man is the Devil! The Devil!

Charlotte sighed deeply, reminding herself that she should not be feeling attracted to Zachary.

Even the most ferocious beasts can have their heroic moments, but if I'm not careful about it, I'll become his prey!

I mustn't let my guard down...

"Hey! Charlotte!" Lucy's frantic calls pulled her back to reality. "Come along."

"Ms. Wright, where are we going?" Charlotte said, following her into the lift.

“The product launch event is about to begin, but our company’s system got hacked. Mr. Nacht is working on it right now, so Mr. Sterk has to be the one to hold the conference,” Lucy explained.

“Mr. Sterk and Mr. Nacht are not really on good terms with one another. Mr. Sterk has also been feeling a little unwell lately. I’m concerned that he may get emotional later on, so I hope that you can help. You’ve saved his life once. He’ll listen to you,” she added.

“Got it.” Charlotte nodded firmly.

Staring at the floor numbers on the display panel of the lift, Lucy frowned as she said, “Today’s product launch event is extremely important to the Divine Corporation. If you do your part well, you’ll be able to work as a proper secretary.”

“Really? That’s great!”

Charlotte was absolutely delighted at the prospects of working as a proper secretary. That would mean a monthly salary of twenty-five thousand.

Ring! Lucy’s phone rang. She quickly answered the call.

“Hi.”

“What?”

Lucy’s face turned aghast. She immediately pressed the lift panel for the forty-fourth floor and got out immediately, still answering the call.

“What happened?” Charlotte asked, following closely behind her.

“Mr. Sterk. Mr. Sterk is in trouble.”

In the surveillance room, Lucy turned on the high-tech equipment that resembled a telescope and began sifting through the surveillance footage of the streets in the area.

The high-resolution, real-time footage of the roads was immediately displayed on the computer screen.

On the screen, a Phantom could be seen speeding toward the building of the Divine Corporation.

A few Rolls-Royces were tailing dangerously closely behind, almost colliding into the Phantom at times.

Evidently, they were trying to get rid of whoever was sitting in that Phantom!

“Is Mr. Sterk in that Phantom?” Charlotte could tell at first sight that it was Zachary’s car.

“Yes,” Lucy replied, frowning. “Someone is trying to ruin our product launch event. First the hack, and now someone trying to bring harm to Mr. Sterk.”

“What should we do?” Charlotte was very concerned about the situation.

“There is nothing that we can do about that. Mr. Bruce and Mr. Ben will take care of it.” Lucy continued sifting through the footage, her expression grim. “The product launch event is starting in seven minutes...”

“What is that?” Charlotte exclaimed suddenly, pointing to the Hummers that were cutting lanes to block off the Rolls-Royces from the Phantom.

“Mr. Nacht probably dispatched them.” Lucy heaved a sigh of relief upon seeing the Hummers. “So this is why the eighteen bodyguards who have always been by his side disappeared. They were all dispatched to protect Mr. Sterk.”

“Mr. Nacht has everything under his control!” Lucy said.

Charlotte recalled what Zachary was asking Ben to do back at the office. She finally understood what he meant. What a well-calculated strategy!

“It seems like there’s nothing more for us to do here.”

As Lucy talked, she received another call. Turning on speaker mode, she answered the call.

“Mr. Bruce!”

“A few suspicious individuals disguising as staff from media corporations have infiltrated the building. They pose a risk to us. Return to the sixty-sixth floor immediately and supervise the team of secretaries of the president’s office. Keep the important documents safe! No mistakes will be condoned!”

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“Yes, will do!”

Hanging up the call, Lucy turned to Charlotte and said, “Charlotte, you’ll be escorting Mr. Sterk by yourself downstairs. Please be observant and act accordingly. While it would be great if he is willing to cooperate, you’ll still need to be prepared to comfort and persuade him to help us if he is thinking otherwise.”

“I understand,” Charlotte replied, nodding.

“This is an important matter. Mr. Nacht is dealing with the hackers and giving out orders from his office. We’ll need to keep things in order here in the front line too!”

Lucy looked solemn but determined.

“Okay, I understand.” Charlotte nodded once more.

Lucy eyeballed her for a moment, and pulled her closer.

“Charlotte, to tell you the truth, Mr. Sterk was still feeling upset about the chip an hour ago and was unwilling to host the product launch event. I’m guessing... I’m guessing that Mr. Nacht got him to come here by force!” She whispered.

“What?”

Charlotte was stunned. She finally understood why Lucy was reminding her time after time that Mr. Sterk might be really emotional. So that’s the context of it all...

“And that’s why I’m getting you to do the task. Lucy patted Charlotte’s shoulder firmly. “No matter what you do, you need to get Mr. Sterk to the sixty-sixth floor and persuade him to host the product launch event. If you do your task well, I’ll apply for a bonus for you!”

“A bonus? How much?” Charlotte’s eyes lit up at her words.

“Well... “ Lucy paused for a second, then said, “Hundreds of thousands at the very least. Get to work! You won’t be underpaid.”

“Okay, I’ll get to work. I’ll definitely make it happen!” Charlotte said confidently.

“Good luck!” Lucy pushed her into the lift. “Your promotion and bonus depend on it,” she added.

“I understand!” Charlotte smiled as she put on a front to get into action.

While the company was facing a crisis, everyone around her seemed to be playing a crucial part while she looked on, unable to help. However, with the task that Lucy had assigned her, Charlotte felt that she was also an important employee in the company.

Moreover, she would be getting all of those benefits afterward.

For the sake of earning money, she was willing to do anything.

Upon reaching the first floor, Charlotte saw two rows of security guards standing by, with David leading them.

She walked toward Mr. Collins, who was the security department manager, to inquire about the current whereabouts of Mr. Sterk.

From the surveillance footage, it could be seen that the Phantom that Mr. Sterk was on was making its way to the company building under the protection of the Hummers.

On the other hand, the Rolls-Royces which had been tailing closely behind were now in shambles. The wreckage of the cars was strewn all over the roads, causing a major traffic jam. A few traffic police officers were trying to manage the situation on the roads.

“That must be Team Razor! Team Razor, which was a team put together by Mr. Nacht himself!”

“How can he be this powerful! He’s so perceptive, like a god!”

“Mr. Nacht is my idol!”

Charlotte watched the Hummers cruising alongside the Phantom in two neat rows as if they were victorious warriors returning from the battlefields.

Even the passersby on the streets could not help but sneak a few looks at the convoy.

It was a rather touching sight for Charlotte.

She felt that she was watching an action movie.

Zachary was like a perceptive strategist who could make the most effective plans in response to the crisis. He almost seemed unstoppable.

In her heart, Zachary seemed to be as powerful as a god.

Meanwhile, on the sixty-eighth floor, Zachary was monitoring the situation from his computer screen. The corner of his lips turned up into a contented smile.

However, things quickly took a turn. Out of the blue, a commotion could be heard from outside. Ben raised an eyebrow. “Someone has broken in!”

He immediately sprang into action. After initializing the security system and taking out the weapons to prepare for combat, he said, "It seems like they've laid out a trap for you. They are coming straight for you now that Team Razor has gone to safeguard Mr. Sterk."

"I don't care who's coming for me. I don't care if they are the gods or the devil. I'll bring them down at all costs!" Zachary growled.

Without looking the least surprised, he began typing furiously on his computer keyboard. "It's been a while. Time to stretch my fingers!"

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Charlotte and the other members of the security department arrived at the main entrance to welcome Mr. Sterk.

At the same time, a group of reporters was standing outside of the perimeter. They were jostling for position and taking pictures at the same time.

They wanted to know if the product launch would be hosted by Zachary.

As the convoy stopped. A bodyguard opened the door of the Rolls-Royce Phantom. When someone stepped out of the car, everyone's eyes widened in anticipation.

The legendary president of Divine Corporation had never appeared before the media. They didn't even know how he looked like. Therefore, they were all waiting anxiously to see how he looked like in real life.

However, the one who stepped out was a white-haired old man dressed in a suit with matching leather shoes.

The reporters were all stunned and speculated amongst themselves, "Is this the legendary Mr. Nacht?"

"Mr. Nacht is an influential man in the business world. I think it's unlikely for him to be very young."

"That's right, it would be impossible to be a tech genius and business magnate at such a young age."

With that, the reporters asked, "Are you Mr. Nacht?"

"Are you here to host the launch of the new tech products?"

Mr. Sterk didn't say a word. He had a stern expression on with his eyebrows furrowed. Under the protection of eighteen elite bodyguards, he entered the building swiftly.

As the security guards held the reporters back, Charlotte was squeezed behind by the crowd and started to fall behind.

At that moment, Mr. Sterk was about to enter the elevator when he caught a glimpse of Charlotte. He then gave his men some instructions.

The bodyguards quickly came over and pulled her out from the crowd.

As her legs couldn't touch the ground, she looked funny hanging in midair. Nevertheless, she waved at Mr. Sterk to greet him. "Hi Mr. Sterk."

"Are you here to welcome me?" he asked.

"That's right." As Charlotte observed his reaction, she probed, "Did you have a smooth journey?"

"Smooth?" Mr. Sterk expression darkened and glared coldly at the bodyguards. "I almost died in their hands."

Charlotte scanned the group of bodyguards. Although they were wearing black face masks, it was obvious to her they were all handsome men.

Charlotte gulped and reassured him, "Their methods may have been harsh, but it's for the greater good."

"If not for the greater good, I would rather die before I come."

Despite his firm tone, he had already relented.

Zachary sent eighteen of his bodyguards to pick him up leaving only Ben and Bruce by his side. It was obvious how important Mr. Sterk was to him.

Regardless of the reason, it was enough to demonstrate his sincerity to Mr. Sterk.

Despite his ruthlessness, Zachary was meticulous when it came to doing something for others.

“Of course. You are one of the founders of the company and naturally, want the best for it.”

As Charlotte didn't really understand Mr. Sterk's situation, she was worried about saying the wrong thing. Hence, she kept their conversation to the formalities.

“As one of Divine Corporation's founders, I will not sit still if the company encounters any trouble. It's just that the way the young punk does things is...”

When Mr. Sterk remembered the laxative he drank the other day, he felt a chill down his spine.

“About the chip...”

“Forget it.”

Just when Charlotte wanted to explain about the chip, Mr. Sterk interrupted her, “Let's get the product launch over and done with. As for the rest, we will resolve them later.”

Charlotte's lips squirmed as she smiled awkwardly. I wonder what will he do to me if he finds out that I was the one who put the chip in his coffee...

Ding! The elevator door opened.

Bruce, Lucy, and the others were waiting at the entrance. When a few reporters rushed over to take pictures, David and other bodyguards ran to stop them.

When Charlotte helped Mr. Sterk out of the elevator, she suddenly heard Bruce instructing the bodyguards softly. "Mr. Nacht is in trouble. Team 2, head to level 68 to assist. Team 1, stay here and secure the area."

"Yes!"

The bodyguards reentered the elevator and headed to level 68.

Charlotte felt her heart tighten and considered whether to go check on him...

"Don't worry, he will be fine." Mr. Sterk suddenly commented. "With his combat ability, even God can't harm him."

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Charlotte pursed her lips and smiled, looking silly. However, her heart was pounding anxiously.

She knew that even if she went to level 68, she wouldn't be of any help. In fact, she might even get in the way. Therefore, it made more sense for her to stay here.

However, the thought of Zachary being in danger caused her to feel inexplicably worried.

"Mr. Sterk, the launch is going to start in a minute," Lucy respectfully reminded. "This way please."

Mr. Sterk adjusted his tie before stepping ahead and leading everyone into the meeting hall.

As the dark red doors swung open, the room was filled with thunderous applause.

Following behind, Charlotte saw members of various media outlets from all over the world and many of the company's partners. They were all here today to witness the launch of Divine Corporation's new technology.

As innumerable cameras flashed at Mr. Sterk, Charlotte who was standing beside him also got to bathe in his glory.

A 360 degree 3D screen then played a clip showcasing the success of Divine Corporation.

Divine Corporation's tech products were used in thousands of homes and brought convenience to the lives of many. It had become a necessary part of the homes of the upper-middle class globally.

After watching the presentation, only now did Charlotte fully grasp the extent of Zachary's capabilities and status, leaving her astounded by it.

She realized that she really knew very little about him.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I am Johann Sterk. The same Johann Sterk who has spent his entire life obsessed with research. Today, I’m here to represent Mr. Nacht to launch Divine Corporation’s latest generation of tech products.”

Mr. Sterk’s voice was filled with vigor and energy.

The audience was wowed with some commenting softly, “So it appears Mr. Sterk of Divine Corporation is the famous scientist Johann Sterk from some years ago.”

“No wonder the company has been doing so well. They have so much talent hidden within them.”

“I wonder who Zachary Nacht is to be able to get someone like Johann to work for him.”

“Ladies and gentlemen, before the product launch begins, I would like to spend some time introducing our chairman, Mr Zachary Nacht...”

Standing on the stage, Mr. Sterk pointed at the screen behind him.

“Zachary is also the president of Divine Corporation. When he was ten, he invented nineteen tech products and received the patent for them. After which, he started selling them via his company. The robot pets, robot nannies, etc. were all designed by him.”

“When he was sixteen, he officially established the Divine Corporation and led us to build a tech empire. In ten years, he has become a force to be reckoned with in both the commercial and tech world.”

Thunderous applause broke out in response.

The reporters exclaimed excitedly, “With such an exceptional leader and such capable assistants, Divine Corporation is definitely on the path to greatness.”

After listening to the introduction and watching everything that had occurred, Charlotte felt that she had just got to know Zachary again. It appears he is extremely smart. I didn't even realize that.

At the same time, she felt she was someone insignificant, just like a rock in the vast ocean. All she could do was watch the stars from afar.

While she was fantasizing, she suddenly realized the elite bodyguards had all returned. They were spreading themselves out in the meeting hall and even caught a few suspicious characters.

If they have returned, where is Zachary?

Filled with dread, Charlotte ran towards the elevator but realized it was occupied. She then took the stairs.

Bang!

Just when she emerged from the stairwell, a dagger flew in her direction.

Luckily, Charlotte ducked in time, or else she would have met her maker.

Panting from fright, a man grabbed onto her from behind before she realized what was going on. He put a dagger to her throat and threatened, "Don't come any closer, or I will kill her!"

At that moment, Charlotte regained her senses and saw what was in front of her.

Zachary was in a white shirt with his sleeves folded up. His face was red from battle.

While Ben had pinned someone down and was pounding him in. The president's office was in a mess from the fight but they had seized the advantage.

However, just like an idiot, she appeared at the wrong moment.

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Zachary seethed as he scowled at her in a sarcastic tone, "Are you an idiot?"

"I... I..."

Charlotte's neck which had just healed now had a dagger pressed against it. She was utterly frightened and could barely speak.

"Sigh, Ms. Windt, why did you come up here?" Ben sighed.

He and Mr. Nacht alone were more than enough to dispose of the remnants. Little did they expect Charlotte to gift herself to the enemy.

"You, destroy the X system now, or else I will kill her," the intruder ordered arrogantly.

Charlotte was at the brink of tears and she kept telling herself she was done for.

The system was an integral part of Divine Corporation and holds the fate of the Nacht family in it.

To Charlotte, asking Zachary to destroy it was no different than asking him to destroy Earth itself.

This time, he definitely wouldn't save me.

"Go ahead and kill her. That stupid woman isn't of any use even when she's alive."

Zachary shot Charlotte a cold glare and waved his fist at her angrily. After which, he turned and headed back to his office.

"Erm..."

Ben was stupefied. Is he for real?

“Boohoo...” Charlotte cried in agony. “I’m just a small fry as I’m the lowest-ranked secretary here. Capturing me is of no use to you...”

“Shut up!” The intruder gritted his teeth and cursed his luck. Damn it! Why did I capture a useless secretary?

“Fine. Since neither of you is going to save her, I will kill her first...”

Just as he spoke, the intruder prepared to slit her throat.

“No!” Charlotte closed her eyes. As if by reflex, she screamed, “Gigolo, save me!”

Whoosh!

A sudden brush of wind blew past her ear. The next moment, the hand around her neck released its grip before she heard a thud.

When Charlotte gradually opened her eyes, the man holding her hostage had dropped to the ground.

Zachary had seized the dagger from him.

Throwing the dagger aside, he gave Charlotte a resentful look before returning to his office.

Charlotte was stunned where she stood. When she saw his familiar silhouette, she replayed what just happened in her mind. If I recalled correctly, I shouted “Gigolo, save me”, that means...

He must be Gigolo!

“Ms. Windt, stop spacing out.” Ben waved his hand in front of Charlotte’s eyes. “It’s dangerous here. Come in with us.”

“You’re bleeding...”

At that moment, Charlotte realized Ben was hurt. There were wounds all over his shoulders, arms and legs. Blood was dripping as he walked.

However, he didn’t flinch as if he wasn’t in pain at all.

“They are just cuts, don’t worry.” Ben didn’t mind and even reminded her, “The product launch has already started and we have yet to fend off the attacks from the hackers. Now that Mr. Sterk is buying us time, Mr. Nacht has his hands full now. So, don’t get on his nerves.”

“I understand.”

Scanning her surroundings, Charlotte couldn’t help but feel she was in a warzone.

There was destruction everywhere and debris strewn all over the floor. Furthermore, men in black littered the ground and she wasn’t even sure if they were dead or alive.

Only the president’s office was left untouched as if it was the last bastion of safety.

She could imagine how frightening it was just now.

Zachary was dismantling the hacker's systems while Ben was fighting alone.

The office remained a safe haven while the battle raged on outside.

Heaven and Hell seemed to have only been separated by a door.

Finally, when Ben couldn't hold them off any longer, Zachary had to come out and personally dispose of the intruders.

They were almost done when Charlotte barged in like a giant idiot.

Realizing that she had gotten in the way instead of helping, Charlotte wanted the ground to open up and swallow her whole.

"Why is this idiot here?"

Zachary's voice rang out with a cold and mocking tone.

Charlotte raised her head and gave him an aggrieved look. "I was just worried and wanted to check on you. I didn't expect to have gotten in your way..."

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Zachary was jolted when he heard her words. As his fingers continued to dance on the keyboard, he looked at her passionately. "Worried about me?"

Realizing her Freudian slip, Charlotte blushed and bit her lower lip, not daring to utter another word.

When he saw how embarrassed she was, Zachary couldn't help but be touched. He used his leg under the table to nudge her. "Come over!"

"Why..."

With her heart racing, Charlotte glanced at him bashfully before averting her gaze.

"Hurry up," Zachary demanded.

Charlotte dawdled towards him. Despite being just a few steps apart, it felt as if they were a thousand kilometers away. It took her a long time to close the distance.

Ben grew anxious. Are these two actually being lovey-dovey at such a crucial moment?

"Ah..."

Just as Charlotte cried out, Zachary pulled her into his embrace.

Sitting on his lap, her body was trembling all over. When she was about to struggle, he ordered softly, "Don't move." Then, he circled his hands around her waist and continued typing away.

Charlotte didn't dare move a muscle.

She was literally caught in the middle of a fight over a project worth tens of billions and the fate of the company. With his hands on both sides of her slender waist, she was worried that any move she made would cause a devastating impact.

And it would be an unforgivable sin.

Rolling his eyes, Ben cracked his knuckles in exasperation as he couldn't stand the sight of them.

At that moment, he recalled that Mr. Sterk had drunk laxatives for four consecutive days and suddenly felt he could empathize with him.

As a warrior, he had killed all his enemies in cold blood.

On the other hand, Mr. Nacht fought for the fate of the world while embracing a beauty at the same time.

Although no one was doubting Mr. Nacht's capabilities, Ben still couldn't help but feel nervous.

Cursing like a madman in his heart still couldn't relieve the stress that was building up within him.

"Let go of me and do this properly. At this crucial moment, how can you..."

Charlotte pushed Zachary away gently.

At that moment, the screen was flashing with green code. Beside it, a tablet computer was showing the live broadcast of the launch event on the sixty-sixth floor.

Mr. Sterk had finished his introductions of the president and began to talk about the features of the new products.

The old man wiped the sweat off his brow as he was running out of ideas to stall. All he could do was hope that Zachary could stabilize the system so that the new products could be launched.

As for Zachary, his eyes were fixated on the screen while his fingers continued to dance on the keyboard. Meanwhile, his chin seemed to be discreetly resting on Charlotte's breast.

Charlotte didn't dare move nor push him away.

She felt as if she was a temptress who was distracting the hero from his duty.

Ben was so nervous that he had the urge to pull Charlotte away but didn't have the courage to do so.

Bang! A loud noise suddenly came from outside.

"Someone has barged in." Ben turned around vigilantly.

"Hold on!"

Zachary didn't bother to look and even used the opportunity to bite Charlotte's breast.

Despite being shielded by her top, he could still feel the wonderful sensation of its bounce.

"Ah..." Charlotte moaned. "What are you doing?"

Ben's lips twitch as his expression darkened. However, he had no choice but to head out to battle with a golf club in hand.

The moment he opened the door, a few assassins dashed at him with knives in their hands. Ben gritted his teeth and charged head on.

“Let go of me. I’m going to help.”

When Charlotte saw Ben’s wound was still bleeding, she felt terribly guilty. She pushed Zachary away as she wanted to help.

However, Zachary hugged her even tighter with his cold lips brushing across her collarbone, his fingers furiously typing still.

Charlotte was filled with anxiety. “Stop fooling around. Everyone is depending on you at this crucial moment... Ah...”

Before she could finish, she moaned again as her body trembled.

Damn Zachary! Why did he bump into me...

Although they were still separated by their clothes, she was already trembling from the electrifying sensation.

The moment he heard her moan, Ben’s hand was slashed by a knife.

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“Will you survive?” Zachary asked casually.

“This won’t kill me!” Ben gritted his teeth and he lunged back into battle.

As Zachary squinted his eyes, he continued to type furiously at the computer while gently thrusting his body at the same time.

“Let go of me...”

Charlotte was in a panic as she could feel herself being aroused, just like a beast in a cage that had just woken up.

It’s too dangerous!

“Shut up!” Zachary ordered while his phone rang at the same time. Sliding to answer, he put it on speaker.

“Mr. Nacht, the product launch has been delayed by seven minutes,” Bruce reported over the phone.

“Mr. Sterk has hinted to us three times that it’s time to launch the new products. How are things at your end?”

“Give me another ten seconds...” Zachary grunted from his throat as he was biting Charlotte’s breast.

Charlotte covered her mouth with one hand while frantically pushing him away with the other.

“Mr. Sterk has begun to make the announcement!”

Just as Bruce spoke, Mr. Sterk counted down together with the reporters whilst the background music was playing.

“Ten!”

“Nine!”

“Eight!”

On the computer screen in front of them, there was also a progress bar within the code. It read: 80%... 85%... 90%.

The closer the numbers neared completion, the harder Zachary bit into Charlotte.

Charlotte was both in pain and in panic. Nevertheless, she covered her mouth tightly so that she wouldn't cry out.

“Five!”

“Four!”

Zachary finally hit the “Enter” button and retracted his arms from the keyboard. With one hand hugging Charlotte's waist tightly, he slid the other against her thigh underneath her skirt. As his nails brushed across her flawless skin, his hand continued to creep upwards.

Charlotte trembled before feeling her body melt...

Outside the room, Ben was fighting against ten men. He had been slashed multiple times and was slowly succumbing to his wounds.

One of the assassins seized upon the moment to dash past him and charged towards Zachary with his knife.

“Ah!” Charlotte screamed at the top of her voice.

Shifting his eyes, Zachary grabbed a pen from the table and flung it at the attacker. When the pen pierced the man's chest, he let out an agonizing cry before collapsing to the ground.

As blood splattered all over her, she was utterly stunned by the gruesome sight. Meanwhile, Zachary had pulled off her panties...

"Two!"

"One!"

As the countdown continued in the live broadcast, the computer screen prompted, "System recovered!"

With that, the computer screen started displaying the new products and their features.

Within the broadcast, the system was unlocked and Divine Corporation's latest products were presented to everyone.

The crowd broke out in loud cheers and thunderous applause.

With her eyes glued to the screen, Charlotte was captivated by the emotional scene. She had not realized that Zachary's hand was already deep between her thighs. At the same time, he was biting off her top...

Bam! The last assassin was finally disposed of by Ben.

After which, he collapsed on the ground exhausted.

Pretending to care, Zachary asked, "Are you still alive?"

"No..." Covered in blood, Ben struggled to stand up. He proudly declared, "Mr. Nacht, I will defend you until my last breath..."

"Crawl out if you have to!" Zachary interrupted him and demanded. "Stand guard outside and don't let anyone come in to disturb me."

Jolted by his words, Ben turned around. He saw his beloved boss captivated by the beauty on his lap and was in no mood to listen to his brave words.

Disappointed, Ben dragged his injured self out the door and muttered under his breath, "Scumbag!"

"Close the door," the scumbag added from behind him.

Shaken by his response, Ben's eyes began to turn red. In his heart, he cursed, what a cold and ungrateful animal!

Alas, he didn't dare swear aloud.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 171

The moment the door closed, Charlotte regained her senses and realized Zachary's hand had reached her sensitive parts. When she tried to push him away, he pushed her against the table instead.

"No..." Charlotte trembled in fear as she tried to resist as best as she could.

"You wanted this."

Zachary declared with a raspy voice and kissed her forcefully. At the same time, he took off his clothes.

"Mmm Mmm..." Charlotte continued to struggle as Gigolo's image flashed in her mind. She didn't want to betray him.

Lifting her skirt, Zachary prepared for his final advance.

"No..." Charlotte screamed in fear. "I have a boyfriend..."

"Boyfriend?" Zachary stopped and squinted his eyes at her. "Are you using such a lame excuse on me?"

"No, really." Charlotte frantically replied, "We were just together yesterday..."

Suddenly, she stopped mid-sentence when she saw the faint tattoo underneath his shirt.

However, she could only see a corner of it and not the whole tattoo itself.

She quickly reached out to uncover his shirt, so that she could see if it was the wolf head tattoo.

Zachary caught her hand and pushed her away warily.

"You are..."

"You can leave now."

Zachary interrupted her as he straightened his clothes, just like what a heartless scumbag would do.

"What's that on your back?"

Charlotte grew extremely anxious and tried to take off his shirt.

Zachary avoided her attempt and raised his eyebrows coolly. "What's wrong? Are you trying to throw yourself at me now that you are aroused?"

"I..." Just when Charlotte was about to reply, there was a knock on the door followed by Bruce's voice. "Mr. Nacht, the product launch is at its end. Mr. Sterk requests that you join him downstairs."

"I'll be on my way," Zachary replied.

"Yes!"

Charlotte had no choice but to save her words for another time. She remarked, "You should go ahead with work."

"Stupid woman. Your underwear was removed without you noticing it."

Zachary handed her her white panties from atop the black leather sofa.

Filled with embarrassment, Charlotte bit her lower lip and took it from him.

“There’s a break room at the back.” Zachary’s eyes were filled with suppressed desire. “You should tidy yourself up first.”

“Mmm-hmm.” Charlotte hurried towards the changing room.

As Zachary watched her go, he let out a charming smile. The lust in him was still burning strong but he knew now wasn’t the time. He had to endure...

After all, there were still plenty of opportunities.

With the product launch at its end, Zachary appeared behind the screen. Meanwhile, the broadcast only showed his silhouette but not his face.

Before he said a word, the audience broke into thunderous applause.

Behind the screen, Zachary explained the new technologies and the philosophy behind them. He wanted to help mankind live more efficiently so that they could have more time to do more important things.

After that, he unveiled the latest multifunctional robot and showcased its features to everyone.

As the reporters repeatedly took pictures of both the robot and Zachary’s silhouette, the atmosphere came to a climax.

When Charlotte came out of the room after tidying up and saw what unfolded on screen, she felt a newfound sense of admiration and respect for him.

At the same time, her suspicion that he was Gigolo was further intensified.

“Ms. Windt,” Bruce greeted her when he saw her. He had just led a group of men into the room to clean up.

“Mr. Bruce,” Charlotte quickly replied.

Although all of Zachary’s close subordinates treated her with respect, she was well aware of her status. Hence, she returned the favor and treated them with respect.

“Ms. Windt, you look familiar. Have we met somewhere before?”

Bruce gave Charlotte a closer look. All this while, he had always been out for work. The few times he was back, he only saw Charlotte from afar and hardly took notice.

Today, after he managed to see her up close, he felt she looked familiar.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 172

“Is that so?”

Charlotte looked up at Bruce. Prior to this, she had only seen him once when they were in a hurry. Hence, she didn't take notice. But now that she saw him up-close, she suddenly remembered.

The first day when she returned to H City from the village, her taxi crashed into a Rolls-Royce Phantom. At that time, the man seating beside the driver was Bruce.

Charlotte was shocked as all the pieces fell into place.

If he was sitting beside the driver, that means the person who was hurt and had a tattoo on his waist must be Zachary.

At that time, she was puzzled as to why a gigolo would be riding in such an expensive car.

When she met up with him at Sultry Night, she even thought that the car belonged to his rich sugar mommy.

Looking back now, she felt she had been extremely naive.

From the very beginning, Zachary was Gigolo. Despite them resembling each other so much, she was still easily fooled by him.

However, what she didn't understand was why was he doing all this.

Wait, I have my three children with me then. Did Bruce see them?

If he did, then...

The more she thought about it the more uneasy she felt.

“Perhaps, I made a mistake, I’m sorry,” Bruce apologized with a bow before leaving.

Meanwhile, Charlotte tried her best to calm down and quickly left the president’s office. She washed her face in the employee’s washroom and regained her composure.

When the two cars crashed that day, Bruce had only caught a glimpse of her from afar. Furthermore, the children were in the car. So even if he saw her, he might not have seen the children.

Nevertheless, although all the circumstantial evidence pointed to the fact that Zachary was Gigolo, she knew she could never be sure until she saw the tattoo. Since he already had feelings for her, finding out wasn’t going to be difficult.

As of now, the priority is to hide the children’s identity and determine if Zachary is Gigolo. I’ll figure out the rest after that. At the same time, I still need to solve the problem of the debt repayment contract.

Holding that thought, Charlotte took a deep breath. After regaining her composure, she went back to work.

Once the product launch was successfully completed, the reporters started to leave. After that, all the major media companies flooded the news with Divine Corporation’s latest tech products. The marketing department also announced that sales would begin in three days.

Separately, the police were brought in to arrest all the intruders and to investigate who they were.

The perpetrators were mostly wounded or unconscious when the police rounded them up.

When her colleagues returned to level 68, they were shocked by the amount of devastation they saw.

Lucy then announced that everyone in the president's office would be given a three-month bonus for their exceptional performance. They would also be given the day off to facilitate the repairs.

Everyone cheered and jumped in ecstasy at the news.

Finally, Lucy informed Charlotte personally. "I have already gotten Mr. Nacht's permission to make you an official employee. Congratulations and keep up the good work."

"Thank you, Ms. Wright!"

Charlotte was overjoyed. Realizing she had hardly done anything, she was just grateful to be able to receive the reward.

"It's time to get off work. You should head home to rest."

Lucy patted her on her shoulders before going off.

Just when she finished packing and was about to leave, she suddenly saw Zachary with Bruce and another two bodyguards. They were heading for the VIP elevator and she quickly followed.

"This is reserved for the president's use. Please leave," The bodyguard warned.

Bruce shot him a glance, causing him to back down.

At that moment, the elevator's door was about to close. Zachary raised his eyebrows at Charlotte, "What do you want?"

Charlotte meekly looked him in the eye and bit her lip. She requested softly, "I would like to talk to you about the necklace."

"Go on." Zachary tone was cold.

Charlotte explained in simple terms, "Actually, I lost Luna's bracelet and she wanted me to pay for it. However, when I couldn't afford to do so, I had no choice but to give her the necklace as collateral. We agreed that I would be able to use the bracelet to exchange it back. And now, I found it..."

"What has that got to do with me?" Zachary interrupted her. "The ruby necklace is what I'm looking for."

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“What I meant was...” Charlotte frantically explained, “I will be able to get the ruby necklace back soon. Can you give me a few more days?”

“No.” Zachary was firm. “I have already given you three extra days and that is the limit. Don’t push your luck.”

“The main reason is that Luna has taken the necklace overseas and will only be back after ten days.”

“I’m not interested in the affairs of someone else’s wife.” Zachary was visibly frustrated. “There’s only one and a half day left. You should think of something else.” “But...”

Before she could think of anything, the elevator door opened and Zachary stepped out.

Bruce nodded at Charlotte before leaving with the other bodyguards.

Charlotte was on the brink of tears when she exited the elevator. Feeling desperate, she wondered what she should do. This scumbag has me trapped!

“Has Ben been sent to Raina?” Zachary asked when he got in the car. “Yes, she is treating him now.”

Compared to Ben, Bruce was equally as cold as his employer.

“Ben is really weak, just fighting that few intruders alone took everything out of him,” Zachary mocked. “He lost a lot of blood, so just tell him to rest.”

“Yes.” Bruce nodded. “I’ll let him know.”

Inside the car, Zachary was checking his phone casually. Just when he looked out the window, he saw Charlotte leave the office building.

"Mr. Nacht," Bruce softly asked when he saw Charlotte, "don't you think Ms. Windt resembles someone?"

"Mmm?" Zachary wasn't paying attention and didn't hear Bruce's question. "What did you say?"

"No, it's nothing." Bruce changed the topic. "Straight to the airport?"

"Yes." Zachary looked away with a gloomy expression. "Let's go and meet that crazy woman."

After taking the subway home, her three children ran to the door to welcome her back.

Ellie scrambled to be the first to throw herself in Charlotte's embrace. Holding Charlotte's neck with one hand, she pointed at the balcony with the other and said, "Mommy, Fifi is angry. She doesn't want to come out from the cage and is plucking her own feathers."

"It's obvious she was in the wrong. Yet, she's doing this to punish us." Robbie suggested sternly, "Mommy, this time we cannot tolerate her behavior."

"That's right. This morning, she pooped in our breakfast and destroyed Mrs. Berry's crystal, causing us not to have anything to eat. This is unacceptable."

Jamie was feeling indignant about what happened in the morning.

"However, plucking her own feathers isn't a good sign. Is she depressed?" Charlotte was worried. "Why don't we take her to the vet?"

“That’s right. I think we should.” Ellie frowned as tears welled up in her doll-like eyes. “Although I’m also angry at her, I’m worried to see her this way.”

“Don’t worry Ellie. We will take her to the vet after dinner.”

Charlotte kissed Ellie’s cheeks while gently reassuring her.

“Both of you pamper her too much.” Robbie sighed like an adult. “Sigh, women are just too soft.”

“That’s right, women are so troublesome.” Jamie frown with discontent. “Fifi is also female, that’s why she causes so much trouble.”

“Both of you can’t behave this way,” Charlotte lectured them patiently, “Fifi is also part of our family.”

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Just when Charlotte was speaking, she heard someone knocking and quickly put down Ellie. She opened the door. “Is it Mrs. Berry who has returned from shopping?”

When she opened the door, she saw a delivery man standing outside. He handed her an exquisite-looking box. “Charlotte Windt? Someone has sent you a gift. Please sign to confirm receipt.”

“Who sent it?”

When she received the card and took a look, she saw Zachary’s name. Shocked, she wondered how he got her home address.

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“Please sign it,” the delivery man reminded again.

Charlotte quickly signed in and brought the gift back inside.

“Mommy, who sent the gift?”

The children surrounded her, filled with curiosity.

“It’s someone you don’t know...”

Charlotte felt troubled. If Zachary was indeed Gigolo, then he must then be the children’s father.

Does he already know the truth? Or else, why would he send a gift here?

“What is it? Quick, open it up so we can see.”

The trio widened their eyes with anticipation.

As Charlotte unwrapped its exquisite wrapping layer by layer, she wondered what could it be.

Her heart was overwhelmed by emotions.

“Mommy, you’re just too slow. Let me help you.”

Jamie took over the gift box impatiently and help to unwrap it.

Meanwhile, Robbie brought a pair of scissors to help.

Ellie was rubbing her hands as she waited excitedly by the side.

Finally, they managed to open the gift box. Inside, there was another pink box that emanated a floral fragrance. Just when Charlotte was about to open it, Ellie volunteered excitedly. "Come, let me do it."

"Alright, you do it!"

Charlotte knew how much little girls enjoyed opening presents, hence she passed it to Ellie.

Holding the box in her hand, Ellie took a deep breath before opening it excitedly.

"Ah!"

The next moment, a horrifying shriek rang out, followed by Robbie and Jamie's screams.

Fifi fluttered around her cage squawking, "I'm scared, I'm scared!"

At that moment, the house went into an uproar.

Charlotte's eyes widened in shock and she looked at the contents in disbelief.

It was the body of a dead kitten. It was still covered in blood and was a gruesome sight indeed. Obviously, someone had killed it cruelly.

Beside it, there was even a toy with flashing lights and a clown's smiling face.

"Don't worry. Mommy is here."

Charlotte quickly regained her senses and put the cover back on the box.

When she was about to take it outside, she felt something was amiss. She could hear a ticking sound coming from the box.

“It’s a bomb! Mommy, throw it away!”

Robbie grabbed the box from Charlotte’s hands and dashed out.

“Robbie!” Charlotte screamed as she ran after him.

Right when Robbie threw the box along the corridor, the box exploded with a loud bang.

The whole house was shaken and pieces of the corridor ceiling came dropping down, almost hitting Robbie.

“Robbie! Robbie!” Charlotte dashed toward him like a madwoman and hugged him. “Are you alright? You scared me.”

“Mommy, I’m fine. Cough, cough.” Robbie was just choked by the dust from the debris.

Charlotte carried him into the house and closed the door immediately.

“Mommy.” Ellie was crying in fear, her face swollen red.

Hugging her, Jamie put on a strong face and comforted her, “Don’t worry, I’m here.”

“Who sent such a thing? Why does he want to harm us?” Robbie asked frantically.

“That man...” Charlotte was confused as she didn’t understand why would Zachary do such a thing.

“My God! What happened?”

At that moment, Mrs. Berry returned from shopping. She too was shocked when she saw the scene.

“Miss, Ellie, are you alright?”

“Mrs. Berry, take the kids back to the village.” Having calmed down, Charlotte was decisive. “There’s no time to spare. Pack your bags quickly while I get a car.”

“What... What’s going on?” Mrs. Berry was stuttering in fear. “Is someone trying to harm us? Who is it?”

“I don’t know but they know our house address. Therefore, we are in danger and you have to leave with the kids immediately.”

Charlotte gave Zak, a security guard who works at their apartment block, a call, “Zak, are you still moonlighting as a driver? I’ll pay you double to send Mrs. Berry and the kids back to the village.”

“Double? Sure. I’ll be right up to help with your bags.”

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After ending the call, Charlotte pondered a while before giving Zachary a call.

She wanted to know if he sent the “Delivery from Hell”.

At that moment, Zachary had just arrived at H City airport. He was walking toward the tarmac with his men.

He was shocked to see who was calling.

Charlotte had always called Gigolo’s number and never did call him directly.

In fact, he never even gave her his number before. Why is she calling me all of a sudden?

Does she suspect my identity and is trying to probe?

In the office today, she must have seen the tattoo on my lower back. That’s why she was acting that way.

Hmph, I’m not going to play this game with you.

Zachary ended the call with a grin.

When she heard the call ended, Charlotte felt a chill in her heart. Since he is not taking my call, did he really send the “Delivery from Hell”?

No, it can’t be him because he has no reason to do so.

Even if he knew I’m hiding something, he wouldn’t use such a devious method to scare the children.

Perhaps he doesn't have my number and chose not to answer an anonymous call?

With that thought in mind, Charlotte quickly called Gigolo. Regardless of whether he was Zachary, she needed to find someone to help her first.

She had the feeling that the person who sent the "Delivery from Hell" would strike again.

Gigolo didn't pick up too.

When she saw the devastation outside the house caused by the explosion, she was terrified.

With her hands still trembling, she sent Gigolo a message: Gigolo, save me.

"Miss, we are done packing." Mrs. Berry walked out of the room with a huge luggage bag. "I've called Mr. Brawn to pick us up when we arrive. He will bring a man with him."

"Alright, their presence really puts my heart at ease." Charlotte urged them to hurry. "Quick, I'll walk you down."

As Charlotte anxiously led Mrs. Berry and the kids downstairs, she kept reminding her, "Mrs. Berry, I've put the bank card in your bag. There's a hundred thousand inside so it should be enough for the time being. Be careful and call me when you arrive."

"I understand." Mrs. Berry's eyes were red. "Miss, come with us. I can't bear to leave you alone here."

"Mommy, come with us."

The children tugged at Charlotte and refused to let go.

“Mommy can’t leave...”

Charlotte had a hunch that she was the target of the perpetrators. If she left with them, it might put them in danger.

“Robbie, Jamie, Ellie, you have to be good. Once I resolve this matter, I’ll come to the village to pick you up.”

“Mommy, we don’t want to leave you.” Charlotte threw herself into Charlotte’s embrace and cried till she trembled. “I’m afraid I won’t see you again.”

Her words unnerved both Robbie and Jamie at the same time.

Robbie’s eyes were red. Despite the urge to cry, he gritted his teeth and stayed strong.

As for Jamie, he clenched his fists with a frown. With tears in his eyes, he pleaded, “Mommy, come with us, I will protect you.”

“Mommy knows that...” Charlotte hugged her children tightly as she choked, “Mommy knows that you are good children. With you around, I won’t be afraid. I’m just staying back to find out what’s going on. Once I’m done, I will come for you. Trust me.”

Mrs. Berry was wiping tears off her eyes and didn’t dare say another word.

“Alright, time to get into the car.” Charlotte pushed Mrs. Berry and the trio inside. She paid Zak and added, “Zak, be careful when driving.”

“Don’t worry, I am very experienced as I have driven for more than ten years.” Receiving the money, Zak announced cheerfully, “Kids, we’re off!”

As Charlotte watched them leave, she saw the children looking back from the back seat with tears in their eyes. Waving at them, she could no longer hold back her tears.

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Ever since the children were born, they never left here before. This time, it might be at least a few days before they were reunited.

Charlotte had to find out who was the culprit as she couldn't allow them to harm her children.

With careful thought, she narrowed down her enemies to Wesley, Yolanda, and the Whites.

Wesley and Yolanda were in jail, so they were out of the equation.

As for the Whites, despite how vicious they were, wouldn't dare use Zachary's name to commit such an act.

However, if not them, who then?

She called Gigolo again as she walked home.

When she hurriedly left home just now, she didn't take anything other than her phone. Heading back to pack, she decided to stay at a hotel until the matter was resolved.

Just when she lowered her head to make a call, she didn't realize there was a figure following her from a dark corner.

At the airport, Zachary had just boarded the plane when he saw a missed call on his other number. There was also a message from Charlotte that read: Come save me!

His expression changed dramatically as he stood up to disembark.

"Mr. Nacht." Bruce followed behind him quickly. "Is there something wrong?"

"Go to E Nation on my behalf. I need to head back first."

Zachary rushed off the plane without looking back. He quickened his footsteps before starting to sprint.

In his heart, he was blaming himself failing to foresee this.

That madwoman had sent men to disrupt my product launch. Hence, it's natural for her to harm Charlotte too. How could I have missed something so important and not pick up her call?

If something happens to her, I won't be able to forgive myself.

"What should we do?" the bodyguards asked Bruce.

"Team one shall protect Mr. Nacht while team two will come with me to E Nation," Bruce ordered decisively. "Protect him from the shadows, and don't get in his way."

"Understood."

Just when Charlotte returned to her home and prepared to turn on the lights, she could sense a murderous intent behind her. Turning around she grabbed her high heel and swung it forcefully.

However, she missed as the intruder jumped aside to avoid it.

Charlotte then rushed into the house frantically and shut the door. After locking it, she stood behind the door to block it.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Outside, the man was kicking the door down. Every time he struck, the door would shake Charlotte forward.

Charlotte was seized by fear. With one hand blocking the door, she tried calling the police with the other.

At that moment, she received a call. It was Zachary.

She quickly picked up. "Save me..."

"Charlotte, where are you?"

"I'm at home."

"Damn it, I'm asking where do you stay?"

"I..."

Before she could finish, the door was kicked open. Both her and her phone fell onto the ground.

There wasn't enough time to pick up the phone. Hence she frantically picked herself up and tried to run. However, the man in black kicked her back down.

“Ah!”

As Charlotte’s agonizing scream rang through the phone, Zachary’s hand that was gripping the steering wheel began to tremble. He was speeding so fast that it felt like the car was about to fly.

“Who are you? Why do you want to kill me?”

With her body on the ground, Charlotte scrambled backward in fear.

The man in black was wearing a face mask and a baseball cap, hiding his features. He was holding a sharp knife as he approached her gradually.

“Don’t kill me,” Charlotte trembled as she pleaded, “I’ll give you all my money.”

The man in black ignored her. Raising his knife, he thrust it forward.

“Mommy!”

Suddenly, a loud shriek could be heard followed by a flash of green flying across the room. It pecked at the man’s eyes viciously.

“Argh!” The man’s eyes began to bleed as he screamed in agony. He waved the knife in his hand to fend off his attacker.

“Evil man! Evil man!”

Fifi evaded the attacks with great agility. With a flap of her wings, she danced around in the air.

“Fifi!”

Charlotte scrambled to stand up and reached out her hand for Fifi to land. After that, she turned and ran into her room.

“Damn it!” The man in black pursued.

Charlotte quickly locked the door and even pushed a wardrobe over to reinforce it. With Fifi in hand, she wanted to escape from the window. But when she reached it, she realized she was on the thirteenth floor.

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“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.”

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When Zachary saw the parrot in Charlotte's arms, he heaved an inexplicable sigh of relief. "I thought it was a child. I didn't expect a parrot!"

"Quick, send her to the vet." Charlotte anxiously urged him.

Fifi's wing was injured and seemed to be close to her last breath.

When Zachary carried Charlotte out of the room, he accidentally stepped on something that cried out, "Wah!" Stopping in his tracks, he lowered his gaze and saw a doll.

Charlotte's heart stop. Oh no! This is Ellie's doll.

"Why are you still playing with this at your age? You're so childish."

Zachary assumed that it was Charlotte's toy, and didn't think too much about it as he quickly left together with her.

Charlotte heaved a sigh of relief. Fortunately, she had sent Mrs. Berry and the children away. She managed to avoid a massacre and also hid them from Zachary's sight.

At the same time, she was glad the apartment was in darkness and Zachary could hardly see much. Or else, once he saw the children's belongings, he would definitely find out about them.

After carrying Charlotte into the car, Zachary drove with one hand while giving Raina a call with the other. "Come over, she's hurt. Also, take the bird to the vet."

"Bird?" Raina was stunned at the other end of the line. However, she politely acknowledged, "Yes, I'll arrange it right away."

“She is called Fifi, and is a Budgerigar Parrot,” Charlotte corrected him.

“Isn’t a parrot a bird?” Zachary retorted.

Charlotte was speechless. Fine, if you insist on calling her a bird.

After all, Fifi wouldn’t mind given that she was in a daze from her injury.

When they arrived at the villa from last time, Zachary carried Charlotte down from the car. More than twenty bodyguards were lined up in two rows, they then bowed slightly in respect.

Feeling self-conscious, Charlotte whispered, “Put me down.”

“Shut up,” Zachary asserted softly before carrying her upstairs.

The room from last time was already prepared with the maid waiting at the door.

Zachary carried her in and lowered her onto the bed. When he leaned in, it put both of them in close proximity. They exchanged glances and were overwhelmed with a mixture of emotions.

Charlotte grew nervous and felt uneasy at the same time.

As for him, behind the desire in his eyes, was a sense of concern for her.

“Mr. Nacht.” A voice rang out from the door.

Returning to his usual cold self, Zachary straightened his posture and instructed, "Give her a thorough checkup."

He left after that.

"Yes!" Raina nodded respectfully.

"I'm fine, please take a look at her first." Charlotte pointed to Fifi.

"Oh... so it's a small parrot." Raina laughed. "Luckily, I brought a vet. Don't worry, she will take care of her."

After arranging for the vet to treat Fifi, Raina gave Charlotte a checkup.

She realized Charlotte was largely alright other than for a few scrapes. After applying some medication, she instructed the maid to prepare some warm tea.

As for Fifi, only her wing was injured and her life wasn't in danger. However, she needed to be treated at Raina's pet hospital as the equipment needed was all there.

Raina promised Charlotte that when they brought Fifi back tomorrow, she would be back to her usual self.

After reassuring Charlotte, she left with her assistants.

The maid then helped Charlotte wash up and change.

After taking a quick bath and getting a change of clothes, Charlotte went to see Zachary in the next room.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Charlotte asked softly, "It's me, can I come in?"

"Go ahead," Zachary replied.

As Charlotte pushed open the door, she realized the room was dim inside. Only the bathroom light was on but she didn't hear the sound of water.

Biting her lower lip, she entered carefully.

A warm light emanated from the massive bathroom while the ripples from the bathtub were reflected on the ceiling.

Zachary was leaning against the tub without anything on. He was enjoying the moment with his eyes closed.

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Charlotte quickly closed her eyes and turned around. "You... you're still bathing. I'll wait outside."

Zachary ignored her.

As Charlotte walked out, something occurred to her. Why don't I use this opportunity to check if there is a wolf head tattoo on his back?

With that thought in mind, she stopped in her tracks. Having gathered her courage, she said, "I would like to talk to you about something."

"Hmm?" Zachary grunted.

"Were you the one who sent me the Delivery from Hell?" Charlotte demanded to know.

Zachary opened his eyes. "Did someone send it to you using my name?"

"Yes." Charlotte nodded. "I received a parcel in the evening. Inside, there was a body of a dead kitten and also a bomb..."

Just talking about it caused her to feel the chills from the incident. "Luckily, I realized it in time and the explosion wasn't a big one. Or else, I would be dead now."

Zachary was briefly silent before giving Raina a call. "There's a Delivery from Hell. Go and investigate who sent it."

"Understood."

"It wasn't you? Who could it be then?" Charlotte couldn't put two and two together. "Who would even dare pretend to be you?"

It wasn't strange if someone wanted to harm her. What piqued her curiosity was that the culprit did so in Zachary's name.

"I've sent men to investigate so we'll know soon enough." Zachary wiped the water off his face. "Is there anything else?"

"With regards to the necklace..."

"You still have one day." Zachary didn't budge.

"But..."

Charlotte had wanted to plead for more time. But Zachary had closed his eyes and obviously didn't want to hear any of it.

Pursing her lips, Charlotte glared at him angrily.

There's no way I can see the tattoo with his back to the bathtub.

After giving it some thought, Charlotte remarked on purpose, "Mr. Nacht, I don't understand why you forced me to sign the debt repayment agreement. Have you fallen for me? But I'm already taken."

Zachary growled with a frown, "Get out."

"It's the truth, I'm not bluffing." Charlotte was desperate. "My boyfriend is tall and handsome. Every time I'm in trouble, he would come save me. Besides, he..."

"Who saved you this time?" Zachary opened his eyes and looked at her as if she was an idiot. "And the last time, and the time before that..."

“Yes, you have also saved me many times. But he is different...” Charlotte had an idea and declared on purpose, “He is my first boyfriend and I will never leave him.”

“Oh? What does he do?” Zachary raised his eyebrow curiously.

“He...” Charlotte hesitated before she replied reluctantly, “He works in the service industry.”

I can’t fully confirm that Zachary is Gigolo yet, what if he isn’t?

Hence, she decided not to reveal Gigolo’s identity, for fear of reprisals from Zachary.

“What kind of service?” Zachary tried to trap her.

“Erm... he’s...” Charlotte couldn’t say it but she was terrible at lying. In the end, she found an excuse. “Why should I tell you?”

Zachary wasn’t bothered to entertain her further. Raising his hand, he waved her away.

Charlotte had no choice but to leave when she realized her plan had failed.

Just when she turned around, she kicked her knee against the wall, causing her to yell in pain. Feeling the numbness in her knee, she crouched on the floor to rub it.

“Why are you so clumsy!” Zachary was dumbfounded. “Even a pig is smarter than you!”

“Boohoo... it hurts...” Charlotte was squatting on the floor, crying. “It’s really painful.”

When Zachary saw how pitifully she was sobbing, he couldn't help but sympathize with her. Hence he stood up and walked over.

When Charlotte heard him coming from behind her, her eyes lit up as she knew her moment had arrived.

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“Let me see.” Zachary bent over to check on Charlotte’s leg. “Is it bleeding?”

“It’s really painful...”

Charlotte turned to look at his lower back but screamed when she saw his naked body instead. “Wh-Wh-Why are you naked?”

“Of course, who wears clothes when they’re bathing?” Zachary retorted coldly.

“Scumbag...” Charlotte closed her eyes and didn’t dare open them. “Go put on your bathrobe, quick!”

“Does it not hurt anymore?”

Zachary raised his eyebrow with a smirk. It seems she is playing games with me.

Isn’t she just trying to get a good look at my tattoo?

Now that she can, she refuses to open her eyes instead.

“You’re so annoying!”

Charlotte was so embarrassed that she was blushing all over. Picking herself up, she rushed out frantically.

When she saw how pathetic she looked, Zachary couldn’t help but smile smugly. You’re still no match for me.

Charlotte ran back to her own room and closed the door. Once inside, she couldn’t stop panting.

When she first entered, he was in the bathtub and she was standing three meters away, hence she couldn’t see his body clearly. Despite feeling nervous, she was still able to interact normally.

However, when he stood naked behind her when she was squatting down, she saw a huge object when she turned. It was so close that it almost bumped into her face.

Charlotte was so shocked that she could die.

No, I shan't try and verify his identity in the bathroom ever again. It's just too scary.

With a bath towel wrapped around his waist, Zachary sat on the sofa with a drink in hand. As he looked to the wall on his left, he was slightly aroused when he recalled Charlotte's bashful look.

That foolish woman is so adorable when she's embarrassed.

When he recalled how passionate she was in the car, he couldn't help but crave for her even more.

However, now that she was suspicious of his identity, he was worried that he would expose himself if he got intimate with her.

Forget it, it's better I bear with it.

Despite finishing his whiskey in one gulp, Zachary wasn't feeling sleepy at all. Hence, with a tousle of his wet hair, he walked out to the balcony to admire the night sky.

It was a clear night with the stars shining brightly. From afar he could see the city lights blinking like they were vying for his attention.

The night breeze was gentle and brought with it a refreshing comfort as it blew.

“Mrs. Berry, have you arrived? That’s good to hear...”

When he heard Charlotte’s voice, Zachary turned to look. He saw her wearing a long T-shirt with short sleeves. She was on her phone walking around the balcony barefooted.

As the night breeze blew gently in her hair, there was an air of innocence to her. It made her look unimaginably beautiful.

“Robbie and...”

Charlotte stopped mid-sentence. She came out to the balcony because she was worried about the maids who might hear her. But little did she expect to see Zachary at the balcony too.

His top was bare and only had a towel wrapped around his waist. Glass in hand, he was drinking on the balcony next door.

As they were only four to five meters away from each other, they could see each other clearly. In fact, Charlotte managed to catch a glimpse of a green tattoo on his back.

However, before she could clearly see what the motif was, he had turned his back away.

With his back leaning against the balcony railing, he had a relaxed expression on his face. His demeanor was so calm it looked as if he had nothing to hide at all.

As Charlotte continued talking on the phone, she leaned her body against the railing. Stretching her neck to take a peek, she still couldn’t see his lower back.

She felt so exasperated that she was tempted to jump across and turn his back to see.

“Mommy, Mommy...”

At the other end of the line, Robbie, Jamie, and Ellie were all calling out for Charlotte.

“Wait a moment.”

Charlotte returned to her room with her phone.

Zachary heaved a sigh of relief when he realized she almost saw his tattoo. Luckily, he was vigilant and managed to turn away in time.

However, who is she talking to? Why does she sound so gentle and loving?

I seemed to have heard her mention the name “Robbie”. I wonder who that is.

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With that thought in mind, Zachary's eyebrows furrowed as his grip on his whiskey glass tightened.

After a brief hesitation, he finished his drink at one go. Putting on his bathrobe, he quickly headed out.

Next door, Charlotte was covering her mouth as she spoke softly, "Alright, once I'm done, I will go pick you up."

"Don't worry, I'm someplace safe and so is Fifi. All of you must be good and listen to Mrs. Berry. Safety is of utmost importance."

"Robbie and Jamie, you have to take care of Ellie. I love you..."

Just before she could finish, the door suddenly swung open and a figure stormed in.

Charlotte was given such a fright that she swallowed the word "all" back. She quickly changed her words. "That's all for now. You should go home and rest. Bye."

"Who were you talking to?"

Zachary approached her slowly. His expression looked sullen under the dim light of the room.

"I..." Charlotte wanted to lie but she was too intimidated by his presence. Hence, she told the truth unwittingly, "Mrs. Berry!"

"Hmm?" Zachary raised his eyebrow curiously.

"She is my maid who has been taking care of me since I was little..." Charlotte explained truthfully.

"Since I received the Delivery from Hell today, I felt my home was no longer safe. Hence, I sent her back to her village. She just reached and called to inform me that she's safe."

Other than hiding the children's existence, everything she told him was true.

When Zachary saw that she seemed to be telling the truth, he didn't question her any further. "Rest early. Good night."

"Good night," Charlotte replied.

Zachary took his time leaving. When she didn't ask him to stay despite him already being at the door, he couldn't help but feel upset. Turning around, he asked her coldly, "Is there anything else you want to say?"

"Huh?" Stunned for a moment, Charlotte carefully asked, "Is there anything to eat? I haven't had dinner."

Zachary was dumbfounded at the way Charlotte's brain functioned.

Half an hour later, a maid brought some supper and filled the table with it.

Charlotte couldn't help but gulp when she saw the food. She started off restrained but was quickly wolfing down them down in no time.

Meanwhile, Zachary watched her eat with his legs crossed on the sofa. "No one is going to believe you when you claim your family used to be rich. You're eating as if you have never eaten your whole life."

"You have never gone hungry before, so how would you know how terrible hunger feels?" Charlotte rolled her eyes at him. "You have never had to suffer and don't know what it feels like."

"In that case, are you so poor that you can't afford basic food?" Zachary was curious as to how her life was over the last few years. "Even if your dad went broke, the personal assets he left behind would still be enough to feed and clothe you for life."

"When my dad got into trouble, the only things I had left were my clothes and a piece of jewelry. Nothing else..."

The moment Charlotte was reminded of what happened to her dad, her mood was dampened.

"I sold my jewelry for some money and survived for a few years. Two months ago, it finally ran out. Hence, I started desperately looking for a job.

"That can't be." Zachary was doubtful. "Although your father's company was declared bankrupt, his personal assets were left untouched. His properties, investments, and cars would be worth at least hundreds of millions combined. How is it that you didn't get a penny and had to sell your jewelry for survival?"

Charlotte was stunned when she heard his words. She looked up and asked, "Is that true? Then why did Uncle Simon say that my dad's personal assets were also seized?"

"Who is Uncle Simon?" Zachary asked.

"Simon Windt, Luna's father." The moment she spoke, her expression changed drastically. "Did they take my dad's assets?"

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“Obviously.” Zachary gave her a sympathetic look. “Your father was someone exceptional and yet you didn’t inherit any of his capabilities. How can you not know something as simple as that?”

“I’ll get to the bottom of this...”

Charlotte clenched her fists. Having been cheated of the money aside, Charlotte suspected that there might have been a conspiracy against her dad.

“Good luck.” Zachary stood up to leave.

“Hey!” Charlotte called out to him, “Can’t you help me with this?”

“Since you’re not mine, why should I help you?” Zachary coolly replied. “If you were, I would definitely resolve it for you, no matter what it takes.”

“Sheesh!” Charlotte rolled her eyes at him. “I’ll just look for a lawyer myself.”

“Up to you.” Zachary turned to leave. Without looking back, he remarked, “After all, at nine-thirty tomorrow, you will be mine anyway if you can’t produce the necklace.”

Only then did Charlotte remember the debt repayment agreement and the deadline was nine-thirty at night.

What am I to do? The necklace has been taken by Luna to Arkfield. I definitely can’t get it back.

That night, Charlotte kept turning in her bed and couldn’t sleep. One moment, she would think about the Delivery from Hell. Another moment, she thought about Zachary and Gigolo’s identity. And then she thought about her father’s matter...

She felt as if her brain was going to explode.

Shaking her head, she reminded herself to stop overthinking and to take things step-by-step.

Soon, it was daybreak and Charlotte could finally get some sleep. However, her phone suddenly rang and she answered it in a daze. It was Luna screaming from the other end of the line.

“Charlotte, you b*tch! Hector is going to divorce me just because of you!”

Charlotte hadn’t slept for the whole night. Yet, the moment she closed her eyes, she heard a furious voice cursing and swearing away. For a while, she didn’t realize what was going on.

“It was obviously your children who lost my bracelet. Since you had no money to pay for it, you gave me your necklace as collateral. And yet, you play the victim card in front of my husband? He has just called me and ordered me to send the necklace back. Or else, he is going to divorce me.”

“Let me explain.”

Before she could, she heard Amanda’s voice berating her in the background.

“Charlotte, that agreement was written in black and white. You signed it in front of the teachers and we didn’t force you to do it. But now you went to Hector and complained about us?”

“You b*tch! You really know how to act all innocent. Despite pretending to be the victim, you have the vilest heart of all. I’m warning you, don’t try and seduce Hector while Luna is away. You despicable vixen, Hector will never be serious about you.”

“Are you done yet?” Charlotte couldn’t take it anymore and retorted, “We agreed to exchange the bracelet with the necklace within seven days. Instead, you left the country with it. It’s obvious you are trying to delay the necklace’s return.”

“I will go wherever you want. How dare you restrict my personal freedom...”

“Then, you should stay there and not return,” Charlotte interrupted her and provoked her on purpose.
“Hector has asked me to meet him tonight. We will reminisce about the past happily together.”

“You, how dare...”

“Don’t worry. Since you’re not around, I will have a good time with him.”

With that, Charlotte ended the call.

I have to show that despicable mother-daughter duo who’s boss. Or else, they will keep climbing over my head.

Just when she was thinking about it, her phone rang and it was Hector.

“Hello.”

“Charlotte, I’ve instructed Luna to return to H City immediately and return the necklace to you.”

“Didn’t you say they wanted to tour Arkfield for ten days? What’s with the sudden rush?”

“I was worried that Mr. Nacht made things difficult for you and purposely explained it to him. He told me that you have a three-day deadline until tonight at nine.”

Hector sounded extremely anxious. "Don't worry. Luna has booked the tickets for the return flight. She will arrive at H City airport at eight where I will be waiting for her. I will definitely return the necklace to you."

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Charlotte had mixed emotions when she heard Hector's words. Hector was on extremely bad terms with Zachary to the extent Zachary hurt him. However, he still set aside his pride to plead with Zachary on Charlotte's behalf.

"Lottie, did you hear what I say?"

Hector's voice disrupted Charlotte's train of thought.

"I'm listening," Charlotte softly replied. "Hector, thank you!"

"You don't have to thank me, I owe you..." Hector continued in a depressing tone, "Now, I strongly regret not protecting you by standing up against my family."

"Let bygones be bygones..."

"Stupid woman, it's time for breakfast!"

Suddenly, a voice rang out and interrupted Charlotte.

At the other end of the line, Hector was shocked and felt as if the signal had gone bad.

Covering her phone with her hands, Charlotte frowned at Zachary. "Why do you never knock?"

"This is my home," Zachary replied coldly and left.

Charlotte rolled her eyes and carefully asked Hector, "Are you still there?"

"Are you both together?" Hector asked, trying hard to suppress his emotions.

“No...” Charlotte didn’t know how to explain.

Hector took a deep breath and tried his best to maintain his composure. “Lottie, let’s meet now at the Blue Diamond. I’ll see you there.”

“Hector...”

Before Charlotte could say anything, Hector ended the call.

Charlotte didn’t want to go but she was worried that he would just continue to wait there.

Holding that thought, she quickly bathed and got changed. With the bracelet in her hand, she headed out to see Hector.

However, the moment she left the room and went downstairs, the maids bowed and greeted her politely.

Charlotte was shocked by the attention and quickly responded with a smile.

“Ms. Windt, Mr. Nacht is waiting for you at the garden,” the maid informed politely. “I’ll take you to him.”

“No, no.” Charlotte waved her hands. “Please let him know that I’m going out instead and not having breakfast.”

“Alright, do you need the car? I’ll arrange it for you.”

“Thanks and sorry for the trouble.”

As the villa was huge, Charlotte had to walk for a few minutes before she could get out.

At the entrance, there was a Maybach waiting for her. The driver opened the door for her as she approached.

“The Blue Diamond restaurant please.” Charlotte rushed into the car and urged the driver, “Please hurry.”

“Will do, Ms. Windt.” The driver started the engine and began to drive.

As Charlotte looked out the window, she could see the garden from afar. Zachary was sitting under a parasol having breakfast and the maid seemed to be informing him of her plans. After that, he turned to look in her direction.

She was so frightened that she ducked, worried that he would order the car to stop.

However, he did no such thing and the car smoothly drove out of the villa.

Charlotte heaved a sigh of relief. Luckily, the Devil isn't that crazy to restrict my freedom.

Charlotte rushed towards the Blue Diamond.

Hector had booked the whole restaurant and was waiting for her by the window. His lonely silhouette looked especially forlorn.

Taking a deep breath, Charlotte mentally prepared herself and walked in.

"You're here!" Hector shifted his attention from the window towards her. His tone was incredibly gentle.

"Is your wound better?" Charlotte sat down and asked in concern.

"Much better."

Staring at the red mark on her neck, Hector's grip on the coffee cup tensed up.

Charlotte didn't notice the change in him as she took out the bracelet from her bag. "Here, I'm returning it to you."

"Actually, the bracelet was meant for you." When Hector saw the bracelet, he couldn't help but lament the past. "This is the Sterling family's heirloom for their daughters-in-law..."

"Then you should give it to Luna because she is their daughter-in-law." Charlotte smiled faintly.

Hector fell silent in response. After a brief moment, he asked in a solemn tone, "Charlotte, if Luna and I were to get divorced, would you still give me another chance?"

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"It's better if we stay friends." Charlotte nipped his idea in the bud.

"Why?" Hector frowned. "Is it because of Mr. Nacht?"

"It has nothing to do with anyone else." Charlotte smiled wryly. "Sometimes, there's nothing we can do to change the past. We should look ahead instead."

Hector clenched his fists in silence.

"Call me when you get the necklace." Charlotte stood up to leave. "I'm going now. You take care."

"Don't you ever wonder about why your father died?" Hector exclaimed softly.

Charlotte stopped in her tracks and sat down. "Hector, do you know something?"

"You should ask Zachary when you get back." Hector's voice was grim.

"What do you mean?" Charlotte inquired anxiously. "Are you saying that Zachary has something to do with my dad's death?"

Hector had a troubled look on his face. After a long silence, he changed topics. "Forget it, your life is peaceful now. I don't want you to get into trouble."

"Does he really have something to do with it?" Charlotte widened her eyes in shock. "Impossible. It can't be true."

"Do you trust him that much?" Hector furrowed his eyebrows.

"You're not telling me everything." Charlotte grew desperate. "What do you know? Spit it out."

After some hesitation, Hector replied softly, "It was Nacht Group's hostile takeover that caused the Windt Corporation to go bankrupt in three days. And your father couldn't accept it..."

"What?"

Charlotte felt as if her mind was blown by the news.

She remembered the first day she went for an interview at Divine Corporation. She met Mr. Looney who doused himself with kerosene and wanted to die together with Zachary.

At that time, Mr. Looney said that he had offended Zachary, who caused him to go bankrupt.

When she saw him then, he reminded her of her father. Come to think of it now, did Dad and Mr. Looney meet the same fate?

"I didn't want to tell you at first because there's nothing you can do to change the past. In fact, if you knew the truth, it might put you in danger. However, when I saw how close you were getting to Zachary, I felt the need to remind you..."

"I have to get to the bottom of this." Charlotte clenched her fists and declared emotionally, "If someone was responsible for my father's death, I will definitely avenge him."

"Revenge?" Hector grabbed onto Charlotte's hand by impulse. "Lottie, the Nacht family is a lot more powerful than you can imagine. You shouldn't think about revenge. All you should do is stay away from Zachary."

"I know what I'm doing." Charlotte retracted her hand and raised her gaze at Hector. "Hector, let me ask you this, do Simon and Amanda have anything to do with my dad's death?"

Hector was dumbfounded. "What do you ask?"

"I found out that although my dad's company got into trouble, his personal assets were not seized. However, Thomas and the other shareholders told me that everything my dad had was taken while Simon and his wife avoided seeing me."

Charlotte looked at Hector intently, "Do you know about this?"

"Not really." Hector responded calmly. "I don't know much about the Whites."

"In that case, can you tell me why you married Luna then?"

Charlotte felt that all these were part of the mother-daughter duo's plans.

"I..." Hector hesitated and lowered his head. "After I saw the news about what happened to you at Sultry Night, I was devastated and had too much to drink. Then, I made a mistake..."

After a brief pause, he let out a sigh. "I wanted to compensate her financially. But, a month later, Luna was pregnant and both mother and daughter came to see my parents. At that time, your family was the talk of the town. Even my family was badly affected. Hence, my parents were extremely angry and wanted me to get married to stop the rumors. Therefore, I..."

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After his revelation, Hector felt ashamed of himself. That incident had become a painful memory for him. He didn't want to bring it up in front of anyone, especially Charlotte.

"So, that was what happened."

Charlotte finally understood what happened. The mother-daughter duo sowed discord between Hector and her. After that, they hooked her up with a male escort to destroy her innocence. Following the incident, they got the media to destroy her reputation. Finally, they let Luna seize upon Hector's moment of weakness to seduce him.

Unfortunately, both Hector and Charlotte were too innocent to see through their schemes. Hence, both of them were ensnared by the trap.

"Actually, after getting to know the mother-daughter duo better, I surmised that they were the ones behind what happened. It's just that... when I see my son, I just couldn't bear to hold them accountable."

Hector let out a deep sigh as remorse overwhelmed him.

"I understand your predicament." Charlotte smiled wryly. "After Luna returns the necklace, I will get the kids transferred to another school. As long as the mother-daughter duo don't bother me, we can draw a clear line between each other."

With that, she stood up to leave.

"Lottie!" Hector grabbed her hand and gazed deep into her eyes. "Please give me another chance. Once I resolve this mistake, I will be free to be with you."

"The ship has sailed. There's no way we can go back."

Charlotte retracted her hand and left resolutely.

Despite her regrets and lingering feelings for Hector, it was clear to her that rewinding the clock was impossible.

As Hector watched Charlotte leave with a forlorn expression, he didn't notice that someone was taking pictures of them secretly.

Charlotte planned to take a taxi back but noticed that the Nachts' family Maybach was still waiting for her.

She quickly got in and thanked the driver.

On the way back, there was a lot on her mind.

Zachary told her that her dad's personal assets were not seized. In that case, Simon and his family must have taken over her family's assets. As for Hector's revelation that it was the Nacht Group's takeover of Windt Corporation that caused it to go bankrupt..."

On the surface, these two matters seem unrelated. But in reality, they were in conflict with each other.

If what Zachary said is true, that would mean there is a traitor amongst the Whites. It would also mean that Zachary's conscience is clear. Or else, why would he bring it up for me to investigate?

However, given Charlotte's understanding of Hector, she knew he wouldn't lie. Let alone malign Zachary.

What is really going on?

Charlotte got a headache just thinking about it. Sighing, she looked out the window. Just when she wanted to calm herself down, she saw Bar DTT being sealed off.

Stunned, she quickly cried out, "Stop the car."

The driver stopped by the roadside.

When she alighted to investigate, she saw the sealing notice stating that it was a permanent closure. Puzzled, she gave Peter a call.

"Hello, Charlotte?"

"Peter, I just passed by the bar just now and saw it being sealed. What happened?"

"We've stopped doing business and are closed forever." Peter was depressed.

"Why?"

"There's no need for you to know. By the way, Charlotte, I have transferred your pay for your final night into your account. Did you receive it?"

"I'll check it in a while."

"Let me know once you do."

"I will."

"Charlotte, if you have the chance please beg for mercy on behalf of Chris..."

"Wait, what?" Charlotte was stunned.

"Nothing, just pretend I didn't say anything. Goodbye."

Peter ended the call quickly.

Stunned, it took a while for Charlotte to regain her senses. Did the bar's closure have something to do with Chris?

She thought back to that night where Chris was drugged and lost his mind. When he tried to force himself on her, it was Gigolo that saved her.

Did Gigolo take revenge on Chris and even closed Bar DTT?

However, Gigolo is just a gigolo. He isn't capable of something like that.

Unless he is Zachary!

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 186

Indeed, Zachary was the only one who had the ability to stop the Bar DTT from operating.

Charlotte then thought about Bruce, the Rolls-Royce, and all the other pieces of evidence.

Everything was pointing toward the fact that Zachary was the gigolo.

If that's true, then Zachary is the father of my children.

Well, I guess a genius president who's powerful in the corporate world is better than a gigolo from a nightclub.

At those thoughts, Charlotte could not help but feel overjoyed. In fact, she even started imagining the scene of her children meeting their father.

However, she soon stopped her wishful thinking.

No, if Nacht Group had been the one who took over Windt Corporation and led it to bankruptcy, which in turn forced my father to a dead end, then Zachary is the murderer of my father.

How can the murderer of my father be the father of my children?

At that thought, Charlotte's heart sank.

"Ms. Windt!"

The driver's voice interrupted Charlotte's train of thoughts. Returning to her senses, she said to the driver, "I have something to attend to. You can go back first."

"All right." The driver nodded to her before leaving.

Charlotte then took out her phone and started calling a list of people that she had not contacted for a long time.

“Mr. Walker, I’m Charlotte. I’m hoping to talk to you-”

Before she could finish her sentence, the man had ended the call.

“Ms. Freeman, I’m Charlotte-”

The call ended again.

“Mr. Judd, I’m Charlotte. Yes, I’m back. Are you free to meet? I’m hoping to talk to you about my father.”

She made fifteen consecutive calls, but only four picked up, and only one agreed to meet.

Charlotte rushed to the location they agreed on.

On her way there, she felt conflicted. On one hand, she wished that Zachary were the gigolo, but on the other, she hoped that he wasn’t.

In fact, she wished Hector had made a mistake—that the bankruptcy of Windt Corporation and her father’s death had nothing to do with Zachary.

Soon, she reached Judd Realty. Upon entering the office and seeing its surroundings, Charlotte was surprised.

The vice president of Windt Corporation and Richard's right-hand man, Jeffrey Judd, now had a real estate company with a grand total of five employees.

When Jeffrey saw Charlotte, an awkward expression crept upon his face. He quickly assigned tasks to his subordinates before he led Charlotte to a nearby café. In a rather passionate yet slightly awkward manner, he greeted, "Miss, it's been many years since we've seen each other. You still look the same. I've been thinking of contacting you, but I was worried that I'd disrupt your life."

"There's no need to be so formal. Just call me by my name," Charlotte replied with a smile.

"How can I?" Jeffrey panicked. "You're Mr. Windt's daughter, and Mr. Windt's my savior."

"My Dad helped many people, but you're the only one who agreed to meet with me. I'm already grateful for that."

Charlotte sighed before she finally started the solemn topic.

"Mr. Judd, I know you're busy, so I'll be frank with you. I'm here because I wish to find out what happened four years ago. Why did Windt Corporation suddenly go bankrupt? Why did my father decide to take such extreme actions?"

"I..." Upon broaching the subject, Jeffrey became melancholic. "Mr. Windt had told me not to tell you about those things, he hoped that you can lead a peaceful life."

"Mr. Judd--"

"Before he passed on, he left something for you," Jeffrey interrupted.

He then took out a small box from his pocket. In the box was a black key that he handed to her with a grave expression.

“Mr. Windt said to give you this when you come to look for me. The item’s in Oakhill Mausoleum’s number 101 safe. There are two locks on it, and the passcode is your mother’s birthday.”

Upon hearing those words and seeing the black key, tears welled up in Charlotte’s eyes.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 187

Charlotte had known since young that her father had a red wooden box. In the box were some important documents, as well as her mother's photo.

Although she had never seen her mother, her father always told her that her mother was like an angel and a perfect woman.

Her mother had gone missing after giving birth to her, and her father never gave up trying to find his wife ever since.

He worked hard to climb up to the top of the corporate world, just so that he could see her soon.

Although Charlotte understood nothing back then, she knew her father loved her mother dearly, and her mother was an excellent woman.

As such, even though her mother had never taken care of her, she never felt a hint of grievance toward her. All she felt was a sense of longing for her mother.

After her father passed away, Charlotte thought of looking for the red wooden box. However, she could not find it anywhere. In the end, she thought it had been seized. It was only now that she found out her father had put it at Oakhill Mausoleum before his death.

Perhaps he had realized something would happen to him early on, and that was why he had made early preparations for his daughter.

"Mr. Judd, why didn't you tell me about this earlier?" Charlotte took the key with slightly trembling hands. "I've been looking high and low for this box four years ago."

Jeffrey sighed and murmured, "If I were to give you the box four years ago, many would've been after it. Too many people had their eyes on you back then. You were like a fish on the board, waiting to be gutted. There was no way you could defend yourself. Your father expected that, and that was why he

asked me to hand this to you five years later. I never thought you'd come to me a year earlier than the expected date."

"So, my Dad planned this early on." Charlotte took in a deep breath as she collected herself. "What happened back then? Can you talk to me about it? I just want to know the truth."

"Miss, it's best if you stop asking about it." Jeffrey's brows were tightly knitted, and he muttered, "I can only say that it's impossible for Mr. Windt to commit suicide when he has a precious daughter to take care of and a beloved wife to find. He was set up by someone."

At that, Jeffrey became so agitated that his hand that was holding the cup shook.

"Who is it?" Charlotte questioned. "Who set my father up?"

"That person is too powerful for you to win against." Jeffrey clenched his fists, trying his best to hold back his emotions. "It's all in the past now, and it won't be good for you to learn too much. It's best if you just protect yourself well."

"But--"

"Miss, I still have some matters to attend to in the office. I'll take my leave first."

Before Charlotte could ask him more questions, Jeffrey stood up and was about to leave.

"Mr. Judd--"

Charlotte wanted to stop him, but he was swift to leave. After taking a few steps, he seemed to have recalled something and turned around to tell her, "By the way, Miss, you have to be careful about Simon Windt and his family."

With that, Jeffrey left.

Charlotte stared at his retreating figure as a myriad of emotions washed over her. What did he mean by that? He said that the person who set my Dad up is powerful, and now he's telling me to be wary of Simon and his family. In other words, he's telling me...

The one who set my father up isn't Simon.

Could it really be Zachary then?

Hundreds of thoughts raced across Charlotte's mind as she stared at the black key in her hands. She hesitated, wondering if she should head to Oakhill Mausoleum now for the red wooden box.

It was too dangerous at home, and she could not possibly bring the box to Zachary's place.

There was nowhere safe for the box to be at, so Charlotte felt that leaving the box in Oakhill Mausoleum would be the best decision to make.

After mulling over it, Charlotte decided to return to Zachary's place first.

She left the café and was about to hail a cab when she realized she did not know the address of Nachts' residence.

Right then, a Maybach drove over, and its driver came down the car to open the door for her. Respectfully, the driver said, "Ms. Windt, this way please."

“Why are you here?” Charlotte blurted out.

“Mr. Nacht has instructed me to bring you back safely, so I’ve been waiting for you from afar. I hope I haven’t disrupted you,” the driver explained politely.

However, his words sent chills running down Charlotte’s spine. She suddenly realized Zachary was watching every move she made. It was impossible for her to escape from Zachary.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 188

By the time she returned to the Nachts' residence, the sun had set. As night approached, it looked as though a black veil had blanketed across the sky, making it look mysterious and distant.

Coming down from the car, Charlotte was distracted. Various questions were running amok in her mind, waiting for the answers that could settle them down.

"Ms. Windt," greeted the surrounding guards and maids.

For a moment, Charlotte felt as if she was the lady of the house.

She shook her head, trying to shake the thought off her mind. "Where's Mr. Nacht?" she asked.

"Mr. Nacht is at the pool. I'll lead you there," a maid replied.

"All right. Thank you."

Charlotte followed the maid across the garden to the pool. From afar, she could see a large blue lamp shining at the pool.

The light made the surface of the pool shimmer, and she could see a figure swimming in it.

Under the light, his slender figure seemed nimble. Looking at him, she could feel that familiar enigmatic sense exuding off him.

Charlotte jogged toward him. She wanted to use the opportunity to find out whether he had the tattoo on his lower back.

However, when she went closer, she realized the pool was huge, and Zachary was swimming in the middle of it. From the land, she could see a patch of dark green on his back, which meant he had a tattoo. Nonetheless, she could not see the design of his tattoo clearly.

Charlotte's heart leaped into her throat as she jogged to the other end of the pool.

She wanted to get closer to him for a better view.

However, the moment she came closer, he swam to the other side. Hence, she jogged over again.

What happened next was her running after him as he swam laps.

When Zachary surfaced and wiped his face, he gave her a mocking look.

It was as though he was looking at a fool.

"Are you doing this intentionally?" Charlotte huffed as she hunched over, tired from all the chasing.

With a smile, he lowered himself into the water again and continued swimming.

The tattoo seemed to fade in and out of his back, tempting Charlotte to come closer.

Furious, Charlotte whirled around to leave, but her footsteps halted after taking a few steps.

No. I can't leave. If I don't find out about his identity today, I'm not sure I'll have any more future opportunities to do so.

Even if we're in the bedroom, I doubt I would have the time nor sense to find out about his tattoo...

It's crowded here, so he can't do much to me.

With that thought, Charlotte returned. Beside the pool were ivory lounge chairs and tables. On the table was a bottle of red wine, a bucket of ice, and some desserts.

Charlotte took an ice cube out from the bucket and tossed it at Zachary.

The ice cube landed beside him, and Zachary jolted a little before he continued swimming.

Charlotte then tossed another piece. Like the previous ice cube, this one landed beside Zachary again.

After a few seconds, Zachary popped out of the water and shot a glare at her.

She threw a handful of ice cubes at him.

This time, the ice cubes landed on Zachary's back, bottom, and head.

Finally, Zachary was enraged, and he started swimming in her direction.

Standing at the edge of the pool, Charlotte tiptoed as she tried to peek at Zachary's back.

I must see his tattoo this time.

Like a sailfish, Zachary came close to her in seconds.

Meanwhile, Charlotte continued staring at the tattoo on his back. Under the blue light, the patch of ink started getting clearer and clearer.

Just as she was about to see the pattern clearly, a hand suddenly grabbed her ankle and tugged on it.

Splash!

Charlotte fell right into the pool. Her arms flailed about as water invade her nose and mouth. She was struggling like a cat that was drowning.

In the meantime, Zachary simply watched her from the side, indifferent to her struggles. In fact, a taunting smile was plastered on his lips.

Just as Charlotte was about to sink into the water, Zachary finally reached out to scoop her out of the pool.

Ptooeey!

Charlotte spat out a mouthful of pool water right onto Zachary's face.

Zachary quickly shut his eyes before he gritted out, "Charlotte Windt, you're dead meat!"

Charlotte panted for a while before she came back to her senses. Immediately, she turned Zachary around to look at his lower waist.ary.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 189

Still dripping with water, Zachary's tanned skin was a sight to behold under the blue light. There was a long scar slanted across his waist that gave off the illusion of cutting his waist in half.

Under the scar was a tattoo.

Right as Charlotte was about to find out what the tattoo looked like, Zachary grabbed her by the hair and forced her to look at his enraged face.

"You-"

Before Charlotte could say anything, Zachary bit down on her cold, red lips.

Like a beast that was gnawing on its prey, he nibbled on her lips like he was giving her a vindictive punishment. His bite made Charlotte's lips numb, and she was close to suffocating.

In her panic, Charlotte struggled, but she was trapped in his arms, unable to defend herself.

His kisses engulfed her just like how a thunderstorm would, and the movements of his hands were getting wilder and wilder.

Just as he was about to break through the last of her defenses, she widened her eyes, full-blown panicking.

"Mr. Nacht, we have news from Mr. Bruce-"

A voice reported from behind him, but it stopped halfway.

Evidently, the man was stunned by the scene in front of him, and he promptly shut his mouth.

Reluctantly, Zachary let go of Charlotte before he cupped her cheek with one hand and glide his thumb past her swollen lips. "Remember never to infuriate me again."

Charlotte panted, panic evident in her eyes. Like a frightened doe, she trembled.

With a quick jump, Zachary easily left the pool and covered himself with his bathrobe.

Meanwhile, Charlotte clambered ashore and scurried off.

"We have an hour before it's nine," Zachary muttered his reminder in a gloomy tone.

Charlotte shuddered as she recalled the promise she made to him.

It was already eight now. She wondered if Luna had reached H City in time.

She quickly searched for her phone, only to realize her phone was by the edge of the pool, soaked in water.

In a hurry, she grabbed the phone and fled the scene.

Zachary stared at her panicked movements as his lips curled into a smirk.

He only averted his gaze long after Charlotte had disappeared from his view. In a deep voice, he queried, "How's Bruce doing?"

"It was a failure," the subordinate carefully replied. "Ms. Summers is hoping that you'll go..."

The man then trailed off, fearing to continue.

“Tell Bruce to come back.” Zachary seemed to have no reaction to the news.

“Yes, Mr. Nacht.”

After returning to her room with her phone, Charlotte realized she had two missed calls from Hector.

She tried calling him back only to find out that her phone was malfunctioning; she could not make any calls.

Alarmed, she quickly wiped the phone dry before trying again. However, her efforts were to no avail.

Anxious, she was about to borrow a phone to call Hector when her phone rang with the caller ID showing her that it was none other than Hector.

Charlotte tried multiple times to accept the call, and finally, right before the call ended, she succeeded. It had been a tough task, so by the time she answered the call, her hands were trembling from agitation.

“Hector.”

“Lottie, I’ve gotten the necklace, and it’s on its way. I’m just worried that the Nacht family’s guards won’t let me in.”

“That’s great news. I’ll tell Zachary right away to let you in.”

“All right. Wait for me.”

After ending the call, Charlotte clenched her phone, thrilled, and was about to look for Zachary.

Right then, Zachary walked by her room, barefoot and wrapped in a bathrobe.

Charlotte darted to him. "I need to talk to you."

"It's the middle of the night, you're soaked, and you've rushed into a man's room. What are you planning to talk about?"

With a burning gaze, Zachary swept his eyes up and down her body.

Droplets of water were still dripping from her soaked clothes, and the fabric was sticking to her skin, displaying her perfect figure. Her flawless, fair skin seemed to shine under the artificial lights, and it tempted him.

"We've gotten the ruby necklace, and Hector is on his way to deliver it here. As long as the guards let him pass, he'll be able to deliver it before nine..."

"Isn't he a capable man?" Zachary interrupted as he turned and sat on the couch. "Let him think of a way to enter this place then."

"You-" Charlotte's face flushed with rage. "You're deliberately making this difficult for us."

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Instead of denying it, Zachary shrugged. He then poured himself half a glass of wine and savored it slowly.

“Why are you doing this?” Charlotte was close to exploding in fury. “Do you have a grudge against my father? Is that why you’re toying with me?”

Hearing those words, Zachary paused and looked at her. “Did someone say something to you?”

“Why? Are you feeling guilty?” Charlotte questioned. “Does my father’s company’s bankruptcy have something to do with you?”

That was the question she wanted the answer to the most. Although it was risky to voice it out, she had no other options.

After all, she lacked the ability to investigate him. So she might as well be direct with him.

“Who told you that?” Zachary narrowed his eyes dangerously.

“Seeing that you’re not denying it, does that mean it’s true?”

Charlotte did not want to accept this as her reality, but with how he reacted, it seemed like that was the truth.

Instead of answering her questions, Zachary asked, “Was it Hector?”

“He has nothing to do with this,” Charlotte hurriedly drew the line between Hector and the matter. “Tell me. Did you acquire my father’s company with malicious intents and caused the bankruptcy of Windt Corporation?”

“Very well.” Zachary swirled the wine in his glass. “When he pleaded for mercy earlier, I’ve decided to let him off. But, since he’s pulling dirty tricks on me now, I guess all that’s left for him is to perish.”

With that, he took out his phone and made a call. “Cease Sterling Group’s project.”

“Don’t-” Charlotte tried to stop him, but Zachary had already ended the call. She anxiously explained, “This has nothing to do with him!”

“Do you feel bad for him?” The corner of Zachary’s lips curled upward as he cast a mocking gaze on her. “Why don’t we make a bet then?”

“What do you mean? What are you trying to do?”

Panic had overtaken Charlotte’s mind. All she knew then was that the man in front of her was terrifying.

Leisurely, Zachary lit his cigar. Right then, a call came in. “Mr. Nacht, Hector Sterling’s car is parked at the greenway. He says he’s here to deliver something to you.”

“Let him in,” Zachary ordered.

“Yes, Sir.”

After ending the call, he looked up at her, and she could see an evil glint in his eyes. “So? Will you bet with me?”

“What are you trying to do?” A sense of foreboding rose in Charlotte’s heart.

“Give it a second, and you’ll find out.” Zachary glanced at her translucent, soaked clothes before ordering, “Tidy yourself up in the bathroom.”

It was only then that Charlotte realized she was soaked and dripping all over the floor. She was about to return to her room when she heard the noises of a car outside. Hector had arrived.

In her panic, she entered Zachary’s bathroom instead.

While she was tidying herself up, Hector’s meek voice came from the outside. “Mr. Nacht, here’s your ruby necklace. My deepest apologies. My wife is not the most sensible woman. I apologize to you on behalf of her for offending you.”

“Why are you still standing outside? Come in and have a seat.” Zachary sounded polite.

“Thank you.” Hector walked into the room.

It was then Zachary ordered in the direction of the bathroom, “Come out.”

Charlotte shuddered in fear, but she steeled herself and walked out.

Her hair was still damp, and she was wrapped in a bathrobe too large to be hers.

Hector halted in his tracks. Emotions flashed across his eyes when he looked at her, including shock, sadness, and disappointment.

“He delivered this here for you. Why aren’t you thanking him yet?”

Zachary pointed at Hector with the cigar between his fingers.

Charlotte furrowed her brows but remained silent. At that moment, she knew Hector had misunderstood the scene.

With the way things were between them, even though she had no need to explain to Hector anything she was doing, it still did not sit well with her to have stepped into a trap.

“Mr. Nacht, please take a look at the necklace. If there are no problems, I’ll be taking my leave.”

Right as Hector was speaking, he received a message on his phone. When he read the message, his face ashen, and he cried out, “Mr. Nacht, why did you stop my project?”

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“Because you’re sticking your nose into where it doesn’t belong.” Zachary shot an icy glare at Hector.

“I...” Hector stood transfixed for a moment before he blurted out an explanation, “I’m giving this necklace back because of my wife’s mistake. It has nothing to do with anyone else.”

“Do you mean you’re not doing this for her?” Zachary pointed at Charlotte.

“No.” Hector dropped his head, not daring to look at Charlotte.

Hearing his response, Charlotte knitted her brows, an uneasy feeling crept within her.

She knew Hector was saying those words to protect himself, but to look at how meek he had become sent indescribable feelings to her heart.

“Tell me then, what does the bankruptcy of Windt Corporation have to do with me?” Zachary questioned.

Hector shuddered as his face paled further.

“He’s not the one who told me about it,” Charlotte explained. “This has nothing to do with him.”

“Speak!” Zachary roared.

Shuddering again, Hector stuttered, “I-I-I don’t know.”

Instead of shouting again, Zachary kept his glacial gaze fixed on the other man.

“What are you doing?” Charlotte quickly jumped to Hector’s defense. “Why are you dragging others into our problem?”

“Hmm, you’re right.” Zachary suddenly changed his tone as he smiled. “Mr. Sterling, don’t be afraid. I was just asking.”

Like Charlotte, Hector frowned in confusion.

“It’s just a necklace worth a hundred million. There’s no need for you to deliver this to me personally.”

Zachary then threw the ruby necklace to Hector as though he was rewarding money to a beggar. “Here. Think of it as my investment and use it to start the project.”

“Do you mean...” Hector trailed off, bewildered. “I can restart my project?”

The necklace was a symbolism of the opportunity Zachary was giving to him.

“Of course.” Zachary leaned back on the sofa as he swayed his glass gracefully. “However, that item can only have one value. Whether you use the ruby necklace to start your project or to buy her freedom is up to you.”

Hearing Zachary’s words, the hair behind Charlotte’s neck stood up.

So that’s the bet he was talking about. The bet is about Hector’s choice.

Will he choose the company, or will he choose me?

He can only choose one...

Charlotte knew how crucial the project was to the Sterlings for Hector to plead meekly with Zachary.

Now that the Browns and Divine Corporation were pressuring them, if the Sterlings could not carry out this project successfully, bankruptcy would be waiting for them.

It was impossible for Hector to give up on his last chance in a situation like this.

However, if he chose family, he would be giving up on her once again.

It would be a reenactment of what happened four years ago.

That being said, a lot of things had changed since four years ago. As such, even if Hector chose to abandon her for his family again, Charlotte would no longer feel the same disappointment and grievance she once felt.

She had long since let go of those feelings of hers.

He was the only one who still held onto those feelings.

What Zachary was doing now was to drive a wedge between them, forcing Hector to let go of his feelings. From then on, he would then be too ashamed to continue clinging to Charlotte.

At the same time, Charlotte would finally give up the last shred of hope she had for him.

After all, human nature had always been cruel.

They could forgive and understand, but that did not mean there would not be any hard feelings left.

“Women have nothing to do with business. Why do you have to involve her in this?” Hector panicked.
“Mr. Nacht, if you aren’t satisfied with the terms I’ve mentioned earlier, we can-”

“There is nothing to discuss,” Zachary cut him off. He then stated, “You have a minute to make your decision. Her, or your company.”

With that, he stood up and headed to the bathroom.

He was giving space for Hector and Charlotte to talk things out.

The entire time, Hector’s fists were clenched tight, and his eyes were reddened. His emotions were threatening to spill over.

Charlotte looked at him with pity in her eyes. Countless words bubbled in her heart, but none came out of her mouth.

She knew she could never escape Zachary. At the end of the day, she was destined to be his plaything.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 192

Hector was caught in a dilemma. It was as if two hands were tugging his heart in two different directions, threatening to shred him into pieces.

He wanted to protect Charlotte, but he could not endanger his company.

Even if he knew this was Zachary's trap, he could not do anything about it.

"Hector..." Charlotte finally spoke, breaking the silence of the tense atmosphere. "Don't think too much about it, just go with your heart."

"Charlotte, I don't want to let you down like I did four years ago," Hector croaked. "But I can't just let my company die. Sterling Group is founded upon the blood, sweat, and tears of three generations of the Sterlings."

"I understand." Charlotte plastered on a stiff smile. "This isn't like the past. Your company is the only thing you should be responsible for now."

"But what about you?" Hector breathed.

"He won't do much to me," Charlotte replied with feigned casualness. "You don't need to worry about me."

"He won't do much to you?" Hector looked at the bathrobe on her as several emotions flitted across his eyes. "You had always been a proud person who held firmly to your morals and principle, but now..."

Hector could not continue speaking. His knuckles had long since turned white from how hard he was clenching his fists, and she could see the helplessness and a hint of stubbornness in his eyes.

Charlotte knew he must have misunderstood the situation, but she could not be bothered to explain to him. All she did was put on a bitter smile. "You're right. But do you know what made me turn into this?"

Her words caused the atmosphere to turned tense again.

If the Sterlings had not trimmed their sails back then and broke off the engagement with the Windt family the moment they found out about the bankruptcy, she would not have stepped into Luna's trap. All those things would not have happened, and she would not have ended up in this way.

Therefore, Hector was mainly responsible for what she had become.

"I'm sorry." Hector lowered his head in guilt.

"So? Have you made up your mind?"

Just then, Zachary's arrogant voice traveled to their ears.

"Mr. Nacht, I think we should have a private talk."

Hector was not about to give in just yet. He still wanted to protect both his company and her.

"I don't have time to talk to you." Zachary sat down on the couch and crossed his legs. "I'll give you ten more seconds. Either take her, or take it." He pointed at the ruby necklace with his toe. "Pick one."

"I-" Hector had more to say when his phone rang. He quickly walked to the side of the room and picked it up. "Hello? What?"

“Dad, don’t panic. I’m thinking of a way. I know, I know. I’ll call you back later.”

Ending the call, Hector hurriedly begged Zachary, “Mr. Nacht, can’t you spare us? Why did you stop the entire project? This is too great of a loss for us to bear.”

“So?” Zachary lifted a brow and sneered.

“I...”

Hector was at loss for words. Now, Zachary was the man who was pulling all the strings. Whoever he wanted dead would be dead in the next second.

There was no room for discussion.

“You have three seconds left.” Zachary lifted his fingers and started counting down. “Three...”

“Mr. Nacht-”

“Two...”

“Mr. Nacht, please-”

“If you keep this up, you won’t even get to choose.”

By now, Zachary was frowning in impatience.

“I...”

Hector glanced at the ruby necklace before turning to look at Charlotte as he struggled with his choice.

Just then, his phone rang again.

Sweat rolled down his temples, and his eyes were bloodshot.

Unable to watch him any further, Charlotte was about to take the ruby necklace for him.

Almost at the same time, Hector reached out to take the ruby necklace.

The pendant glided across the back of Charlotte’s hand, and she subconsciously raised her head to look at him.

The two locked eyes in silence.

Although she could understand the reason for his choice, and she supported his decision, she was still stunned by how eager he was to take the necklace in the end.

His decision to pick the necklace was like a dagger that stabbed deep in her heart, sending her waves of agony.

“Lottie, I-”

Hector was panicking. He realized Charlotte had wanted to make the choice for him, but he was quicker than her by one second.

Just like that, everything he said to her earlier meant nothing now...

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“Very good.” Zachary gave him a satisfied smile. “A man who knows and submits to his own circumstances is a wise man.”

“Mr. Nacht, can you-”

“Send him off.” Zachary gave no opportunity for Hector to speak.

The security guard entered the room to escort Hector out of the villa.

The entire time, Hector’s guilt-filled eyes were fixed on Charlotte, but the latter never lifted her head to look at him.

What happened four years ago had been fate’s cruel trick, but everything that happened now was his choice.

No matter how stumped he was about the options, he still made the same decision he made back then—to give up on her in order to protect his family’s century-old company.

Four years ago, they were engaged when he abandoned her. She could feel aggrieved by his actions back then, but now, they barely had a relationship. She could not possibly hold a grudge against him for making a choice like this.

Nonetheless, his action was like a knife to her heart that could never be removed from now on.

This was the very end of their long love and regretful past.

“How do you feel?” Zachary nudged Charlotte’s leg with his toe as he crowed, “Have you finally given up on him?”

“Are you happy now?” Charlotte glared at him with eyes filled with hatred. “You’ve destroyed my last hope. Do you feel elated?”

“Have your mind not cleared up yet?” Zachary looked at her as if she was a fool. “The one who destroyed your hope was Hector, not me.”

Not wanting to continue speaking to him, Charlotte turned to leave. However, he tugged on her shirt, and she fell into his arms.

She tried to break free from him, but his mighty arms locked her in place.

“Let me go,” Charlotte snarled as she struggled.

“I dare you to move again,” Zachary growled after lifting a brow.

Charlotte was furious, but she had no choice other than to tamp down her anger. The only action she could do to convey her wrath was to glare at him.

“Sign it.”

Zachary shoved the debt repayment agreement to her.

“Why should I?” Charlotte argued. “You’ve already gotten back the necklace. You were the one who gave it up, using it to threatened Hector with it. What makes you think I’ll sign it?”

“Are you arguing with me?” Zachary sneered. “Let me make this clear for you, you’re the one who lost the necklace in the beginning. As such, it’s only natural that I’ll look for you as the one being responsible. Now, Hector is the one who took the necklace away. You can sue him for theft and scam, but it doesn’t change the fact that you still owe me.”

“You-”

There was no way Charlotte could win against him in the argument. He was always the one to decide the right and the wrong.

All she could do was to yield to his words.

“Be good now, and sign it.” Zachary slotted a pen into her hand.

Looking at the debt repayment agreement, fury surged from within her, and she tore the paper into pieces. “Don’t ever think of controlling me! If you want to sue me, go ahead! I won’t do what you’re trying to trick me into.”

With that, she flung the torn pieces of paper at him before storming off.

Zachary’s face fell as a grim look entered his eyes.

However, this time, he did not punish her with violence. Instead, he simply let her leave.

Seems like I need to teach her a lesson so that she’ll know what it feels like to be hopeless and in despair...

“Mr. Nacht, Ms. Windt...”

“Let her leave.”

Zachary walked to the windowsill and looked down at her moving figure.

He saw that the woman had changed back into the clothes she came in and she left the villa without taking anything with her.

After receiving Zachary's instructions, none of the maids dared to stop her. They parted when she walked past them.

As she strode out of his residence, she felt as if she was walking out of his world. There was a spring to her steps and she held her head high, looking like a battle-worn warrior who had achieved freedom.

Having the feeling that he was probably watching her from afar, she waved her hand without turning around, seemingly bidding him farewell.

A taunting sneer grew on Zachary's lips as he retreated back to his bedroom and drew the curtains close. He then leaned back on his couch and returned to his drink.

He was sure that in less than an hour, she would be back to plead for mercy.

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It took Charlotte half an hour before she reached the main gate of the villa. Outside was a greenway with trees planted on both sides that had street lights installed on them, illuminating the road to her freedom.

Puffing up her chest, she continued her way out.

There was a breeze that night, and it enveloped her in a comfortable chill. As she looked at the patchy moonlit road and listened to the cacophony of frogs and insects, she felt as if she was in a painting.

The beautiful scenery calmed Charlotte and also strengthened her determination to stay away from Zachary.

I can't let him control me... I won't become a slave of that Devil!

Awoo!

Just then, a beast could be heard howling in the woods.

Charlotte paused in her tracks and stood transfixed.

Is my ears deceiving me?

Was that a cry of a wild animal I heard just now?

Nah... It can't be... I must've misheard.

Clutching her chest where her racing heart lied beneath, she continued her way.

Awoo!

A howl echoed in the empty road again, and it sounded closer this time.

Charlotte's eyes widened as her heart thumped loudly.

No way... There can't be any wild animals here, right?

Tensing up, her head snapped to the side as she observed her surroundings. However, no other sounds seemed to be coming from the woods.

Yet, she was still afraid.

Although she went up and down the hill in a vehicle each time, she knew that the distance between Zachary's villa and the main road was at least six miles.

She would need four hours at the very least to walk on foot for these six miles.

There was no guarantee that a wild animal would not pounce and feast on her while she was on her way down the hill.

With that thought, cold sweat started beaded on Charlotte's forehead.

She twisted her head around to look at the nearby villa. I've only walked a mile. If I want to head back now, I can still do so...

Without any hesitation, she started walking back toward the villa.

However, she only took two steps before she recalled Zachary's cold gaze and domineering demeanor. Charlotte hesitated.

But if I go back now, I'd have to sign the paper.

And from then on, I'd owe him ninety-eight million. When will I be able to clear the debt?

Not to mention if I can't clear the debt, I'll be his slave. I will have to obey everything he says.

The thought of being a slave made her hair stood on end.

No. As long as I breathe, I will not go back.

She clenched her jaw and continued. At the same time, she fished out her phone to make a call.

She decided to hail a cab. Once I'm inside the cab, I'll be safe...

However, Charlotte was dumbfounded upon taking out her phone.

Because her phone had fallen into the pool earlier, the screen was now malfunctioning. Not only was she unable to swipe on the screen, but it was even flickering.

As she walked briskly forward, she shook her phone hard, hoping to get the water out.

Maybe I'll be able to use it once the water's out.

Evidently, she was too naïve.

In order to save money, she had bought the cheapest phone that came with a free electronic fan.

In other words, it was ludicrous for her to hope that her phone could survive after getting soaked.

Charlotte felt like crying as a sense of helplessness crashed into her. All she could do now was to pray that she could get out of this hellhole safely.

Other than calling for a gigolo that one time four years ago, she had never done anything bad.

Good things happen to good people, right?

Charlotte picked up her pace as she prayed in her heart.

Seeing that there were no creatures came lunging at her even after she had walked for several hundred meters, she finally breathed a sigh of relief. At the same time, her pace slowed down. I must have misheard it earlier.

Just as that thought flashed into her mind, however, she noticed a pair of green eyes in the woods nearby, watching her.

Her feet were instantly rooted to the ground as her eyes widened. Staring at the green eyes, she thought, It must be an illusion. It must be. It has to be.

She shut her eyes. When she opened them again, not only did the green eyes not disappear, but they had also gotten even closer.

Under the moonlight, she could see an animal covered in fur slowly stalking toward her.

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It was a wolf.

The hairs on Charlotte's arms stood as her legs shook.

Slowly and carefully, she started inching backward, ready to flee the scene.

However, the wolf quickened its step as it narrowed its eyes. She could sense the murderous aura from it.

"D-Don't eat me."

Charlotte choked out her words before she took several steps back. Then, she sprinted back the way she came from.

For a few seconds, there were no sounds coming from behind her. When Charlotte turned around to look, she saw that the wolf stood at its spot for a while before it slowly padded behind her.

Evidently, the wolf was looking down on a weak prey like her.

It was a game of cat and mouse. Once she was tired, it would pounce on her and eat her.

Charlotte ran as quickly as she could, all while trying to get her phone to work. She wanted to call for help, but the screen refused to work.

By now, her terror was at its peak, and she screamed, "Help! Help!"

Unfortunately, no one heard her.

Not far ahead of her was the Nachts' residence. She knew that the moment she entered the gates, she would be safe.

She was overwhelmed with regret.

Why did I have to anger Zachary?

Why did I have to come out here alone in the middle of the night?

Does being courageous bring me any benefit?

Can my dignity help me survive? No! Of course not!

Who the f*ck cares about that damn agreement? I'll sign that paper. As long as I can live, I'll do anything!

I still have three kids, Mrs. Berry, and Fifi. I even have a hundred thousand that I haven't spent yet.

I can't die now!

Awoo! The wolf had finally lost its patience and it was now loping at full speed toward her.

Her heart leaping to her throat, Charlotte sprinted.

The Nachts' residence was right in front of her, but no matter how quick she tried to run, it felt like she would never reach it.

On the other hand, the wolf was getting closer and closer.

Charlotte could hear the howling of the wind behind her, and she could sense the murderous aura of the wolf. Her legs gave out on her, and she collapsed on the ground with a loud thud.

At that moment, two words flashed into her mind. I'm screwed!

I'm done for...

Behind her, the wolf unhinged its jaw and pounced toward her.

Instinctively, Charlotte closed her eyes.

Right then, a silver glint flashed from the side and hit the wolf's neck.

Less than a meter away from Charlotte, the wolf slumped to the ground. It shook its weakening body before it swiftly escaped into the woods.

"Don't eat me. Don't eat me..."

Hunching on the ground like a shrank-up tortoise, Charlotte wailed in despair.

A pair of eyes watched her coldly from the woods, and in them was disdain.

After a long while, Charlotte finally came back to her senses. Stiffly, she turned to look behind her, only to realize the wolf was gone.

She clambered to her feet on her shaky legs and bolted toward the villa.

Awoo!

In the woods, the slender figure cupped his mouth and mimicked the howl of a wolf.

“Ah!” Charlotte screeched as she sped up. In a trembling voice, she cried out, “Help me! Help me!”

When she finally reached the entrance of the villa, she realized that the dark green steel gate was tightly shut, sealing Charlotte off from the safety of the house.

She slammed her palms onto the gate and screamed, “Open up! Hurry and open the door! There’s a wolf outside!”

No one answered her.

She could see a few guards just a distance away who remained as still as a statue. It was as if they had not heard her cries for help.

“Help! Help!” Charlotte stomped her feet as she continued to yell, “It’s me, Charlotte. Let me in!”

Still, no reactions came from the guards.

“What’s wrong with you all? Let me in!” Charlotte was close to tears by now. “Zachary, let me in! There’s a wolf outside about to eat me!”

“Weren’t you the one who wanted to leave in the first place?”

An apathetic voice entered her ears.

Turning in the direction of the voice, Charlotte noticed that Zachary was sitting on the wooden bench beside the flower bed. He was in his sleeping robe, holding onto a cigar in one hand and a wine glass in the other; he was the epitome of nonchalance.

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"Let me in, please," Charlotte begged as she sobbed. "There's a wolf out here about to eat me."

"Uh-huh," came Zachary's unconcerned reply. He then stood up and slowly walked away.

"Hey!" Charlotte was on the verge of breaking down. She slammed her fists on the steel gates and screamed, "You won't just stand there and watch me die, will you? If you don't let me in, I'll die!"

Zachary ignored her as he continued walking into the villa.

"Zachary Nacht," Charlotte bellowed. "You heartless animal. Karma will get you soon!"

Zachary stopped to turn and look at her. "You're still cursing at me at a time like this?"

"D-Don't assume I have to beg you," Charlotte ground out. "If I die here, you'd have to bear the responsibility. If the cops come, you'll be the primary suspect."

"I see..." Zachary nodded solemnly. He then pointed at the surveillance camera by the gate. "See that? It will film the process of the wolf eating you. You do realize that a wolf is wild, right? I'm not the one who raised it and there is no law stating that I have to save you."

"You-" Charlotte could not formulate a response to refute him.

"Let me teach you something," Zachary said with a smile. "When the wolf bites you, just scream and shout like you did just now. It'll think that you're annoying, and it'll snap its jaw on your throat. Blood will spurt out of you like a water fountain, and death will be instant. This way, it won't hurt."

Charlotte's face turned colorless as her entire being trembled. All words died in her throat.

"I wish you a merry death. Goodbye!"

Zachary waved and turned to leave.

"Zachary Nacht!" Charlotte roared as she slammed the steel gate. "You heartless b*stard! You'll die a horrible death!"

Awoo!

Once again, howls of wolves sounded behind her.

Charlotte immediately lost all her courage as she fell onto her knees with a thud. She wailed and pleaded, "Please save me! I don't want to die!"

Zachary, who had his back to her, finally grinned in delight and glee.

He was even more exhilarated now than when he got a business deal worth tens of billions.

However, he was not in a rush to turn around. Instead, he took a slow step forward.

"Zachary, as long as you save me, I'll do anything." Charlotte cared for nothing now; staying alive was the only thought in her mind. "Give me the contract. I'll sign it. As long as you save me, I'll sign it."

"Are you sure?" Zachary finally turned around. With an innocent expression on his face, he asked, "Are you going to claim that I'm forcing you again?"

“No, I won’t. I’m doing this willingly,” Charlotte guaranteed. “Let me in first. Let me in quickly. The wolf is here. It really is.”

“All right. But remember, you’re the one begging me.”

Zachary slowly raised his arm and made a gesture.

It was then the bodyguard stepped forward and opened the steel gates.

The gates had only opened a fraction before Charlotte rushed in. As her legs were still weak, she fell to the ground.

Lifting her head, she could see numerous pairs of green eyes watching her covetously from the nearby woods.

Widening her eyes in fear, a shudder wracked through her body before she fainted.

Zachary clicked his tongue and sighed before shaking his head. “How fragile is she to pass out just like this?”

He then walked over to lift her up into his arms before instructing the guards. “You may leave now.”

“Yes, Mr. Nacht.”

One of the bodyguards pressed a button, and the green eyes immediately disappeared.

Zachary carried Charlotte into the villa and placed her on the bed.

Just then, Raina came in with a new copy of the contract.

Holding Charlotte's hand, Zachary bit on her thumb, and blood immediately seeped out.

He then pressed her thumb at the signature section of the contract before a satisfied smile grew on his face.

"I told you. You won't be able to escape from me."

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That night, Charlotte was plagued with nightmares. When the sun rose again, she woke up covered in sweat.

Her wide eyes were fixed on the ceiling as she panted.

It took her a long while before she was able to collect herself. After making sure that she was in a room in the villa and that she was safe, she sighed in relief.

Her clothes stuck to her, and it felt uncomfortable, so she headed to the bathroom for a shower. When her hands came into contact with water, a pang of pain traveled up her fingers. It was only then she realized the skin on the tip of her thumb was torn.

Charlotte paid no heed to it, thinking that it was an injury from her escape yesterday.

After washing up, she walked out of the bathroom just in time to hear someone knocking on the door. Raina's voice then came from behind the door. "Ms. Windt, may I come in?"

"Yes," Charlotte replied.

Raina entered the room with a birdcage in her hands.

Fifi lay quietly inside as it observed the foreign environment fearfully.

The moment it saw Charlotte, however, it brightened up and fluttered its injured wing before yelling, "Mommy! Mommy!"

"Fifi!" Charlotte quickly strode over to open the cage.

Fifi flew out and landed on Charlotte's shoulder. Seeking reassurance, it rubbed its feathery head on Charlotte's cheek.

"Good girl." Charlotte kissed it gently.

Fifi then lay quietly in the crook of her neck like a child in her mother's arms.

"What an intelligent parrot!" Raina exclaimed. "It's adorable!"

"It's part of my family." Charlotte caressed Fifi's wings. "How is it? Is it hurt badly?"

"It'll have to rest its wing, and we'll have to change its bandage every two days. It'll be fine in a month," Raina responded as she closed the cage.

"I'm glad to hear that," Charlotte sighed in relief. "If it wasn't for Fifi saving me, I'd be dead by now."

"Speaking of which..." Raina reported, "I've investigated this incident. The ones who sent you the gift and the ones who attacked Divine Corporation are all done by the same party. Ben and I will be taking charge of this case, so you have nothing to worry about."

"What? Are you sure?" The news stunned Charlotte. "The ones who attacked Divine Corporation should be Mr. Nacht's rivals. Why would they want to kill me? I'm just a nobody."

"You are not just some nobody," was Raina's profound reply before she changed the topic. "Oh, by the way, Mr. Nacht has invited you to breakfast. So, hurry up and get ready for it."

Before Charlotte could come back to her senses, Raina had already bowed her head and left.

Charlotte thought about what happened last night. She had made a promise carelessly to ensure her safety. Is Zachary going to force me to sign the paper now?

At that thought, Charlotte panicked. Oh no. If I sign the paper, I'll become his slave, won't I?

“Ellie, Ellie!”

Fifi’s cry interrupted Charlotte’s thoughts.

“Hush,” Charlotte murmured to the parrot. “Fifi, this isn’t our house, so you’ll have to be careful with your words, okay? Don’t mention Robbie, Jamie, or Ellie. Do you understand?”

“Robbie. Jamie. Ellie.”

It seemed like Fifi did not quite understand her words as it continued crying out the names of the children. It had been two days since Fifi saw the kids, and the parrot missed them dearly.

“Fifi...”

Charlotte was about to reprimand it when the door suddenly flung open. Zachary, who was dressed in a casual suit, strode into the room.

“Why don’t you ever knock when you come in?”

Charlotte was panicking, fearing that Fifi would blurt out something it shouldn’t have, and he would find out about the children.

“This is my home.” Zachary sat on the couch before crossing his leg. “How was your sleep last night?”

“It was all right...” Charlotte glanced at him timidly before she tentatively said, “Mr. Nacht, thank you for saving me. I think it’s time for me to go home.”

“Your house’s been blown into smithereens. What home are you going back to?” Zachary took out a stack of checks before scribbling a string of numbers on one. He then handed it to her. “Here, use it to buy a house instead of renting.”

“What?” Charlotte was dumbfounded. Did I mishear him? The Devil is giving me money to buy a house?

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“Hm?” Zachary lifted a brow. “You don’t want it? Forget it then.”

He was a second away from keeping the check.

“Of course I want it!” Charlotte swiftly took the check. Upon seeing the numbers on the paper, she broke out into a smile. “Two million! Thank you, Mr. Nacht.”

“You’re welcome. This is what you deserve, after all.” Zachary smiled. “This is the reward for you convincing Mr. Sterk to drink the laxatives.”

“About that... I thought you said you were going to take it out from the necklace’s money?”

A foreboding sense burrowed its way into Charlotte’s heart at his words.

Even Fifi was trembling as it looked at Zachary like he was a carnivorous monster.

“What’s the difference between owing me a hundred million and owing me ninety-eight million?” Zachary muttered. “I might as well give you the reward to make sure you won’t have other worries when you serve me.”

Wait... Serve?

Hearing that word, Charlotte panicked as she hastily said, “Mr. Nacht, I’m just an ordinary working individual. I-I’m not selling my body.”

“Selling my body! Selling my body!” Fifi repeated.

Zachary glanced at it.

Instantly, it shut its beak and buried itself in Charlotte's thick hair. It even used its beak to pull on her hair so that it could cover its face, as if that would be the perfect camouflage.

"You've already sold yourself last night." Zachary took out the contract and waved it in front of her eyes with a grin. "From today onwards, you're mine."

Charlotte's eyes were as wide as saucers as she stared at the paper in his hand. She then recalled the events that happened yesterday.

That's right, I was chased by a wolf last night... And I ran as quickly as I could to the villa... When I reached the villa, I slammed my fists at the steel gates while crying for help...

After he threatened not to open the gates if I refuse to sign the agreement, I finally agreed to sign it... However, I remember passing out soon after, so I couldn't have signed the agreement.

When Charlotte took the paper for a closer look, she realized that the paper indeed does not contain her signature. However, there was a bright red thumbprint on it. Although it was already dry, she could still smell the scent of blood.

She stiffened for a moment before she raised her hand and looked at her injured thumb. Realization finally dawned on her. "Zachary, you douchebag!"

"Douchebag. Dou--"

Before Fifi could repeat it a second time, the look in Zachary's eyes made it flinch and it whispered, "Mommy, scared. Scared."

Shifting his gaze away from Fifi, Zachary picked up a remote from the side and pressed on its button. Then, Charlotte's cries for help echoed in the room.

"Please save me! I don't want to die!"

"Zachary, as long as you save me, I'll do anything."

"Give me the contract. I'll sign it. As long as you save me, I'll sign it."

"Are you sure?" came Zachary's voice. "Are you going to claim that I'm forcing you again?"

"No, I won't. I'm doing this willingly. Let me in first. Let me in quickly. The wolf is here. It really is."

"All right. But remember, you're the one begging me."

The recording then ended.

Ashamed, Charlotte's face flushed red, and she wished she could burrow into the ground and hide.

Raising a brow, Zachary cast her a gentle look. "I even have a video recording. Do you want to watch it?"

"You-" Charlotte's lip trembled as she fought the urge to cry.

"Be good now." Zachary took the contract, folded it, and kept it in his pocket. "If you perform well, you'll be rewarded. If not, you'll still have to do whatever is on the contract, and you'll be punished as well."

He then stood up and patted her face. "Think about it. Which one sounds better?"

As fury coursed through her veins, Charlotte glared at him, but she dared not speak a single word.

"I'll take my leave first then." Zachary turned to leave without sparing her another glance. "I hope you'll have thought things through when I'm back."

As he left, Charlotte waved her fist at his back and cursed at him inwardly, You b*stard! Douchebag! Animal! Piece of sh*t!

I hope God realizes what an assh*le you are and smite you from above!

"Ellie, Jamie, Robbie," Fifi abruptly cried out, "scared. Scared."

Zachary, who was about to step out of the room, paused in his tracks. He turned to look at Fifi and asked, "What did it just say?"

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“N-Nothing.”

Charlotte’s scalp tingled from fear as her heart raced. She cursed at Fifi for those words inwardly.

Damn it, why is Fifi saying their names at a time like this?

Is it trying to mess everything up for me?

Zachary then turned to look at Charlotte for a moment before he continued walking out.

It wasn’t until Charlotte could no longer hear his footsteps that she breathed a sigh of relief. Snapping her head to the side, she scolded, “Fifi, don’t speak without thinking!”

“Mommy...” Feeling rather upset, Fifi mumbled, “Bad man. Scared.”

“I know he’s a bad man, but-”

Just then, someone knocked on the door. “Ms. Windt, may I come in?”

“Give me a minute.” After locking Fifi in the bathroom, Charlotte let Raina into the room.

“Ms. Windt, Mr. Nacht has left for E Nation. He has instructed me to take care of you. I’ve prepared breakfast. Will you be having it in the room or-”

“He’s left for E Nation?” Charlotte interrupted in an excited tone. “How long will he be gone?”

“Three days, if he’s quick. If he’s not, then I’m not sure. But he’ll try to be back as soon as he can.”

“There’s no need to rush. It’s better if he stays there longer.”

In fact, Charlotte would rather he never came back.

Raina chuckled. "We've dealt with the person who attacked you the last time. From now on, you won't be in any danger, and I've sent someone to fix your house. Furthermore--"

"There's no need to fix my house." Charlotte stopped her. "I'll deal with my own house. You don't need to be concerned with it. Ask them to stop, I don't want anyone to be at my house."

"Huh?" Her words stunned Raina.

"What do you mean 'huh?' Hurry up and tell them to stop." Charlotte was terrified of someone finding out about her children.

"All right. I'll let them know right away." Raina promptly made a call to the group of fixers asking them to head back.

"They're not at my house yet, right? You didn't search through my house, did you?" Charlotte had never been more worried.

"No, we haven't. They're only on their way, and they're heading back now after receiving my call." Raina gave her a reassuring smile. "Don't worry. Without Mr. Nacht's order, we won't investigate you. However..."

After a pause, Raina carefully asked, "What are you worried about?"

"Everyone prefers to have their own privacy." Charlotte forced out a tear from her eyes. "The Devil has already taken control of most of my life. I just want a little space of mine."

"Mr. Nacht isn't controlling you; he likes you."

"That's impossible." At the mention of it, fury started dancing in Charlotte's chest. "If he likes me, he should've gifted me several villas, sports cars, and a billion or two. He should've treated me like a princess instead of tormenting me like this."

"Maybe everyone expresses their love differently?" Raina suggested with a chuckle.

"If that's the case, he sure has a unique way of expressing his love then." Charlotte rolled her eyes before inquiring, "Dr. Langan. I wish to go home. Can I?"

"Of course you can. Let me get a car for you."

On her way back, Raina said to Charlotte, "Ms. Windt, to be honest, living in the villa will be much safer. If you want to work, I can make arrangements to send you to and from work."

"No. I still prefer to live in my own house."

Charlotte smoothened Fifi's feathers. The parrot was currently sound asleep.

"All right." Raina did not insist. "Since Mr. Nacht won't be around, you can look for me if you have any issues."

"Got it. Thank you," Charlotte replied absent-mindedly. The only thought that filled her mind was how she was going to escape Zachary. Should I take this two million and escape with the kids?

"If you want to buy a house, I can make arrangements for that too. After all, Divine Corporation has properties everywhere. Not to mention we have branches in many cities..."

Hearing Raina's words, Charlotte dismissed the thoughts of escaping. Perhaps Raina was hinting to her that Zachary would find her no matter where she went. Guess I should stop my wishful thinking...

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 200

When Charlotte reached Happy Avenue, the first thing she did was buy a phone.

This time, Charlotte steeled herself and bought the best phone available, hoping that it would not malfunction as easily as it did the last time.

Slotting in her phone card, Charlotte quickly gave Mrs. Berry a call.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Berry had thought that something happened to Charlotte when she couldn't contact her last night.

After explaining to Mrs. Berry that her phone broke, Charlotte proceeded to give her kids a video call.

Charlotte could see that her kids had put on their thick cotton-padded jackets, but they still looked as good as ever.

Frowning, Robbie worriedly queried, "Mommy, are you okay? We're worried about you."

"I'm fine. Don't worry," Charlotte reassured.

Jamie squeezed to the front and showed his mother his fists. "Mommy, I've been practicing martial arts recently. When I'm stronger, I'll be able to protect you."

"Thank you, Jamie." Charlotte smiled sweetly. "Jamie's the best."

"Mommy, Mommy." Ellie squeezed her chubby cheeks into the frame. When she saw her mother, her large eyes instantly welled up with tears. "Mommy, Ellie misses you."

Seeing Ellie's tears, both Robbie and Jamie started tearing up as well. However, the two boys frowned as they forced the tears to remain in their eyes.

"Be good, Ellie. Once I'm done dealing with the things here, I will come for you three," Charlotte consoled.

“The bad guy’s already been caught, and I have to fix and clean the house first so that you’ll be able to return to a pretty home.”

“That’s great!” the children cheered.

“Mommy, we’ll come and help you with the cleaning,” Robbie voiced out. “We can’t let you do everything alone.”

Jamie chimed in, “That’s right. I’m a strong boy. I can do a lot of things.”

The little boy proceeded to clench his fists and showed his mother his muscles.

“I can help Mommy too.”

Ellie sniffled as tears slid down her chin.

“Ellie! Ellie!”

Hearing Ellie’s voice, Fifi suddenly woke up. In the beginning, it spun its head around, looking for the girl. When Fifi realized the children were on the screen, it moved toward the screen and screeched, “Robbie, Jamie, Ellie!”

“Fifi!”

The children were beyond excited to see their pet parrot, and they quickly waved at it.

“Miss you. Miss you,” Fifi repeated at the screen.

The children scrambled to appear on the screen.

“Fifi, we miss you too.”

“Oh no. Fifi, why is your wing hurt?”

“Fifi’s hurt because it tried to protect me, but a vet has already checked it. Fifi’s fine now. It’ll make a full recovery soon,” Charlotte assured. “Robbie, Jamie, Ellie, the three of you have to be good kids. Wait for me to come for you, okay?”

“Okay. We’ll be good kids.”

Charlotte’s heart was filled with hope as she looked at her children.

After consoling her children, Charlotte went home. Reaching her house, she realized the landlady had changed the door lock and stuck a large notice on the door, warning Charlotte to contact her as soon as she could.

Frightened out of her wits, Charlotte quickly called the landlady.

When the landlady rushed over, she jabbed a finger in Charlotte’s direction and started cursing at her. After telling Charlotte she would not be refunding her the deposit and rent, she demanded her to pay thirty thousand as a penalty and even told her to move out by the end of the day.

Charlotte tried to reason with her, but the landlady stated, “Ever since you moved in, bad things kept happening. I’ve already closed an eye on those who came here to cause a ruckus. But it’s only getting worse. Now, there’s even murder and kidnapping. What kind of place do you think this is?”

“Ms. Hill, please allow me to explain-”

“I don’t want to hear your excuse. Move out immediately, or I’ll call the cops on you,” Peyton warned with a growl. “I’ve been kind to you by not calling the cops and throwing your things out. I’ve even waited for you to come back to discuss with you.”