

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 401

"I miss you, Mr. Henry." Ellie hugged Henry around the neck, "Do you miss me?"

"I do..." Henry's heart was melting. He ruffled Ellie's hair and lovingly said, "That's why I am here to see you."

"Mr. Henry is the best!" Ellie cheered with her arms high up in the air.

"Mr. Henry!"

Robbie and Jamie approached with the medical staff.

Henry squatted on the ground and hugged Robbie, then Jamie while smiling ear to ear.

Watching from the side, Spencer reminded anxiously, "Mr. Nacht. You cannot squat for too long. Come on, stand back up."

"What a nag!" Henry growled.

"Mr. Henry, is your back alright?"

Robbie kept quiet as he helped Henry with his little hands.

Henry stood up, massaged his back, and sighed. "I'm fine, I'm fine. This is nothing. I will take you all to Fairytale Land, okay?"

"Okay—"

The three children answered together.

They were delighted to hear that they were going to Fairytale Land. Even Ellie clapped as she jumps around in excitement.

"Come one, let's get in the car."

Henry led Robbie and Jamie into the car.

At the moment, a taxi drove up nearby, and Charlotte saw Henry just as she was about to get off the car. She hurried and hid back in the car.

Her heart pounded vigorously.

Why would Henry be here at this hour?

"We're here. Aren't you getting out?" the taxi driver asked.

“Hang on a moment.” Charlotte lowered her body in the back seat and whispered, “You can keep the meter running. Just consider it as another ride.”

“You have been acting sneaky ever since the beginning. What are you scheming?” The taxi driver frowned. “Are you trying to kidnap the children?”

“Of course not.” Charlotte nervously replied, “I’m here to pick up my kids.”

“Then, why don’t you get out of the car?” The taxi driver said impatiently, “Get out of the car immediately, or I will call the police.”

“Wait...”

Charlotte was very anxious. If she got off the car now, Henry would see her.

She peeked out the window and saw a bodyguard pushing Jamie’s wheelchair to the side of the car and then carried him up into the car.

The car door closed.

“Are you getting down or not?” The taxi driver yelled.

Charlotte had no choice. She left the car and hid behind a garbage bin, sticking her neck out to peek.

The car did not turn off, nor did it drove away.

Because school was over, and school busses had already occupied the lane. The Rolls-Royce had to let

the school busses leave first.

“Wow. There are so many Barbie dolls! There are princess dresses and they are all so beautiful!”

As soon as Ellie got into the car, she saw many gorgeous Barbie dolls, plushies, and various Disney princess dresses. She cheered with excitement.

“Haha, as long as you like it.”

Seeing Ellie’s happy face put a bright smile on Henry’s as well.

“Wow! There are so many toys!”

Jamie also saw his favorite toys. A full set of Transformers, Ultraman, and various Marvel superheroes.

Henry caringly stroked Jamie’s hair. “I bought these for you. Do you like them?”

“I love them! Thanks, Mr. Henry!” Jamie replied as he happily unboxed the packaging.

“Robbie, this is for you.” Henry handed Robbie a box.

“Thanks, Mr. Henry.” Robbie took the box and opened it. It turned out to be a customized ultra-slim computer. He was surprised, “Mr. Henry, I’m not really good at using a computer yet.”

Henry carefully touched his hair and replied lovingly, “You can always learn.”

“You’re a smart and talented boy. I will teach you the basics today. Then, turn on the computer every day when you get home after school. I will arrange for world-class teachers to give you online lessons for two hours every day. You will become a child prodigy in no time!”

“Thank you, Mr. Henry.” Robbie’s eyes sparkled brilliantly. “Then, I can protect Mommy and my siblings.”

“Good boy!” Henry hugged Robbie with the feeling of accomplishment. “I will definitely make you a king!”

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“Mr. Henry. Thank you...” Robbie was so touched that his eyes were red. “How did you know what I wanted the most?”

“Of course, I do,” Henry replied lovingly. “Because your desire for knowledge and power resembles my grandson when he was young.”

Those toys and gifts could never satisfy you. You’re all extraordinary children since birth. What you wanted most is to stand at the top of the world as the king.

Henry thought of Zachary proudly.

Immediately after, he worried...

That man caused him immense anger yesterday. Seeing these three little children made him feel better.

“Mr. Henry, you are so kind to me. I will definitely repay you in the future.”

Robbie sniffled with tears in his eyes. He believed that Mr. Henry was the person who knew him the best in the world.

“Robbie, shouldn’t we call Mommy? She’ll worry if she didn’t know we went out with Mr. Henry.”

Ellie suddenly thought of this and mentioned while playing with her Barbie dolls on the sofa.

“Yes, I will call Mommy right now.”

Robbie called Charlotte with his smart watch.

Ring...

Charlotte who was hiding behind the garbage bin jumped in surprise. She silenced her phone and answered with her mouth covered. “Hello!” she whispered.

“Mommy, Mr. Henry is taking us to Fairytale Land. You don’t have to wait for us to eat.” Robbie said on the phone with a well-behaved voice.

“Alright...” When Charlotte was speaking, a car honked.

Robbie was startled when he heard the sound on the phone.

Henry heard it as well.

Because the smart watch was on speakers.

“Is your Mommy nearby?” Henry asked curiously, “Is she here to pick you up?”

“Mommy, are you at the kindergarten?”

Robbie looked through the windows as he brought his smart watch closer to his ear, at the same time, lowered the volume.

“No. I’m on the way...” Charlotte replied in panic, “Okay, Robbie. Eat with Mr. Henry. Mommy will be busy. We’ll talk when we get home. Bye-bye.”

At that, Charlotte quickly dropped the call...

She held her forehead as she was troubled as she was never good at telling lies. Seeing that her words were full of loopholes, she might be discovered...

No, the smart watch seems to be hands-free.

Oh God, did Henry overhear anything?

Charlotte slapped herself in the face, blaming her own stupidity.

“Did you see your mommy?” Henry looked out the window as well.

“No.” Robbie stared at a trash can at the side of the road. A pair of white shoes were sticking out. But he did not expose what he saw. He calmly turned around and pulled the curtains, and leaned back on his seat.

“Mommy should be on the way from work right now. Maybe she’s in a traffic jam.”

“Yeah.” Henry nodded without thinking much. “We’re in a traffic jam here as well.”

“It’s ready, Mr. Nacht,” Spencer responded.

With that, the car slowly drove off.

As the extended Rolls-Royce finally departed. Charlotte stood up and let out a long sigh.

She wanted to take the children out for a meal when she came back from Jeffery’s, but she did not expect to see Henry.

Hopefully, nothing was exposed just now. Luckily, it was Robbie who called. He was smart and would definitely cover for her.

Henry will not doubt a three-year-old child!

With that thought in mind, Charlotte calmed herself and took the subway home.

On the way, she thought about the resumes she sent out in the past two days. She sent more than forty

of them, but there was not a single reply, unfortunately.

As a matter of fact, she knew that most companies require long-term staff right now. She submitted her resume for temporary jobs, but even so, no company responded.

Is it really that hard to find a job now?

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After using the two million given by Zachary entirely to sponsor Jeffrey's factory, Charlotte was left with only a few hundred thousand in her bank account. She could barely make ends meet with that amount of money for the next few months.

While Henry would be paying for Jamie's medical fees by obligation, Charlotte would have to pay Raina for Mrs. Berry's medical fees.

All in all, she had no choice but to work even harder to earn the money that she needed.

While she could have easily made some extra cash by singing at Bar DTT, it had already closed down.

Should I find another bar?

When bars hired resident singers, it was usually on a freelance basis, so she could just do the job for three months.

With that idea in mind, Charlotte searched for recruitment advertisements for bars on her mobile application for job hunting. There were many bars hiring singers, but none of them paid as generously as Bar DTT.

However, she also knew that she had only made so much money at Bar DTT because Chris had some connections there.

Gosh, I guess I have no choice but to try them.

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And so, Charlotte sent her resume to the bars that she had found through the mobile application.

She always had two versions of her resume saved in her files. One would be written to apply to large corporations like Divine Corporation, and the other was intended for finding a side hustle like singing at a bar or being a piano teacher.

Now that she had sent out her resume, all that she could do was wait and hope for the best.

“Charlotte?” All of a sudden, a girl’s voice called out for her.

Looking up, she met eyes with a youthful, cute girl who looked somewhat familiar.

“It’s me! I’m Olivia! Do you remember me?” she asked boisterously.

“Oh, hi!”

Charlotte soon remembered that Olivia was the girl whom she had helped at the party in Ashenville Garden. She was a pianist and student at the H City Music Academy.

“What a coincidence! I’m so happy to meet you here. I’ve always wanted to contact you, but I haven’t had the chance to because I’m so busy working,” Olivia said.

“It’s alright. It’s great that we somehow meet again. By the way, how’re your hands? Let me have a look!” Charlotte replied.

Crossing her arms and trying to hide her hands, Olivia murmured, “They are fine now... Urgh... “

Charlotte sighed and pulled Olivia’s hands toward her.

Upon looking at Olivia’s hands, Charlotte froze momentarily. Although her wounds had mostly healed, her slender, beautiful hands had become scar-ridden. Furthermore, some of her wounds seemed to be so deep that they caused damage to her nerves, meaning that she would never be able to play piano the same as before.

Thinking back on Sharon’s inhuman behavior, Charlotte’s heart throbbed. Holding back her anger and sorrow, she asked, “Olivia, can you still play the piano now?”

“Of course, I can but my playing is not as good as before. Nowadays, few would want to hire me to play.”

Tears welled up in Olivia’s eyes.

“Last time, when you went on stage on my behalf, you won the audience over, and I got a new job opportunity. Though my boss is a nice person, I couldn’t perform my best when I went to work the other day, and he advised me to find another job after giving me two thousand,” Olivia continued, inhaling deeply to calm herself down.

“It’s okay. There will be more opportunities to come. I can help you...” Charlotte felt very sorry for her.

“Charlotte, don’t worry. I’ve found a new job. I’m working as a promoter now, and I get at least a thousand each night. Considering the bonuses that I receive, I’m earning even more than before!” Olivia was surprisingly optimistic about her situation.

“That much money? Where are you working at? Can I join you?” Charlotte’s eyes lit up.

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“Well, about that...” Olivia pursed her lips, looking a little awkward.

“Are all the positions there full? Don’t worry. I’m just asking. Please don’t feel bad about it,” Charlotte quickly said, sensing that she might have been acting pushy.

“No... They are actually still recruiting people. It’s just that...” Olivia said hesitantly.

“Just what?” Charlotte asked.

“I’m worried that you’ll judge me if I talk about my job.” Olivia looked down.

“No way! The kind of job you work for doesn’t matter. I respect you for working hard to earn your daily bread!” Charlotte said, frowning.

Upon hearing Charlotte’s reassuring words, Olivia came closer to her and spoke into her ear, “I’m actually working as a promoter at Sultry Night.”

“You... What?” Charlotte was stunned. Sultry Night? Wow, how have I not thought of this before?

Working at Sultry Night paid very well. Even the promoters who simply carried plates and beers around earned big bucks. Tipping was also common.

The only downside to working there was that people of all walks of life would go there, and there would always be perverts and creeps lurking by.

More importantly, Sultry Night was where her fate intertwined with Zachary’s. She would not want to relive those memories again, nor would she want to meet Zachary there.

Upon seeing Charlotte’s distressed face, Olivia began explaining for herself, thinking that Charlotte might have misunderstood that she was doing some shady hostess work. “I’m just a promoter, nothing more! Please believe me.”

“Of course, I do. I’ve been to that club a couple of times before. I know that the promoters at the club work proper jobs. I’m just thinking... just thinking about working there as well,” Charlotte said with a genuine expression, holding Olivia’s hands.

“I think the job is not the right fit for you. With your piano skills, you’ll be able to find a much better job.

There's no need for you to work at a club," Olivia said, expressing her heartfelt thoughts.

"Yeah, I've sent out my resume. Maybe I'll get back from them soon." Charlotte smiled sheepishly.

Personally, working at Sultry Night would not be her first choice should another job opportunity come up.

Olivia nodded. "You should just wait a little longer. It would be great if you get a reply and find a better job, but if you really need the job at Sultry Night, I will help you ask around, okay?"

"Okay! I'll keep an eye out for job opportunities that may be suitable for you too," Charlotte replied.

"That's great. Thank you, Charlotte. My stop is coming. I got to go now!"

"Okay. Let's keep in touch!"

...

After parting with Olivia, Charlotte was still feeling rather hopeful. She was positive that she would at least find a job at a regular bar or high-end restaurant as a pianist, with her impressive credentials.

However, her hopes were soon crushed.

In the next three days, Charlotte received no news whatsoever from the places where she had sent her resumes to.

Out of desperation, she even made calls, but the owners of those bars and restaurants immediately

declined her or made excuses upon hearing her name.

Charlotte was baffled by the situation. What is going on? Why?

While she became a trending topic on social media platforms in the past due to a series of unfortunate events, things quickly died down, and the incident had long passed.

So, why are these people shunning me away like a ghost?

Is someone working in the shadow against me?

A few faces flashed in Charlotte's head. Is it Zachary? Sharon or even Henry?

No matter what, those three were not people whom she could afford to offend.

Charlotte was starting to panic. No way, am I really going to work in Sultry Night?

No... I can still work as a waiter at a high-end restaurant, maybe? It's okay to earn a little less.

Sighing, Charlotte decided to lower her expectations and sent out more resumes.

Just then, she received an untimely call from Raina of Kindness Hospital. It was a call to urge her to pay for Mrs. Berry's hospital bills and medical fees.

Charlotte furrowed her brows. She had thought that Raina would be more lenient with her payment due dates, so she had planned on paying for her bills when Mrs. Berry got discharged from the hospital. Oh, no. What am I supposed to do now?

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Charlotte shakily told Raina that she would pay her bills as soon as possible. Raina did not sound especially stern or angry and told her that it was just a reminder.

After hanging up her phone, Charlotte immediately went to the bank with her father's credit card, wanting to withdraw some money to lessen her financial burden at the moment. Unfortunately, she was told that the bank account was locked and she would have to activate it by contacting her financial advisor from S Nation.

Charlotte knew that her father had locked the account out of fear that someone would scheme for the huge sum of money in it.

For the time being, she would have to do extensive paperwork and make an appointment with her financial advisor from S Nation to activate the bank account.

Keeping her father's credit card back into her wallet, Charlotte sighed and shook her head. I don't want to start living off my inheritance from Father...

At that very moment, Charlotte felt helpless and ashamed.

Am I really incapable of making a living for myself?

After taking a few moments to think, Charlotte dialed Olivia's number.

"Hi, Charlotte... "

Olivia's voice was mostly buried in the deafening heavy metal music blaring in her background. All that Charlotte could make out was her saying "hello".

After almost a minute, the music quietened down a little, and Olivia asked, "Charlotte, I'm so sorry for the noise. I'm in a quieter place now. What are you calling me for?"

"I... I just wanted to ask you if your workplace is still hiring," Charlotte replied, biting her lips anxiously.

"Yes, yes. In fact, I've just introduced the job to my classmate earlier today. Do you want to come over now?"

"Yes, none of the places I applied to offer me a job. I'm low on cash now, and I need a job to make some quick money for the next few months. Can you please help?" Charlotte said.

"Of course. I'm at Sultry Night right now. Do you want to come over?" Olivia was very willing to help Charlotte.

"Yes, I'll be on my way."

"Okay. Call me when you get here."

With that, Charlotte hung up the call, gave her kids a goodbye hug, and told them to sleep early.

Her kids were very well-behaved and kissed her goodbye.

Putting on a mask and cap, Charlotte left her house in a casual outfit.

After taking a taxi to Sultry Night, Charlotte took a proper look around her with mixed feelings. Once upon a time, she had often visited the place to keep an eye on how Gigolo was doing at work.

Thinking back on her past, she still longed for the time she had spent with Gigolo the most. Though he seemed cold at times, he would always work hard and share his income with her. Every time she found herself in a dangerous situation, he would appear miraculously and protect her.

That was a time when nothing stood between them – there were no past grudges, and neither Sharon nor Henry was affecting their relationship.

That was a time when nothing mattered except for their love for one another. They could not care less about social status or how people would judge them.

However, all good times had to come to an end. When Gigolo reappeared as Zachary Nacht, everything changed...

All kinds of problems emerged one after the other, some of which she had seen coming and some of which she had not. The two of them went through extreme ups and downs, and toward the end, their relationship seemed to bring more pain than happiness.

Alas, they had finally broken up. Perhaps, this is for the best.

“Charlotte!”

A bright voice pulled her back to reality.

Looking up, Charlotte smiled and said, "Olivia! Isn't it still working hours for you?"

"Oh, I didn't want you to get lost finding me, so I came to pick you up. I've already spoken to my manager. He said that you need to do an interview. If all goes well, you can start working tonight itself!" Olivia replied, pulling her into the club.

"Alright. Thanks."

Charlotte felt really worried. She used to visit the place regularly, along with Zachary at times, so there was a high chance that the manager would recognize her.

What if he tells Zachary about me working here?

"The new manager is pretty nice. He's taking in many employees at the moment. We're quite lucky to get this opportunity," Olivia said with a smile.

Charlotte heaved a sigh of relief. Phew. The new manager probably doesn't know me. That's good...

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 406

Upon meeting the new manager in the office, Charlotte almost jumped. He was Peter Jones, the former owner of Bar DTT!

"It's you?" Peter exclaimed, looking equally surprised as her.

“It’s been a while, huh?” Charlotte mumbled awkwardly. After all, she was well aware that the closing of Bar DTT was closely linked to her. Oh, god. Will he still employ me? I’ve cost him to lose so much money!

“You two are acquainted?” Olivia raised an eyebrow.

Yes. Olivia, you can go ahead and do your tasks now. I’ll talk to her,” Peter said, smiling.

Charlotte also gave her a nod. Olivia blinked. “Okay... I’ll go work now. Call me if anything comes up!” she said as she left.

“Okay!”

Then, he pulled Charlotte to take a seat and poured her a drink. “When I heard Olivia talking about introducing a friend to work here, I was expecting another student from a music school. I did not expect to meet you here at all!”

“Even I. I’ve caused you so much trouble, but I’ve never apologized in proper... “ Charlotte squirmed around uncomfortably.

“It’s not your fault. Mr. Broid was the one who provoked Mr. Nacht. He should be the one to apologize,” Peter chuckled.

Charlotte smiled stiffly, and made no other comments.

“To tell you the truth, Mr. Broid was drugged that night. Those things that he did to you, he did not mean them at all. Did... did the two of you... You know, do the deed that night?” Peter continued, squinting his eyes.

“No, no. Of course, not!” Charlotte shook her head frantically.

“Okay, that’s good to know. Mr. Broid is actually really fond of you, in a genuine way. I’ve never seen him treat another girl that way. That night was really just an accident,” Peter lamented, letting out a deep sigh.

“It’s all in the past. There’s no need to delve deeper. And about my job application, are you willing to let me work here?” Charlotte diverted the topic.

“What do you mean am I willing? Of course, I’ll take you in, simple as that. But hold on, aren’t you Mr. Nacht’s girlfriend? Why are you hunting for a job here? Did the two of you split through?” Peter replied.

“Yeah. But... I mean... I wasn’t really his girlfriend, to begin with...” Charlotte nodded, smiling bitterly.

Peter was rather curious and he continued asking questions. “I’ve seen the news. He’s going to be engaged with the daughter of the Blackwood family, isn’t he?”

“I’ve seen the same article. Hmph. They seem to be a good match,” Charlotte said dispassionately, feigning her cool.

“I’ve seen and heard about so many stories like this. Marriages in those wealthy families never end up well. Those involved can’t even make decisions for themselves. Don’t be too resentful toward Mr. Nacht...” “ With the tone that Peter spoke in, he sounded like a weary man who had seen and experienced everything there was to life.

“I’m not resentful. We broke up on good terms.”

As Charlotte said those words, Zachary’s dark gaze flashed across her mind, and his voice echoed in her ears...

“You will never be able to escape from me.”

Will the two of us really live our own lives in peace?

Will he come after me?

“If that’s the case, then I’ll just give you the job. You can start working tonight. I’ll get someone to take care of the recruitment procedures later. Oh, but this time, you’ll be getting paid the same as everyone else. I mean, I’m just a manager now, and I don’t really have lots of connections,” Peter said with a smile.

“I understand. Thank you!” Charlotte said, giving him a slight bow.

“Don’t sweat it!”

With that, Peter called for the chief promoter, Fleur, to bring Charlotte to complete some paperwork and pass her the work uniform.

As they went through the recruitment procedures together, Fleur briefed her about the basic rules and the pay. “The basic pay each day is three hundred. You’ll also get three percent of the total bills for alcohol and drinks. Also, you can keep your tips. At the end of the month, there is a bonus from the top three promoters. Got it?”

“Yes, thank you!”

Charlotte exhaled deeply. It's great that I've managed to find a job at last.

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After going through the recruitment procedures, Fleur handed Charlotte her work uniform and added, "Get changed, and I'll lead you to look around and familiarize yourself with the place. The tasks you get as a promoter are not too difficult."

"Okay, thank you, Fleur."

However, an unsettling nervousness crept up Charlotte's spine as she got changed. Looking in the mirror of the fitting room, she had to do a double-take.

Her skirt was barely a mini skirt. It could almost pass for a micro skirt. She had not noticed how revealing the uniform was when she saw Olivia moments ago, but after putting on the uniform herself, she felt rather uneasy.

In the mirror, she saw herself in a fitted V-neck blouse in white with a contrasting black mini skirt. The pencil skirt barely covered her voluptuous bum. The bunny ear headband she had on was cute indeed but made her outfit look like lingerie.

"Urgh... Is the collar of my blouse too big? And this skirt is... "

Charlotte felt extremely uncomfortable in the uniform.

“The other promoters are wearing the same uniform. Didn’t you see Olivia just now? Okay, but this does look really provocative on you since you have such a good figure,” Fleur chuckled.

“So... “ Charlotte pursed her lips.

“I think you can just wear this for tonight. You can alter this uniform when you get the time tomorrow. Anything goes as long as you don’t make any big modifications. And also... This!”

Whipping out a black-laced mask, Fleur exclaimed, “A mask! All the promoters have one each.”

“Thank you,” Charlotte said, putting the mask on. Okay, even if I come across Zachary, he wouldn’t be able to recognize me in this mask, would he?”

“Alright, let’s get going. I’ll show you the range of alcohol we sell at the bar. You’ll need to memorize the price list.”

“Okay.”

Charlotte followed Fleur to the main hall.

Most were sublimed in the atmosphere with movement to the pulse and beats. A few dancers were pole-dancing on the stage, and the men below were howling like dogs in heat. Some were even taking off their tops as they swayed to the upbeat music.

“See? These men have their eyes on the dancers. No one would notice you. Don’t worry too much.”

Fleur tried to reassure her.

“Yeah.” Upon seeing how hot the dancers were, wearing nothing but lace lingerie, Charlotte was somewhat convinced that nobody would be interested in her.

“Moreover, we have really sexy hostesses here. Even if those in the private rooms were to stare at you for a bit, they probably wouldn’t do anything to you. They already have all those ladies around them, you know?” Fleur continued.

“Yeah, I guess.” Charlotte felt a little more relaxed.

Afterward, Fleur took her to the bar and introduced her to the names and price lists for the liquors. As for the usual beers, cocktails, and drinks, she was told that she could just jot their names down in the bill without memorizing the prices, given how cheap they were.

Fleur also talked about how the more she recommended the expensive liquors to her customers, the more commission she would get out of the sales. “Our top promoters can earn tens of thousands of commission just in one night. Adding the tips, some of them earn more than a hundred thousand!”

The prospect of making big money was very attractive for Charlotte. A hundred thousand in one night? That means I’ll be able to pay Mrs. Berry’s medical fees after two nights of work!

Just then, Olivia was seen running over to Fleur, a big smile plastered on her face. “Fleur, Fleur! The guests in that private room just ordered a bill worth a few hundred thousand! Can I check how much commission I’m getting from that?”

“Let me have a look,” Fleur answered. After a few moments, Fleur patted Olivia on her shoulders and cheered, “Forty-eight thousand!”

“Wow, that’s great!” Olivia was on cloud nine.

“Congratulations, Olivia.” Charlotte smiled at her.

“Charlotte? Oh, my god! You’re so curvy and pretty! I almost can’t recognize you in this uniform!” Olivia spluttered.

“Hah... I can still tell that it’s you even with your mask on, though,” Charlotte joked.

Charlotte felt that Olivia really did stand out in the crowd with her distinct petite figure.

“Well, that’s because I’m the flattest one of them all here!” Olivia said, blushing.

“Alright, Olivia, show her around. I have some things to attend to.”

With that, Fleur turned around and left.

“Charlotte, how about you come to that private room over there with me. The customers there are really generous. If we can get them to make more orders, we can split the commission between us!” Olivia said cheerfully, pulling Charlotte’s hand as they made their way to a private room.

“Okay, thanks!”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 408

To Charlotte’s dismay, one of the customers in that private room was none other than Jackson White, the former vice president of Synder Group.

Back in Ashenville Garden, Sharon had tried to arrange for Jackson and her to get together, and he had also made a move on her, angering Zachary and causing him to lose his place in the project.

To make matters worse, Sharon fired Jackson afterward in an attempt to please Zachary.

Though Charlotte had not seen him at all since the incident, she knew that he probably held a grudge against her for landing him in his unfortunate situation. If he were to find out that Charlotte was the promoter standing before him, he might set her up for trouble.

Sensing the impending danger, Charlotte turned around without hesitation, wanting to leave. However, a drunk customer in the private room grabbed her hand, snorting, "Hah... This one is really sexy. I'll have her."

Panicking, Charlotte shook the drunk man off and stepped back. "I'm a promoter, not a hostess."

"The hostesses are coming right this moment," Olivia quickly added.

"Really? You've got a pretty good figure for a promoter. Let me take a look at your face too!" His gaze was lustful.

Before Charlotte could even react, the drunk man snatched her mask.

As Charlotte moved away by reflex, her mask was torn in half, exposing much of her face.

Jackson, who was sitting on the sofa, raised an eyebrow and then stared intently at Charlotte with an ominous darkness in his eyes.

“Damn you! Why is a whore like you acting all innocent? I know what you’re here for! So what if you’re a promoter? Name a price. I have all the money!” The drunk man yelled aggressively.

“Sir, the promoters here don’t sell anything else but alcohol. As I said, the hostesses are coming soon!” Olivia explained indignantly.

“How dare you talk back at me!” The drunk man raised his hand and was about to slap Olivia.

Charlotte immediately blocked his raised arm and said firmly, “Enough is enough! Don’t go overboard!”

“So what if I go overboard? I’m buying you tonight! Hmph. Your hand is so smooth. I bet you’re a real beauty.” He cackled creepily.

Licking his lips, he turned his wrist and grabbed Charlotte’s hand.

Charlotte was beginning to feel nauseous and tried to leave the room with Olivia.

However, the dirty drunk man gestured to his bodyguards, and the towering bodyguards swiftly blocked their way.

Olivia was as pale as a sheet.

“What in the world do you want?” Charlotte snapped.

“I want to screw your sloppy cu*t! If you make me happy, I’ll pay double!”

“You should think twice about that. We are in Sultry Night, not a brothel!” Charlotte gave Olivia a look.

Getting her hint, Olivia whipped out her phone to contact Peter to help them.

“Damned whore! Guess you like it rough! Take them down!” The dirty drunk man knocked Olivia’s phone out of her hands and gave a command to his bodyguards.

Just as he uttered those vulgar words, Charlotte and Olivia were already restrained and subdued on the sofa.

Reaching out his stubby fingers, the drunk man was still keen to take off Charlotte’s mask. All of a sudden, another man in the room spoke. “That’s enough. Cut it out.”

“Mr. White, what’s wrong?” The drunk man looked up with a confused look.

“Don’t make a scene here. Sultry Night is run by some really powerful figures. Things won’t end well if rumors of you doing this spread around,” Jackson said placidly.

“He’s right! If you want sex, there are plenty of hostesses here. Why make things difficult for a mere promoter? We are here for Mr. White, remember? Don’t ruin the mood,” The other customers in the room added.

“Hmph. Whatever.” With that, the drunk man let go of Charlotte, and the bodyguards backed off.

Without looking back, Charlotte dragged Olivia out of the private room.

“That was so scary!” Tears trickled down Olivia’s cheeks.

“I’m so sorry for getting you in trouble. And your phone looks wrecked. I’ll compensate you for that,” Charlotte said gently as she patted Olivia’s shoulders.

“That’s not a big deal. More importantly, shouldn’t we tell Peter about this?” Olivia said shakily.

“Yes, we should...” “As soon as Charlotte spoke, Jackson emerged from the private room, smirking, “Hi there, Ms. Windt. I didn’t expect to see you here!”

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Jackson’s voice sent shivers down her spine. How did he find out that it’s me? My mask wasn’t even fully removed!

“Do you know him?” Olivia whispered softly.

“No.” Charlotte feigned ignorance and wanted to leave the place with Olivia.

“Hey, didn’t I help you out just now? You’re so heartless.” Jackson sounded and looked really crestfallen.

“Charlotte, he did help us, you know?”

Unlike Charlotte, Olivia had a rather good impression of Jackson. He had always made big orders and

was respectful of the promoters at the club.

Giving Olivia a slight nudge, Charlotte said gently, "Olivia, can you go find Peter first?"

"Okay. And thank you, sir!" Olivia said before walking off.

"Want to talk?" Jackson did an ushering gesture.

After a moment of hesitation, Charlotte followed him to an empty private room. Out of caution, she stopped and stood fixed at the door. "What do you want to talk about?"

"I want to explain to you what happened the last time we met. I didn't pour the wine on you on purpose. Someone tripped my foot under the table," he said with a serious look on his face.

"I know. It was Sharon, wasn't it? Everyone there knew about it but chose to keep quiet," Charlotte scoffed.

"So you do know that I'm innocent! I was really just a scapegoat for whatever that was going on between the two of you. Though I do have feelings for you, I have not done anything out of line, have I? Mr. Nacht probably knew that Sharon was behind that incident too, and yet he kicked me out of the project I was on. And even worse still, Sharon kicked me out of Synder Group shortly after. I've worked so many years in that company! Don't you feel that I deserve better treatment than that?" Jackson sighed.

"Yes, you deserve better. Though I also suffered from that incident, it all began because of me, so I want to apologize to you. I'm sorry about what happened, and I hope that you will get your life together

soon!" Charlotte sounded solemn and sincere.

"You are very reasonable and direct about expressing your thoughts. It's no wonder that Mr. Nacht is fond of you. Ever since I got fired, I have fallen to a new low. The entire industry knows that I've offended Mr. Nacht, and nobody dares to hire me anymore. I've been facing many problems in my own business ventures as well," Jackson lamented.

"I'm sorry that I can't help you with that. I have to work now. I'll get going." Charlotte had no intentions of continuing the conversation.

"What's the rush? I'm not done talking" Jackson pursed his lips, his gaze turning dangerous.

"What else do you want to say?" Charlotte was feeling more uneasy by the second.

"You see, since the entire problem started with you, you'll be responsible for solving it," Jackson said with his crisp voice, his eyes darkening.

"You think too highly of me..." Charlotte smiled bitterly.

"You're capable of doing it... As long as you are willing to talk about it with Mr. Nacht and get him to say a word or two to Sharon, I'll be able to get my job back!"

"I'm sorry, but it's really not up to me. Look at me now. I'm working as a promoter here. Do you really think that I'm still as close to Zachary as I was before?" Charlotte crossed her arms, looking exasperated.

"Yes! See? You even dare speak of his name! Your relationship with him must be special!" Jackson seemed adamant in convincing Charlotte to carry out his plans.

"You must be seeing things!" Charlotte was speechless. What do you mean by a special relationship? So

what if I said his name? What's with his logic?

"Hmph. This is where I'm more knowledgeable than you. Many men from wealthy families have arranged marriages, but they are still in love with another woman in their hearts. I can tell that Mr. Nacht has feelings for you. He's probably just keeping a distance from you for now. He'll come back to you one day!" Jackson said, his smile widening.

"Maybe. All the best to you! I'm going now. Goodbye," Charlotte responded politely, striding off.

Looking at her walk away, Jackson smirked and took out his phone. "Get someone to spill the news to Sharon that Charlotte is working at Sultry Night."

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As Charlotte made her way back to the main hall, she turned around multiple times to make sure that Jackson was not trailing her and only let her guard down upon seeing that Jackson stayed where he was.

Experience had taught her that she needed to keep her guard up around dangerous people like Jackson.

Back then, she used to have Gigolo around to protect her, but that was all in the past.

"Charlotte! I've been looking for you everywhere. Are you okay?" Olivia called out for her anxiously.

"I'm fine. Thanks, Olivia." Charlotte felt very touched.

“There’s no need to thank me. We are friends, after all. And you helped me out last time too! Come, let’s get going. We need to work hard and make the bread!” Olivia smiled encouragingly.

“Yeah!”

Other than the private room with Jackson, she managed to get some huge orders from the other private rooms without any issues. While Charlotte’s exceptional figure did catch the eyes of some men, they had hostesses with them and did not do anything too inappropriate besides teasing her.

After working into the night, Charlotte finally took her bills to Fleur and asked how much commission fees she would get. “About three hundred,” Fleur replied.

Charlotte felt as if she was struck by lightning. What? Three hundred? Didn’t Olivia get forty thousand?

From Fleur’s explanation, she found out that Olivia’s bills were all orders for expensive liquors, while the orders that she received mostly consisted of cheap beers and drinks.

Charlotte sighed deeply.

She finally figured out how the extra money from commission worked. Olivia was lucky to have come across customers like Jackson, who actually had a sophisticated taste in alcohol and ordered expensive liquors. On the other hand, most of the customers at the club were there for the hostesses, and the quality of alcohol was secondary to that. The average customer would never order anything expensive at all.

That meant that the chance to earn tens of thousands each night was somewhat a distant dream.

It took quite a lengthy consolation from Olivia to uplift her spirits once more.

For her first night at her new workplace, Charlotte worked till four the next day. After doing the calculations with Olivia, it turned out that Olivia made fifty thousand in total that night, while Charlotte only earned seven hundred.

Hmph. This is good enough for my first day at work, I guess. Keep up the good work, Charlotte! You can do it!

In the days that followed, Charlotte worked tirelessly from seven at night to four the next morning.

It was seven hours of laborious work in an unearthly hour, but her work paid off.

In seven days, Charlotte saved up a total of thirty thousand. With some savings that she already had, Charlotte was finally able to pay most of the medical bills at Kindness Hospital.

However, she could no longer find Raina there. Word has it that she had gone to be Sharon's personal doctor.

Charlotte felt oddly bitter. Raina used to be her personal doctor. Oh, how the table has turned...

Smiling wryly, she hopped on a taxi to go to Sultry Night.

All that was on her mind was to make enough money to pay for Mrs. Berry's medical fees in full. Afterward, she would leave Sultry Night and find a proper daytime job.

That night, Olivia showed up to work an hour late.

Upon seeing Olivia's red and swollen eyes, Charlotte quickly went forward and asked, "Olivia? What happened?"

"My mother's health deteriorated. I tried so hard to earn money to treat her illness, and it seemed like she was getting better, but now..." Olivia was choking in her tears.

"So that's why you've been working so hard... Don't panic. What illness is it? Can you tell me about it? I know an excellent doctor. Maybe she can help you." Charlotte could completely empathize with her situation.

"My mother became a vegetable four years ago after falling down the stairs... She has been bed-ridden at the hospital for the past few years," explained Olivia.

"Poor girl. I'll go visit your mother with you tomorrow before we come for work and see if I can help." Charlotte hugged Olivia.

"Thanks. Let's get going. Time to make money!" Olivia said with determination, wiping off her tears.

"Yeah!"

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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 411

As Charlotte served the beers and jotted down the orders, she suddenly caught sight of someone who looked all too familiar. Her heart almost missed a beat upon looking at him from behind.

It's him!

Every time Zachary visited Sultry Night, he would don a black leather jacket and cover his face with his unique black mask. Even in the dimly lit hallway, his tall stature still exuded strength and screamed power.

The aura around him made him seem like a god of the underworld.

But why is he here?

Is he coming here to fool around with the hostesses too?

In an instant, countless thoughts flooded into Charlotte's head. She fixed her gaze on him with mixed emotions.

Only when Zachary entered his usual private room did she turn her head around.

“Charlotte, what’s up?” Olivia tapped on Charlotte’s shoulder playfully.

Nothing. Room V11 wants some ice. I’ll go get it,” Charlotte replied, coming to her senses.

“I can go instead. There’s another group of customers in that private room over there. They just arrived, so you can go in there and maybe get a big order or two! Get going! Good luck!” Olivia took her tray with a bright smile.

“Hah... alright!”

Charlotte could not help but chuckle as she listened to Olivia. It had been a week since she started working, but the number of orders she got at the end of the day was still the least among all of the promoters there.

Fleur had reminded her countless of times to be thick-skinned and master the art of using the right words to become more likable. “Otherwise, you’ll be leaving with your base salary forever!” she told her.

Even after watching Fleur’s demonstration on how to coerce a customer into buying expensive drinks, Charlotte still acted stiffly. Unable to hold back her impatience any longer, Fleur gave Charlotte a final warning and told her that she would be fired if her sales volume were to remain at the bottom that month.

That warning was a huge slap in Charlotte’s face and gave her a reality check. She knew that she had to work much harder.

Meanwhile, Olivia made use of every single opportunity she could find to help Charlotte get bigger orders from more generous customers.

“How are you still laughing? We promoters get to work in these private rooms because we are more educated than the rest. We are pretty lucky if you think about it. Look at our fellow promoters! They get the hang of working here within days, and some made enough to buy their houses in the short span of a few months! Now, look at you! It’s been seven days, and you’re still at the bottom. Do you really need the money?” Olivia furrowed her brows and shook her head.

“Of course, I do! It’s just that I’m not that sociable... But I’ll work hard...” Charlotte pursed her lips.

“Yes, yes. Work hard! Work hard, make that bread, and we shall leave the place. We can’t be working here our whole lives, can we?” Olivia lamented, putting an arm around Charlotte’s shoulders.

“I know. I’ll try to be the top promoter tonight!” Charlotte shook off her negative thoughts and cheered herself on.

“Good luck and get going! That’s a VVIP room. You mustn’t make them wait!”

“Yeah!”

As Olivia left to get ice, Charlotte took a deep breath and entered the VVIP room with a pounding heart.

She knew that she would be able to get some impressively big orders from that private room. After all, Zachary was the customer in there. He had bottles of liquor reserved exclusively for him, all of which with seven-digit numbers on the price tags. Furthermore, he was a generous tipper.

The only problem then was hiding her identity from him. Will he recognize me?

Charlotte glanced at her outfit. Even after she altered her uniform, the clothes still looked skimpy, and it looked as if she was showing off her curvy figure. With the addition of the black-laced mask and bunny ear headband, she looked completely different from her usual self.

Furthermore, she had learned her lesson from the encounter with Jackson last time, so she bought a red wig, put on purple contact lenses, and even painted her lips in a fiery red shade.

From head to toe, she looked completely different from before.

Even for Olivia, it was difficult to tell that she was Charlotte without looking at her nametag.

With those reassuring thoughts in mind, Charlotte finally stepped into the private room.

Zachary was leaning back on the sofa with his eyes glued to his phone. He seemed to be reading some documents.

“Would you like the same liquor reserved for you from last time?” Fleur was serving him herself because he was an important customer.

“Yes, and please bring us two buckets of ice,” Ben was the one who replied to her.

“Okay. Hey, go get the ice,” Fleur said, giving Charlotte an impatient look.

“Got it,” Charlotte replied softly and walked over to a mini-bar behind a partition in the room.

Raising an eyebrow, Ben turned to stare at Charlotte, and there were suspicion and confusion in his eyes.

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So there’s a mini-bar here? I didn’t know that.”

Fleur was rather surprised. Though it had only been a month since she began working here with Peter, she deemed herself a know-it-all who was familiar with working in Sultry Night.

She had not dared enter the VVIP room and did not know that the room had such a unique design.

"I... I just discovered this too." Charlotte tried to suppress her panic and sneaked a nervous glance at Zachary.

Zachary was still on his phone. It seemed that there were some bad news, and his face looked grim.

It had been about half a month since she last saw him. He seems to have lost some weight...

"You have sharp eyes. Alright, do the preparations. I'll open the red wine," Fleur replied.

"Okay." Charlotte took out two buckets of ice and placed them down.

On the other hand, Fleur had opened the red wine and was about to pour some into the decanter.

Charlotte instinctively stopped her and said, "Hold on. The wine will taste better if you chill the decanter with some ice first."

“Is that so?” Fleur asked, keeping her voice low.

“Yes.” Ben came over, eyeing Charlotte from head to toe. She has a very good figure, but this uniform? This costume is a bit much...

“Let her handle this.” Ben gestured.

And so, Fleur handed over the red wine and the decanter to Charlotte.

Kneeling down, Charlotte began decanting the wine. She placed a few ice cubes into the decanter and gave it a light shake.

She was twirling the ice cubes throughout the decanter, but she was so graceful that there were no unpleasant noises made at all.

After about a minute or so, she poured away the ice cubes in the decanter and poured the red wine into the decanter from its edge.

Lastly, she used a lighter to blast a small flame on Zachary’s wine glass before swirling some ice cubes in it.

Every step that she carried out seemed smooth and confident.

“You’re pretty skillful. Where did you learn this from?” Ben was still feeling baffled.

“I learned this from the internet,” Charlotte replied, pinching her voice to hide her identity.

Zachary briefly glanced at her before looking back at his phone.

It was obvious that he did not recognize her.

Her short-lived eye contact with Zachary gave her mixed feelings. While she was relieved that she managed to keep her identity hidden, she was a little disappointed that he could no longer sense her presence when it had only been weeks since they parted.

Back at Fairytale Land, he had spotted her straight away even though she had worn oversized clothes and covered herself from head to toe.

It seems like he has forgotten me, now that he's with Sharon...

"You may take your leave," Ben told the two of them, knowing that Zachary preferred a quiet environment with privacy.

Fleur gave a ninety-degree bow and retreated as she left the room.

Charlotte followed suit.

"How is it? Are the problems severe?" Ben asked carefully.

"There shouldn't have been any problems at all. Somebody must have messed with the programming of our products," Zachary said, his brows furrowing deeper.

"Bruce is on it. He'll see to the bottom of the situation soon enough."

Seeing that it was good timing to hand him the wine, Ben passed Zachary's wine glass to him.

Zachary took a sip and raised his eyebrows. "This tastes pretty good!" He remarked.

"I was quite surprised that the promoter knew how to do pretty decent decanting."

"Maybe she wasn't just a promoter," Zachary said.

"What? Why?" Ben blinked.

"Few would know about that mini-bar over there..." Zachary uttered and then froze as if something had struck him. Looking at Ben, he said, "Call the promoter in!"

"Yes!" Ben swiftly left the room to find Fleur.

"What's going on? Did she do something wrong?" Fleur asked anxiously.

"No. She's very good at decanting. I want her to serve the wine." Ben made up an excuse.

"Right, right. I'll go get her this instant. She's probably in another serving area right now. It might take me a while to find her..." Fleur replied politely with her head low.

"Do it as quickly as you can."

"Got it."

As Zachary swirled his wine glass with an oddly impassive expression on his face, Ben said softly, "It can't be Ms. Windt, can it? You just gave her two million not too long ago. She wouldn't be sinking this low to be working here, right?"

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Anything, and I mean anything that somehow seems impossible can, and will happen to that stupid woman!"

Zachary's face fell. She is good as dead if I find out that she's working here as a promoter, and wearing that garbage, no less. Does she have a death wish or what?

Vexed at the thought, he snapped, "Why is she not here yet?"

"The chief promoter said that she's serving in section C," Ben articulated his every word. "I've asked the chief promoter to go look for her."

Go look for her yourself," Zachary demanded.

"Yes, sir." Someone knocked on the door just when Ben was about to head out. "Come in!" Ben hurriedly answered.

A female promoter made her way in. She was dressed in the same clothes and style. The tag on her

chest was 118, identical to the girl who they spotted just moments ago.

However, something did not quite add up...

“Sir, how can I help you?”

The girl kept her head low and greeted respectfully.

However, her legs were shaking from being too nervous.

Flashback to ten minutes ago.

Charlotte and Olivia were serving in section C. Fleur rushed to her side and told her to get to the private room as soon as possible because a VIP was asking for her.

Charlotte had a hunch that something was wrong right then. Zachary must have realized something. I’m going to be busted if I go to the private room right now.

To get herself out of the trouble, Charlotte found a girl who had a similar physique to replace herself. She arranged for the girl to wear a wig and bear her number. In return, Charlotte promised to let the girl in for a huge deal.

However, the girl was intimidated by the domineering vibe that Zachary exuded as soon as she entered the private room. She did not even dare to raise her head to look at the man.

“We’ve finished all our drinks, and we quite enjoyed the way you decanted the wine just now. Do decant another one for us, please.”

“Sure.” Charlotte had taught her and Olivia how to decant wine when there was time to spare. As a result, the girl had managed to secure quite a number of lucrative deals because of her skill.

For the same reason, Charlotte had sought for the girl’s help to impersonate herself.

However, Charlotte had not expected that the girl would get so nervous that she was practically fumbling when decanting the wine. The latter even almost spilled Zachary’s drink.

“Get out,” Zachary snapped in an icy tone.

“Yes,” the girl answered meekly and dashed for the door.

“It seems like...”

Zachary interrupted Ben, “That’s not her.” Just one glance and he knew for sure that the girl was not Charlotte. He was adamant that Charlotte was not even slightly intimidated by himself. She’s always calm and composed before me. That was how she was able to decant the wine with such grace just now.

However, Zachary could not say the same for other women. Somehow, they always found him intimidating and would fidget uncontrollably before him. Despite having similar decanting skills, their edgy and jittery manners before him would be a dead giveaway.

“Then, the one before...”

Zachary stood up all of a sudden before Ben could finish his sentence. He headed for the door at a brisk pace.

Ben trailed behind him right away.

Meanwhile, Charlotte was swamped in section C.

Kristi rushed to her side and sobbed, "Charlotte, the man in the private room is terrifying. I was shivering as soon as I entered the room. His subordinate asked me to decant the wine, and he ordered me to leave before I can even finish it."

"Did he make things difficult for you?" Charlotte asked anxiously.

"No, not really," Kristi said as she shook her head. Then, she proceeded to fish out a stack of cash from her bra and said animatedly, "His bodyguard handed me a stack of cash when I came out just now. I've counted it, it's exactly ten thousand."

"What on earth? Did he actually tip you that generously?" Olivia was green with envy.

"Damn, why didn't he tip me just now?" Charlotte was envious of Kristi's luck as well.

"Haha, I'm rich!" Kristi took out four bills and gave Charlotte and Olivia two each. "These are for you guys. Olivia, thanks for recommending me to work here. Charlotte, thank you for sending me to the private room."

"Since you're so generously tipped, I don't think you need that other bill, right?" Charlotte grinned.

"Of course, I still need that bill." Kristi was especially sensitive when it came to money. "I was literally risking my life by impersonating you back in the private room. You had no idea how nervous I was just now. My heart was in my throat man..."

Before Kristi could finish, she nudged Charlotte and hurriedly said, "Charlotte, the man from the private

room is heading in our direction.”

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Charlotte turned around, and noticed that Zachary was indeed making his way toward them with his bodyguards trailing behind him.

“Isn’t he the guy from the dinner last time?”

Olivia recognized the man right away. The man was practically the center of attention at the dinner at Ashenville Garden last time, someone whom even the nobles were trying to appease. He must be some bigshot.

“What should I do?” All color drained from Kristi’s face as her legs shook. “Has he found out that I was impersonating you and he’s here to teach me a lesson?”

Don’t worry.” Noticing that Kristi was shuddering, she could not bring herself to drag the latter into more trouble. She exchanged her number with her and dismissed her, “Go on with your work. I’ll handle this.”

“Okay, then,” Kristi scurried off.

“Charlotte, did you somehow offend the man?” Olivia asked in a worried tone.

“Maybe.” If I hadn’t recognized him or treated him like a gigolo, then maybe our paths would never have crossed again.

“Let’s go. They’re almost here,” Olivia tried to drag Charlotte along.

The two of them were more than familiar with the hallways. Before long, they found themselves back in Section A. Noticing that they had shrugged off the group, Charlotte heaved a sigh of relief.

“Fleur had arranged for us to help out in section C today. Will she punish us if she realizes that we’re in section A instead?” Olivia was apprehensive about defying Fleur’s arrangements.

“You go to section C,” Charlotte nudged her friend. “Don’t worry. I’m going to be alright.”

“Alright then. The man shouldn’t be able to find you now. There are a lot of customers here at section A, and it’s alright for you to come here and back them up, or just go along the lines of some regulars are asking for you or something.”

“Sure.”

Charlotte was summoned as soon as Olivia left.

Sultry Night was always bustling with customers. Every night was practically fully booked. Unless one made a prior reservation, otherwise it would be near impossible to get a room in the club.

Some organization was throwing a party in section C, and they were shorthanded there. That was why Fleur had arranged for Charlotte and Olivia to head there that night.

Meanwhile, in section A, the guests at the private room had ordered a lot of drinks. Charlotte was especially spirited to attend to the large order.

She pushed carts after carts of expensive wine into the private room and crouched on the floor as she poured the drinks for the guests.

Almost every businessman had a hostess in their arms as they drank and flirted with the girls on the sofa. It was apparent that they were having the time of their lives.

One of the men was ogling Charlotte even though another hostess was right in his arms. He rubbed against Charlotte's thighs with the tip of his toes and flirted, "Hey pretty, you have a great body. Why don't we enjoy a few drinks together?"

"Thanks for the offer, sir. But I don't know how to drink." Charlotte shifted herself to one side.

"How are you not able to drink when you're working at Sultry Night?" The man smiled slyly and offered, "What do you say to one thousand per drink, hmm?"

"Haha, you're really the player!"

The other men burst out laughing.

"She's still too young, let us drink with you," the other hostesses tried to get Charlotte out of the sticky situation.

"I don't think she's that young though," The man was still eyeballing Charlotte in a lecherous manner. "I'd even say that she's well developed by just looking at one part of her."

Charlotte knitted her brows and stood right up to leave.

The man stood up and dragged on Charlotte, "Hey pretty, don't get on my nerves!"

"Let me go!" Charlotte growled at him.

"What about no?" The man shamelessly edged closer to her instead. "You smell so good..."

Disgusted by the man's insolent manner, she tried to shrug him off. However, the man tightened his grip on her wrist, and she could not seem to free herself, no matter how hard she tried to.

The door of the private room sprung open and a slender figure made its entrance.

The man was displeased with the interruption and berated, "Who the f-"

He swallowed his words right back into his mouth. The obsidian deep-set gaze exuded a domineering vibe. His stern gaze was especially apparent under the dim lighting in the private room.

The bodyguards behind the man exuded a formidable aura as well.

Charlotte subconsciously turned around and stole a glance, her heart thumping wildly.

Damn it, how did he know I'm here?

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Zachary narrowed his eyes at Charlotte's wrist.

“Aren’t you going to let her go?” Ben bellowed at the guy, “Are you tired of having your hands attached to your body?”

The man hurriedly let go of Charlotte and retracted a few steps and slumped to the sofa behind. He asked in an apprehensive manner, “Who- who are you guys?”

The other men at the sofa were scared to their wits and dared not make a sound.

“Make him lose the hand that was gripping her wrist just now!”

Zachary barked the orders before turning around to leave.

Stumped, Charlotte froze on the ground, widening her eyes in disbelief at the turn of events. Before she could even figure out what just transpired, the sounds of the man wailing in pain filled the private room.

As she traced the sounds of the man screaming in pain, she was greeted by the sight of Ben stepping the man’s hands against the wall. The crisp sounds of the man’s bones cracking rang in her ears.

The man’s face grimaced with the excruciating pain. He tried hard to struggle himself free but to no avail.

The other people in the private room paled at the sight as they retreated themselves to a corner, not daring to utter even a single word.

The hostesses had never seen anything like it and shuddered in fear as they covered their eyes.

“You have a death wish!” Ben scowled at the man and retracted his foot.

The man slumped to the floor and fainted from the agonizing pain.

Charlotte was stumped and froze on the ground. Moments passed and she still could not regain her composure.

“What are you waiting for? Come right this way!” Ben said.

Up until then, Ben was still not certain that the tacky woman standing before him was Charlotte Windt.

Charlotte forced herself to snap out of her thoughts and trailed behind Ben.

A sense of trepidation washed over her as they made their way over to Zachary’s private room. Has he recognized me? How is he going to punish me if he has recognized me?

Before long, they had already reached Zachary’s private room. He was enjoying his drink quietly on the sofa. He looked calm and composed, his eyes downcast.

Charlotte stood at the entrance as she did not dare to enter the room.

“This way, please,” Ben gestured for her to enter.

She had no choice but to enter the private room, making her way to the center, and looked apprehensively at Zachary.

However, Zachary paid no heed to her as he silently sipped on his drink.

After he finished the drink in his hand, Zachary put down the drink in his hand, and finally parted his lips to order her, "Go wash your hand."

Charlotte was stumped, but she relented and went over to the back and washed her hands.

Ben, on the other hand, was flabbergasted.

"I'm done," Charlotte said in a small voice after she was done. She had no idea what Zachary was going to do next.

"Decant another bottle," Zachary gestured at her with his chin.

Charlotte crouched down and opened another bottle of red wine to decant it.

All the while, Zachary had not once averted his gaze from her wrist.

Charlotte was well aware of the reasons that he demanded her to wash hands. Firstly, he deemed her wrist dirty after some guy gripped it. Second of all, he was trying to identify her by spotting the wound on her hand.

Despite feeling nervous, she was actually glad that the wound on the back of her hand had actually healed and did not leave any scar behind.

However, the scar on her palms from being scalded by the cigar was still clear and visible.

As long as he did not turn over her hand to check, her palm was actually concealed from sight when decanting the wine.

After she was done decanting, Charlotte poured a half a glass for him.

Then, she stood up and retracted a few steps back, keeping quiet all the while as she kept her head low, waiting for his next instruction.

She had not once lifted her head and looked him in the eyes.

Charlotte was cool as a cucumber throughout the whole exchange.

Zachary said nothing. He merely took the glass and sipped on the wine quietly.

Meanwhile, Ben was furrowing his brows, perplexed at the sight before him.

What is Mr. Nacht trying to do?

Is this woman really Ms. Windt?

It did not take Zachary long to finish his wine.

Nonchalantly, he said, "You may leave now."

“Huh?” Charlotte was stumped yet again. So did he recognize me, or not?

Why isn't he exposing me if he has recognized me?

Why would he waste all that effort to find me if he's not even sure?

And, why did he break the man's hand then?

“Get lost!” Zachary snapped.

Ben hurriedly gestured for her to leave, “This way please!”

Charlotte bowed to him and turned around to leave...

When she reached the door, Ben took out a few stacks of cash and handed it over to her. “Thank you for your hard work.”

There should be about fifty thousand here. If Ben has larger hands, I seriously think that he'll give me more.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 416

Charlotte was thrilled for getting the lavish tip. After getting off work, she treated Olivia and Kristi to supper.

Kristi turned green with envy after knowing that Charlotte had received a huge tip.

On the contrary, Olivia was elated over the good news. At the rate at which things were going, they would be able to save enough, and in turn, quit working at Sultry Night much sooner.

Kristi, however, thought differently. She actually liked working at Sultry Night, claiming that it was fast and easy money. The girl wanted to save up enough to buy a property at H City.

Not only that, but she also hoped that she would somehow meet a rich guy while working at Sultry Night. She was dying to realize her goal of becoming a rich man's trophy wife.

Olivia burst her bubble and told her that being a trophy wife was not all sunshine and rainbows.

Charlotte, on the other hand, did not think there were any problems with Kristi's aspirations.

Afterward, Olivia and Charlotte then decided to go visit Olivia's mother at two o'clock in the afternoon the next day. The trio then went their separate ways.

Olivia and Kristi rented a house together. They would study in the morning and then work at Sultry Night at night. Even though it was tough, they knew they were working toward realizing their dreams.

It was already five-thirty in the morning when Charlotte reached home. After taking a bath and changing into a fresh set of clothes, she prepared breakfast for her triplets and even penned a sticky note for them.

Dear Robbie, Jamie, and Ellie, Mommy has been busy with work lately and hasn't been spending much time with you guys. Mommy is so glad that you guys have been behaving, and going to school every day with the nurses. I promise to spend more time with you guys after this.

Love,

Mommy

Charlotte then dragged her tired body back to the room and fell into a deep slumber.

She had only about five hours left to sleep since she agreed to meet Olivia at the City Hospital at one o'clock in the afternoon.

The three nurses had already arrived to fetch the triplets when the trio was awake, and told them that Charlotte had actually prepared breakfast for them. They could enjoy the breakfast once they had washed up.

The triplets were thrilled since it had been a while since they last had breakfast prepared by Charlotte.

They were overjoyed to see the scrumptious breakfast and handwritten note laid out on the table.

The triplet then tiptoed into their mother's room and planted soft kisses on her cheeks. Then, they closed the door behind them and enjoyed their breakfast.

Before leaving, Robbie left a sticky note on the table for Charlotte as well.

To Mommy, We love you!

Love, Robbie

“Robbie, don’t forget to include my name on the note too.” Ellie tiptoed to take a closer look at the sticky note.

“Me too, I love mommy too,” Jamie reminded Robbie as well, afraid that the latter might have missed out his name.

“Love mommy, love mommy!” Fifi parroted the triplets’ words back at them.

“Shh!” Ellie gestured to silent Fifi. She looked at the parrot with a stern face. “Fifi, do not wake Mommy, okay?”

Fifi then covered its beak with its wings, mirroring Ellie’s demeanor.

The parrot had slept for many days after getting drunk last time. However, it had gotten especially chirpy ever since it had sobered up.

“I think it’s better that we bring Fifi to school,” Jamie said as he furrowed his brows. “Otherwise, it’s going to wake mummy up.”

“Agreed.” Ellie raised her plump hands.

“Sure,” Robbie nodded his head and said to the nurse, “Nurse, could you help me open the cage?”

“Sure!” The nurse then headed to the balcony to open Fifi’s cage.

Fifi then flapped its wings and perched on Robbie's shoulders as it rubbed its furry head against his handsome little face, "Robbie, Robbie!"

"Be quiet," Robbie warned Fifi. "I'm going to bring you to school today. You have to behave, alright?"

"Okay, okay," Fifi chirped merrily, happy that it was finally getting the chance to go to the kindergarten together with the triplets.

"Fifi is so adorable!" The nurses beamed brightly as they saw the parrot's lively demeanor. "Let's go to school now."

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 417

Charlotte woke up to the triplets' handwritten note and felt a warm fuzzy feeling in her heart.

It had been almost twenty days since she was fired from Divine Corporation. She could only have a quick dinner with her triplets as she had to head out late at night until the next morning for her work at Sultry Night.

It was already middle of the night when she was back from home, rendering it impossible for her to talk to her children as they would be fast asleep.

However, she was beyond glad that her children understood her predicaments and behaved well.

Nevertheless, Charlotte still felt guilty for not being around for her children. At that point, all she wanted to do was to earn enough money to pay for Mrs. Berry's treatment. Then, she could go back to her normal life, and in turn, spend more time with her kids.

Ring... The phone rang at that moment. It was Olivia checking in on her, asking if she had gotten out of the bed.

Charlotte snapped out of her thoughts and rushed to get ready. She dashed for the door and made her way to the City Hospital to meet up with Olivia.

The latter had been waiting at the entrance of the hospital when Charlotte arrived. The two of them headed toward the ward. On the way, Charlotte asked her friend about her mother's condition, and Olivia started to recount her bitter past.

"When I was in middle school, my dad passed away. Mom became a janitor at a company in the city to support my studies.

"Her boss was a Good Samaritan. He knew about my mother's condition and sponsored my studies right here in the city. My expenses and tuition fees for high school were paid for by her boss.

"The boss's company had gotten into some trouble when I was in my final year of high school. The police had even gotten involved.

"One day, a mysterious person barged into the company office looking for the boss. My mom thought that the man might harm the boss, and wanted to remind him. However, for some unknown reason, she fell from the building...

"She was lucky to fall on the balcony just one floor down, and survived. However, she had been in a coma ever since. It's been four years..."

Charlotte felt her chest tighten after listening to Olivia's story. She led the latter to a relatively quiet place and asked, "Olivia, what's the name of the company that your mom worked at? What's the boss's name?"

"It's Windt Corporation. The boss's name was Richard Windt. You see, he had the same surname as you. That's why I felt quite close to you after you told me your name the first time we met."

Stumped at the revelation, Charlotte was rendered speechless.

"What's the matter, Charlotte?" Olivia was perplexed at her friend's reaction.

"Fate really has a way to bring people together," Charlotte felt a wave of emotions wash over her. "Richard Windt is my father!"

"Huh?" Olivia was stunned. "I've heard my mom mention that Mr. Windt had a daughter. I just did not expect it to be you."

"Did you know my dad passed away four years ago?" Charlotte's eyes brimmed with tears. "He jumped off a building."

"I know, it was on the news." Olivia's eyes went red. "My mom got into a coma on 20th April while Mr. Windt committed suicide on 21st April."

"Did you mention that someone was trying to harm my father?" Charlotte asked anxiously.

"Yes. My mom called me at the time and said that a mysterious man had barged into the company to look for your father. She thought that the man might try to harm him, and wanted to remind your father of the potential danger.

“I was so worried about her and told her to go look for the security guard to back her up. However, she did not even get to finish before the line went dead. I tried calling her multiple times but the call just would not get through. On the very same night, I’d gotten the news that she fell...”

Tears began to stream down Olivia’s cheeks as she recounted the incident.

“My mom had already lost her consciousness when I rushed to the hospital. Mr. Windt was right outside the emergency room as well. I could see that he was so guilty about the whole incident. He left me his watch and left without saying a word.

“I really had no idea what he was trying to do, and I finally realized his intention the next day after I watched the news. I think the watch was the only valuable thing that he had left, and he gave it to me in hopes that I could use it for my mom’s treatment...”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 418

Tears trickled down Charlotte’s cheeks. Her father had been an altruistic soul his whole life and had helped countless people. It did not surprise Charlotte that people like Olivia’s mother would feel grateful to her father.

“Charlotte...” Olivia held her friend’s hands in her own and said gratefully, “Mr. Windt was a good man. He kept my mom’s medical treatment fees in his mind even at the lowest points of his life.”

“Your mom had only gotten into a coma trying to save my dad. It’s only right for us to bear the treatment costs,” Charlotte said in a contrite tone.

“I sold the watch that Mr. Windt left for a million. I had been depending on that for my mother’s medical treatment all these years. Well, actually, I shouldn’t have sold it, but I was still in high school,

and mom did not have much savings, so..." Olivia was plagued with guilt.

"I understand," Charlotte said as she nodded her head. "Olivia, your mom and you are both kind souls."

Olivia sighed aloud. "It's so unfair. Why do bad things happen to good people?"

"Yeah, I know right." Charlotte sighed and continued asking, "Right, did your mother mention who the mysterious man was? Anything about how the person looked like?"

"She did not mention anything on that," Olivia shook her head. "She sounded like she was in a rush. There was no time for her to go into the details, and she hung up on me before I could even answer her."

"I see. Then, let's go visit your mother first."

The two of them made their way toward Olivia's mother's ward.

Her mother lay on the hospital bed with a multitude of tubes attached to her body. Her body was frail and thin from being bedridden for so many years. Olivia's mother was only in her mid-forties, but she looked way beyond her age.

Olivia's deft manners in wiping down her mother's body, changing her clothes, and potty toilet were telltales of the hardships that the girl had endured through the years.

Charlotte felt a lump in her throat watching her friend and was hit by a pang of guilt. Olivia's mother would not have ended up like this if it weren't for saving her father.

It must have been difficult for Olivia to pull herself through all these years. I really want to help them both.

With this thought in mind, Charlotte asked Olivia to take her to her mother's doctor to find out more about her condition. Charlotte even asked for a copy of her mother's medical records before giving Raina a call.

She did not wish to trouble Raina. However, she felt that her effort was necessary to help out Olivia.

Charlotte actually thought that Raina was a decent person. If she were to look the other way for Raina's relationship with Zachary, she actually thought Raina was someone she could befriend. Of course, Charlotte planned to bear all the costs of the treatment. She just needed someone professional to clear things up for her.

It took a few rings before Raina finally picked up. "Ms. Windt?"

"Dr. Langhan, I need your help. Is this a good time to talk?"

"Sure, fire away," Raina remained polite toward Charlotte.

"I have a friend who has been in a coma for four years here at City Hospital. She's on a treatment plan but her condition has worsened recently. I know that you're a great doctor, and I'd like your two cents on this."

"Do you have her medical records? Let me know the patient's name and details and I'll ask my people to find out more."

"Yes, but it's on paper. When will be convenient for you? What if I meet you and hand this over to you in

person?”

Charlotte did not wish to disclose too much of Olivia’s mother’s information to Raina, lest that the incident back then had anything to do with the Nacht family. A background search on Olivia’s mother would have exposed everything.

Hence, Charlotte planned to just let Raina check the hard copy of the medical records without having an inkling to the identity of the patient. In that case, Raina would not be able to dig further down the hole.

“I’ll be at the hospital tomorrow morning.”

“Great, then I’ll see you there tomorrow morning.”

After hanging up the call, Charlotte turned to comfort Olivia, “My friend is a really great doctor. Perhaps she will have some insights into this. Don’t worry, okay?”

“Thank you, Charlotte.” Olivia was beyond grateful.

“Well, that’s what friends are for. Don’t sweat on it.” Charlotte tapped on her shoulders and said, “I’ll try my best to help you.”

“Thank you...” Olivia was moved to tears and hugged her friend.

“Silly, don’t cry. We’d better go eat something and prepare for work.”

“Sure.”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 419

Ever since Olivia found out that Charlotte was actually the daughter of her benefactor, she was ever more friendly toward the latter.

Charlotte, on the other hand, took extra care of Olivia because of her mother's condition.

The two of them went into work at Sultry Night when the night fell. Olivia brought Charlotte to section C to take orders.

A promoter rushed to their side. "Olivia, the customer over at C28 demanded for 118 and your service."

Charlotte lowered her head to check out her number. She was 118. All promoters here wore face masks, and they were only identifiable by the number tags on their chest.

"Who is it?" Olivia was curious.

"I think he's your regular," the promoter grinned. "Those fellas seem quite loaded. They ordered a few expensive bottles as soon as they came. I wanted to take more orders for them but they demanded you guys instead."

"Sure, I'll get there as soon as possible."

Olivia dragged Charlotte there as soon as she heard that the customer was loaded.

“Promoters have regulars too?” Charlotte found the idea somewhat amusing since they would not even reveal their face to the customers.

“I don’t think so. Only hostesses have regulars since promoters always move around from section to section,” Olivia replied nonchalantly.

“Then, why is the customer asking for us?” Charlotte tugged on her friend. “Something’s wrong here!”

“I think it’s going to be alright. Peter has ramped up the security around here and given us all a walkie-talkie each. We can just call the security if anything happens and they’ll be here in a heartbeat.”

Olivia only had money on her mind right then as she paced briskly toward C28.

Charlotte was afraid of her friend getting into trouble and could only trail behind her.

“Good evening, sir!” Olivia greeted the men enthusiastically. “How can I help-”

She went silent at the sight of the man sitting on the sofa. It was the man who had appeared when she was together with Jackson back then, Marshall Brady.

He brought along six bodyguards today.

“Well, well. We meet again,” Mr. Brady was puffing on a cigar as he held a wine glass in his hand. The man insolently said, “You guys got lucky last time. I’m afraid it won’t be the case this time!”

A bodyguard pushed her and Charlotte toward him right then.

Olivia staggered and nearly fell to the floor, but Charlotte steadied her in the nick of time.

“What do you want?” Charlotte glared at the man before her.

“I want to f*ck you, of course.” Mr. Brady’s lips curled into a lecherous smile. “Name your price. I’ll consider being your sugar daddy, provided that I’m satisfied with your performance tonight.”

“You are disgusting!” Repulsed with the man’s lewd remarks, Charlotte glared at the man as she attempted to leave the room with Olivia.

However, a bodyguard locked the door behind them as another bodyguard snatched the walkie-talkie away from Olivia.

“What are you doing?” Charlotte stood before Olivia, trying to protect her friend.

“Don’t try to stir anything up here. We have security patrolling.” Olivia’s voice was shaky from the fear.

“It seems like you guys have forgotten that the soundproofing system here is excellent. Even if I decide to f*ck your friend here, people outside will not even hear a sound.”

Then, Mr. Brady broke into a profligate laugh as he spread his legs and pointed at his nether regions at Charlotte.

“I’ll let you go if you can satisfy me. Otherwise, hehe...”

“Shameless!” Charlotte gritted through her teeth.

“Shameless is my middle name, b*tch.” Mr. Brady then gave his bodyguards a look.

His bodyguards then proceeded to pull Charlotte’s hair and dragged her to Mr. Brady’s side.

“Let me take a good look at that face.” Mr. Brady then pinned her head against the sofa and took off her mask. His eyes glinted at the sight of her face. “Ms. Blackwood did not lie to me! You’re really an alluring little minx!”

Then, he started to tear off Charlotte’s clothes right in front of everyone.

“Let me go!” Charlotte struggled to free herself but to no avail.

“Let her go...” Olivia wanted to dash over and help her friend but she was held down by the bodyguards. She shrieked in despair, “You animals will burn in hell!”

Slap! A bodyguard slapped Olivia right across her face.

She slumped to the floor as blood seeped from the corners of her mouth.

Meanwhile, Charlotte’s dress had been torn apart like rags.

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Mr. Brady was already taking off his pants, desperate to possess Charlotte as soon as possible. With a sickening chuckle, he said, "I heard that you used to be Mr. Nacht's woman? Hahaha! I can't wait to get a taste of you..."

Right at the very moment, the private room's room was busted open and a righteous-sounding voice rang, "Stop!"

A few bodyguards dashed into the private room and saved Charlotte.

Lifting her head, Charlotte noticed that it was Jackson.

"Brady, you're a bas*ard!" Jackson pointed at Mr. Brady and gritted through his teeth, "How could you do something like that?"

"Mr. White, why are you always taking this woman's side? What kind of relationship do you have with this woman?" Mr. Brady was pissed off.

"You really have a death wish. Did you know to whom she belonged?"

The private room's room door was kicked down once again after he was done talking.

A slender figure dashed into the room, and the man looked like he was Lucifer as he exuded a cold and domineering vibe.

Charlotte hurriedly turned her head to one side as she fumbled for her mask. She did not wish for Zachary to see her in such a disheveled manner.

However, it was too late. Zachary had already seen it all; her broken dress, and the exposed skin. His eyes burned with seething fury.

“Bas*ard, you really have a death wish!” Ben dashed over and seized the scoundrel by his throat as he berated, “How dare you lay a finger on Mr. Nacht’s woman?”

“I... I had no idea...” Mr. Brady fumbled to explain himself. “I didn’t know...”

“As if!” Jackson bellowed at the man, “I’ve told you before. She’s Mr. Nacht’s woman and told you not to get any ideas about her, but it seems like you paid no heed to my warnings.”

“Damn you, Jackson White!” Mr. Brady was boiling with fury at that point. “When have I ever stepped on your tail? Why are you throwing stones at me now?”

Then, the man turned and explained to Zachary, “Mr. Nacht, I only came here because of Ms. Blackwood. She said that she would consider collaborating with me if I rape this woman.”

Zachary removed his coat and draped it over Charlotte and ordered with an icy cold tone, “Get out of here first.”

She clutched onto the coat like it was a life-saving straw and staggered over to Olivia’s side. The duo then hurried out of the room.

As soon as they stepped out of the room, wails of pain could be heard coming out of the private room.

Olivia shuddered to hear the commotion as her legs went jelly and almost slumping to the floor.

Charlotte steadied her friend right then.

“Who are those people?” Olivia steadied herself against the wall as she shivered uncontrollably.

“They’re not good souls, that’s for sure.” Charlotte steadied her friend as they walked. “Let’s go look for Peter. You need to go to the hospital since you’re injured.”

“I’m alright. I could just soothe my cheeks with some ice.” Olivia then turned to her friend. “I’m the one who is supposed to ask you this. Are you alright?”

“I’m okay...” Charlotte was plagued by guilt as she eyed her friend’s swollen face. “I dragged you into this mess.”

“Don’t worry about it. We are besties, and you definitely did not get me into any trouble.” Olivia still shuddered from apprehension, “By the way, who is that Mr. Nacht? Is he your boyfriend? Why do they keep saying that he’s your boyfriend?”

“It’s a long story...”

Before she could finish, Peter had already rushed to their sides with his people behind him, “Are the two of you alright?”

“Peter!” Olivia rushed over and tugged on the man. “It was so scary just now. Someone tried to rape Charlotte, and then...”

“Is Mr. Nacht here?” Peter interrupted Olivia and turned to ask Charlotte instead.

“Yes.” She nodded.

“My goodness, I’m going to be in so much trouble this time.” Peter slapped himself across his face exasperatedly. “I thought you guys had broken things off for real... Damn it. I shouldn’t have let you stay last time.”

“I’m sorry. I’ll clarify things with him and tell him not to put you in a difficult position,” Charlotte hurriedly said.

“You’re already caught between a rock and a hard place. Are you sure you can still plead for others?”

A cold voice rang from a distance, sending waves of chill air into the hallway, and it seemed like they were in hell...

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 421

Charlotte trembled as she stole a glance at Zachary apprehensively.

Zachary narrowed his eyes at her as he made his way to her slowly.

“Mr. Nacht, I thought...”

“What?” Zachary snapped before Peter could finish. “You thought I didn’t want her anymore, so you let her serve other men here?”

“No, that’s not what I meant...”

Zachary was already grabbing Peter by his neck before the latter could explain further.

The force he exerted almost crushed his windpipes.

Peter widened his mouth as he rolled his eyes back, veins popping on his forehead. He reached out as an attempt to free himself but to no avail. His hands slumped to his side.

“No...” Olivia lurched forward. “Let him go!”

Zachary’s bodyguard stopped her in her tracks. She did not even get close to his side.

“This has nothing to do with him. Please let him go,” Charlotte pleaded.

Her pleas fell on deaf ears as Zachary tightened his grip. It seemed as if he wanted to take Peter’s life right then and there.

“Zachary Nacht!” Charlotte could not hold it in any longer and growl at him. “You’re the one who got engaged with someone else, and you’re the one who fired me. Who are you to act like you’re the saint?”

It worked like a charm.

Zachary slowly loosened his grip and turned around to gauge the woman with an icy cold gaze. "What did you say?"

"I..." Charlotte widened her mouth and said nothing further. She was just trying to divert his attention. There was no way she was truly putting the blame on him.

"Charlotte Windt!" Zachary enunciated her name and grabbed her by the back of her head, edging her close to himself as he glared at the woman. "You really pissed me off this time!"

Then, he proceeded to drag the woman by her hair, making his way to his private room.

"What are you doing? Let her go." Olivia wanted to stop the man but was blocked by Ben. "Don't worry, miss. It's just lover's spat."

"How can a lover's spat be this violent?" Olivia could not bring herself to believe what Ben was saying. "You guys can't do this. Let her go or I'll call the police."

"Why would we bother to save her if she's not my boss' lover?" Ben explained patiently to her. "Lady, our time is much too precious to waste."

"But..." Before Olivia wanted to say anything, she was stopped by Peter.

He was soothing his neck with one hand, and clutching Olivia's hand with the other. In a croaky voice, he said, "Mr. Nacht is Charlotte's boyfriend."

Olivia had only stopped going after her friend after listening to Peter. She turned around and noticed that Charlotte had already been dragged inside the private room by the formidable man.

"Ah, it hurts..."

Charlotte felt as if her scalp was going to be torn off her head. She reached out to grab Zachary's arm, struggling to break free.

The man threw her on the sofa. He took a bottle of wine from the coffee table and started to pour it on the woman's face.

"Ugh..." Charlotte shook her head furiously, trying to dodge the wine from dribbling on her face. However, Zachary pinched her by the cheeks, essentially pinning her down and immobilized her.

It did not take long to finish the entire bottle.

Charlotte coughed repeatedly, choking from the wine pouring down on her face. Her face went red from suffocation.

Zachary hurled the bottle and distanced himself from the woman. He lit a cigarette and took a puff, all the while regarding the woman with an impassive face.

A fire was burning in his chest but he had no idea how to vent it all.

He would go all out to save her every time she was in danger.

When he knew that she had actually given birth to a set of triplets for another man, he burned with fury and jealousy, but still he could not bring himself to reprimand her.

He had even thrown his dignity out the window when he absolved her of any blame; getting into an argument with his grandfather, which resulted in him getting slapped across the face.

It was his first time getting struck by anyone, ever.

And yet this woman has the audacity to say that I'm acting like a saint?

With the thoughts running wild in his head, Zachary even had the intention of choking the woman to her death...

He tossed his cigar away and pounced on the girl like a beast, tearing off her clothes.

"No, let me go..." Charlotte struggled to break free but to no avail.

Soon, the only piece left was her white bra.

However, leaving her almost naked could not seem to pacify the man. Still boiling with fury, the man pinched the woman's cheeks and gouged out her contact lens...

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 422

Charlotte was whimpering in pain over her eyes. She scratched on Zachary's arms hard, leaving bloodied lines all over.

However, the man seemed unfazed by the pain as she scratched on. He wiped off the lipstick on her lips and gritted through his teeth, "Look at yourself right now! You look like a whore!"

"What does it have to do with you? Let me go..."

Charlotte wrestled the man furiously.

However, the man opened another bottle of wine and poured it all over her face and body.

It seemed like he was trying to cleanse her sins off of her.

Charlotte finally fell silent when the man poured another bottle of wine over her. She slumped against the sofa, shifting uneasily from the heat, and panted lightly.

Her chest heaved up and down from the panting as she tried to catch her breath. The woman's porcelain-fair skin was accentuated by the ruby red liquid and the dim lighting, alluring and inviting.

Zachary's eyes burned with lust, but he did not lay a finger on her. He took off his coat and wrapped it around her half-naked body. Then, he carried her and exited the private room.

The woman leaned her head against his chest silently, drained from her previous attempt to free herself.

Zachary carried her all the way to his car and drove away.

His bodyguards knew better than to trail behind their boss.

Sultry Night was only a stone's throw away from Storm Hotel. They reached there in just a few minutes.

As usual, Zachary parked his car at the back of the hotel. The manager was already waiting to greet his guests.

He carried Charlotte upstairs and dumped her into a tub full of water.

Then, he turned around and headed to another bathroom to take a shower. However, he rushed back to the tub when he noticed sounds of water splashing.

He was greeted by the sight of Charlotte struggling in the bathtub as if she was about to drown.

"Idiot!"

Zachary was rendered speechless. I guess she will be breaking a world record as the first person who drowns herself in a bathtub.

However, he knew that the woman was drunk beyond her wits because of him. At that point, there was no way she could take care of herself.

He had no other choice but to bathe the woman himself.

The man removed the last piece of clothing still on the woman and cleaned her meticulously.

Her skin was velvety smooth and a pleasure to behold. However, there were a few scratches here and there from her struggles earlier.

His Adam's apple bobbed up and down from the enticing sensation. Despite the burning lust in his eyes, Zachary tried his best to hold the beast in himself in.

He had wanted to wash her hair but realized that it was not an easy endeavor. After fumbling with it for some time, he still had no idea where to start. Besides, it did not help when her hair was circling her neck, almost strangling her.

On top of the woman drifting in and out of consciousness, he had to steady her shoulders with his one hand, lest she fell into the tub and choked on the water.

Damn it, I never knew bathing a woman would be such an arduous task.

Zachary proceeded to struggle for another one hour before he was finally done.

He scooped her out of the tub and wrapped a towel around her body. Then, he placed her on the sofa and blow-dried the woman's hair.

She lay motionlessly against the sofa. Her cheeks pink from being intoxicated as she mumbled, "Thirsty... water..."

Zachary took a bottle of water and fed the woman.

She grabbed onto the bottle of water like a lost traveler in the desert who had found an oasis. It did not take her long to finish the whole bottle.

Then, he continued to dry her hair as he ran his fingers through the strands. He raised a brow at the sight before him. Why do women have so much hair, and why are they so long? It's such a hassle to wash and dry their hair.

After what seemed like an eternity, her hair was finally dry. He kept the hairdryer and turned around to make way to the bathroom.

His clothes were soiled by the woman, and he had been dying to get out of it. Well, thanks to that woman, I'm only able to take these off now.

Yet another first, Ms. Windt. Zachary had never taken care of another soul his whole life. It seemed as if the woman had been defying every single one of his rules.

Thud! A sound could be heard outside.

Zachary dashed out of the bathroom to have a look. It was Charlotte. The woman had fallen off the sofa.

He furrowed his brows at the frustrating woman, and decided to just let her be as he continued to take a shower.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 423

Just when he was taking a bath, a silhouette made its way into the bathroom. It seemed like it was looking for some water to drink...

Zachary turned around and the woman bumped right into him. She lifted her head, opened her mouth, and just drank the water that came trickling down.

Like a person lost in a desert, she was looking for just any water to quench her thirst.

Charlotte was already wet all over from the water. Her skin was smooth as a pearl.

Zachary was dumbstruck at the sight of her sultry gaze and the way she smacked her lips. This alluring little minx can really do things to me.

He could feel the beast within him struggling to break free. Zachary could not hold it any longer as he circled her into his embrace as he kissed her forcefully.

“Mmm...”

Charlotte let out a soft moan like a helpless kitten. Her weak body trembled in the man’s embrace but she made no attempts to resist his touch.

Charlotte’s body seemed to have accustomed to the man’s touch.

He kissed her fervently all over as she moaned begrudgingly. The man could no longer hold it in as he claimed the woman.

She circled her hands tightly around the man’s neck as she shuddered and wept.

Perhaps Zachary had been holding it in for too long, he went all out on Charlotte mercilessly as he ravaged her over and over again.

From the bathroom to the sofa and finally on the bed. Her pleas fell on deaf ears.

He had only stopped at the break of dawn. Zachary hugged her onto the bed as he circled the woman in his arms and fell into a deep slumber.

Charlotte was tucked out from the rendezvous. She edged herself closer to the man and fell asleep listening to his steady heartbeat.

Zachary's coat was strewn across the carpet. His phone inside the coat buzzed repeatedly and woke him up. He narrowed his eyes at the buzzing distraction. Edging Charlotte closer to himself, the man fell asleep again.

"Water..." Charlotte was mumbling. She had too much to drink, and hence was yearning for water to quench her thirst.

Zachary turned to a side and reached out to fetch a water bottle for her.

She leaned against his chest and chugged the bottle of water.

The woman seemed like a baby on her milk bottle, and Zachary could not help but find her adorable.

The man's lips curled into a smile as he observed the woman intently without a word.

Charlotte burped aloud and handed the bottle back to him.

He threw the bottle onto the floor, turned around, and pinned her beneath his body.

"Again?" Charlotte knitted her brows helplessly. "I'm dog-tired."

"I'll be gentler this time..."

Zachary planted a kiss on her lips, reeling in the last drop of water on her lips. Then, he pulled the blanket over their heads and pinned her down, claiming her once again.

Charlotte cupped his face as she watched the man lost himself in passion.

She noticed the yearning and obsession in his eyes, and noticed herself in his gaze...

I... like this.

As he climaxed, Zachary bit her earlobes and grunted her name, "Charlotte..."

She hugged him tight and closed her eyes as she moaned, "Yes..."

"Do you love me?" Zachary blurted out.

Stumped, Charlotte widened her eyes in disbelief as she zoned out at the ceiling. She was at a loss for words.

The man's face fell at the lack of a response. He felt a rock weighing down on his chest and a sense of remorse washed over him. I shouldn't have asked such a stupid question.

He wished he could retract his words right then.

Feigning indifference, he removed himself from her and got off the bed.

Looking at his back, Charlotte asked abruptly, "Zachary, have you... fallen in love with me?"

She felt it this time. For real.

There was no mistaking it. The passionate yet loving gestures when they were making love; the way he stared into her eyes; the way he would be roused even at her slightest movements; the way he hugged her tight throughout the night; the way he patted her on the back ever so gently, and the way he planted kisses on her forehead...

These... are what people do when they're in love.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 424

Zachary had his back against her and did not answer her question. He froze for a few seconds before getting up and heading to the bathroom.

Charlotte pouted at the lack of response. She slumped back onto her pillow and continued to sleep.

She was completely depleted of her energy. The soreness in her body made her feel as if she was about to break apart.

Charlotte had lost count of the times they made love last night. She wanted to just stay in bed right then.

Zachary finally came out of the shower. His lower body was still wrapped in a towel as he dried his hair with another one. Picking up his phone from the floor, he noticed three missed calls from Sharon.

There were a couple of texts from Ben as well. He did not even look at the texts before casting his phone aside.

He averted his gaze to the woman deep in her slumber on the bed and was furious at the sight.

She couldn't even answer me properly when I asked her whether she loved me or not.

And yet she's sleeping so well right now?

Zachary walked over to the bed and removed the blanket. Then, he slapped Charlotte's butt, hard.

"Ouch!" Charlotte let out a shriek. She turned around looked indignantly at the man. "What are you doing?"

"You are one heartless woman," Zachary pinched her cheeks.

"I'm a tired woman..." She pushed his hands away and hugged her pillow. "I need some more sleep."

"No more sleeping!" Zachary retracted her pillow, grabbed her arms, and put it over her head. In a domineering manner, he ordered, "You are not allowed to work at Sultry Night anymore. Do you understand?"

"Hey man, I gotta make a living..." Charlotte narrowed her eyes wearily. "I can't find a job outside, and I need to bear Mrs. Berry's treatment costs. Plus, I have three kids to feed, remember?"

"Didn't I give you two million already?" Zachary demanded. "Have you spent it all already?"

"I spent it..." Charlotte bit her tongue right before she was going to blurt it all out. "All. Yes, I spent it all."

"Why didn't you come and look for me then?" Zachary grasped her chin, forcing her to look him right in his eyes. "Twenty-one days. Miss, you went twenty-one days without a text or call. Is your phone for show or what?"

"News flash, mister. I have dignity," Charlotte pursed her lips in a displeased manner. "Plus, you're going to be engaged to another woman soon. And don't forget the fact that you're the one who chased me away. I cannot bear to shamelessly go looking for you, alright?"

"Are you jealous? Hmm?" Zachary paid no heed to her explanation and tried hard to search for even a flicker of evidence that the woman actually reciprocated his feelings.

"This has nothing to do with me being jealous. We are talking about my dignity here."

Zachary felt bitterness creeping up within himself at her answer. He pushed her away and turned around to put on his clothes.

"Are you leaving already?" Charlotte was at a loss yet again. She did not understand how she had offended the man and felt helpless.

The man continued to button his shirt slowly, paying no heed to her.

"Alright, I'd better get up too then."

Charlotte got up from the bed and hunted for some clothes in the wardrobe as usual. There was an array of clothes fit for her, and a couple of fresh innerwear as well.

Nonchalantly, she picked out a set and changed into it. Then, she searched high and low for her phone. "Have you seen my phone?"

Still, Zachary did not care to respond.

Charlotte was starting to get exasperated and searched the bathroom. In the end, she found her phone beside the bathtub.

Her phone was soaking wet. Luckily though, her phone was water-resistant. She wiped her phone dry and unlocked it. There were a few missed calls. Two were from Olivia while a couple more were from her triplets.

After looking at the time, she realized that it was already eleven in the morning. She promised that she would spend the weekend with her children.

Charlotte hurriedly washed up. As she was putting her shoes on, she said to Zachary, "I have to leave now for some family stuff."

"Let me send you home," Zachary said as he put on his coat.

"Um.. I think it's fine." Charlotte was about to decline the man's offer when he had his hands on the back of her head, pushing her out of the room.

"Could you be gentler?" Charlotte complained in a low voice.

"Shut up!" Zachary wrapped his arms around her shoulders and into his embrace. Their height difference made them a cute couple.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 425

Charlotte lost the will to struggle herself free. She snuggled in his embrace.

The cold made her circled her arms around his waist as she buried her face in his chest. She closed her eyes and let him bring her wherever they were headed.

Their intimate demeanor resembled an adorable couple and would warm the hearts of any onlooker.

A pair of mother-daughter duo entered the elevator. The little girl looked about four or five. Innocently, she pointed at Charlotte and asked her mother in a low voice, "Mommy, why is that woman sleeping while standing?"

"She's too tired, sweetie." The mother crouched down and told her daughter, "Let's be quiet so that we don't disturb her."

"I thought only kids could fall asleep while being hugged. So big sisters could do it too," the little girl commented naively.

The mother could not help but chuckle at her daughter's innocent remarks. She cast an envious look at the cute couple and smiled. "That big brother protects her like she's a little kid. That's why."

Charlotte subconsciously lifted her head and met Zachary's gaze. She noticed the loving look in his eyes.

Moved by his affectionate look, she tiptoed and gave him a kiss on the lips.

His body stiffened for a moment as he looked at her with a blank expression. Then, his lips slowly curled into an enticing smile.

This is the first time she's hugging and kissing me in the public.

And she's not doing it because she's forced to. It's because she can't hold it in...

That was the reason he was smitten with the woman.

Ding! The elevator's door sprung open, and the mother-daughter duo left.

Zachary pressed her head against his chest and carried her out of the elevator.

"Let me down. People are watching!" Charlotte was hot from embarrassment.

"I carried you upstairs like this too yesterday, and I recalled that there was no objection."

Zachary carried her all the way to his car and placed her in the passenger seat. Then, he walked over to the other side and climbed into the driver's seat.

Just after he started the car, Charlotte's phone rang. She hurriedly answered the call, "Hello, Robbie? Mommy will be back soon, say about half an hour."

"Don't worry, Mommy. You're just too tired from overtime work and slept at your friend's place."

"Mommy is not canceling our plans today. I'll get home and make lunch for you guys. Then, we'll head to the hospital and visit Mrs. Berry together. Be good, and wait for mommy at home."

After hanging up the phone, she cast a meek look at Zachary. She was afraid that the man might throw tantrums like he used to, especially since he thought the triplets' father was Michael.

He would imagine her body getting intertwined with Michael whenever the latter's name came up, and in turn getting all worked up...

However, things seemed different this time. Not only did he not get angry, but he asked rather calmly, "Don't you have nurses taking care of them? I can arrange for nannies if they're still shorthanded."

"No, no. It's more than enough," she hurriedly added. "It's just that the kids love my cooking. Besides, I've promised to make them lunch today."

"I've never had a taste of your cooking," Zachary raised his brow in a displeased manner.

"I will be sure to cook for you in the future," she said with a sweet smile. "Although I'm not sure if you'll enjoy my cooking since you're already used to having gourmet meals."

"Well, I'll give it a try." Zachary glanced at his buzzing phone. However, he had no intention of picking it up.

"Why aren't you picking it up..."

She swallowed her words at the sight of the caller ID. It was Sharon Blackwood.

The flickering name on the screen reminded her of a painful fact. Sharon was now his fiancée. Who am I then, exactly?

The warm atmosphere turned cold.

Charlotte lowered her head, saying nothing.

"I want to see you tonight." Zachary did not notice the change in her demeanor. Instead, he ordered, "I will pick you up at ten tonight."

"Why? So that you can f*ck me?" Charlotte asked icily. "What are we, exactly? Am I your secret lover? Your mistress?"

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 426

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Zachary furrowed his brows at her.

Charlotte said nothing as she glanced at his phone.

He traced her gaze, and noticed that his phone was still buzzing and the flashing caller ID screen. He hung up the call and turned his phone off.

Still, Charlotte said nothing as she kept her head low.

He did not seem like he had the intention of explaining things to her and kept driving.

The car reached the Happy Avenue residential estate in no time.

Charlotte removed her seatbelt to get off the car. Zachary reminded her again, "Ten o'clock tonight."

She was burning with fury but she tried her best to hold it in. "Noted."

Then, she rushed back home.

Zachary sat in the car, watching her silhouette getting further and further away from him. Suddenly, a sense of crisis washed over the man. I... am getting more and more smitten with this woman.

Charlotte rushed back home. The nurses were keeping her triplets company as they played. Ellie dashed in her mother's direction when she noticed the latter coming home.

She squatted down and greeted Ellie with a warm hug.

"Mommy, you're finally back." Ellie circled her small arms around her mother's neck and pouted. Sobbing, she said, "We thought you don't want us anymore."

"Don't be silly," Charlotte hurriedly explained herself. "Sorry, no more next time."

"Mommy's had a hard day," Ellie held back her tears and massaged Charlotte's shoulders. "Let me give you a massage."

"Thank you, Ellie." Charlotte planted a kiss on her cheeks.

"Mommy, did that bad boss bully you again?" Jamie clenched his fist and asked angrily, "I will beat him up if he bullies you again."

"No, he did not bully me."

Charlotte shook her head, afraid that the triplets might misunderstand Zachary further. This would make things awkward when they meet each other in the future.

"Okay, as long as you're fine." Robbie scanned her mother and made sure that she was fine. The boy finally heaved a sigh of relief after confirming.

"Ms. Windt, we wanted to make lunch but the triplets insisted to wait for you to come back. We've prepared all the ingredients. Do you think these will do?"

Two nurses came out of the kitchen.

"Thank you for helping out." Charlotte carried Ellie and headed to the living room, and gave Robbie and Jamie a hug. "You guys must be hungry. I will go make lunch right now."

"Thank you, mommy..."

She noticed that the nurses had already prepared all the necessary ingredients. There were only a few finishing touches.

Charlotte thanked the nurses and started cooking.

It did not take her long to finish preparing a scrumptious meal. "Robbie, Jamie, Ellie, time for lunch."

"Mommy, you have to eat too."

"I still need to work on the lentil soup so that we can take it for Mrs. Berry."

“Right, Robbie and Ellie, please feed Fifi too. We’re going to bring it over to visit Mrs. Berry later. She said it’s been too long since she last saw Fifi.”

“Sure!”

Robbie held Ellie’s hand as they headed over to the balcony. They stood on a small stool so that they could reach Fifi and feed it.

Ellie patted its wings gently and said, “Fifi, you have to be good. We’re bringing you to visit Mrs. Berry later.”

“Mrs. Berry! Mrs. Berry!” The parrot flapped its wings and chanted animatedly.

As she was working on her soup, Charlotte was actually checking on her bank account on her phone. She bagged tens of thousands working at Sultry Night these few days. Fifty thousand for the hospital fees last time and another fifty thousand today still would not be enough to cover it all...

It was impossible for her to head back to Sultry Night after the ruckus yesterday. Zachary would have arranged for people to watch her back.

It seemed like the only way out was for her to contact the financial advisor from S Nation so that she could withdraw an amount for emergency use.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 427

Charlotte threw the thought to the back of her mind, deciding that she would deal with it after she came home tonight. Now her focus would be on the lentil soup and accompanying her children for a scrumptious meal.

After lunch, Charlotte took the soup and her children to the Kindness Hospital to visit Mrs. Berry.

In order to prevent the nurses from finding out about her relationship with Zachary, she gave the three nurses half-day off. She excused their absence by saying that Mrs. Berry needed quiet rest and that it would be inconvenient for too many people to be present in the ward.

The nurses were worried about her handling all three children alone. However, they could do nothing since Charlotte was adamant that she could handle it alone.

Charlotte called for a cab and took her children and Fifi to the hospital.

She texted Olivia on the way and reassured her friend that she was doing fine and told her friend to quit worrying about her.

However, Olivia still felt the need to call and confirm. "Charlotte, what happened last night really scared the wits out of me. Are you really alright?"

"I'm really fine. I'm now heading to the hospital with my kids to visit Mrs. Berry," Charlotte reassured her friend. "What about you? Are you alright?"

"I'm fine, too. Just a bit swollen on the face. I'll put some ice on it." Begrudgingly, she said, "Charlotte, Peter asked me to tell you not to work at Sultry Night anymore."

"I know..." Charlotte sighed. "Is he alright?"

"He's alright but your boyfriend said he wouldn't be if he ever lets you work at Sultry Night again. By the way, your boyfriend is so fierce. Does he bully you?"

"No..." Charlotte could not bring herself to go into details in front of her children and did not divulge further. "Right, Olivia. I'm with my kids and we're heading to the hospital right now. Let me call you back later."

"Sure." Olivia felt a pang of guilt. "I have some leads on a piano performance gig, and I will watch out for you. I'll introduce you if an opportunity comes up."

"That's great. Thank you, Olivia."

"Don't worry about it. Go get busy. We'll talk later."

"Sure."

Charlotte realized that they had actually arrived at the Kindness Hospital after hanging up the phone. The driver stopped the car by the sidewalk.

She carried her children off the car and pushed Jamie's wheelchair.

Robbie and Ellie tagged along by her side.

Fifi was quiet in Jamie's embrace. It craned its neck and glanced around curiously.

"Robbie and Ellie, you guys have to stick close to mommy."

Charlotte pushed Jamie's wheelchair and reminded the other two.

There were some sundries, fruits and lentil soup hanging on Jamie's wheelchair.

Onlookers could not help but divert their attention toward the young and charming mother with her triplets and a pet parrot.

Some were thinking that it must have been difficult for the mother to raise the triplets while some were awed by the cute triplets, not to mention the pet parrot...

At that point, Charlotte was already used to those curious glances. She smiled as she acknowledged them all before she headed toward the elevator.

She was beyond grateful that they were at a private hospital, and the crowd was not too overwhelming. If they were at a public hospital, there would be a real concern about her losing her children.

The little family soon arrived at Mrs. Berry's ward.

The woman was on the drip. As she heard the children's voices, she almost fell from her bed. "Robbie, Ellie and Jamie! Is it really you guys?"

"Mrs. Berry!" Robbie and Ellie ran toward her.

"You guys are really here," Mrs. Berry was excited at their presence.

"Mrs. Berry!" Robbie grabbed her by the hand and caressed her wrinkled face. "You've gotten thinner."

"Haha, yes! I've lost over thirty pounds," Mrs. Berry burst into a laugh. "I've tried so hard to lose weight in the past but it took hospitalization for me to finally lose all those weight."

"Mrs. Berry, is it painful?" Ellie asked as she looked at the woman's hands pierced with a myriad of needles. Gently, she blew on it. "Let Ellie blow on it so that it doesn't hurt."

"Good girl, Ellie." Mrs. Berry was moved to tears with a glad smile on her face.

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"Mrs. Berry, Mommy brewed you lentil soup," Jamie placed the thermal flask on the table and said casually, "Mommy's cooking skills have really improved ever since you're warded. This soup smells so good but she wouldn't allow us to have a taste, and insisted to keep it all for you!"

Mrs. Berry chuckled aloud. "Miss, have you really improved your cooking?"

"Oh, yes I have." Charlotte shifted in unease. "I'll be sure to cook for you every day once you're good to go home."

"That's great..." Mrs. Berry heaved a sigh of relief and smiled. "You're going to be able to take good care of yourself and the kids when I'm gone."

"Nonsense!" Charlotte's eyes brimmed with tears. "How could you say that? Your condition is nothing serious and you'll recover in no time."

"Mrs. Berry..." Robbie cradled her hands, his voice getting croaky, "You will always be around, always."

"Yes, Mrs. Berry. You're going to live a long and healthy life."

Tears welled up in Ellie's eyes as the girl pouted.

"Mrs. Berry, you have to watch me get married."

Jamie's eyes were also brimming with tears but he cracked a joke in an attempt to lighten the atmosphere.

"Married! Married!" Fifi flapped its wings and chirped.

"Haha! That's right... I have to watch my three babies get married and be happy!"

Mrs. Berry smiled as she hugged the triplets one by one.

Every single one of them was her precious little baby.

She earnestly wished for speedy recovery so that she could go back and take care of the triplets.

Fifi flew to her side and rubbed its furry little head against Mrs. Berry's face. It was as if it was using its own way to comfort her.

Tears streamed down Mrs. Berry's cheeks but she wiped it away in a swift motion. She put on smile and said, "The tears just come when you're old like I am... I've promised not to cry but I just can't help it when I see you guys..."

"We will come to visit you more often," Charlotte said as she wiped away the tears on Mrs. Berry's face. "A lot of things happened recently. Plus, Jamie is undergoing treatment. We really haven't been spending much time with you."

"Mrs. Berry, we promise to come visit you after school in the future," Robbie hurriedly said. "I'll bring you an iPad so that you can send us videos when we're not around."

"Yes, that's right." Jamie rolled his wheelchair closer. "Mrs. Berry, I will bring you your favorite green pea tartlets next time I come to visit you."

Raising her little chubby hand, Ellie chimed in, "I'll bring my little pink comb and wash your hair."

"Alright, my good babies." Mrs. Berry hugged the triplets and grinned from ear to ear.

Charlotte was overwhelmed by feelings at the heartwarming sight. She wished that Mrs. Berry would recover soon and that they could live together as a family like they used to.

"Ms. Windt!"

Right then, Raina did not disturb the children reuniting with Mrs. Berry, and merely beckoned at Charlotte by the door.

She followed Raina out into the hallway. Raina explained Mrs. Berry's condition to her. Fortunately, her condition was looking good because she had received proper treatment in time.

However, the treatment was a long journey, and the results would not be immediate. Even after Mrs. Berry had been discharged, she would have to come back for appointments every now and then.

Charlotte then hurriedly told Raina that she would spare no expense for the treatment. As long as Mrs. Berry could fully recover, it did not matter how much time or money it would take.

Then, she mentioned that she had brought along fifty thousand to pay for the hospital bills, and that the rest of the bill will be paid for by the end of the month.

Raina was stumped. "What hospital bills? I've signed for all invoices involved for Mrs. Berry's treatment. No bill should ever be issued to you. Did someone ask you to foot the bill?"

"No, you shouldn't sign the invoice. I will pay for any expenses incurred for the treatment. You're not supposed to bear all the expenses involved. Please don't reprimand your subordinates as I insisted on doing so. Otherwise, I really cannot bear to trouble you further."

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chapter 429

"No, I cannot let that happen. Mr. Nacht will blame me for this," Raina anxiously said.

"I really need to draw things clear because of him." Charlotte suddenly put on a stern face.

"I hope that no matter what happens between him and me, we can still be friends with each other. That's the only way I can continue to let Mrs. Berry undergo her treatment here. Otherwise, she's going to be in danger if our relationship goes down the drain."

"This..."

Raina was rendered speechless. She could see where Charlotte was coming from. If the latter was fully dependent on Mr. Nacht for Mrs. Berry's treatment, the man reserved the right to terminate his sponsorship as he pleased.

However, if Charlotte was seeking treatment as an ordinary patient, then the hospital would be liable for the patient, and to answer to Charlotte.

"Let's just go with this. Don't worry about the money. I can still cope with the hospital bills." Then, Charlotte steered the conversation in another direction, "About my friend's mother's condition, I brought her medical records today."

Charlotte handed over Olivia's mother's medical records to Raina.

She skimmed through the records and said, "This is a tad complicated. I need to run this through my team for a discussion. I'll come back to you on this in two days' time, alright?"

"Sure, thank you." Charlotte nodded her head. "I'll accompany Mrs. Berry then."

"Sure."

Charlotte and the kids accompanied Mrs. Berry for the whole afternoon. They had only left the hospital at about five in the afternoon when the kids were getting hungry.

Before leaving, Charlotte settled the fifty-thousand hospital bill and went back to Mrs. Berry's ward. "Mrs. Berry, we will come visit you again tomorrow. Get a good rest."

"I'm alright here. There are medical staff and Dr. Langhan looking after me. It must be tough for you to handle three kids alone. There's no need to rush here and there."

"It's okay. The kids miss you. Besides, it's Sunday tomorrow and we still have time to spare. I can't say the same for Monday when the kids have to go to school. You'd better get some rest. We'll get going first."

"Take care."

"Goodbye, Mrs. Berry!"

"Be good, the three of you and Fifi! You guys have to listen to your mom!"

"Yes, Mrs. Berry."

The triplets were famished after they headed out of the hospital. Charlotte called for a cab to take the kids home and promised to make them dumplings.

The triplets were thrilled by the idea and vowed to help Charlotte with the dumplings.

Right then, Robbie's smart watch buzzed. He gestured for the others to shush, and whispered to his mother, "Mommy, it's a call from Mr. Henry."

"Well, pick it up then." Charlotte nodded.

"Hello, Mr. Henry."

"Robbie, where are you guys? I want to come to pick you guys for dinner." Henry was beaming on the other end. "Let's not go to Fairytale Land today. I'll take you guys to the beach. It's really pretty there..."

"Mr. Henry, hold on." Robbie covered the microphone and looked at Charlotte.

She glanced at the other two. Jamie and Ellie nodded animatedly. They liked Henry, and wanted to spend more time with him.

Charlotte decided to go along with the kids' wishes.

"Sure, Mr. Henry. Mommy said yes."

Robbie was excited at the prospect of seeing Henry again. He could not wait to share what he recently learned at school.

"That's great! I'm right downstairs. You guys take your time and get ready. I'll go upstairs and fetch you guys later," Henry said lovingly.

All color drained from her face when she heard Henry. He's right downstairs? Their cab was about to reach home.

Charlotte turned around and was greeted by the sight of a Rolls-Royce parked right opposite her place.

Spencer helped the old man get off the car. Henry was grinning from ear to ear as he walked over to her building.

Charlotte signaled for the driver to stop.

However, the cab driver did not notice her signal and stepped on the pedal instead.

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Charlotte was frightened out of her wits as she lay low in the car.

Noticing his mother's peculiar manner, Robbie immediately said, "Mr. Henry, we are out buying some stuff right now. Why don't you wait for us at the garden in the residential estate? We'll get home soon."

"Sure, no rush. Take your time," Henry said before hanging up.

Robbie stood up and stole a glance outside. "Mommy, Mr. Henry is already heading to the garden."

Charlotte had only found the courage to sit upright. After paying the cab driver, she got off the car along with her kids. She did not head toward her building. Instead, she turned to Robbie and said, "Robbie, mommy is not going inside with you guys. You wheel Jamie to the residential estate entrance and let Mr. Henry pick you guys up from there."

"Yes, mommy." Robbie nodded his head.

"Mommy, why are you so afraid of Mr. Henry? He's a really nice person."

Jamie did not understand why his mother kept avoiding Henry.

"Yes, Mr. Henry will never hurt us." Ellie cocked her head to one side and said innocently, "Mommy, you can come with us too."

"I have my own reasons, and it's really difficult for mommy to explain it to you guys right now. Anyway, you guys have to keep this secret for me, and listen to Robbie, alright?"

"Yes, Mommy." Jamie and Ellie nodded their heads.

"Mommy, drink something while you're waiting for us to be picked up by Mr. Henry. Don't worry, we will call him as soon as we are at the entrance," Robbie said.

"You're a good boy, Robbie." Charlotte gave her boy a hug.

Robbie then wheeled his brother, as Ellie and their pet parrot tagged along. The gang made their way toward to entrance of the residential estate.

The neighbors could not help but beam with delight at the cute sight. "Where are your parents, kids?"

"My mom is busy while our grandma is in the hospital."

"Did you guys come out here all by yourselves?" The neighbors were curious and asked, "Don't you have anyone watching you guys?"

"Yes, Mr. Henry is waiting for us in the garden." Then, Henry's voice rang, "Robbie!"

Henry wanted to meet the triplets as soon as possible. Hence, he thought he would try his luck at the entrance. Sure enough, he spotted the triplets right there.

Robbie was wheeling Jamie with much difficulty while Ellie was holding the parrot as she trailed behind her big brother. Henry was disheartened at the sight and ordered, "Quick, help them out."

His two bodyguards then rushed forward and took over the wheelchair and held Ellie and Robbie's hands.

"Where did you guys go? Why isn't there any adult around?" Henry furrowed his brows.

"We went to visit Mrs. Berry at the hospital, and we just got back," Robbie replied.

"Why didn't the nurses follow you guys there?" Henry crouched and hugged Robbie and Ellie. "Where's your mommy?"

"Mommy said that a hospital is a quiet place, and it's not so nice for us to bring along so many people. So she brought us there on her own. She went to the drugstore to buy some medicine. We're waiting for you here because we want to see you sooner."

There was no loose end with Robbie's explanation.

"Good boy." Henry hugged Robbie. "I should have fetched you guys from the hospital if I had known about it."

"It's okay to fetch us here too. Mr. Henry, let's get into the car," Robbie said.

"Don't you need to wait for your mommy?"

Henry lifted his head and noticed the usual hustle and bustle of the neighborhood. Some people were even engrossed in hushed whispers, but there were no signs of the triplet's mother.

"It's okay, mommy will get home on her own."

Robbie only wanted to leave earlier so that his mother would not have to hide out at the café, and that she could head back earlier to get a good rest.

"Yes, Mr. Henry. I'm hungry. Let's go." Ellie resonated her brother's words.

"Mr. Henry, I'm hungry too." Jamie chimed in as well.

"Sure, let's go now." Henry then helped the three kids get into his car.

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Before boarding the car, Ellie subconsciously waved her hand in the direction of the café.

At the same time, Fifi called out in her arms, "Mommy! Mommy!"

Surprised, Henry followed Ellie's gaze. Charlotte hastily turned around with her coffee in hand, so that her back was facing the road.

Fortunately, she was wearing a set of old clothes and had a cap pulled over her face, making her look completely different from the time she met Henry. Hence, she was quite confident that he wouldn't recognize her.

"Is your mommy back?" Henry asked casually.

"Mommy is-"

"She is buying some stuff at the pharmacy near our house," Robbie continued Ellie's sentence, then added, "Be careful, Mr. Henry. Don't fall down."

"Sure, sure. You watch your step too." Not noticing anything amiss, Henry helped Robbie into the car.

After a while, Charlotte cautiously turned her head. When she saw Henry's car leaving, she finally breathed a sigh of relief, bringing the thermos bottle and various other items back home.

The three nurses were still waiting for the children by the door. Charlotte informed them that the triplets had gone out for lunch with Henry, then told them to take the day off rather than waiting here.

However, they said that they would come again when the triplets returned.

Charlotte returned home and cleaned up the place a little bit before sitting at the desk to go through the medical bills.

After some calculations, she found that after paying one hundred thousand the other day, she still owed the hospital tens of thousands. Because she did not have money on her hands, she decided to make a call.

She was just about to contact the financial advisor in S Nation when a call from Olivia came in. "Good news, Charlotte! I contacted a friend of mine and she said she needs a pianist for a few high-end weddings. The pay for each performance is two thousand. Are you in?"

"Yes, yes! Of course, I'm in!" Charlotte was over the moon.

"There's one tonight which starts at six. I'll go there with you and get you acquainted first."

"Sure, sure. Let's meet at five-thirty then."

"Okay. I'll send you the location."

After ending the call, Charlotte was still brimming with excitement. Even though the pay for wedding performances was slightly lower, at least it was considered a proper job and she wouldn't have to worry about encountering problems like the ones she did at Sultry Night.

If she could receive more jobs like these, she would be able to settle the outstanding medical fees by the end of the month.

Charlotte checked the time and realized with a start that it was almost five. She quickly changed her clothes and took a taxi to the designated place.

Olivia was already waiting at the entrance. Upon spotting Charlotte, she hurried toward her. "Charlotte!"

"Olivia, I'm sorry for being late." Charlotte had an apologetic look on her face. "Have you eaten? Let me buy you a meal."

"It's fine. There's no time to eat. I'll take you to meet Ms. Fuller now."

Olivia tugged Charlotte along with her while briefing her.

"Ms. Fuller's company provides entertainment services for all kinds of events, so she has a lot of projects on hand. She often goes to our university to recruit part-timers. I did a few performances for her in the past, but stopped after injuring my hand.

"I visited her yesterday and told her about your situation. She said she'd let you play a few songs and if she's happy with you, she'll call you up for any part-time jobs in the future."

"This is great." Charlotte was overjoyed. "Thank you so much, Olivia. You've helped me big time."

"You're Mr. Windt's daughter. Besides, you've also helped me before. We're a family, so don't get all polite on me." Olivia smiled. "Besides, you helped me find a doctor too."

"Oh, right. I passed your mother's medical report to my doctor friend today. She said she'll discuss it with the doctors from various departments and give me a reply in two days."

"Thank you."

"We're BFFs, right? Let's do our best together."

Olivia led Charlotte to Felicity Fuller, who was busy distributing tasks at that moment. Upon seeing Charlotte, she pointed at the piano and said curtly, "Play a song for me."

"Yes." Without a moment's delay, Charlotte went on stage and played Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, instantly drawing everyone's attention. Even the staffs were mesmerized by the melody.

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"That's very good." Felicity wore an immensely satisfied look on her face. "Go change your clothes now. You start at six. Two thousand for two hours. As long as you perform well, there will be a steady stream of jobs for you in the future!"

"Thank you, Ms. Fuller." Charlotte was bubbling with joy as she accepted her outfit from a staff member. Then, she tugged on Olivia's hand and said, "C'mon, Olivia. Let's go together."

"No, I can't..." Olivia glanced at her hand and felt disappointment wash over her. "You should go now, Charlotte. I have to hurry over to Sultry Night for work anyway. Let's meet up again when we're free."

"Alright, then." Charlotte's heart ached as she hugged her. "Olivia, if you have the time, I can take you to my doctor friend and see whether your hand can be treated."

"Really?" Olivia's eyes lit up with hope.

"You'll never know until you try, right?" Charlotte smiled. "Life is always full of hope!"

"Mmm." Olivia nodded eagerly. "Thank you, Charlotte!"

"Don't be silly. Go ahead with your work. I'll keep in touch."

After getting changed, it was time for Charlotte to start performing. To avoid being recognized, she wore a white mask over her face.

The performance ended without anything unusual. It was nothing but an ordinary wedding.

After the performance, Charlotte received her pay of two thousand and exchanged contacts with Felicity, who immediately booked her for another performance at a company celebration the next night.

The pay was also two thousand for two hours.

Even though it wasn't as much as the money she earned at Sultry Night and there wouldn't be any tips either, Charlotte was rather pleased with it.

After leaving the hotel, Charlotte received a call from the triplets who said that they were reaching home soon. They also asked where she was and excitedly announced that they had brought some food back for her.

Charlotte said that she would be home very soon, but abruptly recalled that Zachary was going to pick her up at ten o'clock.

Despite that, she shoved that thought to the back of her mind for now, wanting to go home as soon as possible.

By the time she reached home, it was already half-past nine. The triplets were asking the nurses about her whereabouts.

Before they could answer, Charlotte came in and the triplets happily ran over to greet her, prattling on about their day while taking out the dinner they brought home for her.

Feeling famished as she had not eaten dinner yet, Charlotte gobbled up the food like a starved beast.

Her children's hearts ached for her when they saw how hungry she was.

Robbie furrowed his brows and asked softly, "Mommy, haven't you eaten dinner yet?"

"No. Mommy went to work after you guys left." Charlotte explained while eating her steak, "Mommy went to play the piano. It was only for two hours, but Mommy made quite a lot of money."

"Mommy, no matter how busy you are, you mustn't forget to eat." Robbie's mouth turned down at the sides.

"Yeah, Mommy! You have to eat." Ellie took out a piece of wet tissue and clumsily wiped her mother's mouth.

"Alright, kids," Charlotte replied with a fond smile on her face.

Right then, her phone rang with an incoming call from Zachary. She felt unsettled as she stared at his caller ID flashing on her screen. However, she was afraid to answer it in front of her children. Hence, she flipped the phone so that it was lying face down.

“Robbie, Jamie and Ellie. It’s time for you three to take a bath and go to bed earlier. Mommy will tuck you in after eating, okay?” Charlotte urged.

“Okay, Mommy.” The triplets were very obedient.

The nurses had already set up their bath and were waiting for them.

Charlotte got up and walked to the balcony, peeking down to see Zachary’s car parked downstairs with its headlights bright.

A short glance at the time showed that it was ten o’clock sharp.

She was in a bind. If she didn’t go down, he might very well lose his temper, but the triplets had not gone to bed yet and she didn’t know how to explain this to them.

“Mommy, what’s wrong?” Robbie’s voice came from behind her.

“Nothing.” Charlotte snapped out of her daze and made up a white lie. “A friend is here to see me.”

“Should we invite her in?” Robbie was as sensible as ever.

“It’s fine.” Charlotte shook her head. “I might need to go down for a while. You kids go take a bath first, okay?”

“Okay.”

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Charlotte grabbed a chicken wing and prepared to head downstairs to meet Zachary.

The moment she opened the door, she came face to face with Zachary, whose slender figure exuded a mysterious and unapproachable aura under the dim lights.

Charlotte almost jumped out of her skin and looked over her shoulder in panic. Fortunately, Robbie had gone to the bathroom, so there was no one in the living room.

"Why did you come up?" Charlotte hissed as she pushed Zachary away from the door.

"It's ten!" He pinned her with a cold stare.

"The kids aren't asleep yet."

Charlotte motioned at the house, but upon realizing that she was still holding the chicken wing in her hand, she hid it awkwardly behind her back.

Zachary's brows knitted into a frown as he glowered at her.

"Either you go downstairs and wait for me, or we take a raincheck," Charlotte said tentatively. "Don't get mad. Just try to think from my point of view. As a mother, I can't just leave my kids and go on a date, right? We have to be responsible."

"Twenty minutes." Zachary looked at his watch, then turned and walked into the elevator.

Charlotte was speechless and had no choice but to comply. Done taking their baths, the triplets were singing happily as they prepared to go to bed.

Charlotte cleared the leftover food and washed her hands before going to see her children.

Ellie was lying on her bed in her cute strawberry pajamas, holding a milk bottle in one hand and her stuffed alpaca in the other while enjoying the music playing in the background.

Charlotte went in and kissed her forehead, telling her to go to sleep after finishing her milk.

Ellie nodded obediently. Shortly after, her eyes began to droop.

Meanwhile, Robbie was lying on his bed and reading a book.

Jamie was sitting on the wheelchair, allowing the nurses to clean his wound while he played with a Rubik's Cube, his eyes gradually losing focus.

"What is it, Mommy?" Robbie immediately put down his book and looked up at Charlotte.

"Mommy has to go out for a while but will come back and make breakfast for the three of you tomorrow morning. What do you kids feel like eating?"

Charlotte felt that she had been too busy recently and did not spend enough time with her children. Hence, she couldn't help but feel a little bit guilty toward them.

But bailing on Zachary would be even worse as he would no doubt kick up a fuss.

At the mention of food, Jamie woke up in a daze and mumbled sleepily, "I want hot cross bunnies."

"I'm okay with anything as long as Mommy makes it." Robbie offered his mother an understanding smile and urged, "You can go now, Mommy. Don't worry about us."

"Yes, we'll be here to watch them," the nurses reassured.

"Alright, then. Sleep tight."

Charlotte bid her children goodnight and went back to her room to have a change of clothes. However, upon realizing that more than ten minutes had passed, she ditched the idea and rushed downstairs without even changing her slippers.

The residential estate was huge, so after coming out of the elevator, Charlotte still had to run a long way before arriving at the gate. In her haste, she was almost hit by a car, falling to the ground in fright.

The car driver poked his head out and lambasted her. "Are you crazy? Running like a madwoman!"

Before she could regain her bearings, the car had already driven off.

Charlotte sat on the ground as she tried to catch her breath. It took her a while to calm her raging heartbeat. After pushing herself off the ground, she spotted Zachary standing beside his car while looking at her with a cold gaze.

She trudged toward him even as her muscles screamed in protest. Then, she said to him while panting softly, "Let's go."

With that, she got into his car and slumped into the seat, gasping for air.

"You should watch where you're going," Zachary chided as he started the car.

"Well, I'm sorry, but I was in a hurry," Charlotte retorted sarcastically. "With that temper of yours, I'd probably be strangled to death if I got here late."

Zachary kept mum and continued driving.

"Gosh, I'm so tired..." Charlotte fanned herself. She tried opening a bottle of water, but her hands refused to cooperate, trembling from exhaustion.

"Is your body that weak? You only ran a short distance, but you're panting like it was marathon."

Zachary frowned at her in annoyance, but still reached out to unscrew the cap for her.

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After Charlotte chugged the water down in one breath, she burped and panted slightly, but finally felt much better.

Just then, Zachary's phone rang and he picked up the call. "Speak.

"Didn't I give the orders already? Do I need to repeat myself?

"Hold a press conference tomorrow and get Johann to go.

"That's right...

"I'll solve the other problems. Leave those public appearances to Johann.

"Just do as I say."

With that, Zachary hung up the call, but another call came in immediately after. This time, he used the Bluetooth hands-free in his car to answer it. "Speak."

"Mr. Nacht, I've looked into the matter. Ms. Nacht probably wasn't the one behind this. Based on the skills of her technical personnel, there is no way they could have hacked into our system."

"Look into Lindberg Corporation."

"Lindberg Corporation?" Bruce was slightly taken aback. "It won't be easy, but I'll try my best."

"Keep me posted."

"Understood."

After he ended this call, his phone lighted up with another one from Sharon. Too lazy to entertain her, he immediately declined the call before switching off his phone.

“Why did you insist on seeing me even when you’re so busy?” Charlotte asked softly.

Zachary pretended not to hear her, keeping his eyes on the road.

Since he was ignoring her, she stopped talking altogether and reclined against her seat to rest her eyes, drifting off to sleep shortly after.

Zachary drove straight to Storm Hotel’s basement parking. The manager, who was already waiting here, informed him that all the necessary arrangements had been made.

Zachary carried Charlotte and made his way upstairs. In the elevator, Charlotte opened her eyes in a daze to glance briefly at him. Then, she wrapped her arms around his neck and buried her face into his neck before going back to sleep.

Once in the room, Zachary placed her on the bed and noticed the slippers on her feet. Slightly exasperated, he took them off for her and threw them into the trash, then pulled the blanket over her.

After making sure she was snugly tucked in, he went to take a shower. By the time he emerged from the bathroom, Charlotte was sound asleep, curled up on the bed like a kitten with the blanket wrapped around her body.

Zachary sat on the sofa beside the bed, holding a glass of red wine the hotel had prepared in advance. As he sipped on the wine, he watched Charlotte sleeping with conflicting emotions swirling in his eyes, asking himself the same question she had asked him.

Why did I insist on seeing her even when I’m so busy?

He did not know either.

All he knew was that he couldn’t eat or sleep well if he didn’t see her. His heart would feel as though something was missing, and only after seeing her could that void be filled.

Even if he didn’t do anything besides quietly watching her, his heart would be content.

Charlotte was probably dog-tired, sleeping so deeply that she failed to sense Zachary’s presence beside her and paid him no attention whatsoever.

Soon, there was only a little bit of wine left in the bottle. Zachary put down his wine glass, stood up and climbed into bed.

He slipped his arm under Charlotte's neck and pulled her into his arms, gently pressing her face against his chest before closing his eyes with a content sigh.

Like a sleeping baby, Charlotte nuzzled against his chest habitually, arching her neck upward to greedily breathe in his scent.

Zachary was stirred by her subconscious actions and leaned in to kiss her. However, she shook her head in her sleep and buried her face into his chest, preventing him from kissing her.

Sighing with fond exasperation, he gave up and caressed her back instead, then closed his eyes to sleep.

Even though his body felt restless and his desires threatened to take over, he held himself back.

That night, although both of them did nothing but hug each other, they slept soundly.

In the middle of the night, Charlotte jolted awake and turned to her side, fumbling for her phone beside the pillow to check the time.

When she saw that it was still early, she sighed in relief. Peering at Zachary who was fast asleep, she surrendered to the urge to gently kiss his eyes. Then, she gingerly took his arm off her body so that she could get up from bed.

"Where are you going?" Zachary pulled her back and hugged her tighter in his arms.

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"I should go home now." Charlotte explained softly, "I promised the kids I'd make breakfast for them."

"What about my breakfast?" Zachary gazed at her through half-lidded eyes.

"Should I get the manager to send something up?"

Charlotte kissed his forehead, finding him cute in his groggy state.

"No." Zachary pinned her arms above her head and pressed down on her. "I want you for breakfast."

"No-"

Charlotte's protests were muffled by Zachary's lips.

He had suppressed his desires for the whole night. Now that she was awake, he wasn't about to let the opportunity slip through his fingers.

Writhing slightly beneath him, Charlotte's body gradually went limp and she finally closed her eyes, accepting his kiss.

Her body refused to obey her as though it had fallen under his spell. Every time he teased her, all trace of resistance would fly out the window and she would become his slave.

His heavy pants and her sweet moans filled the room, forming a harmonious melody.

They clung to each other, succumbing to their desires and losing themselves in a haze of passion.

Their lovemaking session lasted a long time. Only when the first rays of dawn streamed in through the French windows and illuminated their entangled bodies was Zachary finally sated. He collapsed on top of Charlotte and falling asleep.

Charlotte took out her phone to check the time. Upon seeing that it was half past five in the morning, she carefully pushed him away and rolled out of bed.

"Where are you going?" came Zachary's voice as he lay sprawled on the bed, even though he was clearly asleep just moments ago.

"To take a shower." Charlotte went to the bathroom to clean herself up before hurriedly putting on her clothes. Then, she walked over and pecked Zachary on his forehead. "I've gotta go now. I promised to make the kids breakfast. Go back to sleep."

With that, she straightened and was about to leave.

Her arm was grabbed by Zachary all of a sudden. "I'll send you home."

"It's fine. Go back to sleep. I'll take a taxi home."

"Give me ten minutes!"

Zachary rolled off the bed and strode into the bathroom.

Charlotte let out a helpless sigh. Even so, there was a warm tingly feeling spreading through her chest.

He's clearly exhausted, but insists on sending me home.

What is this, if not love?

Charlotte went into the bathroom while waiting for him, thinking she might as well apply her skin care.

Zachary coincidentally reemerged right after she was done, looking all freshened up. He grabbed his car keys before striding toward her. "Let's go."

"Aren't you sleepy?" Charlotte peered at him, perceiving his bloodshot eyes and surmised that he probably hadn't been sleeping well lately.

"I'm fine." Zachary nudged her out of the room and conveniently draped an arm over her shoulders, ruffling her hair affectionately while snickering. "Shorty."

Charlotte rolled her eyes at him, but snuggled up to him anyway.

Zachary's lips arched into a charming smile. He liked this feeling very much as they resembled an ordinary young couple. This feels... nice.

When the car pulled up at the entrance of Happy Avenue's residential estate, it was only six in the morning.

Zachary rubbed the space between his brows and yawned. "Did you really have to come back this early?"

Charlotte paused and drank the sight of him in. How can a guy look this good while yawning? How is that possible?

"I'm gonna make hot cross bunnies and mac and cheese for the kids, then cook some soup for Mrs. Berry, so all of this will take some time. Go home and get some sleep. You look tired."

"I'm hungry." Zachary leaned closer to caress her face. "You've never cooked anything for me."

Charlotte giggled and dodged his touch. "Maybe next time."

Zachary's mouth turned downward, but he didn't argue.

"I'll get going then." Charlotte unbuckled her seatbelt.

Before Zachary could kiss her goodbye, she had already gotten out of the car.

Zachary stiffened with a speechless look on his face.

Charlotte, on the other hand, was completely oblivious, even waving at him before running into the residential estate.

Zachary stared after her until the lights on the sixteenth floor came on, driving away only after making sure she was safely home. Then, he switched on his phone and called Ben.

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chapter 436

Charlotte tiptoed into her home and put on her apron before getting to work in the kitchen.

She had to make breakfast for the triplets and also send some lentil soup to Mrs. Berry after everything was done.

Mrs. Berry was a big fan of soup, but due to Charlotte's hectic schedule recently, she wasn't able to cook that for her. Since she woke up early this morning today, she finally had the time.

The doorbell rang at slightly past seven. Robbie was about to answer it when he heard the noise in the kitchen. He ran over and exclaimed in surprise, "Mommy!"

"Good morning, Robbie!" Charlotte offered her eldest son a sweet smile. "Go let the nurses in first. Mommy is almost done making breakfast."

"Okay!" Robbie ran to the door and opened it for the three nurses. They walked in and were about to prepare breakfast for the triplets when Robbie proudly announced, "My mommy is making breakfast for us. It's almost ready."

"Your mommy works until late at night but gets up so early. It must be tiring." The nurses sympathized with Charlotte. "We'll go give her a hand."

"It's okay. Mommy is almost done anyway, but Jamie and Ellie still need help to wash up and get dressed."

Robbie sounded every bit the older brother he was.

"Alright."

After Jamie and Ellie woke up and were told that Charlotte had made their favorite food, their faces brightened with joy.

Both of them washed up faster than usual and sat at the table, bubbling with excitement as they waited for their mommy to serve breakfast.

Charlotte learned everything she knew about cooking from Mrs. Berry, but Charlotte rarely stepped into the kitchen because the latter had always been around the last time. Now that Mrs. Berry was sick, she took it upon herself to find her way in the kitchen again.

“Oh no, Mommy’s hot cross bunnies aren’t as pretty as the ones Mrs. Berry makes.” Charlotte placed the hot cross bunnies on the table with an embarrassed look on her face. “They look slightly out of shape.”

“Yeah, some of the bunnies have missing ears.” Ellie looked at the hot cross bunnies in shock before smiling stiffly. “They’re earless bunnies.”

“Pfft!” Charlotte failed to stifle her laughter. “Okay, okay. Mommy’s sorry. Mommy will practice more from now on and next time, you’ll have perfect and cute little hot cross bunnies.”

“It’s okay. They still look cute to me.” Jamie picked up one hot cross bunny and bit into it, but coughed immediately after.

“How is it? Does it taste good?” Charlotte anxiously asked.

“It’s so salty...” Jamie spat it out and gulped down his glass of milk. “Mommy, did you accidentally put salt instead of sugar?”

“What?” Charlotte took a bite as well and flushed a crimson red. “I think so.”

“It’s okay! We can eat the mac and cheese.” Robbie quickly came to her rescue. “C’mon, Mommy made it herself.”

Under her brother’s urging, Ellie quickly spooned up some mac and cheese before putting it into her mouth. Almost instantly, her features contorted. “Mommy, the mac and cheese is so hard...”

“What? Really?” Charlotte leaned forward and saw that the mac and cheese was indeed undercooked.

"It's okay, it's okay. I'll go cook it for a little bit longer." One of the nurses hurriedly took it back to the kitchen.

"I'll make some oatmeal! Oatmeal is easy."

Charlotte hastily made some instant oatmeal and served it to them.

"Mm, it's yummy." Finally having some decent food, Ellie slurped on it happily. "Yum yum!"

"Yeah, it's perfect. It's not salty, and it's cooked!" Jamie added solemnly.

Charlotte covered her face, wishing the ground would open up and swallow her whole.

"There isn't enough nutrition in oatmeal alone. I'll go cook some eggs," another nurse suggested.

The third nurse chimed in, "I can make pancakes. I'll make them right away since there's still time." With that, the three of them started whipping up a meal in the kitchen.

"Thank you, nurses..." The triplets were very well-mannered.

Ellie even put on a serious expression as she comforted her mother. "It's okay, Mommy. You've gotten much better at this. Last time, you couldn't even cook oatmeal, remember Mommy?"

"It's because it's instant oatmeal, so it's a lot easier to make." Jamie took a bite of his oatmeal before adding, "Mommy, you should cook your best dishes next time, just to be safe."

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"Yeah! Mommy's buffalo wings, beef lasagna, and grilled vegetables are all very yummy." Robbie joined in to comfort Charlotte. "Oh, and also Mommy's tomato soup and mushroom soup."

"Alright, then. Thank you for not getting mad at Mommy."

Charlotte did not know whether to laugh or cry. Indeed, she only knew how to make those few dishes. In the past, Mrs. Berry would make the buns and cook the mac and cheese for breakfast beforehand. She only had to bake the buns and reheat the mac and cheese in the morning. However, everything went out of hand when she tried to make them from scratch today.

It seemed like she had a lot to learn.

After the minor hiccup, the triplets eventually finished their breakfast. Charlotte quickly went ahead to prepare their school bags for them.

Robbie's eyes widened in bewilderment as he asked, "What are you doing, Mommy?"

"Don't you need to go to school?" Charlotte smiled. "Mommy will take you three to school today."

"But today's Sunday," Jamie looked at her in perplexity.

"Uh..." Charlotte was dumbfounded. Yesterday was Saturday. Right. What's wrong with me today...

"Ms. Windt, you must've lost track of the days because of work." One of the nurses smiled at her. "Jamie needs to go to our hospital for his follow-up today. Mr. Nacht will be there too."

"We're accompanying Jamie to the hospital. Mr. Henry wants to bring us to his house for a visit after that." Robbie said seriously, "You should rest at home today, Mommy. We'll bring food back for you tonight."

"It's okay. There's enough food at home. Mommy will settle her own dinner." Then, Charlotte gently reminded, "Mommy won't be going with you kids today, okay? Mommy's gotta visit Mrs. Berry at the hospital, then come home and rest for a bit before going to work."

"Okay, Mommy. Take care of yourself."

The triplets hugged Charlotte and kissed her smack on the cheeks.

It wasn't long before Henry called from the car that was already waiting downstairs.

Robbie asked the three nurses to bring them down so that Henry wouldn't have to come all the way upstairs. In fact, he was being considerate of his mother, doing this so she wouldn't have to hide from Henry again.

Jamie's pediatrician was already waiting at the door. After packing up, the nurses led the triplets out.

Charlotte waved goodbye to them. Seeing the happy looks on their faces, she became slightly emotional.

In the past, the triplets used to be very attached to her and would be disheartened if she didn't come home at night.

Now that they had Henry caring for them, they were no longer as dependent on her. Whether she went out at night or worked during the day, the triplets would always be understanding toward her.

Henry didn't only arrange for their treatment and daily needs, even their weekends were fully packed with activities.

Perhaps as their mother, she should be worried about this.

However, it was good that the triplets had a good relationship with Henry. Although they didn't know the truth, blood was thicker than water after all. Hence, there would always be a sense of bonding between them nothing in the world could snuff out.

In the event that something were to happen to her, at least the triplets would have someone to rely on.

Hence, Charlotte wasn't against her children spending time with Henry.

She tidied up the kitchen and ate something simple before taking a nap.

When she woke up at noon, the soup in the slow-cooker was ready. She transferred the soup into a thermos and also packed some sourdough bread before hailing a taxi toward Kindness Hospital.

Mrs. Berry was currently leaning against the headboard while watching some programs on the television. When the nurse brought food for her, she didn't seem to have any appetite.

Right then, Charlotte breezed into the room. "Mrs. Berry!"

"Miss, you're here." Mrs. Berry's mouth curved into a brilliant smile upon seeing Charlotte. "Aren't you supposed to be spending time with the children at home? Why did you come here?"

"The kids have gone to the hospital for Jamie's follow-up. There are three nurses accompanying them, so they don't need me." Charlotte took out the soup and bread, placing them on the table while saying merrily, "I made lentil soup for you and brought along some sourdough bread to pair with it."

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"Thank you, Miss." Mrs. Berry looked at the decently cooked soup, grinning from ear to ear. "The children said that your cooking skills have improved. I didn't believe it at first, but now, it looks to be true. I have to admit, this soup looks very presentable."

"Hahaha! Today's breakfast was an epic failure though."

Charlotte recounted the events from this morning with an embarrassed look on her face.

Tickled pink, Mrs. Berry bellowed with laughter. Then, she patiently taught Charlotte how to shape hot cross bunnies and make mac and cheese.

Charlotte listened attentively, going so far as making notes with her phone, vowing to whip up a decent breakfast for the triplets tomorrow.

Mrs. Berry looked at her with a relieved smile. "When I first fell sick, I was worried that without me at home, the triplets wouldn't have anyone to take care of them. You'd have your hands full trying to do everything yourself, but seeing that you have it all worked out now, I finally feel at ease."

"No, no. Everything at home is still very much a mess..." Charlotte held her hand with a flattering smile. "The kids and I want you to get well quickly and come home as soon as possible."

"Okay, okay!" Mrs. Berry nodded as warmth enveloped her heart. "When I get better, I'll go home right away. I even asked Dr. Langan this morning and she said that I can be discharged in a month and a half's time."

"That's great news. We can't wait for you to return."

Charlotte knew Mrs. Berry well. Only the feeling of being needed would give the latter a sense of accomplishment and contentment.

"Miss, you haven't eaten yet, have you? Let's eat together."

"Sure."

The two were about to eat when an enraged voice coming from outside abruptly broke through the peace. "Why the hell are you stopping me? Don't you know who I am? Get out of my way!"

Charlotte's body instantly tensed up. That voice sounds so familiar...

"Ms. Blackwood, are you here to see Dr. Langan? I'm call her here right now."

"I'm not here for Dr. Langan, so there's no need to call her."

The voice was accompanied by the sound of approaching footsteps. Before long, Sharon arrogantly walked into the ward.

Charlotte looked over her shoulder and her brows immediately pulled into a frown. What is she doing here?

"Turns out you really are here." Sharon stared coldly at Charlotte. "If I didn't happen to find out that your housekeeper is under Raina's observation, I would've never been able to find you."

"Whatever this is about, let's go outside and talk."

Putting down the utensils, Charlotte got up and walked toward the door. As far as she was concerned, Sharon was nothing but trouble and the last thing she wanted was to disturb Mrs. Berry.

"Why must we talk outside?" Sharon scoffed derisively. "Are you scared that others would know about your dirty deeds?"

"This is a ward, not somewhere you can just cause a scene." Charlotte's frown deepened. "Can't we go outside and talk in private?"

"No. I'm not going anywhere..." Sharon gritted her teeth and cursed, "I want the whole world to know that you're a shameless b*tch who stole someone else's husband! You're a homewrecker!"

"Who are you?" Mrs. Berry went purple with rage upon seeing Charlotte being bullied by an unfamiliar woman. "Stop throwing baseless accusations! Ms. Windt is innocent!"

"Innocent?" Sharon looked like she just heard the funniest joke in the world. "Old lady, you probably don't know this, but Charlotte is a homewrecker. She seduced my husband..."

"You're lying. That's impossible." Mrs. Berry raised her voice in anger, "Ms. Windt is a good girl. She will never do such a thing."

"She's nothing but a shameless sl*t!" Sharon yelled with eyes that burned with hatred. "First, she seduced Hector, breaking his marriage apart, then Michael was next, and now, she's set her eyes on my husband..."

"Your husband?" Charlotte finally had enough of it and refuted, "Are you married to Zachary? No, so how is he your husband?"

"We're getting engaged soon..."

"Soon, but not yet, right?" Charlotte cut Sharon off and yelled furiously, "And let me point out that he was with me first. If anything, you're the homewrecker!"

"B*tch!" Sharon snarled and slapped Charlotte across the face.

Caught off guard, Charlotte staggered and almost fell onto the ground.

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"H-How dare you hit Ms. Windt?"

Mrs. Berry was livid, grabbing the thermos in front of her and throwing it at Sharon.

Although Sharon successfully dodged it, her body wasn't spared from the hot soup inside. Her shrieks instantly reverberated through the room as the soup scalded her. With a pained and outraged expression, she roared, "You damned old lady! How dare you?"

"What? I was just doing your parents a favor by teaching their uncultured daughter a lesson."

Mrs. Berry got down from the bed and helped Charlotte up.

"Boys!" Sharon pointed at Mrs. Berry with an unrelenting gaze as she ordered, "Take her down."

Two bodyguards walked in and were about to tackle Mrs. Berry.

Charlotte quickly stood in front Mrs. Berry, shielding her. "Don't you dare lay a finger on her!"

"What if I want to?" Sharon rushed forward and shoved Mrs. Berry hard.

Mrs. Berry was knocked against the bed and fell to the ground, causing the IV needle on the back of her hand to pierce deeper into her flesh, instantly drawing blood.

Seeing this, Charlotte flew into a rage and landed a hard slap on Sharon's cheek.

The crisp sound echoed through the room.

Sharon couldn't recover from her shock. To be precise, she had never expected Charlotte to be so bold as to hit her.

A red handprint immediately formed on her cheek.

"How... How dare you hit me?" Sharon's eyes went wide with fury as she screamed hysterically, "I'm gonna kill you!"

With that, she lunged at Charlotte.

"Don't touch Ms. Windt!" Mrs. Berry rushed over to protect Charlotte.

The two bodyguards sprung to action, pulling Mrs. Berry away, but the latter used her heavy weight to her advantage and put up quite a fight.

"Let her go!" Charlotte stepped forward to help Mrs. Berry, but her hair was grabbed by Sharon.

Not one to go down without a fight, Charlotte unsheathed her claws and fought against Sharon.

Two more bodyguards rushed in and swiftly restrained Charlotte, twisting her arms behind her back.

"Go to hell, b*tch!" Sharon raised her arm and was about to slap Charlotte.

"Stop!" An angry roar pierced through the tension.

Sharon's hand froze midair and she looked back, gasping in shock, "Daddy? What are you doing here?"

"Let them go," Taylor sternly commanded.

The bodyguards immediately loosened their grip and stepped to a side.

"Miss!" Mrs. Berry hurried over to support Charlotte. "Are you alright?"

Charlotte caught sight of the wound on the back of Mrs. Berry's hand. The needle had penetrated so deeply into her flesh that blood was constantly trickling out.

The sight of it was like a sharp blade driving into her heart. As she held Mrs. Berry's hand, her entire body started trembling with fury and heartache.

"Get out." Taylor's brows furrowed.

"Daddy..."

"I said get out!" Taylor shot a glare at Sharon.

Filled with bitter resentment, Sharon pointed at Charlotte and gritted out, "This isn't over."

Then, she swiveled on her heels and stormed off.

"Stop right there!" Charlotte called out.

Sharon stopped in her tracks and was about to let out a string of curses.

Before she could, Taylor stepped forward and bowed deeply to Mrs. Berry and Charlotte. "My sincerest apologies. I will take full responsibility for this matter."

"Daddy..." Sharon's eyes widened in disbelief. "How could you apologize to her? Do you know that this b*tch-"

"Shut up." Taylor did not allow Sharon to speak.

Before she lost her cool, she stalked out of the ward.

"All of you leave us too," Taylor ordered.

The bodyguards retreated and stood guard outside.

After the door was closed, Taylor bowed and apologized to Charlotte and Mrs. Berry again. "My daughter was spoilt since young. I will definitely discipline her harshly after this. Please rest assured that I'll make sure she never bothers the two of you again. I'm truly sorry. Please accept my apology."

After that, he turned to leave.

Faced with his sincerity, Charlotte couldn't bring herself to kick up a fuss.

Oddly, Taylor stopped just shy of the door and turned back to look at Charlotte, asking in a feeble voice, "Was your father's name Richard Windt?"

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"Yes." Charlotte asked with a frown, "Is there a problem?"

"No." Taylor shook his head repeatedly, looking slightly distressed. "Then, what about your mother's name?"

"I don't think I need to answer that."

From a young age, her father had told her not to tell anyone her mother's name.

Although she didn't know why her father had repeatedly warned her against it. Hence, she had since kept her mother's name close to her heart.

She knew that it was a matter of great importance. Even during her mother's birthday each year, she and her father would secretly celebrate it at home, never letting any word about it get out.

Hence, she had always guarded this secret.

"That was rude of me." Taylor lowered his head to apologize, then left right after.

As Mrs. Berry studied him from the back, a crease formed on her forehead. "This man looks quite familiar. I feel as though I've seen him somewhere before."

"He's Sharon's father." Charlotte's face remained hostile as she didn't have a good impression of the Blackwood family.

Raina came in right then. Upon seeing the mess in the ward, she exclaimed in shock, "Oh my lord! What happened in here? I was visiting a branch hospital today and rushed over right after I received a call, but I was still too late..."

She walked over to check on them. "Ms. Windt, Mrs. Berry, are you both alright?"

"I'm fine, but please take a look at Mrs. Berry's hand." Charlotte held Mrs. Berry's hand with a pained expression on her face. "Look how badly you were injured."

"Let me have a look." Raina frowned upon seeing the wound and immediately ordered a nurse, "Bring over the first-aid kit."

The nurse immediately brought it over and Raina personally treated Mrs. Berry's injury.

Charlotte stood by the side with her brows tightly knitted into a frown.

Just then, her phone rang with a call from Zachary. Due to the anger still coursing through her veins, she declined the call directly .

Raina glanced at her and was about to say something when her own phone rang, to which she swiftly answered. "Mr. Nacht! Ms. Windt is fine. Don't worry, Mr. Blackwood has already taken Ms. Blackwood away..."

After briefly explaining, the caller hung up.

Raina treated Mrs. Berry's wound and told her to rest well. Then, she tugged Charlotte out of the ward and explained, "I heard Ben say that Mr. Nacht has been ignoring Ms. Blackwood lately, not answering her calls or replying her messages. So, Ms. Blackwood went to the company to confront him, but he's been avoiding her.

"Ms. Blackwood believed that you're the reason for all these so she's been looking for you high and low. She couldn't find out your address because of Mr. Nacht's influence. Somehow, she caught wind that Mrs. Berry is hospitalized here, so she came over to find you."

"She should go look for Zachary, not me." Charlotte's rage skyrocketed when she thought about it.

"Well, Ms. Blackwood has always been like that..." Other than this, Raina didn't know what else to say. "It's also my fault that something like this happened today. I'll arrange security for Mrs. Berry and make sure no one disturbs her from now on."

"This has nothing to do with you. The hospital is opened to the public. It was only a matter of time before this got out." Charlotte sighed. "This is actually Zachary's fault. It's because he didn't manage things well."

"Don't blame him. He's actually-"

"Forget it. Let's not talk about this." Charlotte was still mad at Zachary and didn't want to think about him. "I'm going to accompany Mrs. Berry for a bit. I won't keep you any longer."

"Alright then." Raina knew that she couldn't persuade Charlotte when it came to this. Hence, she changed the subject. "About Mrs. Peyton's condition, I've discussed it with a few specialists and devised a treatment plan specifically for her.

"From a personal standpoint, I think it'll give better results than the hospital she's in now, but you should still send the plan to your friend and let her think about it, see if she wants to transfer here."

"That's great. Thank you." Charlotte expressed her utmost gratitude.

"I'll pass the plan to you later. As for the cost, I can offer some discounts, but it won't be much. Generally speaking, the cost will still be higher than public hospitals, so you'll have to remind your friend to consider it properly."

"I understand."

Raina came back with the plan after a while and handed it to Charlotte. After Charlotte kept it safe, she went back to the ward to accompany Mrs. Berry.

Mrs. Berry was initially happy, but now, something seemed to be weighing on her mind.

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chapter 441

"Ms. Windt," the nurse greeted Charlotte before leaving the ward.

Only Charlotte and Mrs. Berry were left in the ward.

Charlotte walked over to hold Mrs. Berry's hand as remorse crept into her heart. "I'm sorry for dragging you into my mess."

"Silly girl. We're a family, so I don't want to hear you say such things again," Mrs. Berry chided. Then, a scowl appeared on her face when she thought about Sharon. "I don't have a good feeling about that girl. From what I could see, she's nothing but an arrogant bully who enjoys hurting others."

"But..." Charlotte wanted to explain the matter regarding Zachary and her, but she didn't know where to start.

"You don't need to explain your private life to anyone." Mrs. Berry held Charlotte's hand, patting it reassuringly. "I will always support the decisions you make because I believe that you're a good girl and will never do anything bad."

"Thank you, Mrs. Berry..." The elder lady's words had tugged on Charlotte's heartstrings.

"I've been thinking about who that girl's father is. I seemed to have met him before, but I just can't remember where." Mrs. Berry tapped her head. "I know I've seen him before. I just know it."

"He asked about my father just now. Maybe he had some business dealings with Dad in the past?"

Charlotte also found Taylor strange. The first time they met, he had stared at her and even asked Ben what her name was.

At that time, Charlotte thought that he wanted to avenge his daughter. But after she found him to be quite reasonable, she didn't think he was a bad person. However, the questions he asked just now had thrown her off a little bit.

"I don't think so." Mrs. Berry shook her head. "Back in the days, I was only in charge of family matters and rarely went to the company. Mr. Windt never brought any business associates back home either, so if that man was a business associate, it was unlikely I would've met him."

"That's true." Charlotte nodded. "Alright. Don't push yourself to think too much about that. Rest for now. I'll go buy something for you to eat."

Mrs. Berry sighed dejectedly. "What a pity. You used such a long time to cook the soup, but I didn't get to taste it at all."

Her heart ached at sight of the lentil soup which was spilled all over the floor.

"It's okay. I'll make it for you again tomorrow."

Charlotte ordered takeout for Mrs. Berry, making sure to choose the same food, lentil soup and bread. However, the soup didn't taste as good as the one Charlotte made."

Although she failed in making the buns and mac and cheese, she was quite good at cooking soup.

Most importantly, it was the thought that counted.

After eating lunch with Mrs. Berry, Charlotte stayed with her while her wound was dressed again and persuaded her to sleep before hurrying home.

She had two performances on that night. At first, it was only for a company anniversary party, but Felicity informed her last minute that she would have to perform at a wedding banquet as well.

Charlotte rushed home and changed her clothes, then hurried over to the venue for her first performance.

That night was Olivia's off day, so she went over to assist her.

With someone by her side, Charlotte wasn't as keyed up anymore.

Her performances ended at nine o'clock. After receiving her pay, she treated Olivia to some meat skewers at a nearby restaurant and also passed the treatment plan Raina gave her to Olivia.

Olivia read through it in detail and immediately made her decision. "Charlotte, please help me tell Dr. Langhan that I want to transfer my mother over and I'm willing to pay however much is needed."

"Okay. I thought you'd say that anyway." Charlotte nodded. "Don't worry about the cost. We'll figure it out. Our priority is making sure your mother gets treated."

"Thank you." Olivia was immensely touched by Charlotte's goodwill.

"Don't mention it, silly girl. We're a family." Charlotte smiled warmly. "Okay, tell you what. Come to Kindness Hospital tomorrow and I'll introduce you to Dr. Langhan, then you can discuss with her about your mother's condition and also let her take a look at your hands."

"Okay. Thank you, Charlotte."

After having supper, Charlotte rushed home with a thought in mind. Will Zachary be waiting downstairs at ten o'clock sharp like last night?

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Is he going to mad again if I'm late?

With worry gnawing at her, Charlotte urged the taxi driver to go faster.

Finally, the taxi pulled up in front of the building in Happy Avenue at nine fifty-eight. However, Zachary's car was nowhere in sight.

Charlotte thought perhaps he would only arrive at ten sharp since every second counted for a businessman like him.

Hence, she waited by the roadside for two minutes, but there was still no sight of him.

Maybe he's caught in traffic?

Or something important cropped up?

Charlotte waited for a few more minutes, but when he still did not come, her head drooped with disappointment.

She speculated that he was probably angry because she didn't answer his call earlier and decided not to come.

Or perhaps he was busy placating Sharon and her father after what happened in the ward.

Whatever. Come or don't come, it doesn't matter to me!

In fact, I'd rather he never come again.

Charlotte took in a deep breath and marched into the residential estate, all the while giving herself a mental pep talk. Stop thinking about that b*stard. You're fine without him, Charlotte. He can do whatever the hell he wants...

As she was deep into her thoughts, the elevator door dinged open to show a familiar figure standing inside.

Charlotte gaped at him, thinking she was imagining this.

I must be seeing things after thinking about him too much.

Charlotte rubbed her eyes. What? It really is Zachary!

"Are you coming in or not?" Zachary peered at her coldly.

"What are you doing here?" Charlotte entered the elevator.

"What do you think?" Zachary answered her question with a question.

"Don't tell me, you came upstairs to find me because you didn't see me downstairs?" Charlotte asked anxiously, "Did you run into the kids?"

Zachary remained silent.

"Wait, that's not right." Charlotte gnawed on her lip nervously. "I came back at nine fifty-eight sharp and I waited for you downstairs, but you weren't there. What's going on? When did you get here?"

"You waited for me downstairs?" Zachary cocked a brow.

"Well, you said you'd pick me up at ten," Charlotte answered without thinking.

"Oh?" Zachary reached out to pull her into his arms, gazing at her intimately. "So, you were also looking forward to seeing me, right?"

"N-No, I wasn't."

Charlotte refused to admit that she was indeed looking forward to seeing him, or rather, seeing him had turned into a habit.

"Liar." Zachary lifted her chin and nibbled on her cherry lips.

"Stop it." Charlotte frantically pushed him away. "There's a CCTV here."

"Then, we'll go home and pick up where we left off." Zachary pinched her cheek dotingly.

"What? You're coming home with me?" Charlotte blanched in horror. "No, no, no. You can't..."

"Why not?" Zachary toyed with her. "Are you that ashamed of me?"

"The kids will see you and that's not good." Charlotte started to panic. "You should hurry up and go back."

Right then, the elevator doors slid open at the sixteenth floor.

Zachary was about to walk out, but Charlotte quickly stopped him and pressed for the close button at the same time, frantically saying, "Wait for me downstairs. I'll come down after seeing the kids."

A frown appeared on her face after a while. "That's weird. Why isn't it working?"

She kept pressing for the first floor, but it just wouldn't light up. That was when she noticed that the button for level 17 was lighted.

"Forget it. Come out first and use another elevator."

Charlotte was visibly flustered and Zachary found it greatly amusing.

"Alright, I won't scare you anymore."

Then, he pushed her out of the elevator. "You have half an hour with your kids. I'll be waiting for you upstairs."

"Huh?" Charlotte was stunned, unable to understand him. "Go upstairs? Why?"

"Idiot." Zachary couldn't be bothered to explain and closed the elevator directly.

Dumbfounded, Charlotte stood motionless and it took a while before she came back to her senses. Don't tell me... he moved in upstairs?

No way, right?

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"Ms. Windt, you're back."

The door to her house opened at that moment and two of the nurses came out.

"Amelia, Mildred. Thanks for all your help." Charlotte greeted them. "Where's Violet?"

"Violet's waiting for Ellie to finish her milk. She'll leave after that." Amelia said with a smile, "Robbie and Jamie are all grown up now. They don't want to drink milk anymore."

"Hahaha! Yeah, they said real men don't drink milk." Mildred mimicked Robbie and Jamie's voices.

"Those two silly boys." Thinking of her children, a bright smile stretched across Charlotte's lips.

"I'm done." Violet came out just then. "Oh, Ms. Windt, you're back. The triplets are all asleep now."

"They slept a little later tonight because some people were moving things upstairs and it was quite noisy. It stopped only half an hour ago." Mildred explained, "I think a new resident just moved in."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte was even more certain that Zachary had indeed moved in upstairs.

He bought the unit next door for the nurses, and now he's bought the unit upstairs as well?

What the hell is he up to?

"You should go in and rest now, Ms. Windt." The nurses urged, then reported, "Jamie's follow-up visit today went well. The medical report is on the dining table. You can take a look at it when you're free."

"Alright, thank you for your hard work today." Charlotte smiled broadly. "I'll make breakfast for the kids tomorrow, so you three can sleep in a bit."

"Uhm..."

"Don't worry, I'll prepare a perfect breakfast tomorrow. No more mistakes." Charlotte's face heated up with embarrassment.

"Hahaha! Sure, the kids would be delighted. Goodnight, Ms. Windt."

“Goodnight!”

Charlotte returned home and picked up the medical report on the table. Jamie’s leg was recovering well. The doctor suggested that he recuperate for two months and go for his checkup on time each month.

There was also some takeaway food on the table with a note written by Robbie. Mommy, we brought this back for your dinner. Don’t forget to reheat it before eating.

Charlotte was touched by their children’s gesture. No matter where they went, they would never forget to bring food back for her.

She carefully pushed Ellie’s bedroom door open and peeked in to see her hugging her stuffed alpaca, already asleep. Her chubby belly moved up and down in tandem with her breathing. She looked like a princess under the decorative pink veil, quiet and well-behaved.

Charlotte quietly closed the door and went to the next bedroom to see that both Robbie and Jamie were already sound asleep. Jamie was still holding a Rubik’s Cube in his hand, while Robbie was holding a book. They even forgot to turn off the lights.

Charlotte crept into the room to turn off the lights, then covered them with their blankets before going out.

She moved the food on the table into the kitchen and changed into a set of comfortable casual wear. Putting on her slippers, she snuck out of the house again.

After making sure she locked the door, she took the elevator upstairs. Sure enough, Zachary was in his pajamas and holding a glass of red wine while leaning against the door waiting for her.

“You really moved here?” Charlotte still found it hard to believe.

“Do you have to ask?” Zachary pushed her inside.

Charlotte was shocked with she saw the furnishings in the house. “Did you move all your furniture here?”

“Obviously.” Zachary lowered himself onto the sofa, propping his feet on the coffee table. “I can’t buy any good furniture on such short notice. Even if I did, there’d be the formaldehyde issue, so I moved the furniture from my place.”

“Oh my God...” Charlotte spun in a circle as she gawked at her surroundings. “It looks exactly the same. Even the vases, the ashtray, the paintings...”

“Idiot.” Although Zachary was slightly annoyed by the silly look on her face, he couldn’t bring himself to look away. “This unit is only slightly smaller than two thousand square feet, so it can’t accommodate all of my things. I only moved some of it.”

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chapter 444

“Why did you suddenly wanna move here?” Charlotte asked curiously.

“Because of you...” Zachary stopped the words at the tip of his tongue and quickly corrected, “Because you’re annoying. You woke me up so early and disrupted my sleep. I thought I might as well just move here so that I can sleep a little longer.”

Charlotte noticed the way he was feigning indifference and couldn’t help but giggle. “So, you wanna be closer to me and see me every day. Is that it?”

“Don’t flatter yourself.” Zachary wore a disdainful look on his face.

“Oh? I’ll leave then.” Charlotte turned toward the door, pretending to leave.

“Don’t you dare.” Zachary snagged her hand and pulled her into his embrace.

Due to the momentum, Charlotte fell on his lap, bringing their faces inches away from each other. She could even clearly see her reflection in his eyes.

Zachary cupped her cheek with one hand and gently rubbed her lips with his thumb. “Why is your face swollen?”

Only then did Charlotte recall that she had been slapped by Sharon earlier. Anger surged in her chest and she grumbled, "It's no thanks to you."

"Huh?" Zachary frowned. "Sharon hit you?"

"I slapped her back." Charlotte proudly lifted her chin up.

"I see you've finally grown a pair." The corner of Zachary's lips tugged upward.

"Is that a compliment?" Surprise flashed across Charlotte's eyes.

"Of course." Zachary grasped her chin and declared in a serious tone, "My woman is no pushover. If someone hits you, you hit them back!"

Silence ensued.

Thinking she had heard it wrong at first, Charlotte was stunned for a good few seconds before snapping out of it. "But she's your fiancée."

"My grandfather is a willful man, but he doesn't speak for me," Zachary replied blandly.

"You don't want to marry Sharon?" Charlotte asked tentatively, "Then, why did you agree?"

"I didn't..." Zachary started, but continued with a question. "Didn't you want me to quickly get married so that you could get rid of me sooner?"

"No, I didn't..." Charlotte started to panic. "I just... I just..."

"Just what?" Zachary held his breath, anticipating her answer.

"If you really want to marry someone else, would I be able to stop you?" Charlotte spoke from her heart, "I can't change anything, so what else could I have said?"

"So, you don't want me to marry someone else?" Zachary's eyes glowed with an unusual light. "You like me, don't you?"

Charlotte bit her lower lip and pondered for a moment before answering earnestly, "When you're not violent, yes... but it's a no when you lose your temper."

Zachary was rendered inarticulate and his brows gradually drew together. "What the hell?"

"To put it simply, sometimes I like you and sometimes I don't." Charlotte held his face in her hands and took the opportunity to plead, "If you promise not to lose your temper again, I'll promise to always like you..."

"That depends on whether you behave or not." Zachary's hand reached into her skirt and slowly slid upward as his sexy lips pressed against her ear lobe. "Do you like me now?"

"No, I don't-"

Charlotte's words were cut off when Zachary sealed her lips shut with a rough kiss.

As she was imprisoned in his arms, she was defenseless to his antics. He pried her legs open and placed her on his lap so that she was straddling him, then guided her on a whole new adventure.

It was yet another wild and passionate night. However, this night was a little different as both of them bared their souls to one another, becoming physically and emotionally entwined.

Throughout the night, the two of them enjoyed the pleasures of love, becoming closer than ever.

As they lay in each other's arms in the wee hours, Zachary caressed Charlotte's silky hair and gently kissed her forehead. "You're very cute when you're obedient..."

"You too." Charlotte nestled in his arms, rubbing her cheek against his neck. "You're very gentle when you're not angry."

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"If... I say I want to marry you..." Zachary asked abruptly, "Would you say yes?"

However, Charlotte didn't hear his question because she had already fallen asleep.

Zachary looked down to study her face and couldn't deny that she looked adorable even in her sleep.

He sighed helplessly, then leaned down to kiss her eyes. After pulling the blanket securely around her, he let sleep take over him.

The alarm went off at half past six in the morning,

Charlotte jolted awake and rolled out of bed. Without even washing her face, she pulled on her clothes and wore her slippers. "I'm going down to make breakfast. Go back to sleep."

With that, she promptly took off, one of her slippers falling off in her haste.

Staring at her klutzy movements, Zachary's mouth curved into an alluring smile.

Then, he turned on his side and continued sleeping.

Charlotte rushed back home as fast as she could. Fortunately, the three nurses hadn't arrived yet and the triplets were still asleep.

She dashed into the kitchen and started making breakfast.

To play it safe, she prepared a simple breakfast comprising of sandwiches, dumplings, some fruit salad, and juice.

These foods had high success rates, so Charlotte was confident that nothing would go wrong.

The children woke up when she started blending juice. Hearing the noise, Robbie immediately ran to the kitchen and called out gleefully, "Mommy!"

"Good morning, Robbie!" Charlotte looked back to smile at him while she was cutting the fruits.

"Good morning, Mommy." Robbie padded over to hug Charlotte. "You must be tired, Mommy."

"Aww, it's okay. Watching you three enjoy breakfast makes Mommy very happy." Charlotte kissed his forehead just as the doorbell rang. "It must be the nurses. Go open the door for them."

"Okay." Robbie ran over to get the door.

The nurses came in and helped the triplets wash up and get dressed.

The family sat at the dining table and happily dug into their food.

Breakfast was a success this time and the children enjoyed their meal. Charlotte rested her chin on one hand while watching the triplets wolf down their food, a strong feeling of contentment blooming in her heart.

"Mommy, you should eat too." The triplets fed Charlotte some fruit salad.

"Thanks, kids." Charlotte only ate a bit of fruit salad.

Soon, the three children finished their breakfast. After that, they carried their backpacks and went to school accompanied by the nurses.

Charlotte walked them to the elevator and waved goodbye to them.

After they left, she quickly went home to make two portions of breakfast and brought them upstairs.

She was about to tap on the door with her foot, but the door opened before she could. "How did the door open on its own?" she asked in bewilderment.

"There's a new technology called fully automated housekeeping."

Zachary was reading the financial section on the newspaper at the dining table with a glass of warm water in front of him.

Charlotte shrugged. "Hmm, I guess it's only normal that you have a one-of-a-kind home, seeing as you're the boss of a tech company."

She placed the tray down and transferred the plates of food onto the table. "You know, you look like you were waiting for me to bring breakfast up."

"Of course. Why do you think I moved here?" Zachary studied the breakfast spread on the table. "You made all of this yourself?"

"Mmm." Charlotte felt slightly embarrassed. "It's nothing fancy, but they taste quite alright. Go ahead and try some."

Zachary had one dumpling and nodded. "Not bad."

Then, he picked up a sandwich and took a bite. "This one's a little but soggy."

After that, he ate a mouthful of the fruit salad. "Too much dressing."

Lastly, he took a sip of the apple juice. "You should've added some salt while you were blending the apple."

When he was done evaluating everything, he finally started eating.

"You're really hard to please, you know that?" Charlotte pouted unhappily. "This breakfast is already considered one of my best."

"It's quite alright." Zachary was biting into a sandwich. "If only I had a cup of black coffee to go with it."

Charlotte was lost for words.

She realized that he was displaying a serious case of machismo, but there was nothing she could really do about it.

"Do you have a coffee machine?"

"It's in the kitchen. There are coffee beans too."

"You eat first. I'll go grind the beans for you."

"Good girl."

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chapter 446

Charlotte came back with a cup of coffee in hand. Zachary had already finished his breakfast by then and took a sip of the coffee, nodded in approval. "Mm, not bad!"

"Finally, a compliment." Charlotte sighed in relief. "So, it seems like I gained something from working in Divine Corporation. At least I learned how to make good coffee."

"Look at you go." Zachary ruffled her hair affectionately. "Alright, eat your breakfast before it gets cold."

"I can't possibly finish all of this. You should have more."

With that, Charlotte brought a sandwich to his mouth.

Zachary instinctively took a bite. Then, as if it was the most natural thing to do, Charlotte withdrew her hand and continued eating it. At that moment, they looked like they were an old married couple.

This subtle gesture struck a chord in Zachary. As he quietly watched Charlotte, he secretly made a decision.

"You're going to the company today, right?" Charlotte did not notice the strange expression he was wearing, looking at her phone while planning his schedule. "It's seven forty already. What time do you need to head over there?"

"It's still early. Don't worry." Zachary wiped off the bread crumbs from her mouth, then handed her a cup of juice. "Drink some."

"I can't eat anymore." Not having much of an appetite, Charlotte yawned and said, "I wanna sleep."

"Go ahead." Zachary pulled her into his embrace. "I'll keep you company."

"It's fine. You have to go to the company soon, right?" Charlotte stood up to clear the table.

"No, I'm leaving at ten." Zachary carried her into the bedroom.

"Zachary, I just wanna sleep." Charlotte grew anxious. "Like really sleep, not the other kind of sleep..."

"Hah!" Zachary pressed her on the bed and deliberately frightened her. "I wasn't planning on doing anything, but now that you've mentioned it, I seem to remember that we only had two rounds last night. It's not enough..."

"No..." Charlotte thrashed against him in shock. "I'm bone-tired and really sleepy. Please, let me sleep for a while..."

"Idiot!" Zachary bit her ear lobe and hugged her against his chest. "Sleep then. I'll stay with you."

"No touching..." Charlotte turned around so that her back was facing him. It wasn't long before she started to sound drowsy. "I'll sleep until ten..."

"Okay." Zachary kissed her ear and gently patted her shoulder, coaxing her to sleep.

Charlotte fell asleep quickly, curling against him like a baby.

Initially, Zachary planned to sleep for a bit as well, but his phone vibrated with an incoming call just then. He fished out his phone and when he saw that it was from Henry, he declined it without hesitation before sending a text. I can't pick up the phone now. Is something up?

Soon, Henry replied: Come home this instant, you little brat!

Zachary replied: What is it?

Sharon has been looking for you for more than ten days and you've been avoiding her. What's the meaning of this? She even came to see me, so come back right this instant!

I'm busy now. Let's make it at night. I have something to tell all of you as well.

6 p.m. this evening. Sharon and Mr. Blackwood will both be here, so you better show up. Otherwise, don't blame me for being merciless.

Understood.

Following that, Zachary sent a message to Ben: Prepare all the evidence on Sharon.

Ben simply replied: Understood. He was flummoxed upon receiving a text message from Zachary. Mr. Nacht never liked texting. Why is he texting me his orders all of a sudden?

Though confused, he did as he was told.

After making the necessary arrangements, Zachary switched off his phone and put it away. Then, he wrapped his arms around Charlotte and closed his eyes.

It was raining outside, so the weather was chilly and very suitable for sleeping in.

The woman in his arms was soft and supple to the touch. Coupled with her sweet scent, she resembled a silent lullaby as he hugged her tight.

Shortly after, Zachary drifted off to sleep.

No matter how busy or troubled he was, as long as she was beside him, he would be able to sleep peacefully.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 447

Charlotte finally woke up in a daze, turning over and burrowing into Zachary's arms out of habit. Nuzzling the crook of his neck, she reveled in the scent that was solely his, feeling especially warm on the inside.

"Hey." Zachary had just woken up too. He stroked her hair and kissed the crown of her head. "Hungry?"

"A little bit..." Charlotte retrieved her phone from under her pillow. "Oh God, it's twelve already!"

"Yeah." Zachary took her phone away. "It's time for lunch."

"I'll go make us lunch now." Charlotte scrambled to get out of bed.

"Don't trouble yourself. I'll handle it." Zachary pulled her back. "Let's hug for a little longer."

"Is it really okay for you to not go to the company?"

Charlotte felt uneasy. Back when she was at Divine Corporation, he rarely went into work this late unless the time he went for business trips.

"I'm the boss. My word is the law." Zachary turned on his phone and dialed a number. "Arrange lunch and have it delivered here at one sharp."

After ending the call, he cuddled with Charlotte again and naughtily bit her ear lobe. "I wanna eat you."

"Stop messing around..." Charlotte drew back from him, avoiding his lips. "I should get up now. I have something to do later."

"What thing?" Zachary held her chin, dropping a kiss on her forehead and cheeks.

"I..." Charlotte almost slipped up, stopping herself at the very last second. "I'm meeting a close friend for tea later."

"Is there anyone else?" Zachary began to nibble on her neck.

"No, it's just her..." Charlotte started moaning softly. "Stop it. I really need to get up now, and it's a hassle to wash my hair."

"Fine." Zachary reluctantly released her. "Shower here. I'll help you blow-dry your hair."

"Okay." Charlotte went to the master bedroom's bathroom and was surprised to find that all her toiletries had been prepared. There was even a set of pajamas for her.

"I'll go to the other bathroom. Wait here for me after you're done."

Zachary's voice came from outside.

“Okay,” Charlotte replied, staring at the toothbrush in the pink ceramic cup next to Zachary’s blue ceramic cup which held his own toothbrush. They were a matching set which looked childishly cute.

Charlotte broke into a blissful smile because she never expected to see this side of Zachary.

Recently, he had been so gentle and warm that she could barely remember how he was when he lost his temper and became violent.

At that moment, all she could think of was Zachary’s thoughtful and loving side.

She seemed to have grown accustomed to this side of him.

In fact, she may have even fallen in love with him.

Charlotte looked into the mirror and asked herself. Are you really in love with him, Charlotte?

Lost in thought, the sound of her phone ringing brought her back to reality. She hurriedly ran out to answer the call. “Hey, Olivia.”

“Charlotte, don’t forget to meet me in Kindness Hospital at three. Oh and Ms. Fuller told me to remind you that the banquet at six tonight is very important, so don’t be late.”

“Got it. I’ll go straight to the hotel after meeting you at the hospital.”

“Okay. I’ll be on duty tonight, so I won’t be accompanying you. Remember to contact Ms. Fuller directly.”

“Mmm.”

With that, Charlotte ended the call and put her phone aside before going to the bathroom for a shower.

Her hair was very long, so it was especially tedious to wash.

While she was washing her hair, a figure walked in, giving her a big scare when she turned around. “Why did you come in?”

“To help you...”

Zachary hugged her from behind and scrubbed her body, gently biting down on her shoulder.

“You’re at it again. Stop it...” Charlotte whimpered helplessly, “How many times do you wanna do it in a day? My body can’t take it...”

“You don’t need to do anything. I’ll do all the work.” Zachary picked her up and ravaged her once again.

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Charlotte felt like she was going to die from exhaustion. Zachary was insatiable and often tired her out. Despite that, she could never resist him.

By the time the two of them came out, it was already two o’clock. Ben had been waiting outside for more than one hour and the food had already gone cold.

Right then, Ben tentatively pressed the doorbell.

Charlotte pulled her long hair into a ponytail and went to get the door. Realizing that Ben had waited until now, color tinted her cheeks.

“The food has probably gone cold. I’ll call the chef over to reheat it.” Ben was about to make a call.

“It’s fine. I can do it myself.”

As Charlotte spoke, Zachary came out of the room, wrapped in only a bath towel.

Ben immediately bowed his head and retreated.

Charlotte was so embarrassed her face flushed a scarlet red. She wanted nothing more than to dig a hole and crawl into it.

"We're all adults. What's there to be embarrassed about?" On the contrary, Zachary was as cool as cucumber.

"Don't ever do this again." Charlotte rolled her eyes at him and went to reheat the food.

Zachary drank a cup of black coffee and went to the room to get dressed. Checking his phone, he saw that there were two missed calls from Sharon. He ignored it and put down his phone before going outside to have lunch with Charlotte.

"I'll be back late tonight. After you're done with your stuff, come over to rest first."

Zachary pulled her hand over and saved her fingerprint on his tablet.

"Fingerprint successfully registered. Welcome home!" An automated voice sounded from the tablet.

"This is..."

"Your fingerprint access." Zachary put down the tablet. "From now on, you're the lady of this house."

"Lady of the house..." Charlotte murmured as warmth enveloped her.

Zachary caressed her face and tenderly said, "Wait for me tonight."

"Okay." Charlotte smiled tenderly at him, overwhelmed with happiness.

"I've gotta go now." Zachary put down his utensils and got up to put on his coat. "Enjoy your lunch and take a nap after you're done."

"I'm done too. I'll go down and change, then head out right after."

With that, Charlotte adjusted his coat for him and walked him out.

Zachary kissed her head before striding into the elevator.

Charlotte could tell that he was busy, but wanted to spend more time with her.

After cleaning the table, she went home to change and rushed to Kindness Hospital.

Olivia had arrived earlier than their appointed time. Upon reaching, Charlotte brought her to meet Raina, who then explained her mother's condition to her in detail and gave her some pertinent suggestions. After that, she took a look at Olivia's hand.

Raina concluded that it wasn't a serious injury and could be cured completely. However, because the best recovery window had passed, it would take more time for her to heal.

Olivia was over the moon. At first, she thought that she wouldn't be able to play the piano for the rest of her life, but now, she was brimming with rekindled hope.

Raina prepared a treatment plan for Olivia, informing her to free up a month to receive treatment, then help her mother with the transfer procedures.

Charlotte waited for Olivia to settle matters here before leaving in a hurry. Felicity had repeatedly told her that the banquet on that night was of great importance and the performance fee was twenty thousand. Hence, she reminded Charlotte to be there on time.

When Charlotte reached the hotel, Felicity was already making arrangements for the banquet. Upon seeing her, the latter rushed her to go get dressed as she was had to perform at six on the dot. The performance would last for about three hours, so she had to be fully prepared.

Charlotte went to the dressing room and slipped on the attire they had prepared for her, then got her makeup done and officially appeared on stage.

Seeing as many important figures were invited, the banquet was very likely hosted by a wealthy family. The guests who came were either filthy rich or immensely powerful. Charlotte even spotted a few familiar faces among the crowd, which got her thinking.

Could the host be someone I know?

Right then, said host made an entrance.

Taking in the magenta-colored gown and the princess hairstyle, Charlotte's eyes gradually widened as she realized that the stunningly beautiful host was none other than Helena Brown!

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Charlotte felt slightly uneasy. So far, she was thankful for the part-time jobs Felicity offered her. Hence, she never inquired about the specifics.

It had been a long time since Charlotte saw Helena. Truth be told, there wasn't much conflict between them, but Helena held a grudge against her. And she had become extremely hostile toward Charlotte because of Hector.

Thus, Charlotte was disinclined to have any interactions with her.

Little did she know that she would run into her here.

Luckily, Charlotte had the foresight to wear a mask during her performance, so as to avoid unwanted trouble.

All she could hope was that Helena wouldn't recognize her.

Before she could dwell on it, Felicity cued her from backstage, leaving her no choice but to begin playing.

Below the stage, many influential figures stepped forward to greet Helena, who enjoyed being the center of attention.

Charlotte's performance garnered some attention and several guests asked Helena where she hired this pianist who possessed such extraordinary piano skills.

Helena didn't take it seriously as she treated their inquiries as a compliment.

Soon, the male host of the banquet made an appearance. Helena personally welcomed him and introduced him to all the guests. "This is my boyfriend, Hector Sterling. We hope to receive everyone's guidance and support."

Charlotte turned her head to cast a brief glance, her hands on the piano slowing down slightly.

Hector? I can't believe it!

He has just divorced Luna for slightly over a month, but he's publicly together with Helena already?

Hector used to be the cherished love of her life, a refined and flawless man. However, his image in her heart was completely ruined at that moment.

Four years ago, he had abandoned her for the sake of his own future and family interests, then married Luna on a whim.

Four years later, he failed to manage his family well and had an affair, which led to the breakdown of his marriage and hammered his career.

And now, he got involved with Helena for some inexplicable reason.

His irresponsible character would only make him sail deeper off the edge and reach the point of no return.

Charlotte was utterly disappointed in him.

However, this was his own choice to make and she had no right to interfere.

Charlotte withdrew her gaze and continued playing the piano.

"The music is quite good." Hector instantly took notice of the pianist on stage.

"Well, of course." Helena held onto Hector's arm intimately and proudly stated, "I spent a lot of time and effort on the banquet's preparation."

"You did a great job." Hector gently kissed her forehead.

The two of them resembled newlyweds with how intimate they were with each other and several guests came forward to congratulate them.

Helena introduced Hector to each guest, trying her best to pave the way for him and offer him new business opportunities. Hence, she announced that the Brown family would be collaborating with the Sterling family on a development project.

This piece of information piqued the interests of many guests. Hence, they exchanged contacts with Hector and agreed to cooperate in the future.

There were also a small number of guests started a private discussion, whispering among themselves.

“The Browns’ business is growing rapidly. Ms. Brown is a woman from a wealthy background who has both looks and talent. Why did she fall for a down and out man like Hector Sterling?”

“I don’t get it either. Sterling Group is going downhill. If it wasn’t for the Browns’ support, it would’ve gone bankrupt by now.”

“Not only that, Sterling has a bad reputation as well. Four years ago, he trimmed his sails back when the Windt family went bankrupt and broke off the engagement with his childhood sweetheart cum fiancée. Four years later, he divorced his wife and is now leeching off the Browns. A shameless person like him doesn’t deserve to be a son-in-law of the Brown family.”

“Ms. Brown is young, so she might be fooled easily, but her father should’ve advised her against it. How could he leave his daughter unchecked?”

“Perhaps Ms. Brown is doing it behind his back.”

“We came here today out of respect for the Browns, but it turns out that Ms. Brown’s only purpose is to promote Sterling. I’m going to leave soon...”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 450

"I received another piece of insider information." One of the guests cupped his mouth and whispered, "I heard the Sterlings offended the Nacht Group and was blacklisted by them.

"Is that true?" After hearing those words, other guests got excited and began to surround them.

"That was what I heard." Frowning, the guest who revealed the information, continued, "I don't want to offend the Nacht family. I shall leave now."

With that, the man hurriedly left from the back.

The other guests who overheard the news were also preparing to leave when they heard an angry shout from the door. "Let me in! I want to go in! Do you know who I am? I am Mrs. Sterling."

The woman was very loud, as though she was using all her strength to holler.

Charlotte's piano melody abruptly paused again. Turning back, she realized that the person screaming hysterically while being held back by the security guards was Luna.

Dressed in an old-fashioned outfit, she looked like she had hastily applied her makeup and had messy hair. As she tried to barge into the banquet hall, the two security guards stopped her.

The more they held her back, the more agitated she became. She screamed so loudly that everyone present could only hear her voice.

With the scene she was making, the pleasant atmosphere changed.

As a result, Helena's expression turned dark as she scowled.

The guests began to talk amongst themselves, and some even directly asked Hector, "Mr. Sterling, is that your ex-wife?"

"Mr. Sterling, did you get a divorce already?" Someone else asked.

All these questions made Hector flustered. Embarrassed, he shot Owen a look.

Understanding his message, Owen brought two bodyguards with him and wanted to take Luna away.

At that instant, Luna managed to break away from the security guards. She frantically rushed forward and roared, "Helena, you are a b****! How dare you steal my husband? I am going to kill you!"

Then, she pounced onto Helena while bearing her teeth.

The two bodyguards with Owen grabbed the attacker before she could do anything. No matter how much she flailed her arms and struggled, she could not get close to her target.

"We have divorced a long time ago, so you have no right to question my choices." With a stoic expression, Hector snarled, "Don't be an embarrassment here. Get out this instant!"

"You think I'm an embarrassment? Haha..." Luna broke out in a fit of laughter.

Even though she was laughing, tears were streaming down her face.

With a forced smile, she continued, "Why didn't you think I was an embarrassment when I gave birth to your son? When I sold all my family assets to pay off your debt, was I an embarrassment too? Now that I am penniless, you decided to cast me aside and call me an embarrassment? Hector, you are a bastard!"

Listening to what she had to say, the guests started to cast suspicious looks at Hector. Some were even pointing their fingers at him, gossiping about his character.

Meanwhile, the color drained from Hector's face as he was at a loss.

Immediately, Helena stepped forward and stood in front of Hector protectively. Angrily, she shouted at the other woman, "Luna, stop making a scene here. Both you and your mother had done so many shameful things. All I have to do is to pick one out randomly, it would be

enough to sentence both of you to life imprisonment. Hector was soft-hearted enough to leave you a lifeline. Yet, you have been shameless and kept clinging onto him. How dare you try to slander him?"

This opposing argument changed the guests' opinions again. Thinking that her defence for Hector sounded justified, they decided that Luna was probably spouting nonsense.

Besides, Luna's reputation was not great either. Everyone had heard about how she had created scenes on various occasions before.

"Who are you to talk to me?" Luna bitterly glared at Helena. "You have been pretending to be a good person in front of me by providing me various help to mislead me. You made me believe that Hector was cheating with Charlotte. Therefore, I kept monitoring her movements. Now, I finally realized that he was actually having an affair with you, and the female in the video was you. You are really cunning! You have repeatedly tried to sow discord between Charlotte and me, reaping the benefits while watching us fight with each other."

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chapter 451

As Luna spoke, Hector's expression changed. He looked at Helena in shock.

"Hector, don't listen to her. Clearly, she is spouting nonsense because she has something against me," Helena quickly tried to explain. "Can you believe what she is saying?"

"Of course not. I believe you," Hector assured Helena.

In such a situation, he would naturally take her side. Without further ado, he gave Owen a hand signal, indicating that he wanted his ex-wife to be taken away.

"Hector, how can you not trust me?" Heartbroken, Luna howled, "If you don't believe me, you can always ask Charlotte about it. At least, you will believe her, right?"

Panicking, Helena furiously demanded, "What are all of you waiting for? Get her out of here immediately!"

Obediently, the bodyguards forcefully dragged Luna out.

Squirming in their grip, the woman cursed, "Helena, you are a despicable and shameless woman. I will kill you one day!" She paused before whining, "Hector, I gave up everything for you. How can you be so cruel? When Timothy grows up, he will never forgive you..."

Before she could complete her sentence, the bodyguards covered her mouth.

Despite that, she did not stop struggling. She had kicked off her shoes, and her head even knocked against the table. Unexpectedly, a glass on the table fell and crashed onto her head. Mixing with the wine from the goblet, blood began to flow down her face.

She looked embarrassing and pitiful...

Despite so, everyone ignored her.

Even the bodyguards continued to drag her away like she was a dead dog.

The scene was horrifying.

There were frowns on the guests faces.

No matter how terrible Luna was, she was still Hector's ex-wife and the mother of his son.

After all, they were a couple once, so how could he be so cruel?

She might be mean and have many issues, but she had always been loyal to Hector.

Everyone else could cast Luna aside and shame her, but Hector should never do that.

For a long time, Charlotte felt conflicted and was speechless.

Logically, she should be happy to see Luna end up in this state after the latter tried to use various ways to hurt her. Yet, she could not gloat at Luna's situation.

Instead, she pitied Luna and felt fortunate that she did not marry Hector then.

Otherwise, she might end up like her, being shamed in a public like this today...

As Luna had spoilt the party, many guests left quietly. Others exchanged a few words with Helena before giving an excuse to leave.

Within a short time, one-thirds of the guests had left the banquet hall.

Disappointed and crushed, Helena walked backstage with a grim expression.

There was a lot of tension in the air. Trying to save his relationships with his guests, Hector hurriedly went to every remaining guest to appeal to them.

Given the circumstances, the music had stopped too.

Felicity allowed Charlotte to rest at the backstage.

Coincidentally, Charlotte received Robbie's call when she reached backstage. She only managed to exchange a few words before the violinists beside her started to gossip about what had happened.

Therefore, she had no choice but to continue the call outside.

She cooed, "Mommy is still at work, and my new job is to play the piano for others."

"Yes, I do like to play the piano..." she answered her son's question.

Before she could finish, she was stunned by the sight of something. In the parking lot not far away, she saw two bodyguards hurling Luna into the back of their van.

When the door opened, Charlotte clearly saw Helena in the backseat. The woman had a cold expression.

"Robbie, I have something to take care of. I'll end the call here," she quickly cut the call and sneaked closer to the vehicle to take a look.

In the parking lot, there were many luxury cars. Unlike those, this vehicle was in the area reserved for work use.

Hiding behind another car to spy on the van, she could not help but feel shocked at what she saw. Helena was slapping Luna.

As it went on, Luna's arms were held in place by the bodyguards, and there was nothing she could do to resist. The victim could only resign to fate and receive the hits.

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Despite being beaten, Luna's mouth still went off like a canon. She continued to hurl vulgarities and insults at Helena, which made the latter grit her teeth in anger.

Since the car was soundproof, and Charlotte was standing from a distance away, she could not hear the words that Luna and Helena were exchanging.

Regardless, Helena got out of the car not long after. When the door opened, Charlotte saw the two bodyguards in the car ripping Luna's clothes apart.

Meanwhile, Luna was struggling desperately and yelling, "Helena, you will die a terrible death. You will be punished one day..."

Then, the door closed again. Helena ordered the other two bodyguards guarding the car, "Take good care of the former Mrs. Sterling. She is thirsty for men's love."

The two subordinates nodded.

"I don't think two is enough. Look for more men to pounce on her," their boss sniggered with a creepy look in her eyes.

Following that, she left with the other bodyguards.

Watching the scene unfold, Charlotte was stunned and petrified. She always knew Helena was devious, but she did not expect the latter to do something as cruel as that.

If she hates Luna to the core, she could have just ordered a beating. How could she do this...

At that moment, the van began to rock violently, like there was a fight happening in it.

At first, Charlotte wanted to rush forward to save the woman. However, her brain told her that she would not only be unable to save the victim, but she would also put herself in danger if she charged forward without a plan.

Given so, she immediately pulled out her phone to call the police.

Unfortunately, a bodyguard spotted her. "Who are you?" one shouted in her direction.

Charlotte's face turned pale instantly, and she fled.

Two bodyguards were hot on her heels.

Seeing that the bodyguards were about to catch up to her, Charlotte panicked. Luckily, a voice interrupted, "What are you doing?"

Instantly, the men chasing behind her stopped in their tracks.

Turning her head, Owen was with a few bodyguards, rushing over to the parking lot. Without a choice, the two bodyguards guarding the car guiltily confessed what had happened.

Owen swung his fist and punched one of them. He roared, "You are bas*ards! Let her out right now!"

Those words allowed Charlotte to heave a sigh of relief before she quickly returned to the hotel.

Looking down at her phone, she realized that she was connected to the police hotline. Since Owen had already come forward to clear the situation, she hung up, thinking that there was no need to involve the authorities anymore.

She did not want to attract extra trouble.

After all, Luna and Owen once knew each other, so he probably would not leave her in the lurch.

Besides, this was a crime in the first place, and anybody in the right mind would try to stop it.

Even so, Charlotte still informed the security guards at the hotel to play safe. "I think something happened at the parking lot. It would be best if you could take a look."

"What happened?" one of them asked.

"A lady seems to be in trouble. I'm not sure of the details, but you would understand once you get there," Charlotte explained.

"Alright, thank you."

Promptly, four armed security guards headed over.

Feeling more assured, Charlotte walked to the hotel's lounge briskly.

"Charlotte!" Felicity hurried to her. "The banquet ended early, and you can get off work now. I will still pay you two thousand, which I will transfer to you tomorrow."

"Thank you, Ms. Fuller." Looking at the banquet hall, the guests were leaving one after another. Even the performers were packing up to leave.

"Why is your dress so dirty?" Felicity noticed that Charlotte's maxi dress was stained with soil. Frowning, she stated, "You have to wash this. Otherwise, I can't explain it to the uniform company when I return it."

"I'm so sorry. I will wash it tonight and return it to you tomorrow," Charlotte apologized.

Then, she went backstage and got changed. Packing up her belongings, she prepared to leave from the back.

When she passed by the parking lot, she subconsciously scanned it. Is Luna alright?

Although Luna had hurt her previously, that woman had already received her retribution.

She hoped that Luna would be fine.

Continuing to walk towards the roadside to call for a taxi, she suddenly heard a moan for help. "Help me, please..."

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Alarmed, Charlotte stopped in her tracks. When she listened carefully again, she heard another plea for help.

Looking around, she found a leg sticking out of a rubbish bin a distance away.

Frantically, she turned on the flashlight on her phone and cautiously walked over. Opening the lid, she saw Luna...

She was naked and covered in blood. Barely alive, she was lying on the pile of rubbish, using her remaining strength to call out hoarsely, "Please help me."

It was a dreadful sight.

Trembling in fear, Charlotte called the police right away.

Within a short span of time, the police and ambulance arrived at the scene.

As an eyewitness, Charlotte was brought to the police station to explain what she saw.

She told them truthfully about the situation, without hiding any details.

After taking down her statement, Charlotte queried, "How is she doing?"

"Are you referring to the victim?" A policeman sighed. "Doctors in the hospital told us that seven men raped her. Currently, she is severely injured and mentally unstable..."

"What?" Charlotte gasped. Her eyes widened in shock, and she agitatedly grilled, "How could that have happened? I clearly saw Owen walking over to save her. How..."

A policeman revealed, "We already contacted Owen, who you mentioned earlier. He explained that he did stop them and let Luna go. However, he doesn't know how it ended up like that."

"Is there no security camera in the parking lot? Who the hell did this to her?" Charlotte pressed on.

"There is a security camera there. Unfortunately, we realized that it was facing a corner which did not show what happened. We have looked for Owen's bodyguards too, but they all have an alibi. They said after they released her, they headed back to do other work."

"Do you mean that those were not the bodyguards who raped her? Who are they?"

The policeman stated, "We are still investigating."

Done with her business at the police station, Charlotte walked out from there in despair. Unexpectedly, she met Hector at the entrance.

Facing each other, they exchanged complicated looks.

“Get in.” Hector opened the car door himself and gestured towards it. “I will send you home.”

Charlotte rejected him flatly, “No need.”

Now, she no longer had any affection for him. Instead, she felt guarded and wary around him.

“Okay then.” Unlike before, Hector did not explain more like before. He only said, “Let’s talk in the car. We are in front of the police station, so you don’t have to worry.”

Although Charlotte hesitated, she still got into the car.

“I want to get myself clear,” Hector spoke first. “Although Luna and I have divorced, and I am deeply disgusted by what she had done, I would never do something as despicable as this.

“Neither would I order my subordinates to commit a crime as ruthless as this. I tried to stop those people then and I wanted to send my wife home...I mean Ms. White home. However, she cursed at me and refused to accept my offer. I’m sure you know her temper. Therefore, I had no choice but to let her leave.”

Owen, who was in the car, eagerly added after letting out a deep sigh, “Ah, if I knew this would happen, I would have sent her straight home, no matter how much she scolded or hit me.”

“Well, you only have to explain it to the police. There is no need to tell me.” Charlotte was indifferent to his explanation. “If there’s nothing else, I’ll take my leave first.”

With that, she pushed the car door open, but Hector grabbed her hand, “Lottie...”

By instinct, Charlotte retracted her hand and was placed her guard up again. “What else do you want?”

“Do you work part-time at an event company?” Hector gently probed. “If you face any difficulties, I...”

“I am very well now and don’t have any difficulties,” Charlotte crudely cut him off.

"Why are you so cold towards me?" Hector furrowed his brows. "Zachary is about to marry Sharon. You have seen his true colors. Don't you know that I am the only person who treats you right?"

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 454

"What?" Charlotte thought it was ironic and ridiculed, "Hector, you are really scary..."

"What are you talking about?" The man frowned. "How am I scary?"

"Luna was your wife for four years, and she even gave you a son. Even if she doesn't have the best character, she was sincere to you. Shouldn't you cherish the relationship you once had with her? Now that she is in such a dire state, you are confessing your love to another woman? Doesn't this make you a monster?"

Charlotte stared at Hector like he was a stranger.

She continued, "Even if you were just her friend or her acquaintance, you would pity her at the very least. Furthermore, she only ended up like this because of you."

"Haha..." Hector laughed coldly and pointed out sarcastically, "You are so benevolent! Have you forgotten how she treated you?"

"Four years ago, she used shameless and ruthless means to break our relationship. She made you lose your virginity and took your place instead. "After four years, she still humiliated you and your children on multiple occasions, putting you in a difficult spot.

"She even forced you to marry the man from T Nation. If Zachary did not reach you in time, you would be in T Nation by now. Have you already forgotten about all that?"

"I did not, but..."

Hector ignored her. "I know you are a kind person. However, you are mistreating yourself by being kind to your enemy." He paused before he snarled, "I used to be compassionate too, but I have learnt my lesson. I will not be like my former self anymore and will stand on my own feet. One day, I will destroy Zachary and make him pay for everything he did to me."

"Is that why you got together with Helena?" Charlotte could not understand him. "Do you really love her?"

"Is that important?" Hector mocked, "I love you, but do you love me?"

His words made Charlotte speechless.

"Love, sex, and marriage are three different things." As though he understood everything about life, Hector looked into a distance and droned on, "Love can stay in one's heart. Sex can help one meets one's desire. As for marriage, one can benefit in various ways..."

"You have changed," Charlotte spat. She could not fathom what he was thinking. "Everyone has their ambitions, and I can't influence what you think. Regardless, let me remind you. You should think about your son before you do anything else and ponder over whether your actions would make him hate you in the future."

With that, she left.

This time, Hector did not stop her and just watched her disappearing back figure. He hissed, "You said I changed, but you have changed as well. If you haven't changed, you would not be together with Zachary."

Ring! His phone rang, and it was Helena.

Looking at his phone, Hector ignored it.

"Mr. Sterling, do you think Ms. Brown is responsible for this?" Owen asked in a small voice.

"It is the police's job to find the truth." Hector snorted, "We have nothing to do with it."

"Then, will it affect your relationship with her?" Owen asked.

"Of course not," Hector confidently stated before answering his phone. "Helena."

"Hector, where are you?" The lady on the other end sounded anxious.

"I'm in front of the police station."

"Did you see Charlotte? Are you together with her?" Helena demanded.

"I met her at the entrance. We spoke for a bit, and she left," Hector replied.

"Are you..."

Immediately, Hector assured her, "Don't worry, I only have eyes for you."

"I'll look for you now. Please wait for me..."

"Alright..."

After he ended the call, Hector turned to look in the direction that Charlotte went. His gaze hardened...

It was because Zachary humiliated him time and time again, crushing his dignity, which forced him to become who he was today.

One day, he would make Zachary pay twice as much.

He wanted to prove to Charlotte that he was just as capable as Zachary.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 455

In the taxi, Charlotte called Zachary, but there was no response. She recalled that he told her he would return home late tonight.

Maybe he is busy.

After she hung up, she looked out of the window and recounted what happened today. She could not seem to process it.

Who the hell ordered the attack on Luna?

Was it Helena?

It is probably her.

Well, does Hector really not know about it then?

Did Owen really save Luna at that time?

Otherwise, did he participate in it too?

Charlotte's head started to hurt as she pondered over it. Taking a deep breath, she blocked it out.

It had nothing to do with her, and she did not wish to interfere.

By the time she reached home, it was past midnight. All her children were asleep. Changing into a new set of clothes, she headed upstairs.

Zachary had yet to return, and the house seemed empty and lonely.

It made Charlotte feel depressed. Since she could not sleep, she decided to wash her dress and hang it up to dry.

Then, she stood on the balcony and watched the traffic go by, hoping to spot Zachary's car.

At that moment, she missed him very much.

She only felt safe with him.

It was close to two in the morning, but Zachary was still nowhere in sight.

As Charlotte was too tired to wait any longer, she took a bath and slept first.

Probably because today's events were too shocking for her, she had a nightmare. She dreamt of Luna being covered in blood while questioning her for not saving her.

In her dream, Charlotte eagerly tried to explain but could not seem to make a sound...

Before she knew it, Luna pounced on her and squeezed her neck.

Charlotte jolted awake from the nightmare, sweating profusely while trembling in fear.

It took a long time before she finally managed to calm herself down. Getting out of bed, she headed out for a glass of water.

Looking back at what happened today, she felt guilty. If only she did not blindly believe that Owen would save Luna and called the police; this probably would not happen...

Ring! Her phone rang all of a sudden.

When she looked at her phone screen, Charlotte saw Amanda's name. She answered the call instantly.

Amanda roared, "Charlotte, you bi*ch! Why didn't you help her? If you hate me, you can take it out on me in any way you like. You can even take my life. However, how can you do this to my daughter? Why?"

In her final sentence, she broke down.

Hearing Amanda's cries, she felt the mother's despair and empathised with her.

After a short pause, Charlotte explained, "I have explained everything to the police. You can ask them about what happened, and I will not explain anymore. I know that you probably won't believe what I say anyway."

Amanda was still wailing on the other end.

"Just so you know, I am sad about what happened too!"

After the abrupt line, Charlotte ended the call.

She did not know how to console the other party nor explain herself. Furthermore, she did not want any more misunderstandings to occur. Perhaps, her silence was the best way out of it.

Hopefully, Amanda would collect her emotions and stop blaming her.

While she was contemplating the matter, she heard the door opened. Immediately, she jumped to her feet.

Entering the house, Zachary casually threw his jacket aside and was unbuttoning his shirt while heading for the bedroom. When he saw Charlotte, he opened his arms automatically.

Without hesitation, the woman rushed into his embrace, tightly wrapping her arms around his waist.

"It's late. Why are you still up?" He gently ruffled her hair. "Were you waiting for me?"

"What took you so long to come back?" Charlotte whined.

She was hugging him very tightly. What happened today made her scared and felt insecure. However, being back in his embrace made her feel at ease again.

"I had something to deal with," Zachary replied. He raised the woman's chin and pushed the loose strands of hair on her face aside. Then, he gently kissed her eyelids. "Did you miss me?"

"Yes." Charlotte tiptoed and took the initiative to kiss him.

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chapter 456

Her actions took Zachary by surprise. He picked her off her feet and allowed her legs to wrap around his waist. While kissing, they headed to the bedroom.

Two of them fell onto the bed, their eyes burning with affection, and the temperature in the room seemed to have risen. Charlotte was so into it that Zachary could not stop...

After the passionate night, Charlotte finally drifted to sleep at dawn.

Unable to resist the temptation, Zachary leaned in to kiss the woman's eyes and cheek before continuing to stare at her sleeping face.

Tonight, he made Ben prepare the evidence for Sharon's misdeeds. He planned to stand up to Henry and the Blackwoods to demand the marriage contract to be called off.

Unexpectedly, before he submitted the evidence, Henry got a heart attack and fainted.

Everyone got a shock, and Zachary immediately sent Henry to the hospital. After a few hours, the older man's condition finally stabilized at two in the morning. As he was afraid that Charlotte was waiting up for him, he rushed home.

Ring!

His phone vibrated, and Zachary quickly answered it. He whispered, "Hello?"

"Mr. Nacht is awake," Ben said. "Please hurry over. The doctor wants to see you."

"I'll be there in a jiffy." Zachary hung up and carefully withdrew his arm from under Charlotte. Lowering his head, he kissed the sleeping figure then got up to change.

Before he left, he wrote a note and placed it under the lamp by the bed.

His chauffeur was already waiting downstairs. As soon as he got into the car, he received a call from Bruce. "Ms. Nacht has disembarked from the plane. She is heading to the hospital now."

"Okay," Zachary acknowledged. "I want you to get some people to protect Charlotte in secret."

"I understand."

After the call, Zachary's phone rang again. This time, it was Johann. "I heard Mr. Nacht is sick. Is that true?"

"Where did you hear it?" Zachary furrowed his eyebrows.

"It was insider news. Don't ask me about the details." The man on the other end softly continued, "This is big news. Although you are the only grandson, you are not married and have no successors. I'm worried that the other branches of Nacht Group would question your inheritance rights. When the internal fight starts, it will spell trouble for you."

"I know," Zachary simply replied.

"You are still young and haven't been through any family fights..." Concerned, Johann expressed, "In the face of big advantages and interests like this, even people who are related by blood would kill each other. It will reveal the evil side of humans."

Hearing that, Zachary grew solemn.

Throughout his life, he was always the strongest. He was a child prodigy, and by sixteen, he took over the company and started managing the Divine Corporation. No matter what difficulties he met, he would often outmatch his competitors. Even when forced into a corner, he was never scared.

However, it would be a challenge to compete against his blood relatives for the family assets.

He grew up without his parents, so his grandpa educated him. On the other hand, his aunt, Zara, played the role of his mother. She took good care of him, and he was very close to her...

Unfortunately, everything changed somehow.

Perhaps, it was because he grew up and became more independent. Soon, they started to have conflicts of interest.

Therefore, Henry divided them into different industries and made them promise not to offend each other.

For ten years, everything was peaceful.

It was not until Chris pretended to be him. He angered Zachary by almost raping Charlotte, which resulted in their first dispute.

“Take good care of the situation. I shall not bother you anymore,” Johann advised and hung up.

Still holding onto his phone, Zachary looked crestfallen.

He managed to resolve the previous conflict perfectly, but the war would start again.

Although he did not wish to take this step, he could not tolerate it if anyone wanted to challenge his authority.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 457

By the time Charlotte woke up, Zachary was not beside her anymore. Reading the note under the lamp, a smile crept on her face.

Pig! Remember to have breakfast when you wake up. I will be busy today and might be home late again. Regardless, I will be back!

He signed off as ‘gigolo’, as he did before.

Charlotte could not help but laugh. She kissed the note, feeling a sweet sensation spreading all over her.

Cohabiting with him for the past few days made her feel particularly happy. Now, she realized that Zachary could be warm and good to her.

She began to think that she should confess to him and tell him about his children soon. Perhaps, they could live together happily as a family.

Breaking her trail of thoughts, the alarm rang. Glancing at her phone, Charlotte realized that it was already half-past seven. She did not hear it earlier.

In a hurry, she got out of bed and ran home barefooted with her phone in her hands.

Her children were already awake. A nurse was preparing breakfast while the others were combing the children's hair and dressing them.

Taking the opportunity while they were busy, Charlotte secretly sneaked back to her room. Then, she pretended to have just gotten up. Waving at her children, she greeted, "Robbie, Jamie and Ellie, good morning!"

"Good morning, Mommy!" Her children greeted her cheerfully.

"Mommy, you can sleep a little more. We can get to school ourselves." Robbie was very considerate. "You look very tired."

"I am quite tired, but I still want to have breakfast with you guys." Charlotte gently ruffled Robbie's hair.

"Hmm, Mommy, have some hot cross bunnies." The boy passed her a bun.

"Mommy, have some soy milk." Following suit, her daughter passed her a glass of soy milk. Then, the girl used her chubby little hands to push away the hair on her mother's forehead. "Mommy, don't get tired. You should rest more."

"Ellie, you are such a good girl." Charlotte pecked her daughter's cheek then turned to look at Jamie. She realized that he looked troubled, with his head hung low.

"Jamie, what's wrong?" She softly asked.

He tilted his head and frowned. "I called Mr. Henry last night and wanted to ask him how I should use the toy he bought me. He was happily chatting with me when suddenly he went silent and..."

"What happened next?" Charlotte egged on.

"Then, I heard lots of voices. Some were screaming for Mr. Henry, while others were yelling for the doctor..." Jamie spoke while gesturing with his hands.

Then, he anxiously questioned, "Mommy, is Mr. Henry alright?"

"Is he sick?" Charlotte furrowed her brows, feeling an ominous premonition.

"Let me give him a call."

Robbie immediately took out his phone and dialled Henry's number. Unfortunately, it was off.

The family exchanged looks, and the atmosphere turned grim.

Ellie pouted, and tears filled her eyes as she asked, "Is Mr. Henry sick? Shall we go to the hospital to look for him?"

"Ellie, don't worry." Charlotte hugged her. She tilted her head and looked at the nurses.

"Amelia, Violet and Mildred, did you hear anything about it?"

"Nope." They shook their heads.

"Do you want me to call and find out?" Amelia took out her phone and made a call.

"Wait." Charlotte quickly stopped her. "Don't say anything about it, and don't ask about it."

"Mommy, what's wrong?" Jamie asked in confusion.

"Mr. Henry has a special status and there are many things about him that are confidential. We should not spread the news," Charlotte explained. "If we say anything wrong to people outside, it may cause unnecessary trouble for him."

"That's true. We should listen to Mommy." Robbie urged, "We should pretend that we don't know anything and not ask about it."

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"I will not say anything either." Ellie used her chubby little hands to cover her mouth.

"What should we do then? Do we sit back and do nothing?" Jamie asked uneasily. "I'm worried about Mr. Henry."

"Me too..." Robbie lowered his head. "Mr. Henry treats us well. If he's really sick, we should go and see him."

"Don't worry," Charlotte tried to comfort her children. "I will try to find out about what happened. Once I confirm the news, I will arrange for all of you to visit him."

"Okay," the children nodded obediently.

"Alright, you should all eat breakfast first before heading to school."

"Yes, Mommy."

Then, Charlotte got changed and sent the children to the school bus.

As Jamie's leg was still in a cast, the nurses followed them, so they could come back home together when school was over.

When Charlotte returned home, she took a while to think about what to do before she decided to call Zachary.

It was engaged.

She knew he was probably busy and did not want to bother him. Instead, she decided to talk to him after he returned home that night.

She proceeded to tidy the house and make some soup for Mrs. Berry. Then, she was about to take a nap when Simon suddenly called.

Pausing for a moment, she answered, "Hello?"

"Charlotte, do you have some time to spare? Can we meet?"

"I'm afraid, I'm a bit held up at the moment..."

She did not want to see them. Firstly, there was no need to do that. Secondly, she was afraid that they would misunderstand that she ditched Luna purposely, and they would want to take revenge against her.

"Don't worry. We don't have any ill intentions, but we only want to ask you some things in person," the other person assured.

"I have already told the police what I know. You can ask them directly."

"Give me your phone." At that moment, she heard Amanda's voice. The woman was trying to control her emotions and sound calm. "Charlotte, if you don't wish to see me, it's alright. I only want to ask you a few questions. You can answer me over the phone instead."

Charlottes gave in. "Ask away then."

"I already understood the situation from the police, and I believe what you said was true. Back then, when we mistreated you, you did not take revenge against us. Now, it's even harder to believe that you would get someone to hurt Luna. After all, even if you wanted to, you would not be able to bring yourself to do that."

"You sure understand me well."

Charlotte let out a bitter laugh. If Luna had half of Amanda's wisdom, things would not have gotten to this point.

"Regarding the incident, there are certain things that the police refused to reveal. I wanted to ask if you saw the people who dragged Luna into the van. Did they bully her there?" Amanda probed.

"That..."

Charlotte felt like she was in a difficult position. She understood that the police wanted to protect the suspect's identity before carrying out a thorough investigation of the matter. Therefore, they did not want to reveal the details.

As an eyewitness, it was not her position to disclose anything.

"It seems like the person who ordered it is someone I'm familiar with," Amanda commented.

She was clever and could guess from Charlotte's hesitation. Trying to sound her out, Amanda muttered, "Was it Hector?"

"No," Charlotte immediately denied.

"Then, it must be Helena then," Amanda used the same method again.

Charlotte was stunned. When she was about to speak, Amanda already confirmed her guess. "It was her! I knew that it was that sly b****! Our family has already ended up in this situation. Why can't she let Luna off? Why is she so insistent on pushing her to a dead end?"

"You should calm down..." Charlotte quickly persuaded. "This matter has yet to be investigated. You should wait for the police to conclude it."

"Calm down? How can you ask that of me?" Amanda howled. "My daughter was raped and suffered a huge blow. She can't get pregnant ever again and is mentally unstable. Her life is over..."

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chapter 459

Hearing that, Charlotte felt bad too. Letting out a sigh, she murmured, "I'm sorry. If only I called the police earlier, things might have turned out differently."

"Why didn't you call the police?" Amanda agitatedly accused, "Why?"

"I wanted to report it when I witnessed the incident unfold. However, they spotted me and chased after me. Then, someone else appeared to stop them, so I thought it was over. I did not expect..."

"Someone came out to stop them?" Amanda picked up an important point and grilled Charlotte about it, "Why did you think that it was over? Was it Hector who appeared?"

"No, it was Owen..." Charlotte explained, "I thought that since they were a family once, Owen would save Luna. Besides, it was illegal to hold someone forcefully, and Owen would not allow that to happen..."

"A family? How were they a family?" Amanda wailed, "Didn't you know that Owen hates Luna? He probably stopped them as a show for you so you would not call the police. After you left, he must have continued to punish Luna."

"That can't be true, right?" Charlotte was shocked. "Why does he hate Luna? Even if they had disagreements, he wouldn't..."

"Forget it. I can't be bothered to explain it to you." Amanda was livid. "Charlotte, you should pray for good luck. If you don't learn your lesson, someone as innocent as you will be bound to meet an unfortunate event!"

With that, Amanda ended the call.

As Charlotte listened to the silence on the other end, she thought about Amanda's words and felt horrible...

Does Owen really have an issue with her?

Did he plan it with Helena?

Thinking back, Luna was arrogant and defiant. She never respected others and probably offended Owen back then. As such, he held a grudge against her.

This was not impossible.

Well, recalling the past events, she had known Owen together with Hector from a young age. In her memory, Owen was someone who was upright and righteous.

Even after she fell from grace, he still cherished their friendship.

Charlotte was unwilling to believe that he was a bad person.

However, from another angle, he only treated her like this because it was mutual respect. As for Luna, she was never polite to him. Often, she would insult him the moment she saw him, and it destroyed his self-esteem.

As such, it was probable that Owen would do this.

With that thought, Charlotte felt a chill down her spine. She thought back on Amanda's words and realized that it made sense.

If she continued to think so innocently, others might easily betray her.

While thinking about it, her phone rang again. This time, it was an unknown number.

After a pause, Charlotte answered. "Hello?"

"I am Helena." The voice on the other end sounded arrogant and stuck up.

"What do you want?" Charlotte answered in a very cold tone.

"Let's meet and talk," Helena demanded.

"We don't have anything to talk about." Charlotte could not be bothered to continue and was about to cut the call.

"Think carefully about it," Helena sneered. "I know all about your family's secret, including the letter your father left for my brother..."

Charlotte froze. "What do you mean?"

"Your father wrote about the person responsible for his tragic fate." Helena proudly said, "If you want to know more, you should come to Silver Diamond Restaurant now. Don't worry. I will not hurt you because I am a good citizen who abides by the law."

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chapter 460

Before Charlotte could respond, Helena hung up.

Gripping her phone, Charlotte felt perplexed. She did not know why Helena had the letter. Perhaps, it was a trap or a bait, but she still wanted to find out the letter's contents.

Even so, after going through so much, Charlotte was wary.

She decided to call Michael, who she had not contacted for a long time.

Soon, the call connected. The man excitedly greeted, "Charlotte!"

"Michael, do you still have the letter my Dad sent you?" Charlotte asked without hesitation.

"Yes, of course," Michael replied. "It is in my house at H City, but I am now in F Nation. What's wrong? Did something happen to you? I'll rush over."

"No, it's alright." Charlotte hurriedly stopped him. "I was just wondering about what the letter said."

"Well..." Michael was stumped.

"Is it a secret about my Dad's bankruptcy?" Charlotte queried. "Did he tell you who set him up in the letter?"

"Why do you want to know?" Michael blurted. Then, he immediately comforted her, "The matter happened a long time ago, so you don't have to bother about it anymore. Your dad did not want me to tell you about these things because he did not want you to be involved."

"I know."

Charlotte knew how Michael was like. He would not reveal anything if he did not want to no matter how much she asked.

"Are you alright?" Michael asked worriedly.

"Yes, I am okay." Charlotte pretended casually to make a passing statement, "Helena wants to have lunch with me."

"What? You still have business with Helena?" Michael sounded glad. "That's great news! You have nobody else to rely on over there. If anything happens, you can get her to help you. She is also a woman, so it would be easier for both of you to communicate."

"Ok." Charlotte smiled. "I am about to leave. We plan to meet at Silver Diamond Restaurant."

"Okay, I will give her a call soon and ask her to look after you," Michael cheerfully exclaimed.

"Thank you, Michael."

After the call ended, Charlotte prepared to head out. Within half an hour, she reached the restaurant.

Helena booked the whole place, and there were no guests nor attendants in sight.

There were only a few bodyguards outside. They looked grim and dull.

As soon as she stepped into the restaurant, Charlotte felt like she was in danger. Despite so, she was not scared as she knew she had Michael as her backing.

"Should I say that you're stupid, or should I praise you for being courageous?" Helena sat in the middle, glaring at Charlotte. "You knew that you would be in danger, but you still came?"

"You can't touch me." Charlotte gave the other woman a death glare. "Tell me, what do you want from me?"

"Sometimes, I can't understand you." Helena mocked, "Luna abused you in the past, yet, you still helped her? Are you Mother Mary?"

"Did you make me come here so that you can say that?" Charlotte retorted, "I already told the police everything. There is nothing else we have to discuss in private."

"You should know that the Whites are no match for me." Helena warned, "I hope you do not act rashly."

"You have overestimated me." Charlotte chuckled in response. "I don't plan to be nosy, but I was only carrying out the duty of a citizen."

"Are you telling me that you are prepared to fight against me till the end?" Lasers were shooting out from Helena's eyes. "You should know what the consequences are."

"I told you that I would not be nosy," Charlotte emphasized. "I only told the police the facts. I will not speculate and tell them things I am not sure about. On the other hand, I will tell them everything I am certain of."

"Very well." Helena's lips curled up into a smile. She did not continue and only gave a hand signal.

Two bodyguards aggressively approached Charlotte.

Meanwhile, the latter did not move and simply stared at Helena's phone.

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chapter 421

Charlotte trembled as she stole a glance at Zachary apprehensively.

Zachary narrowed his eyes at her as he made his way to her slowly.

“Mr. Nacht, I thought...”

“What?” Zachary snapped before Peter could finish. “You thought I didn’t want her anymore, so you let her serve other men here?”

“No, that’s not what I meant...”

Zachary was already grabbing Peter by his neck before the latter could explain further.

The force he exerted almost crushed his windpipes.

Peter widened his mouth as he rolled his eyes back, veins popping on his forehead. He reached out as an attempt to free himself but to no avail. His hands slumped to his side.

“No...” Olivia lurched forward. “Let him go!”

Zachary’s bodyguard stopped her in her tracks. She did not even get close to his side.

“This has nothing to do with him. Please let him go,” Charlotte pleaded.

Her pleas fell on deaf ears as Zachary tightened his grip. It seemed as if he wanted to take Peter’s life right then and there.

“Zachary Nacht!” Charlotte could not hold it in any longer and growl at him. “You’re the one who got engaged with someone else, and you’re the one who fired me. Who are you to act like you’re the saint?”

It worked like a charm.

Zachary slowly loosened his grip and turned around to gauge the woman with an icy cold gaze. "What did you say?"

"I..." Charlotte widened her mouth and said nothing further. She was just trying to divert his attention. There was no way she was truly putting the blame on him.

"Charlotte Windt!" Zachary enunciated her name and grabbed her by the back of her head, edging her close to himself as he glared at the woman. "You really pissed me off this time!"

Then, he proceeded to drag the woman by her hair, making his way to his private room.

"What are you doing? Let her go." Olivia wanted to stop the man but was blocked by Ben. "Don't worry, miss. It's just lover's spat."

"How can a lover's spat be this violent?" Olivia could not bring herself to believe what Ben was saying. "You guys can't do this. Let her go or I'll call the police."

"Why would we bother to save her if she's not my boss' lover?" Ben explained patiently to her. "Lady, our time is much too precious to waste."

"But..." Before Olivia wanted to say anything, she was stopped by Peter.

He was soothing his neck with one hand, and clutching Olivia's hand with the other. In a croaky voice, he said, "Mr. Nacht is Charlotte's boyfriend."

Olivia had only stopped going after her friend after listening to Peter. She turned around and noticed that Charlotte had already been dragged inside the private room by the formidable man.

"Ah, it hurts..."

Charlotte felt as if her scalp was going to be torn off her head. She reached out to grab Zachary's arm, struggling to break free.

The man threw her on the sofa. He took a bottle of wine from the coffee table and started to pour it on the woman's face.

"Ugh..." Charlotte shook her head furiously, trying to dodge the wine from dribbling on her face. However, Zachary pinched her by the cheeks, essentially pinning her down and immobilized her.

It did not take long to finish the entire bottle.

Charlotte coughed repeatedly, choking from the wine pouring down on her face. Her face went red from suffocation.

Zachary hurled the bottle and distanced himself from the woman. He lit a cigarette and took a puff, all the while regarding the woman with an impassive face.

A fire was burning in his chest but he had no idea how to vent it all.

He would go all out to save her every time she was in danger.

When he knew that she had actually given birth to a set of triplets for another man, he burned with fury and jealousy, but still he could not bring himself to reprimand her.

He had even thrown his dignity out the window when he absolved her of any blame; getting into an argument with his grandfather, which resulted in him getting slapped across the face.

It was his first time getting struck by anyone, ever.

And yet this woman has the audacity to say that I'm acting like a saint?

With the thoughts running wild in his head, Zachary even had the intention of choking the woman to her death...

He tossed his cigar away and pounced on the girl like a beast, tearing off her clothes.

"No, let me go..." Charlotte struggled to break free but to no avail.

Soon, the only piece left was her white bra.

However, leaving her almost naked could not seem to pacify the man. Still boiling with fury, the man pinched the woman's cheeks and gouged out her contact lens...

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 422

Charlotte was whimpering in pain over her eyes. She scratched on Zachary's arms hard, leaving bloodied lines all over.

However, the man seemed unfazed by the pain as she scratched on. He wiped off the lipstick on her lips and gritted through his teeth, "Look at yourself right now! You look like a whore!"

"What does it have to do with you? Let me go..."

Charlotte wrestled the man furiously.

However, the man opened another bottle of wine and poured it all over her face and body.

It seemed like he was trying to cleanse her sins off of her.

Charlotte finally fell silent when the man poured another bottle of wine over her. She slumped against the sofa, shifting uneasily from the heat, and panted lightly.

Her chest heaved up and down from the panting as she tried to catch her breath. The woman's porcelain-fair skin was accentuated by the ruby red liquid and the dim lighting, alluring and inviting.

Zachary's eyes burned with lust, but he did not lay a finger on her. He took off his coat and wrapped it around her half-naked body. Then, he carried her and exited the private room.

The woman leaned her head against his chest silently, drained from her previous attempt to free herself.

Zachary carried her all the way to his car and drove away.

His bodyguards knew better than to trail behind their boss.

Sultry Night was only a stone's throw away from Storm Hotel. They reached there in just a few minutes.

As usual, Zachary parked his car at the back of the hotel. The manager was already waiting to greet his guests.

He carried Charlotte upstairs and dumped her into a tub full of water.

Then, he turned around and headed to another bathroom to take a shower. However, he rushed back to the tub when he noticed sounds of water splashing.

He was greeted by the sight of Charlotte struggling in the bathtub as if she was about to drown.

"Idiot!"

Zachary was rendered speechless. I guess she will be breaking a world record as the first person who drowns herself in a bathtub.

However, he knew that the woman was drunk beyond her wits because of him. At that point, there was no way she could take care of herself.

He had no other choice but to bathe the woman himself.

The man removed the last piece of clothing still on the woman and cleaned her meticulously.

Her skin was velvety smooth and a pleasure to behold. However, there were a few scratches here and there from her struggles earlier.

His Adam's apple bobbed up and down from the enticing sensation. Despite the burning lust in his eyes, Zachary tried his best to hold the beast in himself in.

He had wanted to wash her hair but realized that it was not an easy endeavor. After fumbling with it for some time, he still had no idea where to start. Besides, it did not help when her hair was circling her neck, almost strangling her.

On top of the woman drifting in and out of consciousness, he had to steady her shoulders with his one hand, lest she fell into the tub and choked on the water.

Damn it, I never knew bathing a woman would be such an arduous task.

Zachary proceeded to struggle for another one hour before he was finally done.

He scooped her out of the tub and wrapped a towel around her body. Then, he placed her on the sofa and blow-dried the woman's hair.

She lay motionlessly against the sofa. Her cheeks pink from being intoxicated as she mumbled, "Thirsty... water..."

Zachary took a bottle of water and fed the woman.

She grabbed onto the bottle of water like a lost traveler in the desert who had found an oasis. It did not take her long to finish the whole bottle.

Then, he continued to dry her hair as he ran his fingers through the strands. He raised a brow at the sight before him. Why do women have so much hair, and why are they so long? It's such a hassle to wash and dry their hair.

After what seemed like an eternity, her hair was finally dry. He kept the hairdryer and turned around to make way to the bathroom.

His clothes were soiled by the woman, and he had been dying to get out of it. Well, thanks to that woman, I'm only able to take these off now.

Yet another first, Ms. Windt. Zachary had never taken care of another soul his whole life. It seemed as if the woman had been defying every single one of his rules.

Thud! A sound could be heard outside.

Zachary dashed out of the bathroom to have a look. It was Charlotte. The woman had fallen off the sofa.

He furrowed his brows at the frustrating woman, and decided to just let her be as he continued to take a shower.

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chapter 423

Just when he was taking a bath, a silhouette made its way into the bathroom. It seemed like it was looking for some water to drink...

Zachary turned around and the woman bumped right into him. She lifted her head, opened her mouth, and just drank the water that came trickling down.

Like a person lost in a desert, she was looking for just any water to quench her thirst.

Charlotte was already wet all over from the water. Her skin was smooth as a pearl.

Zachary was dumbstruck at the sight of her sultry gaze and the way she smacked her lips. This alluring little minx can really do things to me.

He could feel the beast within him struggling to break free. Zachary could not hold it any longer as he circled her into his embrace as he kissed her forcefully.

“Mmm...”

Charlotte let out a soft moan like a helpless kitten. Her weak body trembled in the man’s embrace but she made no attempts to resist his touch.

Charlotte’s body seemed to have accustomed to the man’s touch.

He kissed her fervently all over as she moaned begrudgingly. The man could no longer hold it in as he claimed the woman.

She circled her hands tightly around the man’s neck as she shuddered and wept.

Perhaps Zachary had been holding it in for too long, he went all out on Charlotte mercilessly as he ravaged her over and over again.

From the bathroom to the sofa and finally on the bed. Her pleas fell on deaf ears.

He had only stopped at the break of dawn. Zachary hugged her onto the bed as he circled the woman in his arms and fell into a deep slumber.

Charlotte was tucked out from the rendezvous. She edged herself closer to the man and fell asleep listening to his steady heartbeat.

Zachary's coat was strewn across the carpet. His phone inside the coat buzzed repeatedly and woke him up. He narrowed his eyes at the buzzing distraction. Edging Charlotte closer to himself, the man fell asleep again.

"Water..." Charlotte was mumbling. She had too much to drink, and hence was yearning for water to quench her thirst.

Zachary turned to a side and reached out to fetch a water bottle for her.

She leaned against his chest and chugged the bottle of water.

The woman seemed like a baby on her milk bottle, and Zachary could not help but find her adorable.

The man's lips curled into a smile as he observed the woman intently without a word.

Charlotte burped aloud and handed the bottle back to him.

He threw the bottle onto the floor, turned around, and pinned her beneath his body.

"Again?" Charlotte knitted her brows helplessly. "I'm dog-tired."

"I'll be gentler this time..."

Zachary planted a kiss on her lips, reeling in the last drop of water on her lips. Then, he pulled the blanket over their heads and pinned her down, claiming her once again.

Charlotte cupped his face as she watched the man lost himself in passion.

She noticed the yearning and obsession in his eyes, and noticed herself in his gaze...

I... like this.

As he climaxed, Zachary bit her earlobes and grunted her name, "Charlotte..."

She hugged him tight and closed her eyes as she moaned, "Yes..."

"Do you love me?" Zachary blurted out.

Stumped, Charlotte widened her eyes in disbelief as she zoned out at the ceiling. She was at a loss for words.

The man's face fell at the lack of a response. He felt a rock weighing down on his chest and a sense of remorse washed over him. I shouldn't have asked such a stupid question.

He wished he could retract his words right then.

Feigning indifference, he removed himself from her and got off the bed.

Looking at his back, Charlotte asked abruptly, "Zachary, have you... fallen in love with me?"

She felt it this time. For real.

There was no mistaking it. The passionate yet loving gestures when they were making love; the way he stared into her eyes; the way he would be roused even at her slightest movements; the way he hugged her tight throughout the night; the way he patted her on the back ever so gently, and the way he planted kisses on her forehead...

These... are what people do when they're in love.

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chapter 424

Zachary had his back against her and did not answer her question. He froze for a few seconds before getting up and heading to the bathroom.

Charlotte pouted at the lack of response. She slumped back onto her pillow and continued to sleep.

She was completely depleted of her energy. The soreness in her body made her feel as if she was about to break apart.

Charlotte had lost count of the times they made love last night. She wanted to just stay in bed right then.

Zachary finally came out of the shower. His lower body was still wrapped in a towel as he dried his hair with another one. Picking up his phone from the floor, he noticed three missed calls from Sharon.

There were a couple of texts from Ben as well. He did not even look at the texts before casting his phone aside.

He averted his gaze to the woman deep in her slumber on the bed and was furious at the sight.

She couldn't even answer me properly when I asked her whether she loved me or not.

And yet she's sleeping so well right now?

Zachary walked over to the bed and removed the blanket. Then, he slapped Charlotte's butt, hard.

"Ouch!" Charlotte let out a shriek. She turned around looked indignantly at the man. "What are you doing?"

"You are one heartless woman," Zachary pinched her cheeks.

"I'm a tired woman..." She pushed his hands away and hugged her pillow. "I need some more sleep."

"No more sleeping!" Zachary retracted her pillow, grabbed her arms, and put it over her head. In a domineering manner, he ordered, "You are not allowed to work at Sultry Night anymore. Do you understand?"

"Hey man, I gotta make a living..." Charlotte narrowed her eyes wearily. "I can't find a job outside, and I need to bear Mrs. Berry's treatment costs. Plus, I have three kids to feed, remember?"

"Didn't I give you two million already?" Zachary demanded. "Have you spent it all already?"

"I spent it..." Charlotte bit her tongue right before she was going to blurt it all out. "All. Yes, I spent it all."

"Why didn't you come and look for me then?" Zachary grasped her chin, forcing her to look him right in his eyes. "Twenty-one days. Miss, you went twenty-one days without a text or call. Is your phone for show or what?"

"News flash, mister. I have dignity," Charlotte pursed her lips in a displeased manner. "Plus, you're going to be engaged to another woman soon. And don't forget the fact that you're the one who chased me away. I cannot bear to shamelessly go looking for you, alright?"

"Are you jealous? Hmm?" Zachary paid no heed to her explanation and tried hard to search for even a flicker of evidence that the woman actually reciprocated his feelings.

"This has nothing to do with me being jealous. We are talking about my dignity here."

Zachary felt bitterness creeping up within himself at her answer. He pushed her away and turned around to put on his clothes.

"Are you leaving already?" Charlotte was at a loss yet again. She did not understand how she had offended the man and felt helpless.

The man continued to button his shirt slowly, paying no heed to her.

"Alright, I'd better get up too then."

Charlotte got up from the bed and hunted for some clothes in the wardrobe as usual. There was an array of clothes fit for her, and a couple of fresh innerwear as well.

Nonchalantly, she picked out a set and changed into it. Then, she searched high and low for her phone. "Have you seen my phone?"

Still, Zachary did not care to respond.

Charlotte was starting to get exasperated and searched the bathroom. In the end, she found her phone beside the bathtub.

Her phone was soaking wet. Luckily though, her phone was water-resistant. She wiped her phone dry and unlocked it. There were a few missed calls. Two were from Olivia while a couple more were from her triplets.

After looking at the time, she realized that it was already eleven in the morning. She promised that she would spend the weekend with her children.

Charlotte hurriedly washed up. As she was putting her shoes on, she said to Zachary, "I have to leave now for some family stuff."

"Let me send you home," Zachary said as he put on his coat.

"Um.. I think it's fine." Charlotte was about to decline the man's offer when he had his hands on the back of her head, pushing her out of the room.

"Could you be gentler?" Charlotte complained in a low voice.

"Shut up!" Zachary wrapped his arms around her shoulders and into his embrace. Their height difference made them a cute couple.

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chapter 425

Charlotte lost the will to struggle herself free. She snuggled in his embrace.

The cold made her circled her arms around his waist as she buried her face in his chest. She closed her eyes and let him bring her wherever they were headed.

Their intimate demeanor resembled an adorable couple and would warm the hearts of any onlooker.

A pair of mother-daughter duo entered the elevator. The little girl looked about four or five. Innocently, she pointed at Charlotte and asked her mother in a low voice, "Mommy, why is that woman sleeping while standing?"

"She's too tired, sweetie." The mother crouched down and told her daughter, "Let's be quiet so that we don't disturb her."

"I thought only kids could fall asleep while being hugged. So big sisters could do it too," the little girl commented naively.

The mother could not help but chuckle at her daughter's innocent remarks. She cast an envious look at the cute couple and smiled. "That big brother protects her like she's a little kid. That's why."

Charlotte subconsciously lifted her head and met Zachary's gaze. She noticed the loving look in his eyes.

Moved by his affectionate look, she tiptoed and gave him a kiss on the lips.

His body stiffened for a moment as he looked at her with a blank expression. Then, his lips slowly curled into an enticing smile.

This is the first time she's hugging and kissing me in the public.

And she's not doing it because she's forced to. It's because she can't hold it in...

That was the reason he was smitten with the woman.

Ding! The elevator's door sprung open, and the mother-daughter duo left.

Zachary pressed her head against his chest and carried her out of the elevator.

"Let me down. People are watching!" Charlotte was hot from embarrassment.

"I carried you upstairs like this too yesterday, and I recalled that there was no objection."

Zachary carried her all the way to his car and placed her in the passenger seat. Then, he walked over to the other side and climbed into the driver's seat.

Just after he started the car, Charlotte's phone rang. She hurriedly answered the call, "Hello, Robbie? Mommy will be back soon, say about half an hour."

"Don't worry, Mommy. You're just too tired from overtime work and slept at your friend's place."

"Mommy is not canceling our plans today. I'll get home and make lunch for you guys. Then, we'll head to the hospital and visit Mrs. Berry together. Be good, and wait for mommy at home."

After hanging up the phone, she cast a meek look at Zachary. She was afraid that the man might throw tantrums like he used to, especially since he thought the triplets' father was Michael.

He would imagine her body getting intertwined with Michael whenever the latter's name came up, and in turn getting all worked up...

However, things seemed different this time. Not only did he not get angry, but he asked rather calmly, "Don't you have nurses taking care of them? I can arrange for nannies if they're still shorthanded."

"No, no. It's more than enough," she hurriedly added. "It's just that the kids love my cooking. Besides, I've promised to make them lunch today."

"I've never had a taste of your cooking," Zachary raised his brow in a displeased manner.

"I will be sure to cook for you in the future," she said with a sweet smile. "Although I'm not sure if you'll enjoy my cooking since you're already used to having gourmet meals."

"Well, I'll give it a try." Zachary glanced at his buzzing phone. However, he had no intention of picking it up.

"Why aren't you picking it up..."

She swallowed her words at the sight of the caller ID. It was Sharon Blackwood.

The flickering name on the screen reminded her of a painful fact. Sharon was now his fiancée. Who am I then, exactly?

The warm atmosphere turned cold.

Charlotte lowered her head, saying nothing.

"I want to see you tonight." Zachary did not notice the change in her demeanor. Instead, he ordered, "I will pick you up at ten tonight."

"Why? So that you can f*ck me?" Charlotte asked icily. "What are we, exactly? Am I your secret lover? Your mistress?"

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chapter 426

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Zachary furrowed his brows at her.

Charlotte said nothing as she glanced at his phone.

He traced her gaze, and noticed that his phone was still buzzing and the flashing caller ID screen. He hung up the call and turned his phone off.

Still, Charlotte said nothing as she kept her head low.

He did not seem like he had the intention of explaining things to her and kept driving.

The car reached the Happy Avenue residential estate in no time.

Charlotte removed her seatbelt to get off the car. Zachary reminded her again, "Ten o'clock tonight."

She was burning with fury but she tried her best to hold it in. "Noted."

Then, she rushed back home.

Zachary sat in the car, watching her silhouette getting further and further away from him. Suddenly, a sense of crisis washed over the man. I... am getting more and more smitten with this woman.

Charlotte rushed back home. The nurses were keeping her triplets company as they played. Ellie dashed in her mother's direction when she noticed the latter coming home.

She squatted down and greeted Ellie with a warm hug.

"Mommy, you're finally back." Ellie circled her small arms around her mother's neck and pouted. Sobbing, she said, "We thought you don't want us anymore."

"Don't be silly," Charlotte hurriedly explained herself. "Sorry, no more next time."

"Mommy's had a hard day," Ellie held back her tears and massaged Charlotte's shoulders. "Let me give you a massage."

"Thank you, Ellie." Charlotte planted a kiss on her cheeks.

"Mommy, did that bad boss bully you again?" Jamie clenched his fist and asked angrily, "I will beat him up if he bullies you again."

"No, he did not bully me."

Charlotte shook her head, afraid that the triplets might misunderstand Zachary further. This would make things awkward when they meet each other in the future.

"Okay, as long as you're fine." Robbie scanned her mother and made sure that she was fine. The boy finally heaved a sigh of relief after confirming.

"Ms. Windt, we wanted to make lunch but the triplets insisted to wait for you to come back. We've prepared all the ingredients. Do you think these will do?"

Two nurses came out of the kitchen.

"Thank you for helping out." Charlotte carried Ellie and headed to the living room, and gave Robbie and Jamie a hug. "You guys must be hungry. I will go make lunch right now."

"Thank you, mommy..."

She noticed that the nurses had already prepared all the necessary ingredients. There were only a few finishing touches.

Charlotte thanked the nurses and started cooking.

It did not take her long to finish preparing a scrumptious meal. "Robbie, Jamie, Ellie, time for lunch."

"Mommy, you have to eat too."

"I still need to work on the lentil soup so that we can take it for Mrs. Berry."

“Right, Robbie and Ellie, please feed Fifi too. We’re going to bring it over to visit Mrs. Berry later. She said it’s been too long since she last saw Fifi.”

“Sure!”

Robbie held Ellie’s hand as they headed over to the balcony. They stood on a small stool so that they could reach Fifi and feed it.

Ellie patted its wings gently and said, “Fifi, you have to be good. We’re bringing you to visit Mrs. Berry later.”

“Mrs. Berry! Mrs. Berry!” The parrot flapped its wings and chanted animatedly.

As she was working on her soup, Charlotte was actually checking on her bank account on her phone. She bagged tens of thousands working at Sultry Night these few days. Fifty thousand for the hospital fees last time and another fifty thousand today still would not be enough to cover it all...

It was impossible for her to head back to Sultry Night after the ruckus yesterday. Zachary would have arranged for people to watch her back.

It seemed like the only way out was for her to contact the financial advisor from S Nation so that she could withdraw an amount for emergency use.

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chapter 427

Charlotte threw the thought to the back of her mind, deciding that she would deal with it after she came home tonight. Now her focus would be on the lentil soup and accompanying her children for a scrumptious meal.

After lunch, Charlotte took the soup and her children to the Kindness Hospital to visit Mrs. Berry.

In order to prevent the nurses from finding out about her relationship with Zachary, she gave the three nurses half-day off. She excused their absence by saying that Mrs. Berry needed quiet rest and that it would be inconvenient for too many people to be present in the ward.

The nurses were worried about her handling all three children alone. However, they could do nothing since Charlotte was adamant that she could handle it alone.

Charlotte called for a cab and took her children and Fifi to the hospital.

She texted Olivia on the way and reassured her friend that she was doing fine and told her friend to quit worrying about her.

However, Olivia still felt the need to call and confirm. "Charlotte, what happened last night really scared the wits out of me. Are you really alright?"

"I'm really fine. I'm now heading to the hospital with my kids to visit Mrs. Berry," Charlotte reassured her friend. "What about you? Are you alright?"

"I'm fine, too. Just a bit swollen on the face. I'll put some ice on it." Begrudgingly, she said, "Charlotte, Peter asked me to tell you not to work at Sultry Night anymore."

"I know..." Charlotte sighed. "Is he alright?"

"He's alright but your boyfriend said he wouldn't be if he ever lets you work at Sultry Night again. By the way, your boyfriend is so fierce. Does he bully you?"

"No..." Charlotte could not bring herself to go into details in front of her children and did not divulge further. "Right, Olivia. I'm with my kids and we're heading to the hospital right now. Let me call you back later."

"Sure." Olivia felt a pang of guilt. "I have some leads on a piano performance gig, and I will watch out for you. I'll introduce you if an opportunity comes up."

"That's great. Thank you, Olivia."

"Don't worry about it. Go get busy. We'll talk later."

"Sure."

Charlotte realized that they had actually arrived at the Kindness Hospital after hanging up the phone. The driver stopped the car by the sidewalk.

She carried her children off the car and pushed Jamie's wheelchair.

Robbie and Ellie tagged along by her side.

Fifi was quiet in Jamie's embrace. It craned its neck and glanced around curiously.

"Robbie and Ellie, you guys have to stick close to mommy."

Charlotte pushed Jamie's wheelchair and reminded the other two.

There were some sundries, fruits and lentil soup hanging on Jamie's wheelchair.

Onlookers could not help but divert their attention toward the young and charming mother with her triplets and a pet parrot.

Some were thinking that it must have been difficult for the mother to raise the triplets while some were awed by the cute triplets, not to mention the pet parrot...

At that point, Charlotte was already used to those curious glances. She smiled as she acknowledged them all before she headed toward the elevator.

She was beyond grateful that they were at a private hospital, and the crowd was not too overwhelming. If they were at a public hospital, there would be a real concern about her losing her children.

The little family soon arrived at Mrs. Berry's ward.

The woman was on the drip. As she heard the children's voices, she almost fell from her bed. "Robbie, Ellie and Jamie! Is it really you guys?"

"Mrs. Berry!" Robbie and Ellie ran toward her.

"You guys are really here," Mrs. Berry was excited at their presence.

"Mrs. Berry!" Robbie grabbed her by the hand and caressed her wrinkled face. "You've gotten thinner."

"Haha, yes! I've lost over thirty pounds," Mrs. Berry burst into a laugh. "I've tried so hard to lose weight in the past but it took hospitalization for me to finally lose all those weight."

"Mrs. Berry, is it painful?" Ellie asked as she looked at the woman's hands pierced with a myriad of needles. Gently, she blew on it. "Let Ellie blow on it so that it doesn't hurt."

"Good girl, Ellie." Mrs. Berry was moved to tears with a glad smile on her face.

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"Mrs. Berry, Mommy brewed you lentil soup," Jamie placed the thermal flask on the table and said casually, "Mommy's cooking skills have really improved ever since you're warded. This soup smells so good but she wouldn't allow us to have a taste, and insisted to keep it all for you!"

Mrs. Berry chuckled aloud. "Miss, have you really improved your cooking?"

"Oh, yes I have." Charlotte shifted in unease. "I'll be sure to cook for you every day once you're good to go home."

"That's great..." Mrs. Berry heaved a sigh of relief and smiled. "You're going to be able to take good care of yourself and the kids when I'm gone."

"Nonsense!" Charlotte's eyes brimmed with tears. "How could you say that? Your condition is nothing serious and you'll recover in no time."

"Mrs. Berry..." Robbie cradled her hands, his voice getting croaky, "You will always be around, always."

“Yes, Mrs. Berry. You’re going to live a long and healthy life.”

Tears welled up in Ellie’s eyes as the girl pouted.

“Mrs. Berry, you have to watch me get married.”

Jamie’s eyes were also brimming with tears but he cracked a joke in an attempt to lighten the atmosphere.

“Married! Married!” Fifi flapped its wings and chirped.

“Haha! That’s right... I have to watch my three babies get married and be happy!”

Mrs. Berry smiled as she hugged the triplets one by one.

Every single one of them was her precious little baby.

She earnestly wished for speedy recovery so that she could go back and take care of the triplets.

Fifi flew to her side and rubbed its furry little head against Mrs. Berry’s face. It was as if it was using its own way to comfort her.

Tears streamed down Mrs. Berry’s cheeks but she wiped it away in a swift motion. She put on smile and said, “The tears just come when you’re old like I am... I’ve promised not to cry but I just can’t help it when I see you guys...”

“We will come to visit you more often,” Charlotte said as she wiped away the tears on Mrs. Berry’s face. “A lot of things happened recently. Plus, Jamie is undergoing treatment. We really haven’t been spending much time with you.”

“Mrs. Berry, we promise to come visit you after school in the future,” Robbie hurriedly said. “I’ll bring you an iPad so that you can send us videos when we’re not around.”

“Yes, that’s right.” Jamie rolled his wheelchair closer. “Mrs. Berry, I will bring you your favorite green pea tartlets next time I come to visit you.”

Raising her little chubby hand, Ellie chimed in, “I’ll bring my little pink comb and wash your hair.”

"Alright, my good babies." Mrs. Berry hugged the triplets and grinned from ear to ear.

Charlotte was overwhelmed by feelings at the heartwarming sight. She wished that Mrs. Berry would recover soon and that they could live together as a family like they used to.

"Ms. Windt!"

Right then, Raina did not disturb the children reuniting with Mrs. Berry, and merely beckoned at Charlotte by the door.

She followed Raina out into the hallway. Raina explained Mrs. Berry's condition to her. Fortunately, her condition was looking good because she had received proper treatment in time.

However, the treatment was a long journey, and the results would not be immediate. Even after Mrs. Berry had been discharged, she would have to come back for appointments every now and then.

Charlotte then hurriedly told Raina that she would spare no expense for the treatment. As long as Mrs. Berry could fully recover, it did not matter how much time or money it would take.

Then, she mentioned that she had brought along fifty thousand to pay for the hospital bills, and that the rest of the bill will be paid for by the end of the month.

Raina was stumped. "What hospital bills? I've signed for all invoices involved for Mrs. Berry's treatment. No bill should ever be issued to you. Did someone ask you to foot the bill?"

"No, you shouldn't sign the invoice. I will pay for any expenses incurred for the treatment. You're not supposed to bear all the expenses involved. Please don't reprimand your subordinates as I insisted on doing so. Otherwise, I really cannot bear to trouble you further."

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chapter 429

"No, I cannot let that happen. Mr. Nacht will blame me for this," Raina anxiously said.

"I really need to draw things clear because of him." Charlotte suddenly put on a stern face.

"I hope that no matter what happens between him and me, we can still be friends with each other. That's the only way I can continue to let Mrs. Berry undergo her treatment here. Otherwise, she's going to be in danger if our relationship goes down the drain."

"This..."

Raina was rendered speechless. She could see where Charlotte was coming from. If the latter was fully dependent on Mr. Nacht for Mrs. Berry's treatment, the man reserved the right to terminate his sponsorship as he pleased.

However, if Charlotte was seeking treatment as an ordinary patient, then the hospital would be liable for the patient, and to answer to Charlotte.

"Let's just go with this. Don't worry about the money. I can still cope with the hospital bills." Then, Charlotte steered the conversation in another direction, "About my friend's mother's condition, I brought her medical records today."

Charlotte handed over Olivia's mother's medical records to Raina.

She skimmed through the records and said, "This is a tad complicated. I need to run this through my team for a discussion. I'll come back to you on this in two days' time, alright?"

"Sure, thank you." Charlotte nodded her head. "I'll accompany Mrs. Berry then."

"Sure."

Charlotte and the kids accompanied Mrs. Berry for the whole afternoon. They had only left the hospital at about five in the afternoon when the kids were getting hungry.

Before leaving, Charlotte settled the fifty-thousand hospital bill and went back to Mrs. Berry's ward. "Mrs. Berry, we will come visit you again tomorrow. Get a good rest."

"I'm alright here. There are medical staff and Dr. Langan looking after me. It must be tough for you to handle three kids alone. There's no need to rush here and there."

"It's okay. The kids miss you. Besides, it's Sunday tomorrow and we still have time to spare. I can't say the same for Monday when the kids have to go to school. You'd better get some rest. We'll get going first."

"Take care."

"Goodbye, Mrs. Berry!"

"Be good, the three of you and Fifi! You guys have to listen to your mom!"

"Yes, Mrs. Berry."

The triplets were famished after they headed out of the hospital. Charlotte called for a cab to take the kids home and promised to make them dumplings.

The triplets were thrilled by the idea and vowed to help Charlotte with the dumplings.

Right then, Robbie's smart watch buzzed. He gestured for the others to shush, and whispered to his mother, "Mommy, it's a call from Mr. Henry."

"Well, pick it up then." Charlotte nodded.

"Hello, Mr. Henry."

"Robbie, where are you guys? I want to come to pick you guys for dinner." Henry was beaming on the other end. "Let's not go to Fairytale Land today. I'll take you guys to the beach. It's really pretty there..."

"Mr. Henry, hold on." Robbie covered the microphone and looked at Charlotte.

She glanced at the other two. Jamie and Ellie nodded animatedly. They liked Henry, and wanted to spend more time with him.

Charlotte decided to go along with the kids' wishes.

"Sure, Mr. Henry. Mommy said yes."

Robbie was excited at the prospect of seeing Henry again. He could not wait to share what he recently learned at school.

"That's great! I'm right downstairs. You guys take your time and get ready. I'll go upstairs and fetch you guys later," Henry said lovingly.

All color drained from her face when she heard Henry. He's right downstairs? Their cab was about to reach home.

Charlotte turned around and was greeted by the sight of a Rolls-Royce parked right opposite her place.

Spencer helped the old man get off the car. Henry was grinning from ear to ear as he walked over to her building.

Charlotte signaled for the driver to stop.

However, the cab driver did not notice her signal and stepped on the pedal instead.

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Charlotte was frightened out of her wits as she lay low in the car.

Noticing his mother's peculiar manner, Robbie immediately said, "Mr. Henry, we are out buying some stuff right now. Why don't you wait for us at the garden in the residential estate? We'll get home soon."

"Sure, no rush. Take your time," Henry said before hanging up.

Robbie stood up and stole a glance outside. "Mommy, Mr. Henry is already heading to the garden."

Charlotte had only found the courage to sit upright. After paying the cab driver, she got off the car along with her kids. She did not head toward her building. Instead, she turned to Robbie and said, "Robbie, mommy is not going inside with you guys. You wheel Jamie to the residential estate entrance and let Mr. Henry pick you guys up from there."

"Yes, mommy." Robbie nodded his head.

"Mommy, why are you so afraid of Mr. Henry? He's a really nice person."

Jamie did not understand why his mother kept avoiding Henry.

"Yes, Mr. Henry will never hurt us." Ellie cocked her head to one side and said innocently, "Mommy, you can come with us too."

"I have my own reasons, and it's really difficult for mommy to explain it to you guys right now. Anyway, you guys have to keep this secret for me, and listen to Robbie, alright?"

"Yes, Mommy." Jamie and Ellie nodded their heads.

"Mommy, drink something while you're waiting for us to be picked up by Mr. Henry. Don't worry, we will call him as soon as we are at the entrance," Robbie said.

"You're a good boy, Robbie." Charlotte gave her boy a hug.

Robbie then wheeled his brother, as Ellie and their pet parrot tagged along. The gang made their way toward to entrance of the residential estate.

The neighbors could not help but beam with delight at the cute sight. "Where are your parents, kids?"

"My mom is busy while our grandma is in the hospital."

"Did you guys come out here all by yourselves?" The neighbors were curious and asked, "Don't you have anyone watching you guys?"

"Yes, Mr. Henry is waiting for us in the garden." Then, Henry's voice rang, "Robbie!"

Henry wanted to meet the triplets as soon as possible. Hence, he thought he would try his luck at the entrance. Sure enough, he spotted the triplets right there.

Robbie was wheeling Jamie with much difficulty while Ellie was holding the parrot as she trailed behind her big brother. Henry was disheartened at the sight and ordered, "Quick, help them out."

His two bodyguards then rushed forward and took over the wheelchair and held Ellie and Robbie's hands.

"Where did you guys go? Why isn't there any adult around?" Henry furrowed his brows.

"We went to visit Mrs. Berry at the hospital, and we just got back," Robbie replied.

"Why didn't the nurses follow you guys there?" Henry crouched and hugged Robbie and Ellie. "Where's your mommy?"

"Mommy said that a hospital is a quiet place, and it's not so nice for us to bring along so many people. So she brought us there on her own. She went to the drugstore to buy some medicine. We're waiting for you here because we want to see you sooner."

There was no loose end with Robbie's explanation.

"Good boy." Henry hugged Robbie. "I should have fetched you guys from the hospital if I had known about it."

"It's okay to fetch us here too. Mr. Henry, let's get into the car," Robbie said.

"Don't you need to wait for your mommy?"

Henry lifted his head and noticed the usual hustle and bustle of the neighborhood. Some people were even engrossed in hushed whispers, but there were no signs of the triplet's mother.

"It's okay, mommy will get home on her own."

Robbie only wanted to leave earlier so that his mother would not have to hide out at the café, and that she could head back earlier to get a good rest.

"Yes, Mr. Henry. I'm hungry. Let's go." Ellie resonated her brother's words.

"Mr. Henry, I'm hungry too." Jamie chimed in as well.

"Sure, let's go now." Henry then helped the three kids get into his car.

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chapter 431

Before boarding the car, Ellie subconsciously waved her hand in the direction of the café.

At the same time, Fifi called out in her arms, "Mommy! Mommy!"

Surprised, Henry followed Ellie's gaze. Charlotte hastily turned around with her coffee in hand, so that her back was facing the road.

Fortunately, she was wearing a set of old clothes and had a cap pulled over her face, making her look completely different from the time she met Henry. Hence, she was quite confident that he wouldn't recognize her.

"Is your mommy back?" Henry asked casually.

"Mommy is-"

"She is buying some stuff at the pharmacy near our house," Robbie continued Ellie's sentence, then added, "Be careful, Mr. Henry. Don't fall down."

"Sure, sure. You watch your step too." Not noticing anything amiss, Henry helped Robbie into the car.

After a while, Charlotte cautiously turned her head. When she saw Henry's car leaving, she finally breathed a sigh of relief, bringing the thermos bottle and various other items back home.

The three nurses were still waiting for the children by the door. Charlotte informed them that the triplets had gone out for lunch with Henry, then told them to take the day off rather than waiting here.

However, they said that they would come again when the triplets returned.

Charlotte returned home and cleaned up the place a little bit before sitting at the desk to go through the medical bills.

After some calculations, she found that after paying one hundred thousand the other day, she still owed the hospital tens of thousands. Because she did not have money on her hands, she decided to make a call.

She was just about to contact the financial advisor in S Nation when a call from Olivia came in. "Good news, Charlotte! I contacted a friend of mine and she said she needs a pianist for a few high-end weddings. The pay for each performance is two thousand. Are you in?"

"Yes, yes! Of course, I'm in!" Charlotte was over the moon.

"There's one tonight which starts at six. I'll go there with you and get you acquainted first."

"Sure, sure. Let's meet at five-thirty then."

"Okay. I'll send you the location."

After ending the call, Charlotte was still brimming with excitement. Even though the pay for wedding performances was slightly lower, at least it was considered a proper job and she wouldn't have to worry about encountering problems like the ones she did at Sultry Night.

If she could receive more jobs like these, she would be able to settle the outstanding medical fees by the end of the month.

Charlotte checked the time and realized with a start that it was almost five. She quickly changed her clothes and took a taxi to the designated place.

Olivia was already waiting at the entrance. Upon spotting Charlotte, she hurried toward her. "Charlotte!"

"Olivia, I'm sorry for being late." Charlotte had an apologetic look on her face. "Have you eaten? Let me buy you a meal."

"It's fine. There's no time to eat. I'll take you to meet Ms. Fuller now."

Olivia tugged Charlotte along with her while briefing her.

"Ms. Fuller's company provides entertainment services for all kinds of events, so she has a lot of projects on hand. She often goes to our university to recruit part-timers. I did a few performances for her in the past, but stopped after injuring my hand.

"I visited her yesterday and told her about your situation. She said she'd let you play a few songs and if she's happy with you, she'll call you up for any part-time jobs in the future."

"This is great." Charlotte was overjoyed. "Thank you so much, Olivia. You've helped me big time."

"You're Mr. Windt's daughter. Besides, you've also helped me before. We're a family, so don't get all polite on me." Olivia smiled. "Besides, you helped me find a doctor too."

"Oh, right. I passed your mother's medical report to my doctor friend today. She said she'll discuss it with the doctors from various departments and give me a reply in two days."

"Thank you."

"We're BFFs, right? Let's do our best together."

Olivia led Charlotte to Felicity Fuller, who was busy distributing tasks at that moment. Upon seeing Charlotte, she pointed at the piano and said curtly, "Play a song for me."

"Yes." Without a moment's delay, Charlotte went on stage and played Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, instantly drawing everyone's attention. Even the staffs were mesmerized by the melody.

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chapter 432

"That's very good." Felicity wore an immensely satisfied look on her face. "Go change your clothes now. You start at six. Two thousand for two hours. As long as you perform well, there will be a steady stream of jobs for you in the future!"

"Thank you, Ms. Fuller." Charlotte was bubbling with joy as she accepted her outfit from a staff member. Then, she tugged on Olivia's hand and said, "C'mon, Olivia. Let's go together."

"No, I can't..." Olivia glanced at her hand and felt disappointment wash over her. "You should go now, Charlotte. I have to hurry over to Sultry Night for work anyway. Let's meet up again when we're free."

"Alright, then." Charlotte's heart ached as she hugged her. "Olivia, if you have the time, I can take you to my doctor friend and see whether your hand can be treated."

"Really?" Olivia's eyes lit up with hope.

"You'll never know until you try, right?" Charlotte smiled. "Life is always full of hope!"

"Mmm." Olivia nodded eagerly. "Thank you, Charlotte!"

"Don't be silly. Go ahead with your work. I'll keep in touch."

After getting changed, it was time for Charlotte to start performing. To avoid being recognized, she wore a white mask over her face.

The performance ended without anything unusual. It was nothing but an ordinary wedding.

After the performance, Charlotte received her pay of two thousand and exchanged contacts with Felicity, who immediately booked her for another performance at a company celebration the next night.

The pay was also two thousand for two hours.

Even though it wasn't as much as the money she earned at Sultry Night and there wouldn't be any tips either, Charlotte was rather pleased with it.

After leaving the hotel, Charlotte received a call from the triplets who said that they were reaching home soon. They also asked where she was and excitedly announced that they had brought some food back for her.

Charlotte said that she would be home very soon, but abruptly recalled that Zachary was going to pick her up at ten o'clock.

Despite that, she shoved that thought to the back of her mind for now, wanting to go home as soon as possible.

By the time she reached home, it was already half-past nine. The triplets were asking the nurses about her whereabouts.

Before they could answer, Charlotte came in and the triplets happily ran over to greet her, prattling on about their day while taking out the dinner they brought home for her.

Feeling famished as she had not eaten dinner yet, Charlotte gobbled up the food like a starved beast.

Her children's hearts ached for her when they saw how hungry she was.

Robbie furrowed his brows and asked softly, "Mommy, haven't you eaten dinner yet?"

"No. Mommy went to work after you guys left." Charlotte explained while eating her steak, "Mommy went to play the piano. It was only for two hours, but Mommy made quite a lot of money."

"Mommy, no matter how busy you are, you mustn't forget to eat." Robbie's mouth turned down at the sides.

"Yeah, Mommy! You have to eat." Ellie took out a piece of wet tissue and clumsily wiped her mother's mouth.

"Alright, kids," Charlotte replied with a fond smile on her face.

Right then, her phone rang with an incoming call from Zachary. She felt unsettled as she stared at his caller ID flashing on her screen. However, she was afraid to answer it in front of her children. Hence, she flipped the phone so that it was lying face down.

“Robbie, Jamie and Ellie. It’s time for you three to take a bath and go to bed earlier. Mommy will tuck you in after eating, okay?” Charlotte urged.

“Okay, Mommy.” The triplets were very obedient.

The nurses had already set up their bath and were waiting for them.

Charlotte got up and walked to the balcony, peeking down to see Zachary’s car parked downstairs with its headlights bright.

A short glance at the time showed that it was ten o’clock sharp.

She was in a bind. If she didn’t go down, he might very well lose his temper, but the triplets had not gone to bed yet and she didn’t know how to explain this to them.

“Mommy, what’s wrong?” Robbie’s voice came from behind her.

“Nothing.” Charlotte snapped out of her daze and made up a white lie. “A friend is here to see me.”

“Should we invite her in?” Robbie was as sensible as ever.

“It’s fine.” Charlotte shook her head. “I might need to go down for a while. You kids go take a bath first, okay?”

“Okay.”

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chapter 433

Charlotte grabbed a chicken wing and prepared to head downstairs to meet Zachary.

The moment she opened the door, she came face to face with Zachary, whose slender figure exuded a mysterious and unapproachable aura under the dim lights.

Charlotte almost jumped out of her skin and looked over her shoulder in panic. Fortunately, Robbie had gone to the bathroom, so there was no one in the living room.

"Why did you come up?" Charlotte hissed as she pushed Zachary away from the door.

"It's ten!" He pinned her with a cold stare.

"The kids aren't asleep yet."

Charlotte motioned at the house, but upon realizing that she was still holding the chicken wing in her hand, she hid it awkwardly behind her back.

Zachary's brows knitted into a frown as he glowered at her.

"Either you go downstairs and wait for me, or we take a raincheck," Charlotte said tentatively. "Don't get mad. Just try to think from my point of view. As a mother, I can't just leave my kids and go on a date, right? We have to be responsible."

"Twenty minutes." Zachary looked at his watch, then turned and walked into the elevator.

Charlotte was speechless and had no choice but to comply. Done taking their baths, the triplets were singing happily as they prepared to go to bed.

Charlotte cleared the leftover food and washed her hands before going to see her children.

Ellie was lying on her bed in her cute strawberry pajamas, holding a milk bottle in one hand and her stuffed alpaca in the other while enjoying the music playing in the background.

Charlotte went in and kissed her forehead, telling her to go to sleep after finishing her milk.

Ellie nodded obediently. Shortly after, her eyes began to droop.

Meanwhile, Robbie was lying on his bed and reading a book.

Jamie was sitting on the wheelchair, allowing the nurses to clean his wound while he played with a Rubik's Cube, his eyes gradually losing focus.

"What is it, Mommy?" Robbie immediately put down his book and looked up at Charlotte.

"Mommy has to go out for a while but will come back and make breakfast for the three of you tomorrow morning. What do you kids feel like eating?"

Charlotte felt that she had been too busy recently and did not spend enough time with her children. Hence, she couldn't help but feel a little bit guilty toward them.

But bailing on Zachary would be even worse as he would no doubt kick up a fuss.

At the mention of food, Jamie woke up in a daze and mumbled sleepily, "I want hot cross bunnies."

"I'm okay with anything as long as Mommy makes it." Robbie offered his mother an understanding smile and urged, "You can go now, Mommy. Don't worry about us."

"Yes, we'll be here to watch them," the nurses reassured.

"Alright, then. Sleep tight."

Charlotte bid her children goodnight and went back to her room to have a change of clothes. However, upon realizing that more than ten minutes had passed, she ditched the idea and rushed downstairs without even changing her slippers.

The residential estate was huge, so after coming out of the elevator, Charlotte still had to run a long way before arriving at the gate. In her haste, she was almost hit by a car, falling to the ground in fright.

The car driver poked his head out and lambasted her. "Are you crazy? Running like a madwoman!"

Before she could regain her bearings, the car had already driven off.

Charlotte sat on the ground as she tried to catch her breath. It took her a while to calm her raging heartbeat. After pushing herself off the ground, she spotted Zachary standing beside his car while looking at her with a cold gaze.

She trudged toward him even as her muscles screamed in protest. Then, she said to him while panting softly, "Let's go."

With that, she got into his car and slumped into the seat, gasping for air.

"You should watch where you're going," Zachary chided as he started the car.

"Well, I'm sorry, but I was in a hurry," Charlotte retorted sarcastically. "With that temper of yours, I'd probably be strangled to death if I got here late."

Zachary kept mum and continued driving.

"Gosh, I'm so tired..." Charlotte fanned herself. She tried opening a bottle of water, but her hands refused to cooperate, trembling from exhaustion.

"Is your body that weak? You only ran a short distance, but you're panting like it was marathon."

Zachary frowned at her in annoyance, but still reached out to unscrew the cap for her.

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chapter 434

After Charlotte chugged the water down in one breath, she burped and panted slightly, but finally felt much better.

Just then, Zachary's phone rang and he picked up the call. "Speak.

"Didn't I give the orders already? Do I need to repeat myself?

"Hold a press conference tomorrow and get Johann to go.

"That's right...

"I'll solve the other problems. Leave those public appearances to Johann.

"Just do as I say."

With that, Zachary hung up the call, but another call came in immediately after. This time, he used the Bluetooth hands-free in his car to answer it. "Speak."

"Mr. Nacht, I've looked into the matter. Ms. Nacht probably wasn't the one behind this. Based on the skills of her technical personnel, there is no way they could have hacked into our system."

"Look into Lindberg Corporation."

"Lindberg Corporation?" Bruce was slightly taken aback. "It won't be easy, but I'll try my best."

"Keep me posted."

"Understood."

After he ended this call, his phone lighted up with another one from Sharon. Too lazy to entertain her, he immediately declined the call before switching off his phone.

“Why did you insist on seeing me even when you’re so busy?” Charlotte asked softly.

Zachary pretended not to hear her, keeping his eyes on the road.

Since he was ignoring her, she stopped talking altogether and reclined against her seat to rest her eyes, drifting off to sleep shortly after.

Zachary drove straight to Storm Hotel’s basement parking. The manager, who was already waiting here, informed him that all the necessary arrangements had been made.

Zachary carried Charlotte and made his way upstairs. In the elevator, Charlotte opened her eyes in a daze to glance briefly at him. Then, she wrapped her arms around his neck and buried her face into his neck before going back to sleep.

Once in the room, Zachary placed her on the bed and noticed the slippers on her feet. Slightly exasperated, he took them off for her and threw them into the trash, then pulled the blanket over her.

After making sure she was snugly tucked in, he went to take a shower. By the time he emerged from the bathroom, Charlotte was sound asleep, curled up on the bed like a kitten with the blanket wrapped around her body.

Zachary sat on the sofa beside the bed, holding a glass of red wine the hotel had prepared in advance. As he sipped on the wine, he watched Charlotte sleeping with conflicting emotions swirling in his eyes, asking himself the same question she had asked him.

Why did I insist on seeing her even when I’m so busy?

He did not know either.

All he knew was that he couldn’t eat or sleep well if he didn’t see her. His heart would feel as though something was missing, and only after seeing her could that void be filled.

Even if he didn’t do anything besides quietly watching her, his heart would be content.

Charlotte was probably dog-tired, sleeping so deeply that she failed to sense Zachary’s presence beside her and paid him no attention whatsoever.

Soon, there was only a little bit of wine left in the bottle. Zachary put down his wine glass, stood up and climbed into bed.

He slipped his arm under Charlotte's neck and pulled her into his arms, gently pressing her face against his chest before closing his eyes with a content sigh.

Like a sleeping baby, Charlotte nuzzled against his chest habitually, arching her neck upward to greedily breathe in his scent.

Zachary was stirred by her subconscious actions and leaned in to kiss her. However, she shook her head in her sleep and buried her face into his chest, preventing him from kissing her.

Sighing with fond exasperation, he gave up and caressed her back instead, then closed his eyes to sleep.

Even though his body felt restless and his desires threatened to take over, he held himself back.

That night, although both of them did nothing but hug each other, they slept soundly.

In the middle of the night, Charlotte jolted awake and turned to her side, fumbling for her phone beside the pillow to check the time.

When she saw that it was still early, she sighed in relief. Peering at Zachary who was fast asleep, she surrendered to the urge to gently kiss his eyes. Then, she gingerly took his arm off her body so that she could get up from bed.

"Where are you going?" Zachary pulled her back and hugged her tighter in his arms.

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chapter 435

"I should go home now." Charlotte explained softly, "I promised the kids I'd make breakfast for them."

"What about my breakfast?" Zachary gazed at her through half-lidded eyes.

"Should I get the manager to send something up?"

Charlotte kissed his forehead, finding him cute in his groggy state.

"No." Zachary pinned her arms above her head and pressed down on her. "I want you for breakfast."

"No-"

Charlotte's protests were muffled by Zachary's lips.

He had suppressed his desires for the whole night. Now that she was awake, he wasn't about to let the opportunity slip through his fingers.

Writhing slightly beneath him, Charlotte's body gradually went limp and she finally closed her eyes, accepting his kiss.

Her body refused to obey her as though it had fallen under his spell. Every time he teased her, all trace of resistance would fly out the window and she would become his slave.

His heavy pants and her sweet moans filled the room, forming a harmonious melody.

They clung to each other, succumbing to their desires and losing themselves in a haze of passion.

Their lovemaking session lasted a long time. Only when the first rays of dawn streamed in through the French windows and illuminated their entangled bodies was Zachary finally sated. He collapsed on top of Charlotte and falling asleep.

Charlotte took out her phone to check the time. Upon seeing that it was half past five in the morning, she carefully pushed him away and rolled out of bed.

"Where are you going?" came Zachary's voice as he lay sprawled on the bed, even though he was clearly asleep just moments ago.

"To take a shower." Charlotte went to the bathroom to clean herself up before hurriedly putting on her clothes. Then, she walked over and pecked Zachary on his forehead. "I've gotta go now. I promised to make the kids breakfast. Go back to sleep."

With that, she straightened and was about to leave.

Her arm was grabbed by Zachary all of a sudden. "I'll send you home."

"It's fine. Go back to sleep. I'll take a taxi home."

"Give me ten minutes!"

Zachary rolled off the bed and strode into the bathroom.

Charlotte let out a helpless sigh. Even so, there was a warm tingly feeling spreading through her chest.

He's clearly exhausted, but insists on sending me home.

What is this, if not love?

Charlotte went into the bathroom while waiting for him, thinking she might as well apply her skin care.

Zachary coincidentally reemerged right after she was done, looking all freshened up. He grabbed his car keys before striding toward her. "Let's go."

"Aren't you sleepy?" Charlotte peered at him, perceiving his bloodshot eyes and surmised that he probably hadn't been sleeping well lately.

"I'm fine." Zachary nudged her out of the room and conveniently draped an arm over her shoulders, ruffling her hair affectionately while snickering. "Shorty."

Charlotte rolled her eyes at him, but snuggled up to him anyway.

Zachary's lips arched into a charming smile. He liked this feeling very much as they resembled an ordinary young couple. This feels... nice.

When the car pulled up at the entrance of Happy Avenue's residential estate, it was only six in the morning.

Zachary rubbed the space between his brows and yawned. "Did you really have to come back this early?"

Charlotte paused and drank the sight of him in. How can a guy look this good while yawning? How is that possible?

"I'm gonna make hot cross bunnies and mac and cheese for the kids, then cook some soup for Mrs. Berry, so all of this will take some time. Go home and get some sleep. You look tired."

"I'm hungry." Zachary leaned closer to caress her face. "You've never cooked anything for me."

Charlotte giggled and dodged his touch. "Maybe next time."

Zachary's mouth turned downward, but he didn't argue.

"I'll get going then." Charlotte unbuckled her seatbelt.

Before Zachary could kiss her goodbye, she had already gotten out of the car.

Zachary stiffened with a speechless look on his face.

Charlotte, on the other hand, was completely oblivious, even waving at him before running into the residential estate.

Zachary stared after her until the lights on the sixteenth floor came on, driving away only after making sure she was safely home. Then, he switched on his phone and called Ben.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 436

Charlotte tiptoed into her home and put on her apron before getting to work in the kitchen.

She had to make breakfast for the triplets and also send some lentil soup to Mrs. Berry after everything was done.

Mrs. Berry was a big fan of soup, but due to Charlotte's hectic schedule recently, she wasn't able to cook that for her. Since she woke up early this morning today, she finally had the time.

The doorbell rang at slightly past seven. Robbie was about to answer it when he heard the noise in the kitchen. He ran over and exclaimed in surprise, "Mommy!"

"Good morning, Robbie!" Charlotte offered her eldest son a sweet smile. "Go let the nurses in first. Mommy is almost done making breakfast."

"Okay!" Robbie ran to the door and opened it for the three nurses. They walked in and were about to prepare breakfast for the triplets when Robbie proudly announced, "My mommy is making breakfast for us. It's almost ready."

"Your mommy works until late at night but gets up so early. It must be tiring." The nurses sympathized with Charlotte. "We'll go give her a hand."

"It's okay. Mommy is almost done anyway, but Jamie and Ellie still need help to wash up and get dressed."

Robbie sounded every bit the older brother he was.

"Alright."

After Jamie and Ellie woke up and were told that Charlotte had made their favorite food, their faces brightened with joy.

Both of them washed up faster than usual and sat at the table, bubbling with excitement as they waited for their mommy to serve breakfast.

Charlotte learned everything she knew about cooking from Mrs. Berry, but Charlotte rarely stepped into the kitchen because the latter had always been around the last time. Now that Mrs. Berry was sick, she took it upon herself to find her way in the kitchen again.

“Oh no, Mommy’s hot cross bunnies aren’t as pretty as the ones Mrs. Berry makes.” Charlotte placed the hot cross bunnies on the table with an embarrassed look on her face. “They look slightly out of shape.”

“Yeah, some of the bunnies have missing ears.” Ellie looked at the hot cross bunnies in shock before smiling stiffly. “They’re earless bunnies.”

“Pfft!” Charlotte failed to stifle her laughter. “Okay, okay. Mommy’s sorry. Mommy will practice more from now on and next time, you’ll have perfect and cute little hot cross bunnies.”

“It’s okay. They still look cute to me.” Jamie picked up one hot cross bunny and bit into it, but coughed immediately after.

“How is it? Does it taste good?” Charlotte anxiously asked.

“It’s so salty...” Jamie spat it out and gulped down his glass of milk. “Mommy, did you accidentally put salt instead of sugar?”

“What?” Charlotte took a bite as well and flushed a crimson red. “I think so.”

“It’s okay! We can eat the mac and cheese.” Robbie quickly came to her rescue. “C’mon, Mommy made it herself.”

Under her brother’s urging, Ellie quickly spooned up some mac and cheese before putting it into her mouth. Almost instantly, her features contorted. “Mommy, the mac and cheese is so hard...”

“What? Really?” Charlotte leaned forward and saw that the mac and cheese was indeed undercooked.

"It's okay, it's okay. I'll go cook it for a little bit longer." One of the nurses hurriedly took it back to the kitchen.

"I'll make some oatmeal! Oatmeal is easy."

Charlotte hastily made some instant oatmeal and served it to them.

"Mm, it's yummy." Finally having some decent food, Ellie slurped on it happily. "Yum yum!"

"Yeah, it's perfect. It's not salty, and it's cooked!" Jamie added solemnly.

Charlotte covered her face, wishing the ground would open up and swallow her whole.

"There isn't enough nutrition in oatmeal alone. I'll go cook some eggs," another nurse suggested.

The third nurse chimed in, "I can make pancakes. I'll make them right away since there's still time." With that, the three of them started whipping up a meal in the kitchen.

"Thank you, nurses..." The triplets were very well-mannered.

Ellie even put on a serious expression as she comforted her mother. "It's okay, Mommy. You've gotten much better at this. Last time, you couldn't even cook oatmeal, remember Mommy?"

"It's because it's instant oatmeal, so it's a lot easier to make." Jamie took a bite of his oatmeal before adding, "Mommy, you should cook your best dishes next time, just to be safe."

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chapter 437

"Yeah! Mommy's buffalo wings, beef lasagna, and grilled vegetables are all very yummy." Robbie joined in to comfort Charlotte. "Oh, and also Mommy's tomato soup and mushroom soup."

"Alright, then. Thank you for not getting mad at Mommy."

Charlotte did not know whether to laugh or cry. Indeed, she only knew how to make those few dishes. In the past, Mrs. Berry would make the buns and cook the mac and cheese for breakfast beforehand. She only had to bake the buns and reheat the mac and cheese in the morning. However, everything went out of hand when she tried to make them from scratch today.

It seemed like she had a lot to learn.

After the minor hiccup, the triplets eventually finished their breakfast. Charlotte quickly went ahead to prepare their school bags for them.

Robbie's eyes widened in bewilderment as he asked, "What are you doing, Mommy?"

"Don't you need to go to school?" Charlotte smiled. "Mommy will take you three to school today."

"But today's Sunday," Jamie looked at her in perplexity.

"Uh..." Charlotte was dumbfounded. Yesterday was Saturday. Right. What's wrong with me today...

"Ms. Windt, you must've lost track of the days because of work." One of the nurses smiled at her. "Jamie needs to go to our hospital for his follow-up today. Mr. Nacht will be there too."

"We're accompanying Jamie to the hospital. Mr. Henry wants to bring us to his house for a visit after that." Robbie said seriously, "You should rest at home today, Mommy. We'll bring food back for you tonight."

"It's okay. There's enough food at home. Mommy will settle her own dinner." Then, Charlotte gently reminded, "Mommy won't be going with you kids today, okay? Mommy's gotta visit Mrs. Berry at the hospital, then come home and rest for a bit before going to work."

"Okay, Mommy. Take care of yourself."

The triplets hugged Charlotte and kissed her smack on the cheeks.

It wasn't long before Henry called from the car that was already waiting downstairs.

Robbie asked the three nurses to bring them down so that Henry wouldn't have to come all the way upstairs. In fact, he was being considerate of his mother, doing this so she wouldn't have to hide from Henry again.

Jamie's pediatrician was already waiting at the door. After packing up, the nurses led the triplets out.

Charlotte waved goodbye to them. Seeing the happy looks on their faces, she became slightly emotional.

In the past, the triplets used to be very attached to her and would be disheartened if she didn't come home at night.

Now that they had Henry caring for them, they were no longer as dependent on her. Whether she went out at night or worked during the day, the triplets would always be understanding toward her.

Henry didn't only arrange for their treatment and daily needs, even their weekends were fully packed with activities.

Perhaps as their mother, she should be worried about this.

However, it was good that the triplets had a good relationship with Henry. Although they didn't know the truth, blood was thicker than water after all. Hence, there would always be a sense of bonding between them nothing in the world could snuff out.

In the event that something were to happen to her, at least the triplets would have someone to rely on.

Hence, Charlotte wasn't against her children spending time with Henry.

She tidied up the kitchen and ate something simple before taking a nap.

When she woke up at noon, the soup in the slow-cooker was ready. She transferred the soup into a thermos and also packed some sourdough bread before hailing a taxi toward Kindness Hospital.

Mrs. Berry was currently leaning against the headboard while watching some programs on the television. When the nurse brought food for her, she didn't seem to have any appetite.

Right then, Charlotte breezed into the room. "Mrs. Berry!"

"Miss, you're here." Mrs. Berry's mouth curved into a brilliant smile upon seeing Charlotte. "Aren't you supposed to be spending time with the children at home? Why did you come here?"

"The kids have gone to the hospital for Jamie's follow-up. There are three nurses accompanying them, so they don't need me." Charlotte took out the soup and bread, placing them on the table while saying merrily, "I made lentil soup for you and brought along some sourdough bread to pair with it."

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"Thank you, Miss." Mrs. Berry looked at the decently cooked soup, grinning from ear to ear. "The children said that your cooking skills have improved. I didn't believe it at first, but now, it looks to be true. I have to admit, this soup looks very presentable."

"Hahaha! Today's breakfast was an epic failure though."

Charlotte recounted the events from this morning with an embarrassed look on her face.

Tickled pink, Mrs. Berry bellowed with laughter. Then, she patiently taught Charlotte how to shape hot cross bunnies and make mac and cheese.

Charlotte listened attentively, going so far as making notes with her phone, vowing to whip up a decent breakfast for the triplets tomorrow.

Mrs. Berry looked at her with a relieved smile. "When I first fell sick, I was worried that without me at home, the triplets wouldn't have anyone to take care of them. You'd have your hands full trying to do everything yourself, but seeing that you have it all worked out now, I finally feel at ease."

"No, no. Everything at home is still very much a mess..." Charlotte held her hand with a flattering smile. "The kids and I want you to get well quickly and come home as soon as possible."

"Okay, okay!" Mrs. Berry nodded as warmth enveloped her heart. "When I get better, I'll go home right away. I even asked Dr. Langhan this morning and she said that I can be discharged in a month and a half's time."

"That's great news. We can't wait for you to return."

Charlotte knew Mrs. Berry well. Only the feeling of being needed would give the latter a sense of accomplishment and contentment.

"Miss, you haven't eaten yet, have you? Let's eat together."

"Sure."

The two were about to eat when an enraged voice coming from outside abruptly broke through the peace. "Why the hell are you stopping me? Don't you know who I am? Get out of my way!"

Charlotte's body instantly tensed up. That voice sounds so familiar...

"Ms. Blackwood, are you here to see Dr. Langhan? I'm call her here right now."

"I'm not here for Dr. Langhan, so there's no need to call her."

The voice was accompanied by the sound of approaching footsteps. Before long, Sharon arrogantly walked into the ward.

Charlotte looked over her shoulder and her brows immediately pulled into a frown. What is she doing here?

"Turns out you really are here." Sharon stared coldly at Charlotte. "If I didn't happen to find out that your housekeeper is under Raina's observation, I would've never been able to find you."

"Whatever this is about, let's go outside and talk."

Putting down the utensils, Charlotte got up and walked toward the door. As far as she was concerned, Sharon was nothing but trouble and the last thing she wanted was to disturb Mrs. Berry.

"Why must we talk outside?" Sharon scoffed derisively. "Are you scared that others would know about your dirty deeds?"

"This is a ward, not somewhere you can just cause a scene." Charlotte's frown deepened. "Can't we go outside and talk in private?"

"No. I'm not going anywhere..." Sharon gritted her teeth and cursed, "I want the whole world to know that you're a shameless b*tch who stole someone else's husband! You're a homewrecker!"

"Who are you?" Mrs. Berry went purple with rage upon seeing Charlotte being bullied by an unfamiliar woman. "Stop throwing baseless accusations! Ms. Windt is innocent!"

"Innocent?" Sharon looked like she just heard the funniest joke in the world. "Old lady, you probably don't know this, but Charlotte is a homewrecker. She seduced my husband..."

"You're lying. That's impossible." Mrs. Berry raised her voice in anger, "Ms. Windt is a good girl. She will never do such a thing."

"She's nothing but a shameless sl*t!" Sharon yelled with eyes that burned with hatred. "First, she seduced Hector, breaking his marriage apart, then Michael was next, and now, she's set her eyes on my husband..."

"Your husband?" Charlotte finally had enough of it and refuted, "Are you married to Zachary? No, so how is he your husband?"

"We're getting engaged soon..."

"Soon, but not yet, right?" Charlotte cut Sharon off and yelled furiously, "And let me point out that he was with me first. If anything, you're the homewrecker!"

"B*tch!" Sharon snarled and slapped Charlotte across the face.

Caught off guard, Charlotte staggered and almost fell onto the ground.

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"H-How dare you hit Ms. Windt?"

Mrs. Berry was livid, grabbing the thermos in front of her and throwing it at Sharon.

Although Sharon successfully dodged it, her body wasn't spared from the hot soup inside. Her shrieks instantly reverberated through the room as the soup scalded her. With a pained and outraged expression, she roared, "You damned old lady! How dare you?"

"What? I was just doing your parents a favor by teaching their uncultured daughter a lesson."

Mrs. Berry got down from the bed and helped Charlotte up.

"Boys!" Sharon pointed at Mrs. Berry with an unrelenting gaze as she ordered, "Take her down."

Two bodyguards walked in and were about to tackle Mrs. Berry.

Charlotte quickly stood in front Mrs. Berry, shielding her. "Don't you dare lay a finger on her!"

"What if I want to?" Sharon rushed forward and shoved Mrs. Berry hard.

Mrs. Berry was knocked against the bed and fell to the ground, causing the IV needle on the back of her hand to pierce deeper into her flesh, instantly drawing blood.

Seeing this, Charlotte flew into a rage and landed a hard slap on Sharon's cheek.

The crisp sound echoed through the room.

Sharon couldn't recover from her shock. To be precise, she had never expected Charlotte to be so bold as to hit her.

A red handprint immediately formed on her cheek.

"How... How dare you hit me?" Sharon's eyes went wide with fury as she screamed hysterically, "I'm gonna kill you!"

With that, she lunged at Charlotte.

"Don't touch Ms. Windt!" Mrs. Berry rushed over to protect Charlotte.

The two bodyguards sprung to action, pulling Mrs. Berry away, but the latter used her heavy weight to her advantage and put up quite a fight.

"Let her go!" Charlotte stepped forward to help Mrs. Berry, but her hair was grabbed by Sharon.

Not one to go down without a fight, Charlotte unsheathed her claws and fought against Sharon.

Two more bodyguards rushed in and swiftly restrained Charlotte, twisting her arms behind her back.

"Go to hell, b*tch!" Sharon raised her arm and was about to slap Charlotte.

"Stop!" An angry roar pierced through the tension.

Sharon's hand froze midair and she looked back, gasping in shock, "Daddy? What are you doing here?"

"Let them go," Taylor sternly commanded.

The bodyguards immediately loosened their grip and stepped to a side.

"Miss!" Mrs. Berry hurried over to support Charlotte. "Are you alright?"

Charlotte caught sight of the wound on the back of Mrs. Berry's hand. The needle had penetrated so deeply into her flesh that blood was constantly trickling out.

The sight of it was like a sharp blade driving into her heart. As she held Mrs. Berry's hand, her entire body started trembling with fury and heartache.

"Get out." Taylor's brows furrowed.

"Daddy..."

"I said get out!" Taylor shot a glare at Sharon.

Filled with bitter resentment, Sharon pointed at Charlotte and gritted out, "This isn't over."

Then, she swiveled on her heels and stormed off.

"Stop right there!" Charlotte called out.

Sharon stopped in her tracks and was about to let out a string of curses.

Before she could, Taylor stepped forward and bowed deeply to Mrs. Berry and Charlotte. "My sincerest apologies. I will take full responsibility for this matter."

"Daddy..." Sharon's eyes widened in disbelief. "How could you apologize to her? Do you know that this b*tch-"

"Shut up." Taylor did not allow Sharon to speak.

Before she lost her cool, she stalked out of the ward.

"All of you leave us too," Taylor ordered.

The bodyguards retreated and stood guard outside.

After the door was closed, Taylor bowed and apologized to Charlotte and Mrs. Berry again. "My daughter was spoilt since young. I will definitely discipline her harshly after this. Please rest assured that I'll make sure she never bothers the two of you again. I'm truly sorry. Please accept my apology."

After that, he turned to leave.

Faced with his sincerity, Charlotte couldn't bring herself to kick up a fuss.

Oddly, Taylor stopped just shy of the door and turned back to look at Charlotte, asking in a feeble voice, "Was your father's name Richard Windt?"

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"Yes." Charlotte asked with a frown, "Is there a problem?"

"No." Taylor shook his head repeatedly, looking slightly distressed. "Then, what about your mother's name?"

"I don't think I need to answer that."

From a young age, her father had told her not to tell anyone her mother's name.

Although she didn't know why her father had repeatedly warned her against it. Hence, she had since kept her mother's name close to her heart.

She knew that it was a matter of great importance. Even during her mother's birthday each year, she and her father would secretly celebrate it at home, never letting any word about it get out.

Hence, she had always guarded this secret.

"That was rude of me." Taylor lowered his head to apologize, then left right after.

As Mrs. Berry studied him from the back, a crease formed on her forehead. "This man looks quite familiar. I feel as though I've seen him somewhere before."

"He's Sharon's father." Charlotte's face remained hostile as she didn't have a good impression of the Blackwood family.

Raina came in right then. Upon seeing the mess in the ward, she exclaimed in shock, "Oh my lord! What happened in here? I was visiting a branch hospital today and rushed over right after I received a call, but I was still too late..."

She walked over to check on them. "Ms. Windt, Mrs. Berry, are you both alright?"

"I'm fine, but please take a look at Mrs. Berry's hand." Charlotte held Mrs. Berry's hand with a pained expression on her face. "Look how badly you were injured."

"Let me have a look." Raina frowned upon seeing the wound and immediately ordered a nurse, "Bring over the first-aid kit."

The nurse immediately brought it over and Raina personally treated Mrs. Berry's injury.

Charlotte stood by the side with her brows tightly knitted into a frown.

Just then, her phone rang with a call from Zachary. Due to the anger still coursing through her veins, she declined the call directly .

Raina glanced at her and was about to say something when her own phone rang, to which she swiftly answered. "Mr. Nacht! Ms. Windt is fine. Don't worry, Mr. Blackwood has already taken Ms. Blackwood away..."

After briefly explaining, the caller hung up.

Raina treated Mrs. Berry's wound and told her to rest well. Then, she tugged Charlotte out of the ward and explained, "I heard Ben say that Mr. Nacht has been ignoring Ms. Blackwood lately, not answering her calls or replying her messages. So, Ms. Blackwood went to the company to confront him, but he's been avoiding her.

"Ms. Blackwood believed that you're the reason for all these so she's been looking for you high and low. She couldn't find out your address because of Mr. Nacht's influence. Somehow, she caught wind that Mrs. Berry is hospitalized here, so she came over to find you."

"She should go look for Zachary, not me." Charlotte's rage skyrocketed when she thought about it.

"Well, Ms. Blackwood has always been like that..." Other than this, Raina didn't know what else to say. "It's also my fault that something like this happened today. I'll arrange security for Mrs. Berry and make sure no one disturbs her from now on."

"This has nothing to do with you. The hospital is opened to the public. It was only a matter of time before this got out." Charlotte sighed. "This is actually Zachary's fault. It's because he didn't manage things well."

"Don't blame him. He's actually-"

"Forget it. Let's not talk about this." Charlotte was still mad at Zachary and didn't want to think about him. "I'm going to accompany Mrs. Berry for a bit. I won't keep you any longer."

"Alright then." Raina knew that she couldn't persuade Charlotte when it came to this. Hence, she changed the subject. "About Mrs. Peyton's condition, I've discussed it with a few specialists and devised a treatment plan specifically for her.

"From a personal standpoint, I think it'll give better results than the hospital she's in now, but you should still send the plan to your friend and let her think about it, see if she wants to transfer here."

"That's great. Thank you." Charlotte expressed her utmost gratitude.

"I'll pass the plan to you later. As for the cost, I can offer some discounts, but it won't be much. Generally speaking, the cost will still be higher than public hospitals, so you'll have to remind your friend to consider it properly."

"I understand."

Raina came back with the plan after a while and handed it to Charlotte. After Charlotte kept it safe, she went back to the ward to accompany Mrs. Berry.

Mrs. Berry was initially happy, but now, something seemed to be weighing on her mind.

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chapter 441

"Ms. Windt," the nurse greeted Charlotte before leaving the ward.

Only Charlotte and Mrs. Berry were left in the ward.

Charlotte walked over to hold Mrs. Berry's hand as remorse crept into her heart. "I'm sorry for dragging you into my mess."

"Silly girl. We're a family, so I don't want to hear you say such things again," Mrs. Berry chided. Then, a scowl appeared on her face when she thought about Sharon. "I don't have a good feeling about that girl. From what I could see, she's nothing but an arrogant bully who enjoys hurting others."

"But..." Charlotte wanted to explain the matter regarding Zachary and her, but she didn't know where to start.

"You don't need to explain your private life to anyone." Mrs. Berry held Charlotte's hand, patting it reassuringly. "I will always support the decisions you make because I believe that you're a good girl and will never do anything bad."

"Thank you, Mrs. Berry..." The elder lady's words had tugged on Charlotte's heartstrings.

"I've been thinking about who that girl's father is. I seemed to have met him before, but I just can't remember where." Mrs. Berry tapped her head. "I know I've seen him before. I just know it."

"He asked about my father just now. Maybe he had some business dealings with Dad in the past?"

Charlotte also found Taylor strange. The first time they met, he had stared at her and even asked Ben what her name was.

At that time, Charlotte thought that he wanted to avenge his daughter. But after she found him to be quite reasonable, she didn't think he was a bad person. However, the questions he asked just now had thrown her off a little bit.

"I don't think so." Mrs. Berry shook her head. "Back in the days, I was only in charge of family matters and rarely went to the company. Mr. Windt never brought any business associates back home either, so if that man was a business associate, it was unlikely I would've met him."

"That's true." Charlotte nodded. "Alright. Don't push yourself to think too much about that. Rest for now. I'll go buy something for you to eat."

Mrs. Berry sighed dejectedly. "What a pity. You used such a long time to cook the soup, but I didn't get to taste it at all."

Her heart ached at sight of the lentil soup which was spilled all over the floor.

"It's okay. I'll make it for you again tomorrow."

Charlotte ordered takeout for Mrs. Berry, making sure to choose the same food, lentil soup and bread. However, the soup didn't taste as good as the one Charlotte made."

Although she failed in making the buns and mac and cheese, she was quite good at cooking soup.

Most importantly, it was the thought that counted.

After eating lunch with Mrs. Berry, Charlotte stayed with her while her wound was dressed again and persuaded her to sleep before hurrying home.

She had two performances on that night. At first, it was only for a company anniversary party, but Felicity informed her last minute that she would have to perform at a wedding banquet as well.

Charlotte rushed home and changed her clothes, then hurried over to the venue for her first performance.

That night was Olivia's off day, so she went over to assist her.

With someone by her side, Charlotte wasn't as keyed up anymore.

Her performances ended at nine o'clock. After receiving her pay, she treated Olivia to some meat skewers at a nearby restaurant and also passed the treatment plan Raina gave her to Olivia.

Olivia read through it in detail and immediately made her decision. "Charlotte, please help me tell Dr. Langhan that I want to transfer my mother over and I'm willing to pay however much is needed."

"Okay. I thought you'd say that anyway." Charlotte nodded. "Don't worry about the cost. We'll figure it out. Our priority is making sure your mother gets treated."

"Thank you." Olivia was immensely touched by Charlotte's goodwill.

"Don't mention it, silly girl. We're a family." Charlotte smiled warmly. "Okay, tell you what. Come to Kindness Hospital tomorrow and I'll introduce you to Dr. Langhan, then you can discuss with her about your mother's condition and also let her take a look at your hands."

"Okay. Thank you, Charlotte."

After having supper, Charlotte rushed home with a thought in mind. Will Zachary be waiting downstairs at ten o'clock sharp like last night?

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Is he going to mad again if I'm late?

With worry gnawing at her, Charlotte urged the taxi driver to go faster.

Finally, the taxi pulled up in front of the building in Happy Avenue at nine fifty-eight. However, Zachary's car was nowhere in sight.

Charlotte thought perhaps he would only arrive at ten sharp since every second counted for a businessman like him.

Hence, she waited by the roadside for two minutes, but there was still no sight of him.

Maybe he's caught in traffic?

Or something important cropped up?

Charlotte waited for a few more minutes, but when he still did not come, her head drooped with disappointment.

She speculated that he was probably angry because she didn't answer his call earlier and decided not to come.

Or perhaps he was busy placating Sharon and her father after what happened in the ward.

Whatever. Come or don't come, it doesn't matter to me!

In fact, I'd rather he never come again.

Charlotte took in a deep breath and marched into the residential estate, all the while giving herself a mental pep talk. Stop thinking about that b*stard. You're fine without him, Charlotte. He can do whatever the hell he wants...

As she was deep into her thoughts, the elevator door dinged open to show a familiar figure standing inside.

Charlotte gaped at him, thinking she was imagining this.

I must be seeing things after thinking about him too much.

Charlotte rubbed her eyes. What? It really is Zachary!

"Are you coming in or not?" Zachary peered at her coldly.

"What are you doing here?" Charlotte entered the elevator.

"What do you think?" Zachary answered her question with a question.

"Don't tell me, you came upstairs to find me because you didn't see me downstairs?" Charlotte asked anxiously, "Did you run into the kids?"

Zachary remained silent.

"Wait, that's not right." Charlotte gnawed on her lip nervously. "I came back at nine fifty-eight sharp and I waited for you downstairs, but you weren't there. What's going on? When did you get here?"

"You waited for me downstairs?" Zachary cocked a brow.

"Well, you said you'd pick me up at ten," Charlotte answered without thinking.

"Oh?" Zachary reached out to pull her into his arms, gazing at her intimately. "So, you were also looking forward to seeing me, right?"

"N-No, I wasn't."

Charlotte refused to admit that she was indeed looking forward to seeing him, or rather, seeing him had turned into a habit.

"Liar." Zachary lifted her chin and nibbled on her cherry lips.

"Stop it." Charlotte frantically pushed him away. "There's a CCTV here."

"Then, we'll go home and pick up where we left off." Zachary pinched her cheek dotingly.

"What? You're coming home with me?" Charlotte blanched in horror. "No, no, no. You can't..."

"Why not?" Zachary toyed with her. "Are you that ashamed of me?"

"The kids will see you and that's not good." Charlotte started to panic. "You should hurry up and go back."

Right then, the elevator doors slid open at the sixteenth floor.

Zachary was about to walk out, but Charlotte quickly stopped him and pressed for the close button at the same time, frantically saying, "Wait for me downstairs. I'll come down after seeing the kids."

A frown appeared on her face after a while. "That's weird. Why isn't it working?"

She kept pressing for the first floor, but it just wouldn't light up. That was when she noticed that the button for level 17 was lighted.

"Forget it. Come out first and use another elevator."

Charlotte was visibly flustered and Zachary found it greatly amusing.

"Alright, I won't scare you anymore."

Then, he pushed her out of the elevator. "You have half an hour with your kids. I'll be waiting for you upstairs."

"Huh?" Charlotte was stunned, unable to understand him. "Go upstairs? Why?"

"Idiot." Zachary couldn't be bothered to explain and closed the elevator directly.

Dumbfounded, Charlotte stood motionless and it took a while before she came back to her senses. Don't tell me... he moved in upstairs?

No way, right?

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"Ms. Windt, you're back."

The door to her house opened at that moment and two of the nurses came out.

"Amelia, Mildred. Thanks for all your help." Charlotte greeted them. "Where's Violet?"

"Violet's waiting for Ellie to finish her milk. She'll leave after that." Amelia said with a smile, "Robbie and Jamie are all grown up now. They don't want to drink milk anymore."

"Hahaha! Yeah, they said real men don't drink milk." Mildred mimicked Robbie and Jamie's voices.

"Those two silly boys." Thinking of her children, a bright smile stretched across Charlotte's lips.

"I'm done." Violet came out just then. "Oh, Ms. Windt, you're back. The triplets are all asleep now."

"They slept a little later tonight because some people were moving things upstairs and it was quite noisy. It stopped only half an hour ago." Mildred explained, "I think a new resident just moved in."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte was even more certain that Zachary had indeed moved in upstairs.

He bought the unit next door for the nurses, and now he's bought the unit upstairs as well?

What the hell is he up to?

"You should go in and rest now, Ms. Windt." The nurses urged, then reported, "Jamie's follow-up visit today went well. The medical report is on the dining table. You can take a look at it when you're free."

"Alright, thank you for your hard work today." Charlotte smiled broadly. "I'll make breakfast for the kids tomorrow, so you three can sleep in a bit."

"Uhm..."

"Don't worry, I'll prepare a perfect breakfast tomorrow. No more mistakes." Charlotte's face heated up with embarrassment.

"Hahaha! Sure, the kids would be delighted. Goodnight, Ms. Windt."

“Goodnight!”

Charlotte returned home and picked up the medical report on the table. Jamie’s leg was recovering well. The doctor suggested that he recuperate for two months and go for his checkup on time each month.

There was also some takeaway food on the table with a note written by Robbie. Mommy, we brought this back for your dinner. Don’t forget to reheat it before eating.

Charlotte was touched by their children’s gesture. No matter where they went, they would never forget to bring food back for her.

She carefully pushed Ellie’s bedroom door open and peeked in to see her hugging her stuffed alpaca, already asleep. Her chubby belly moved up and down in tandem with her breathing. She looked like a princess under the decorative pink veil, quiet and well-behaved.

Charlotte quietly closed the door and went to the next bedroom to see that both Robbie and Jamie were already sound asleep. Jamie was still holding a Rubik’s Cube in his hand, while Robbie was holding a book. They even forgot to turn off the lights.

Charlotte crept into the room to turn off the lights, then covered them with their blankets before going out.

She moved the food on the table into the kitchen and changed into a set of comfortable casual wear. Putting on her slippers, she snuck out of the house again.

After making sure she locked the door, she took the elevator upstairs. Sure enough, Zachary was in his pajamas and holding a glass of red wine while leaning against the door waiting for her.

“You really moved here?” Charlotte still found it hard to believe.

“Do you have to ask?” Zachary pushed her inside.

Charlotte was shocked with she saw the furnishings in the house. “Did you move all your furniture here?”

“Obviously.” Zachary lowered himself onto the sofa, propping his feet on the coffee table. “I can’t buy any good furniture on such short notice. Even if I did, there’d be the formaldehyde issue, so I moved the furniture from my place.”

“Oh my God...” Charlotte spun in a circle as she gawked at her surroundings. “It looks exactly the same. Even the vases, the ashtray, the paintings...”

“Idiot.” Although Zachary was slightly annoyed by the silly look on her face, he couldn’t bring himself to look away. “This unit is only slightly smaller than two thousand square feet, so it can’t accommodate all of my things. I only moved some of it.”

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chapter 444

“Why did you suddenly wanna move here?” Charlotte asked curiously.

“Because of you...” Zachary stopped the words at the tip of his tongue and quickly corrected, “Because you’re annoying. You woke me up so early and disrupted my sleep. I thought I might as well just move here so that I can sleep a little longer.”

Charlotte noticed the way he was feigning indifference and couldn’t help but giggle. “So, you wanna be closer to me and see me every day. Is that it?”

“Don’t flatter yourself.” Zachary wore a disdainful look on his face.

“Oh? I’ll leave then.” Charlotte turned toward the door, pretending to leave.

“Don’t you dare.” Zachary snagged her hand and pulled her into his embrace.

Due to the momentum, Charlotte fell on his lap, bringing their faces inches away from each other. She could even clearly see her reflection in his eyes.

Zachary cupped her cheek with one hand and gently rubbed her lips with his thumb. “Why is your face swollen?”

Only then did Charlotte recall that she had been slapped by Sharon earlier. Anger surged in her chest and she grumbled, "It's no thanks to you."

"Huh?" Zachary frowned. "Sharon hit you?"

"I slapped her back." Charlotte proudly lifted her chin up.

"I see you've finally grown a pair." The corner of Zachary's lips tugged upward.

"Is that a compliment?" Surprise flashed across Charlotte's eyes.

"Of course." Zachary grasped her chin and declared a serious tone, "My woman is no pushover. If someone hits you, you hit them back!"

Silence ensued.

Thinking she had heard it wrong at first, Charlotte was stunned for a good few seconds before snapping out of it. "But she's your fiancée."

"My grandfather is a willful man, but he doesn't speak for me," Zachary replied blandly.

"You don't want to marry Sharon?" Charlotte asked tentatively, "Then, why did you agree?"

"I didn't..." Zachary started, but continued with a question. "Didn't you want me to quickly get married so that you could get rid of me sooner?"

"No, I didn't..." Charlotte started to panic. "I just... I just..."

"Just what?" Zachary held his breath, anticipating her answer.

"If you really want to marry someone else, would I be able to stop you?" Charlotte spoke from her heart, "I can't change anything, so what else could I have said?"

"So, you don't want me to marry someone else?" Zachary's eyes glowed with an unusual light. "You like me, don't you?"

Charlotte bit her lower lip and pondered for a moment before answering earnestly, "When you're not violent, yes... but it's a no when you lose your temper."

Zachary was rendered inarticulate and his brows gradually drew together. "What the hell?"

"To put it simply, sometimes I like you and sometimes I don't." Charlotte held his face in her hands and took the opportunity to plead, "If you promise not to lose your temper again, I'll promise to always like you..."

"That depends on whether you behave or not." Zachary's hand reached into her skirt and slowly slid upward as his sexy lips pressed against her ear lobe. "Do you like me now?"

"No, I don't-"

Charlotte's words were cut off when Zachary sealed her lips shut with a rough kiss.

As she was imprisoned in his arms, she was defenseless to his antics. He pried her legs open and placed her on his lap so that she was straddling him, then guided her on a whole new adventure.

It was yet another wild and passionate night. However, this night was a little different as both of them bared their souls to one another, becoming physically and emotionally entwined.

Throughout the night, the two of them enjoyed the pleasures of love, becoming closer than ever.

As they lay in each other's arms in the wee hours, Zachary caressed Charlotte's silky hair and gently kissed her forehead. "You're very cute when you're obedient..."

"You too." Charlotte nestled in his arms, rubbing her cheek against his neck. "You're very gentle when you're not angry."

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"If... I say I want to marry you..." Zachary asked abruptly, "Would you say yes?"

However, Charlotte didn't hear his question because she had already fallen asleep.

Zachary looked down to study her face and couldn't deny that she looked adorable even in her sleep.

He sighed helplessly, then leaned down to kiss her eyes. After pulling the blanket securely around her, he let sleep take over him.

The alarm went off at half past six in the morning,

Charlotte jolted awake and rolled out of bed. Without even washing her face, she pulled on her clothes and wore her slippers. "I'm going down to make breakfast. Go back to sleep."

With that, she promptly took off, one of her slippers falling off in her haste.

Staring at her klutzy movements, Zachary's mouth curved into an alluring smile.

Then, he turned on his side and continued sleeping.

Charlotte rushed back home as fast as she could. Fortunately, the three nurses hadn't arrived yet and the triplets were still asleep.

She dashed into the kitchen and started making breakfast.

To play it safe, she prepared a simple breakfast comprising of sandwiches, dumplings, some fruit salad, and juice.

These foods had high success rates, so Charlotte was confident that nothing would go wrong.

The children woke up when she started blending juice. Hearing the noise, Robbie immediately ran to the kitchen and called out gleefully, "Mommy!"

"Good morning, Robbie!" Charlotte looked back to smile at him while she was cutting the fruits.

"Good morning, Mommy." Robbie padded over to hug Charlotte. "You must be tired, Mommy."

"Aww, it's okay. Watching you three enjoy breakfast makes Mommy very happy." Charlotte kissed his forehead just as the doorbell rang. "It must be the nurses. Go open the door for them."

"Okay." Robbie ran over to get the door.

The nurses came in and helped the triplets wash up and get dressed.

The family sat at the dining table and happily dug into their food.

Breakfast was a success this time and the children enjoyed their meal. Charlotte rested her chin on one hand while watching the triplets wolf down their food, a strong feeling of contentment blooming in her heart.

"Mommy, you should eat too." The triplets fed Charlotte some fruit salad.

"Thanks, kids." Charlotte only ate a bit of fruit salad.

Soon, the three children finished their breakfast. After that, they carried their backpacks and went to school accompanied by the nurses.

Charlotte walked them to the elevator and waved goodbye to them.

After they left, she quickly went home to make two portions of breakfast and brought them upstairs.

She was about to tap on the door with her foot, but the door opened before she could. "How did the door open on its own?" she asked in bewilderment.

"There's a new technology called fully automated housekeeping."

Zachary was reading the financial section on the newspaper at the dining table with a glass of warm water in front of him.

Charlotte shrugged. "Hmm, I guess it's only normal that you have a one-of-a-kind home, seeing as you're the boss of a tech company."

She placed the tray down and transferred the plates of food onto the table. "You know, you look like you were waiting for me to bring breakfast up."

"Of course. Why do you think I moved here?" Zachary studied the breakfast spread on the table. "You made all of this yourself?"

"Mmm." Charlotte felt slightly embarrassed. "It's nothing fancy, but they taste quite alright. Go ahead and try some."

Zachary had one dumpling and nodded. "Not bad."

Then, he picked up a sandwich and took a bite. "This one's a little but soggy."

After that, he ate a mouthful of the fruit salad. "Too much dressing."

Lastly, he took a sip of the apple juice. "You should've added some salt while you were blending the apple."

When he was done evaluating everything, he finally started eating.

"You're really hard to please, you know that?" Charlotte pouted unhappily. "This breakfast is already considered one of my best."

"It's quite alright." Zachary was biting into a sandwich. "If only I had a cup of black coffee to go with it."

Charlotte was lost for words.

She realized that he was displaying a serious case of machismo, but there was nothing she could really do about it.

"Do you have a coffee machine?"

"It's in the kitchen. There are coffee beans too."

"You eat first. I'll go grind the beans for you."

"Good girl."

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 446

Charlotte came back with a cup of coffee in hand. Zachary had already finished his breakfast by then and took a sip of the coffee, nodded in approval. "Mm, not bad!"

"Finally, a compliment." Charlotte sighed in relief. "So, it seems like I gained something from working in Divine Corporation. At least I learned how to make good coffee."

"Look at you go." Zachary ruffled her hair affectionately. "Alright, eat your breakfast before it gets cold."

"I can't possibly finish all of this. You should have more."

With that, Charlotte brought a sandwich to his mouth.

Zachary instinctively took a bite. Then, as if it was the most natural thing to do, Charlotte withdrew her hand and continued eating it. At that moment, they looked like they were an old married couple.

This subtle gesture struck a chord in Zachary. As he quietly watched Charlotte, he secretly made a decision.

"You're going to the company today, right?" Charlotte did not notice the strange expression he was wearing, looking at her phone while planning his schedule. "It's seven forty already. What time do you need to head over there?"

"It's still early. Don't worry." Zachary wiped off the bread crumbs from her mouth, then handed her a cup of juice. "Drink some."

"I can't eat anymore." Not having much of an appetite, Charlotte yawned and said, "I wanna sleep."

"Go ahead." Zachary pulled her into his embrace. "I'll keep you company."

"It's fine. You have to go to the company soon, right?" Charlotte stood up to clear the table.

"No, I'm leaving at ten." Zachary carried her into the bedroom.

"Zachary, I just wanna sleep." Charlotte grew anxious. "Like really sleep, not the other kind of sleep..."

"Hah!" Zachary pressed her on the bed and deliberately frightened her. "I wasn't planning on doing anything, but now that you've mentioned it, I seem to remember that we only had two rounds last night. It's not enough..."

"No..." Charlotte thrashed against him in shock. "I'm bone-tired and really sleepy. Please, let me sleep for a while..."

"Idiot!" Zachary bit her ear lobe and hugged her against his chest. "Sleep then. I'll stay with you."

"No touching..." Charlotte turned around so that her back was facing him. It wasn't long before she started to sound drowsy. "I'll sleep until ten..."

"Okay." Zachary kissed her ear and gently patted her shoulder, coaxing her to sleep.

Charlotte fell asleep quickly, curling against him like a baby.

Initially, Zachary planned to sleep for a bit as well, but his phone vibrated with an incoming call just then. He fished out his phone and when he saw that it was from Henry, he declined it without hesitation before sending a text. I can't pick up the phone now. Is something up?

Soon, Henry replied: Come home this instant, you little brat!

Zachary replied: What is it?

Sharon has been looking for you for more than ten days and you've been avoiding her. What's the meaning of this? She even came to see me, so come back right this instant!

I'm busy now. Let's make it at night. I have something to tell all of you as well.

6 p.m. this evening. Sharon and Mr. Blackwood will both be here, so you better show up. Otherwise, don't blame me for being merciless.

Understood.

Following that, Zachary sent a message to Ben: Prepare all the evidence on Sharon.

Ben simply replied: Understood. He was flummoxed upon receiving a text message from Zachary. Mr. Nacht never liked texting. Why is he texting me his orders all of a sudden?

Though confused, he did as he was told.

After making the necessary arrangements, Zachary switched off his phone and put it away. Then, he wrapped his arms around Charlotte and closed his eyes.

It was raining outside, so the weather was chilly and very suitable for sleeping in.

The woman in his arms was soft and supple to the touch. Coupled with her sweet scent, she resembled a silent lullaby as he hugged her tight.

Shortly after, Zachary drifted off to sleep.

No matter how busy or troubled he was, as long as she was beside him, he would be able to sleep peacefully.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 447

Charlotte finally woke up in a daze, turning over and burrowing into Zachary's arms out of habit. Nuzzling the crook of his neck, she reveled in the scent that was solely his, feeling especially warm on the inside.

"Hey." Zachary had just woken up too. He stroked her hair and kissed the crown of her head. "Hungry?"

"A little bit..." Charlotte retrieved her phone from under her pillow. "Oh God, it's twelve already!"

"Yeah." Zachary took her phone away. "It's time for lunch."

"I'll go make us lunch now." Charlotte scrambled to get out of bed.

"Don't trouble yourself. I'll handle it." Zachary pulled her back. "Let's hug for a little longer."

"Is it really okay for you to not go to the company?"

Charlotte felt uneasy. Back when she was at Divine Corporation, he rarely went into work this late unless the time he went for business trips.

"I'm the boss. My word is the law." Zachary turned on his phone and dialed a number. "Arrange lunch and have it delivered here at one sharp."

After ending the call, he cuddled with Charlotte again and naughtily bit her ear lobe. "I wanna eat you."

"Stop messing around..." Charlotte drew back from him, avoiding his lips. "I should get up now. I have something to do later."

"What thing?" Zachary held her chin, dropping a kiss on her forehead and cheeks.

"I..." Charlotte almost slipped up, stopping herself at the very last second. "I'm meeting a close friend for tea later."

"Is there anyone else?" Zachary began to nibble on her neck.

"No, it's just her..." Charlotte started moaning softly. "Stop it. I really need to get up now, and it's a hassle to wash my hair."

"Fine." Zachary reluctantly released her. "Shower here. I'll help you blow-dry your hair."

"Okay." Charlotte went to the master bedroom's bathroom and was surprised to find that all her toiletries had been prepared. There was even a set of pajamas for her.

"I'll go to the other bathroom. Wait here for me after you're done."

Zachary's voice came from outside.

“Okay,” Charlotte replied, staring at the toothbrush in the pink ceramic cup next to Zachary’s blue ceramic cup which held his own toothbrush. They were a matching set which looked childishly cute.

Charlotte broke into a blissful smile because she never expected to see this side of Zachary.

Recently, he had been so gentle and warm that she could barely remember how he was when he lost his temper and became violent.

At that moment, all she could think of was Zachary’s thoughtful and loving side.

She seemed to have grown accustomed to this side of him.

In fact, she may have even fallen in love with him.

Charlotte looked into the mirror and asked herself. Are you really in love with him, Charlotte?

Lost in thought, the sound of her phone ringing brought her back to reality. She hurriedly ran out to answer the call. “Hey, Olivia.”

“Charlotte, don’t forget to meet me in Kindness Hospital at three. Oh and Ms. Fuller told me to remind you that the banquet at six tonight is very important, so don’t be late.”

“Got it. I’ll go straight to the hotel after meeting you at the hospital.”

“Okay. I’ll be on duty tonight, so I won’t be accompanying you. Remember to contact Ms. Fuller directly.”

“Mmm.”

With that, Charlotte ended the call and put her phone aside before going to the bathroom for a shower.

Her hair was very long, so it was especially tedious to wash.

While she was washing her hair, a figure walked in, giving her a big scare when she turned around. “Why did you come in?”

“To help you...”

Zachary hugged her from behind and scrubbed her body, gently biting down on her shoulder.

“You’re at it again. Stop it...” Charlotte whimpered helplessly, “How many times do you wanna do it in a day? My body can’t take it...”

“You don’t need to do anything. I’ll do all the work.” Zachary picked her up and ravaged her once again.

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Charlotte felt like she was going to die from exhaustion. Zachary was insatiable and often tired her out. Despite that, she could never resist him.

By the time the two of them came out, it was already two o’clock. Ben had been waiting outside for more than one hour and the food had already gone cold.

Right then, Ben tentatively pressed the doorbell.

Charlotte pulled her long hair into a ponytail and went to get the door. Realizing that Ben had waited until now, color tinted her cheeks.

“The food has probably gone cold. I’ll call the chef over to reheat it.” Ben was about to make a call.

“It’s fine. I can do it myself.”

As Charlotte spoke, Zachary came out of the room, wrapped in only a bath towel.

Ben immediately bowed his head and retreated.

Charlotte was so embarrassed her face flushed a scarlet red. She wanted nothing more than to dig a hole and crawl into it.

"We're all adults. What's there to be embarrassed about?" On the contrary, Zachary was as cool as cucumber.

"Don't ever do this again." Charlotte rolled her eyes at him and went to reheat the food.

Zachary drank a cup of black coffee and went to the room to get dressed. Checking his phone, he saw that there were two missed calls from Sharon. He ignored it and put down his phone before going outside to have lunch with Charlotte.

"I'll be back late tonight. After you're done with your stuff, come over to rest first."

Zachary pulled her hand over and saved her fingerprint on his tablet.

"Fingerprint successfully registered. Welcome home!" An automated voice sounded from the tablet.

"This is..."

"Your fingerprint access." Zachary put down the tablet. "From now on, you're the lady of this house."

"Lady of the house..." Charlotte murmured as warmth enveloped her.

Zachary caressed her face and tenderly said, "Wait for me tonight."

"Okay." Charlotte smiled tenderly at him, overwhelmed with happiness.

"I've gotta go now." Zachary put down his utensils and got up to put on his coat. "Enjoy your lunch and take a nap after you're done."

"I'm done too. I'll go down and change, then head out right after."

With that, Charlotte adjusted his coat for him and walked him out.

Zachary kissed her head before striding into the elevator.

Charlotte could tell that he was busy, but wanted to spend more time with her.

After cleaning the table, she went home to change and rushed to Kindness Hospital.

Olivia had arrived earlier than their appointed time. Upon reaching, Charlotte brought her to meet Raina, who then explained her mother's condition to her in detail and gave her some pertinent suggestions. After that, she took a look at Olivia's hand.

Raina concluded that it wasn't a serious injury and could be cured completely. However, because the best recovery window had passed, it would take more time for her to heal.

Olivia was over the moon. At first, she thought that she wouldn't be able to play the piano for the rest of her life, but now, she was brimming with rekindled hope.

Raina prepared a treatment plan for Olivia, informing her to free up a month to receive treatment, then help her mother with the transfer procedures.

Charlotte waited for Olivia to settle matters here before leaving in a hurry. Felicity had repeatedly told her that the banquet on that night was of great importance and the performance fee was twenty thousand. Hence, she reminded Charlotte to be there on time.

When Charlotte reached the hotel, Felicity was already making arrangements for the banquet. Upon seeing her, the latter rushed her to go get dressed as she was had to perform at six on the dot. The performance would last for about three hours, so she had to be fully prepared.

Charlotte went to the dressing room and slipped on the attire they had prepared for her, then got her makeup done and officially appeared on stage.

Seeing as many important figures were invited, the banquet was very likely hosted by a wealthy family. The guests who came were either filthy rich or immensely powerful. Charlotte even spotted a few familiar faces among the crowd, which got her thinking.

Could the host be someone I know?

Right then, said host made an entrance.

Taking in the magenta-colored gown and the princess hairstyle, Charlotte's eyes gradually widened as she realized that the stunningly beautiful host was none other than Helena Brown!

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 449

Charlotte felt slightly uneasy. So far, she was thankful for the part-time jobs Felicity offered her. Hence, she never inquired about the specifics.

It had been a long time since Charlotte saw Helena. Truth be told, there wasn't much conflict between them, but Helena held a grudge against her. And she had become extremely hostile toward Charlotte because of Hector.

Thus, Charlotte was disinclined to have any interactions with her.

Little did she know that she would run into her here.

Luckily, Charlotte had the foresight to wear a mask during her performance, so as to avoid unwanted trouble.

All she could hope was that Helena wouldn't recognize her.

Before she could dwell on it, Felicity cued her from backstage, leaving her no choice but to begin playing.

Below the stage, many influential figures stepped forward to greet Helena, who enjoyed being the center of attention.

Charlotte's performance garnered some attention and several guests asked Helena where she hired this pianist who possessed such extraordinary piano skills.

Helena didn't take it seriously as she treated their inquiries as a compliment.

Soon, the male host of the banquet made an appearance. Helena personally welcomed him and introduced him to all the guests. "This is my boyfriend, Hector Sterling. We hope to receive everyone's guidance and support."

Charlotte turned her head to cast a brief glance, her hands on the piano slowing down slightly.

Hector? I can't believe it!

He has just divorced Luna for slightly over a month, but he's publicly together with Helena already?

Hector used to be the cherished love of her life, a refined and flawless man. However, his image in her heart was completely ruined at that moment.

Four years ago, he had abandoned her for the sake of his own future and family interests, then married Luna on a whim.

Four years later, he failed to manage his family well and had an affair, which led to the breakdown of his marriage and hammered his career.

And now, he got involved with Helena for some inexplicable reason.

His irresponsible character would only make him sail deeper off the edge and reach the point of no return.

Charlotte was utterly disappointed in him.

However, this was his own choice to make and she had no right to interfere.

Charlotte withdrew her gaze and continued playing the piano.

"The music is quite good." Hector instantly took notice of the pianist on stage.

"Well, of course." Helena held onto Hector's arm intimately and proudly stated, "I spent a lot of time and effort on the banquet's preparation."

"You did a great job." Hector gently kissed her forehead.

The two of them resembled newlyweds with how intimate they were with each other and several guests came forward to congratulate them.

Helena introduced Hector to each guest, trying her best to pave the way for him and offer him new business opportunities. Hence, she announced that the Brown family would be collaborating with the Sterling family on a development project.

This piece of information piqued the interests of many guests. Hence, they exchanged contacts with Hector and agreed to cooperate in the future.

There were also a small number of guests started a private discussion, whispering among themselves.

“The Browns’ business is growing rapidly. Ms. Brown is a woman from a wealthy background who has both looks and talent. Why did she fall for a down and out man like Hector Sterling?”

“I don’t get it either. Sterling Group is going downhill. If it wasn’t for the Browns’ support, it would’ve gone bankrupt by now.”

“Not only that, Sterling has a bad reputation as well. Four years ago, he trimmed his sails back when the Windt family went bankrupt and broke off the engagement with his childhood sweetheart cum fiancée. Four years later, he divorced his wife and is now leeching off the Browns. A shameless person like him doesn’t deserve to be a son-in-law of the Brown family.”

“Ms. Brown is young, so she might be fooled easily, but her father should’ve advised her against it. How could he leave his daughter unchecked?”

“Perhaps Ms. Brown is doing it behind his back.”

“We came here today out of respect for the Browns, but it turns out that Ms. Brown’s only purpose is to promote Sterling. I’m going to leave soon...”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 450

"I received another piece of insider information." One of the guests cupped his mouth and whispered, "I heard the Sterlings offended the Nacht Group and was blacklisted by them.

"Is that true?" After hearing those words, other guests got excited and began to surround them.

"That was what I heard." Frowning, the guest who revealed the information, continued, "I don't want to offend the Nacht family. I shall leave now."

With that, the man hurriedly left from the back.

The other guests who overheard the news were also preparing to leave when they heard an angry shout from the door. "Let me in! I want to go in! Do you know who I am? I am Mrs. Sterling."

The woman was very loud, as though she was using all her strength to holler.

Charlotte's piano melody abruptly paused again. Turning back, she realized that the person screaming hysterically while being held back by the security guards was Luna.

Dressed in an old-fashioned outfit, she looked like she had hastily applied her makeup and had messy hair. As she tried to barge into the banquet hall, the two security guards stopped her.

The more they held her back, the more agitated she became. She screamed so loudly that everyone present could only hear her voice.

With the scene she was making, the pleasant atmosphere changed.

As a result, Helena's expression turned dark as she scowled.

The guests began to talk amongst themselves, and some even directly asked Hector, "Mr. Sterling, is that your ex-wife?"

"Mr. Sterling, did you get a divorce already?" Someone else asked.

All these questions made Hector flustered. Embarrassed, he shot Owen a look.

Understanding his message, Owen brought two bodyguards with him and wanted to take Luna away.

At that instant, Luna managed to break away from the security guards. She frantically rushed forward and roared, "Helena, you are a b****! How dare you steal my husband? I am going to kill you!"

Then, she pounced onto Helena while bearing her teeth.

The two bodyguards with Owen grabbed the attacker before she could do anything. No matter how much she flailed her arms and struggled, she could not get close to her target.

"We have divorced a long time ago, so you have no right to question my choices." With a stoic expression, Hector snarled, "Don't be an embarrassment here. Get out this instant!"

"You think I'm an embarrassment? Haha..." Luna broke out in a fit of laughter.

Even though she was laughing, tears were streaming down her face.

With a forced smile, she continued, "Why didn't you think I was an embarrassment when I gave birth to your son? When I sold all my family assets to pay off your debt, was I an embarrassment too? Now that I am penniless, you decided to cast me aside and call me an embarrassment? Hector, you are a bastard!"

Listening to what she had to say, the guests started to cast suspicious looks at Hector. Some were even pointing their fingers at him, gossiping about his character.

Meanwhile, the color drained from Hector's face as he was at a loss.

Immediately, Helena stepped forward and stood in front of Hector protectively. Angrily, she shouted at the other woman, "Luna, stop making a scene here. Both you and your mother had done so many shameful things. All I have to do is to pick one out randomly, it would be

enough to sentence both of you to life imprisonment. Hector was soft-hearted enough to leave you a lifeline. Yet, you have been shameless and kept clinging onto him. How dare you try to slander him?"

This opposing argument changed the guests' opinions again. Thinking that her defence for Hector sounded justified, they decided that Luna was probably spouting nonsense.

Besides, Luna's reputation was not great either. Everyone had heard about how she had created scenes on various occasions before.

"Who are you to talk to me?" Luna bitterly glared at Helena. "You have been pretending to be a good person in front of me by providing me various help to mislead me. You made me believe that Hector was cheating with Charlotte. Therefore, I kept monitoring her movements. Now, I finally realized that he was actually having an affair with you, and the female in the video was you. You are really cunning! You have repeatedly tried to sow discord between Charlotte and me, reaping the benefits while watching us fight with each other."

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chapter 451

As Luna spoke, Hector's expression changed. He looked at Helena in shock.

"Hector, don't listen to her. Clearly, she is spouting nonsense because she has something against me," Helena quickly tried to explain. "Can you believe what she is saying?"

"Of course not. I believe you," Hector assured Helena.

In such a situation, he would naturally take her side. Without further ado, he gave Owen a hand signal, indicating that he wanted his ex-wife to be taken away.

"Hector, how can you not trust me?" Heartbroken, Luna howled, "If you don't believe me, you can always ask Charlotte about it. At least, you will believe her, right?"

Panicking, Helena furiously demanded, "What are all of you waiting for? Get her out of here immediately!"

Obediently, the bodyguards forcefully dragged Luna out.

Squirming in their grip, the woman cursed, "Helena, you are a despicable and shameless woman. I will kill you one day!" She paused before whining, "Hector, I gave up everything for you. How can you be so cruel? When Timothy grows up, he will never forgive you..."

Before she could complete her sentence, the bodyguards covered her mouth.

Despite that, she did not stop struggling. She had kicked off her shoes, and her head even knocked against the table. Unexpectedly, a glass on the table fell and crashed onto her head. Mixing with the wine from the goblet, blood began to flow down her face.

She looked embarrassing and pitiful...

Despite so, everyone ignored her.

Even the bodyguards continued to drag her away like she was a dead dog.

The scene was horrifying.

There were frowns on the guests faces.

No matter how terrible Luna was, she was still Hector's ex-wife and the mother of his son.

After all, they were a couple once, so how could he be so cruel?

She might be mean and have many issues, but she had always been loyal to Hector.

Everyone else could cast Luna aside and shame her, but Hector should never do that.

For a long time, Charlotte felt conflicted and was speechless.

Logically, she should be happy to see Luna end up in this state after the latter tried to use various ways to hurt her. Yet, she could not gloat at Luna's situation.

Instead, she pitied Luna and felt fortunate that she did not marry Hector then.

Otherwise, she might end up like her, being shamed in a public like this today...

As Luna had spoilt the party, many guests left quietly. Others exchanged a few words with Helena before giving an excuse to leave.

Within a short time, one-thirds of the guests had left the banquet hall.

Disappointed and crushed, Helena walked backstage with a grim expression.

There was a lot of tension in the air. Trying to save his relationships with his guests, Hector hurriedly went to every remaining guest to appeal to them.

Given the circumstances, the music had stopped too.

Felicity allowed Charlotte to rest at the backstage.

Coincidentally, Charlotte received Robbie's call when she reached backstage. She only managed to exchange a few words before the violinists beside her started to gossip about what had happened.

Therefore, she had no choice but to continue the call outside.

She cooed, "Mommy is still at work, and my new job is to play the piano for others."

"Yes, I do like to play the piano..." she answered her son's question.

Before she could finish, she was stunned by the sight of something. In the parking lot not far away, she saw two bodyguards hurling Luna into the back of their van.

When the door opened, Charlotte clearly saw Helena in the backseat. The woman had a cold expression.

"Robbie, I have something to take care of. I'll end the call here," she quickly cut the call and sneaked closer to the vehicle to take a look.

In the parking lot, there were many luxury cars. Unlike those, this vehicle was in the area reserved for work use.

Hiding behind another car to spy on the van, she could not help but feel shocked at what she saw. Helena was slapping Luna.

As it went on, Luna's arms were held in place by the bodyguards, and there was nothing she could do to resist. The victim could only resign to fate and receive the hits.

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Despite being beaten, Luna's mouth still went off like a canon. She continued to hurl vulgarities and insults at Helena, which made the latter grit her teeth in anger.

Since the car was soundproof, and Charlotte was standing from a distance away, she could not hear the words that Luna and Helena were exchanging.

Regardless, Helena got out of the car not long after. When the door opened, Charlotte saw the two bodyguards in the car ripping Luna's clothes apart.

Meanwhile, Luna was struggling desperately and yelling, "Helena, you will die a terrible death. You will be punished one day..."

Then, the door closed again. Helena ordered the other two bodyguards guarding the car, "Take good care of the former Mrs. Sterling. She is thirsty for men's love."

The two subordinates nodded.

"I don't think two is enough. Look for more men to pounce on her," their boss sniggered with a creepy look in her eyes.

Following that, she left with the other bodyguards.

Watching the scene unfold, Charlotte was stunned and petrified. She always knew Helena was devious, but she did not expect the latter to do something as cruel as that.

If she hates Luna to the core, she could have just ordered a beating. How could she do this...

At that moment, the van began to rock violently, like there was a fight happening in it.

At first, Charlotte wanted to rush forward to save the woman. However, her brain told her that she would not only be unable to save the victim, but she would also put herself in danger if she charged forward without a plan.

Given so, she immediately pulled out her phone to call the police.

Unfortunately, a bodyguard spotted her. "Who are you?" one shouted in her direction.

Charlotte's face turned pale instantly, and she fled.

Two bodyguards were hot on her heels.

Seeing that the bodyguards were about to catch up to her, Charlotte panicked. Luckily, a voice interrupted, "What are you doing?"

Instantly, the men chasing behind her stopped in their tracks.

Turning her head, Owen was with a few bodyguards, rushing over to the parking lot. Without a choice, the two bodyguards guarding the car guiltily confessed what had happened.

Owen swung his fist and punched one of them. He roared, "You are bas*ards! Let her out right now!"

Those words allowed Charlotte to heave a sigh of relief before she quickly returned to the hotel.

Looking down at her phone, she realized that she was connected to the police hotline. Since Owen had already come forward to clear the situation, she hung up, thinking that there was no need to involve the authorities anymore.

She did not want to attract extra trouble.

After all, Luna and Owen once knew each other, so he probably would not leave her in the lurch.

Besides, this was a crime in the first place, and anybody in the right mind would try to stop it.

Even so, Charlotte still informed the security guards at the hotel to play safe. "I think something happened at the parking lot. It would be best if you could take a look."

"What happened?" one of them asked.

"A lady seems to be in trouble. I'm not sure of the details, but you would understand once you get there," Charlotte explained.

"Alright, thank you."

Promptly, four armed security guards headed over.

Feeling more assured, Charlotte walked to the hotel's lounge briskly.

"Charlotte!" Felicity hurried to her. "The banquet ended early, and you can get off work now. I will still pay you two thousand, which I will transfer to you tomorrow."

"Thank you, Ms. Fuller." Looking at the banquet hall, the guests were leaving one after another. Even the performers were packing up to leave.

"Why is your dress so dirty?" Felicity noticed that Charlotte's maxi dress was stained with soil. Frowning, she stated, "You have to wash this. Otherwise, I can't explain it to the uniform company when I return it."

"I'm so sorry. I will wash it tonight and return it to you tomorrow," Charlotte apologized.

Then, she went backstage and got changed. Packing up her belongings, she prepared to leave from the back.

When she passed by the parking lot, she subconsciously scanned it. Is Luna alright?

Although Luna had hurt her previously, that woman had already received her retribution.

She hoped that Luna would be fine.

Continuing to walk towards the roadside to call for a taxi, she suddenly heard a moan for help. "Help me, please..."

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Alarmed, Charlotte stopped in her tracks. When she listened carefully again, she heard another plea for help.

Looking around, she found a leg sticking out of a rubbish bin a distance away.

Frantically, she turned on the flashlight on her phone and cautiously walked over. Opening the lid, she saw Luna...

She was naked and covered in blood. Barely alive, she was lying on the pile of rubbish, using her remaining strength to call out hoarsely, "Please help me."

It was a dreadful sight.

Trembling in fear, Charlotte called the police right away.

Within a short span of time, the police and ambulance arrived at the scene.

As an eyewitness, Charlotte was brought to the police station to explain what she saw.

She told them truthfully about the situation, without hiding any details.

After taking down her statement, Charlotte queried, "How is she doing?"

"Are you referring to the victim?" A policeman sighed. "Doctors in the hospital told us that seven men raped her. Currently, she is severely injured and mentally unstable..."

"What?" Charlotte gasped. Her eyes widened in shock, and she agitatedly grilled, "How could that have happened? I clearly saw Owen walking over to save her. How..."

A policeman revealed, "We already contacted Owen, who you mentioned earlier. He explained that he did stop them and let Luna go. However, he doesn't know how it ended up like that."

"Is there no security camera in the parking lot? Who the hell did this to her?" Charlotte pressed on.

"There is a security camera there. Unfortunately, we realized that it was facing a corner which did not show what happened. We have looked for Owen's bodyguards too, but they all have an alibi. They said after they released her, they headed back to do other work."

"Do you mean that those were not the bodyguards who raped her? Who are they?"

The policeman stated, "We are still investigating."

Done with her business at the police station, Charlotte walked out from there in despair. Unexpectedly, she met Hector at the entrance.

Facing each other, they exchanged complicated looks.

“Get in.” Hector opened the car door himself and gestured towards it. “I will send you home.”

Charlotte rejected him flatly, “No need.”

Now, she no longer had any affection for him. Instead, she felt guarded and wary around him.

“Okay then.” Unlike before, Hector did not explain more like before. He only said, “Let’s talk in the car. We are in front of the police station, so you don’t have to worry.”

Although Charlotte hesitated, she still got into the car.

“I want to get myself clear,” Hector spoke first. “Although Luna and I have divorced, and I am deeply disgusted by what she had done, I would never do something as despicable as this.

“Neither would I order my subordinates to commit a crime as ruthless as this. I tried to stop those people then and I wanted to send my wife home...I mean Ms. White home. However, she cursed at me and refused to accept my offer. I’m sure you know her temper. Therefore, I had no choice but to let her leave.”

Owen, who was in the car, eagerly added after letting out a deep sigh, “Ah, if I knew this would happen, I would have sent her straight home, no matter how much she scolded or hit me.”

“Well, you only have to explain it to the police. There is no need to tell me.” Charlotte was indifferent to his explanation. “If there’s nothing else, I’ll take my leave first.”

With that, she pushed the car door open, but Hector grabbed her hand, “Lottie...”

By instinct, Charlotte retracted her hand and was placed her guard up again. “What else do you want?”

“Do you work part-time at an event company?” Hector gently probed. “If you face any difficulties, I...”

“I am very well now and don’t have any difficulties,” Charlotte crudely cut him off.

"Why are you so cold towards me?" Hector furrowed his brows. "Zachary is about to marry Sharon. You have seen his true colors. Don't you know that I am the only person who treats you right?"

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 454

"What?" Charlotte thought it was ironic and ridiculed, "Hector, you are really scary..."

"What are you talking about?" The man frowned. "How am I scary?"

"Luna was your wife for four years, and she even gave you a son. Even if she doesn't have the best character, she was sincere to you. Shouldn't you cherish the relationship you once had with her? Now that she is in such a dire state, you are confessing your love to another woman? Doesn't this make you a monster?"

Charlotte stared at Hector like he was a stranger.

She continued, "Even if you were just her friend or her acquaintance, you would pity her at the very least. Furthermore, she only ended up like this because of you."

"Haha..." Hector laughed coldly and pointed out sarcastically, "You are so benevolent! Have you forgotten how she treated you?"

"Four years ago, she used shameless and ruthless means to break our relationship. She made you lose your virginity and took your place instead. "After four years, she still humiliated you and your children on multiple occasions, putting you in a difficult spot.

"She even forced you to marry the man from T Nation. If Zachary did not reach you in time, you would be in T Nation by now. Have you already forgotten about all that?"

"I did not, but..."

Hector ignored her. "I know you are a kind person. However, you are mistreating yourself by being kind to your enemy." He paused before he snarled, "I used to be compassionate too, but I have learnt my lesson. I will not be like my former self anymore and will stand on my own feet. One day, I will destroy Zachary and make him pay for everything he did to me."

"Is that why you got together with Helena?" Charlotte could not understand him. "Do you really love her?"

"Is that important?" Hector mocked, "I love you, but do you love me?"

His words made Charlotte speechless.

"Love, sex, and marriage are three different things." As though he understood everything about life, Hector looked into a distance and droned on, "Love can stay in one's heart. Sex can help one meets one's desire. As for marriage, one can benefit in various ways..."

"You have changed," Charlotte spat. She could not fathom what he was thinking. "Everyone has their ambitions, and I can't influence what you think. Regardless, let me remind you. You should think about your son before you do anything else and ponder over whether your actions would make him hate you in the future."

With that, she left.

This time, Hector did not stop her and just watched her disappearing back figure. He hissed, "You said I changed, but you have changed as well. If you haven't changed, you would not be together with Zachary."

Ring! His phone rang, and it was Helena.

Looking at his phone, Hector ignored it.

"Mr. Sterling, do you think Ms. Brown is responsible for this?" Owen asked in a small voice.

"It is the police's job to find the truth." Hector snorted, "We have nothing to do with it."

"Then, will it affect your relationship with her?" Owen asked.

"Of course not," Hector confidently stated before answering his phone. "Helena."

"Hector, where are you?" The lady on the other end sounded anxious.

"I'm in front of the police station."

"Did you see Charlotte? Are you together with her?" Helena demanded.

"I met her at the entrance. We spoke for a bit, and she left," Hector replied.

"Are you..."

Immediately, Hector assured her, "Don't worry, I only have eyes for you."

"I'll look for you now. Please wait for me..."

"Alright..."

After he ended the call, Hector turned to look in the direction that Charlotte went. His gaze hardened...

It was because Zachary humiliated him time and time again, crushing his dignity, which forced him to become who he was today.

One day, he would make Zachary pay twice as much.

He wanted to prove to Charlotte that he was just as capable as Zachary.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 455

In the taxi, Charlotte called Zachary, but there was no response. She recalled that he told her he would return home late tonight.

Maybe he is busy.

After she hung up, she looked out of the window and recounted what happened today. She could not seem to process it.

Who the hell ordered the attack on Luna?

Was it Helena?

It is probably her.

Well, does Hector really not know about it then?

Did Owen really save Luna at that time?

Otherwise, did he participate in it too?

Charlotte's head started to hurt as she pondered over it. Taking a deep breath, she blocked it out.

It had nothing to do with her, and she did not wish to interfere.

By the time she reached home, it was past midnight. All her children were asleep. Changing into a new set of clothes, she headed upstairs.

Zachary had yet to return, and the house seemed empty and lonely.

It made Charlotte feel depressed. Since she could not sleep, she decided to wash her dress and hang it up to dry.

Then, she stood on the balcony and watched the traffic go by, hoping to spot Zachary's car.

At that moment, she missed him very much.

She only felt safe with him.

It was close to two in the morning, but Zachary was still nowhere in sight.

As Charlotte was too tired to wait any longer, she took a bath and slept first.

Probably because today's events were too shocking for her, she had a nightmare. She dreamt of Luna being covered in blood while questioning her for not saving her.

In her dream, Charlotte eagerly tried to explain but could not seem to make a sound...

Before she knew it, Luna pounced on her and squeezed her neck.

Charlotte jolted awake from the nightmare, sweating profusely while trembling in fear.

It took a long time before she finally managed to calm herself down. Getting out of bed, she headed out for a glass of water.

Looking back at what happened today, she felt guilty. If only she did not blindly believe that Owen would save Luna and called the police; this probably would not happen...

Ring! Her phone rang all of a sudden.

When she looked at her phone screen, Charlotte saw Amanda's name. She answered the call instantly.

Amanda roared, "Charlotte, you bi*ch! Why didn't you help her? If you hate me, you can take it out on me in any way you like. You can even take my life. However, how can you do this to my daughter? Why?"

In her final sentence, she broke down.

Hearing Amanda's cries, she felt the mother's despair and empathised with her.

After a short pause, Charlotte explained, "I have explained everything to the police. You can ask them about what happened, and I will not explain anymore. I know that you probably won't believe what I say anyway."

Amanda was still wailing on the other end.

"Just so you know, I am sad about what happened too!"

After the abrupt line, Charlotte ended the call.

She did not know how to console the other party nor explain herself. Furthermore, she did not want any more misunderstandings to occur. Perhaps, her silence was the best way out of it.

Hopefully, Amanda would collect her emotions and stop blaming her.

While she was contemplating the matter, she heard the door opened. Immediately, she jumped to her feet.

Entering the house, Zachary casually threw his jacket aside and was unbuttoning his shirt while heading for the bedroom. When he saw Charlotte, he opened his arms automatically.

Without hesitation, the woman rushed into his embrace, tightly wrapping her arms around his waist.

"It's late. Why are you still up?" He gently ruffled her hair. "Were you waiting for me?"

"What took you so long to come back?" Charlotte whined.

She was hugging him very tightly. What happened today made her scared and felt insecure. However, being back in his embrace made her feel at ease again.

"I had something to deal with," Zachary replied. He raised the woman's chin and pushed the loose strands of hair on her face aside. Then, he gently kissed her eyelids. "Did you miss me?"

"Yes." Charlotte tiptoed and took the initiative to kiss him.

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chapter 456

Her actions took Zachary by surprise. He picked her off her feet and allowed her legs to wrap around his waist. While kissing, they headed to the bedroom.

Two of them fell onto the bed, their eyes burning with affection, and the temperature in the room seemed to have risen. Charlotte was so into it that Zachary could not stop...

After the passionate night, Charlotte finally drifted to sleep at dawn.

Unable to resist the temptation, Zachary leaned in to kiss the woman's eyes and cheek before continuing to stare at her sleeping face.

Tonight, he made Ben prepare the evidence for Sharon's misdeeds. He planned to stand up to Henry and the Blackwoods to demand the marriage contract to be called off.

Unexpectedly, before he submitted the evidence, Henry got a heart attack and fainted.

Everyone got a shock, and Zachary immediately sent Henry to the hospital. After a few hours, the older man's condition finally stabilized at two in the morning. As he was afraid that Charlotte was waiting up for him, he rushed home.

Ring!

His phone vibrated, and Zachary quickly answered it. He whispered, "Hello?"

"Mr. Nacht is awake," Ben said. "Please hurry over. The doctor wants to see you."

"I'll be there in a jiffy." Zachary hung up and carefully withdrew his arm from under Charlotte. Lowering his head, he kissed the sleeping figure then got up to change.

Before he left, he wrote a note and placed it under the lamp by the bed.

His chauffeur was already waiting downstairs. As soon as he got into the car, he received a call from Bruce. "Ms. Nacht has disembarked from the plane. She is heading to the hospital now."

"Okay," Zachary acknowledged. "I want you to get some people to protect Charlotte in secret."

"I understand."

After the call, Zachary's phone rang again. This time, it was Johann. "I heard Mr. Nacht is sick. Is that true?"

"Where did you hear it?" Zachary furrowed his eyebrows.

"It was insider news. Don't ask me about the details." The man on the other end softly continued, "This is big news. Although you are the only grandson, you are not married and have no successors. I'm worried that the other branches of Nacht Group would question your inheritance rights. When the internal fight starts, it will spell trouble for you."

"I know," Zachary simply replied.

"You are still young and haven't been through any family fights..." Concerned, Johann expressed, "In the face of big advantages and interests like this, even people who are related by blood would kill each other. It will reveal the evil side of humans."

Hearing that, Zachary grew solemn.

Throughout his life, he was always the strongest. He was a child prodigy, and by sixteen, he took over the company and started managing the Divine Corporation. No matter what difficulties he met, he would often outmatch his competitors. Even when forced into a corner, he was never scared.

However, it would be a challenge to compete against his blood relatives for the family assets.

He grew up without his parents, so his grandpa educated him. On the other hand, his aunt, Zara, played the role of his mother. She took good care of him, and he was very close to her...

Unfortunately, everything changed somehow.

Perhaps, it was because he grew up and became more independent. Soon, they started to have conflicts of interest.

Therefore, Henry divided them into different industries and made them promise not to offend each other.

For ten years, everything was peaceful.

It was not until Chris pretended to be him. He angered Zachary by almost raping Charlotte, which resulted in their first dispute.

“Take good care of the situation. I shall not bother you anymore,” Johann advised and hung up.

Still holding onto his phone, Zachary looked crestfallen.

He managed to resolve the previous conflict perfectly, but the war would start again.

Although he did not wish to take this step, he could not tolerate it if anyone wanted to challenge his authority.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 457

By the time Charlotte woke up, Zachary was not beside her anymore. Reading the note under the lamp, a smile crept on her face.

Pig! Remember to have breakfast when you wake up. I will be busy today and might be home late again. Regardless, I will be back!

He signed off as ‘gigolo’, as he did before.

Charlotte could not help but laugh. She kissed the note, feeling a sweet sensation spreading all over her.

Cohabiting with him for the past few days made her feel particularly happy. Now, she realized that Zachary could be warm and good to her.

She began to think that she should confess to him and tell him about his children soon. Perhaps, they could live together happily as a family.

Breaking her trail of thoughts, the alarm rang. Glancing at her phone, Charlotte realized that it was already half-past seven. She did not hear it earlier.

In a hurry, she got out of bed and ran home barefooted with her phone in her hands.

Her children were already awake. A nurse was preparing breakfast while the others were combing the children's hair and dressing them.

Taking the opportunity while they were busy, Charlotte secretly sneaked back to her room. Then, she pretended to have just gotten up. Waving at her children, she greeted, "Robbie, Jamie and Ellie, good morning!"

"Good morning, Mommy!" Her children greeted her cheerfully.

"Mommy, you can sleep a little more. We can get to school ourselves." Robbie was very considerate. "You look very tired."

"I am quite tired, but I still want to have breakfast with you guys." Charlotte gently ruffled Robbie's hair.

"Hmm, Mommy, have some hot cross bunnies." The boy passed her a bun.

"Mommy, have some soy milk." Following suit, her daughter passed her a glass of soy milk. Then, the girl used her chubby little hands to push away the hair on her mother's forehead. "Mommy, don't get tired. You should rest more."

"Ellie, you are such a good girl." Charlotte pecked her daughter's cheek then turned to look at Jamie. She realized that he looked troubled, with his head hung low.

"Jamie, what's wrong?" She softly asked.

He tilted his head and frowned. "I called Mr. Henry last night and wanted to ask him how I should use the toy he bought me. He was happily chatting with me when suddenly he went silent and..."

"What happened next?" Charlotte egged on.

"Then, I heard lots of voices. Some were screaming for Mr. Henry, while others were yelling for the doctor..." Jamie spoke while gesturing with his hands.

Then, he anxiously questioned, "Mommy, is Mr. Henry alright?"

"Is he sick?" Charlotte furrowed her brows, feeling an ominous premonition.

"Let me give him a call."

Robbie immediately took out his phone and dialled Henry's number. Unfortunately, it was off.

The family exchanged looks, and the atmosphere turned grim.

Ellie pouted, and tears filled her eyes as she asked, "Is Mr. Henry sick? Shall we go to the hospital to look for him?"

"Ellie, don't worry." Charlotte hugged her. She tilted her head and looked at the nurses. "Amelia, Violet and Mildred, did you hear anything about it?"

"Nope." They shook their heads.

"Do you want me to call and find out?" Amelia took out her phone and made a call.

"Wait." Charlotte quickly stopped her. "Don't say anything about it, and don't ask about it."

"Mommy, what's wrong?" Jamie asked in confusion.

"Mr. Henry has a special status and there are many things about him that are confidential. We should not spread the news," Charlotte explained. "If we say anything wrong to people outside, it may cause unnecessary trouble for him."

"That's true. We should listen to Mommy." Robbie urged, "We should pretend that we don't know anything and not ask about it."

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"I will not say anything either." Ellie used her chubby little hands to cover her mouth.

"What should we do then? Do we sit back and do nothing?" Jamie asked uneasily. "I'm worried about Mr. Henry."

"Me too..." Robbie lowered his head. "Mr. Henry treats us well. If he's really sick, we should go and see him."

"Don't worry," Charlotte tried to comfort her children. "I will try to find out about what happened. Once I confirm the news, I will arrange for all of you to visit him."

"Okay," the children nodded obediently.

"Alright, you should all eat breakfast first before heading to school."

"Yes, Mommy."

Then, Charlotte got changed and sent the children to the school bus.

As Jamie's leg was still in a cast, the nurses followed them, so they could come back home together when school was over.

When Charlotte returned home, she took a while to think about what to do before she decided to call Zachary.

It was engaged.

She knew he was probably busy and did not want to bother him. Instead, she decided to talk to him after he returned home that night.

She proceeded to tidy the house and make some soup for Mrs. Berry. Then, she was about to take a nap when Simon suddenly called.

Pausing for a moment, she answered, "Hello?"

"Charlotte, do you have some time to spare? Can we meet?"

"I'm afraid, I'm a bit held up at the moment..."

She did not want to see them. Firstly, there was no need to do that. Secondly, she was afraid that they would misunderstand that she ditched Luna purposely, and they would want to take revenge against her.

"Don't worry. We don't have any ill intentions, but we only want to ask you some things in person," the other person assured.

"I have already told the police what I know. You can ask them directly."

"Give me your phone." At that moment, she heard Amanda's voice. The woman was trying to control her emotions and sound calm. "Charlotte, if you don't wish to see me, it's alright. I only want to ask you a few questions. You can answer me over the phone instead."

Charlottes gave in. "Ask away then."

"I already understood the situation from the police, and I believe what you said was true. Back then, when we mistreated you, you did not take revenge against us. Now, it's even harder to believe that you would get someone to hurt Luna. After all, even if you wanted to, you would not be able to bring yourself to do that."

"You sure understand me well."

Charlotte let out a bitter laugh. If Luna had half of Amanda's wisdom, things would not have gotten to this point.

"Regarding the incident, there are certain things that the police refused to reveal. I wanted to ask if you saw the people who dragged Luna into the van. Did they bully her there?" Amanda probed.

"That..."

Charlotte felt like she was in a difficult position. She understood that the police wanted to protect the suspect's identity before carrying out a thorough investigation of the matter. Therefore, they did not want to reveal the details.

As an eyewitness, it was not her position to disclose anything.

"It seems like the person who ordered it is someone I'm familiar with," Amanda commented.

She was clever and could guess from Charlotte's hesitation. Trying to sound her out, Amanda muttered, "Was it Hector?"

"No," Charlotte immediately denied.

"Then, it must be Helena then," Amanda used the same method again.

Charlotte was stunned. When she was about to speak, Amanda already confirmed her guess. "It was her! I knew that it was that sly b****! Our family has already ended up in this situation. Why can't she let Luna off? Why is she so insistent on pushing her to a dead end?"

"You should calm down..." Charlotte quickly persuaded. "This matter has yet to be investigated. You should wait for the police to conclude it."

"Calm down? How can you ask that of me?" Amanda howled. "My daughter was raped and suffered a huge blow. She can't get pregnant ever again and is mentally unstable. Her life is over..."

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chapter 459

Hearing that, Charlotte felt bad too. Letting out a sigh, she murmured, "I'm sorry. If only I called the police earlier, things might have turned out differently."

"Why didn't you call the police?" Amanda agitatedly accused, "Why?"

"I wanted to report it when I witnessed the incident unfold. However, they spotted me and chased after me. Then, someone else appeared to stop them, so I thought it was over. I did not expect..."

"Someone came out to stop them?" Amanda picked up an important point and grilled Charlotte about it, "Why did you think that it was over? Was it Hector who appeared?"

"No, it was Owen..." Charlotte explained, "I thought that since they were a family once, Owen would save Luna. Besides, it was illegal to hold someone forcefully, and Owen would not allow that to happen..."

"A family? How were they a family?" Amanda wailed, "Didn't you know that Owen hates Luna? He probably stopped them as a show for you so you would not call the police. After you left, he must have continued to punish Luna."

"That can't be true, right?" Charlotte was shocked. "Why does he hate Luna? Even if they had disagreements, he wouldn't..."

"Forget it. I can't be bothered to explain it to you." Amanda was livid. "Charlotte, you should pray for good luck. If you don't learn your lesson, someone as innocent as you will be bound to meet an unfortunate event!"

With that, Amanda ended the call.

As Charlotte listened to the silence on the other end, she thought about Amanda's words and felt horrible...

Does Owen really have an issue with her?

Did he plan it with Helena?

Thinking back, Luna was arrogant and defiant. She never respected others and probably offended Owen back then. As such, he held a grudge against her.

This was not impossible.

Well, recalling the past events, she had known Owen together with Hector from a young age. In her memory, Owen was someone who was upright and righteous.

Even after she fell from grace, he still cherished their friendship.

Charlotte was unwilling to believe that he was a bad person.

However, from another angle, he only treated her like this because it was mutual respect. As for Luna, she was never polite to him. Often, she would insult him the moment she saw him, and it destroyed his self-esteem.

As such, it was probable that Owen would do this.

With that thought, Charlotte felt a chill down her spine. She thought back on Amanda's words and realized that it made sense.

If she continued to think so innocently, others might easily betray her.

While thinking about it, her phone rang again. This time, it was an unknown number.

After a pause, Charlotte answered. "Hello?"

"I am Helena." The voice on the other end sounded arrogant and stuck up.

"What do you want?" Charlotte answered in a very cold tone.

"Let's meet and talk," Helena demanded.

"We don't have anything to talk about." Charlotte could not be bothered to continue and was about to cut the call.

"Think carefully about it," Helena sneered. "I know all about your family's secret, including the letter your father left for my brother..."

Charlotte froze. "What do you mean?"

"Your father wrote about the person responsible for his tragic fate." Helena proudly said, "If you want to know more, you should come to Silver Diamond Restaurant now. Don't worry. I will not hurt you because I am a good citizen who abides by the law."

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chapter 460

Before Charlotte could respond, Helena hung up.

Gripping her phone, Charlotte felt perplexed. She did not know why Helena had the letter. Perhaps, it was a trap or a bait, but she still wanted to find out the letter's contents.

Even so, after going through so much, Charlotte was wary.

She decided to call Michael, who she had not contacted for a long time.

Soon, the call connected. The man excitedly greeted, "Charlotte!"

"Michael, do you still have the letter my Dad sent you?" Charlotte asked without hesitation.

"Yes, of course," Michael replied. "It is in my house at H City, but I am now in F Nation. What's wrong? Did something happen to you? I'll rush over."

"No, it's alright." Charlotte hurriedly stopped him. "I was just wondering about what the letter said."

"Well..." Michael was stumped.

"Is it a secret about my Dad's bankruptcy?" Charlotte queried. "Did he tell you who set him up in the letter?"

"Why do you want to know?" Michael blurted. Then, he immediately comforted her, "The matter happened a long time ago, so you don't have to bother about it anymore. Your dad did not want me to tell you about these things because he did not want you to be involved."

"I know."

Charlotte knew how Michael was like. He would not reveal anything if he did not want to no matter how much she asked.

"Are you alright?" Michael asked worriedly.

"Yes, I am okay." Charlotte pretended casually to make a passing statement, "Helena wants to have lunch with me."

"What? You still have business with Helena?" Michael sounded glad. "That's great news! You have nobody else to rely on over there. If anything happens, you can get her to help you. She is also a woman, so it would be easier for both of you to communicate."

"Ok." Charlotte smiled. "I am about to leave. We plan to meet at Silver Diamond Restaurant."

"Okay, I will give her a call soon and ask her to look after you," Michael cheerfully exclaimed.

"Thank you, Michael."

After the call ended, Charlotte prepared to head out. Within half an hour, she reached the restaurant.

Helena booked the whole place, and there were no guests nor attendants in sight.

There were only a few bodyguards outside. They looked grim and dull.

As soon as she stepped into the restaurant, Charlotte felt like she was in danger. Despite so, she was not scared as she knew she had Michael as her backing.

"Should I say that you're stupid, or should I praise you for being courageous?" Helena sat in the middle, glaring at Charlotte. "You knew that you would be in danger, but you still came?"

"You can't touch me." Charlotte gave the other woman a death glare. "Tell me, what do you want from me?"

"Sometimes, I can't understand you." Helena mocked, "Luna abused you in the past, yet, you still helped her? Are you Mother Mary?"

"Did you make me come here so that you can say that?" Charlotte retorted, "I already told the police everything. There is nothing else we have to discuss in private."

"You should know that the Whites are no match for me." Helena warned, "I hope you do not act rashly."

"You have overestimated me." Charlotte chuckled in response. "I don't plan to be nosy, but I was only carrying out the duty of a citizen."

"Are you telling me that you are prepared to fight against me till the end?" Lasers were shooting out from Helena's eyes. "You should know what the consequences are."

"I told you that I would not be nosy," Charlotte emphasized. "I only told the police the facts. I will not speculate and tell them things I am not sure about. On the other hand, I will tell them everything I am certain of."

"Very well." Helena's lips curled up into a smile. She did not continue and only gave a hand signal.

Two bodyguards aggressively approached Charlotte.

Meanwhile, the latter did not move and simply stared at Helena's phone.

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At that moment, Helena's phone rang. When she saw who the caller was, her face changed, and she immediately gave another hand signal.

The two bodyguards stopped in their tracks immediately.

"Michael!" Helena quickly took the call.

"Helena, are you with Charlotte?" Michael asked.

His question took Helena by surprise. She raised her head to look at Charlotte. Her eyes were cold, but her voice sounded sweet. "She told you about it?"

"Yes. Charlotte told me you asked her for lunch." Michael happily continued, "Before I left, I told you to take care of her. You definitely did not let me down."

"Of course, I have to take good care of your sweetheart." Helena's smile looked forced. "How is it over there? Is the weather in F Nation good?"

"It's alright. Helena, Charlotte is alone there, and I am worried about her. If you find out that she is having any difficulties in work or life, do try to help her," her brother requested.

"Sure, I understand."

"Pass the phone and let me speak to her," Michael asked.

"Okay." With that, Helena pushed the phone to the other woman.

Charlotte walked over and answered the phone. Turning it to speaker mode, she greeted, "Michael!"

"Charlotte, where are you ladies eating?"

When Michael was speaking to Charlotte, he sounded extra gentle.

"At Silver Diamond," Charlotte replied. "Hector comes to this restaurant quite often."

"Oh, I see." Michael paused for a moment in confusion before he asked, "I heard that he is divorced?"

"I think so." Charlotte glanced at Helena, who had an ugly expression on her face. The latter frantically gestured for her not to reveal too much.

"I also heard that..." Michael trailed off. "Nevermind. Charlotte, you don't have to be so polite to Helena. She is my sister, so she is also your sister. If you need anything, you can just let her know, and she will do as instructed. Right, Helena?"

"Yes," Helena replied as soon as she heard her name. Then, she deliberately mocked, "How can I not listen to the words of my future sister-in-law?"

"Stop messing around," Michael scolded. "Alright, I shall not disturb your ladies now. Charlotte, my hotline is open to you all day. If you need anything, feel free to call me anytime."

"Yes, sure. Be mindful of your health and take care," after Charlotte spoke, the call ended.

She passed the phone back to Helena.

"A smart move." Helena glared at Charlotte. "How dare you use my brother as your shield?"

"You are a dangerous person, so I have to do that." Charlotte growled, "Helena, I have never hurt you, but you treated me like your enemy. You had an affair with Hector, but you blamed it on me. Additionally, you even made Luna harm me. I have yet to settle the scores with you, and you want to threaten me? Do you think I am a pushover?"

"You never thought of harming me? I see that you have forgotten all about what happened." Gritting her teeth, Helena seethed, "Back then, I wrote a love letter to Hector, but he used it to lift the foot of your table.

"I prepared a lunchbox for him, but he gave it to you instead. In the end, you fed it to the dogs.

"I gave Hector so much, but he never looked my way. Everything I did for him went to you. Do you understand the pain and sadness I went through? Is this not harming me?"

"You are blaming me for all that?" Charlotte asked in disbelief.

"Of course, you are to be blamed. Without you around, Hector would probably love me from the start." Helena stubbornly insisted, "You have destroyed my dreams of having a beautiful first love. Regardless, God is fair. Your family business soon went downhill. I exhausted all my means to announce the bankruptcy of Windt Corporation and caused your engagement to be called off. Despite that, I never imagined that you would be so foolish to be deceived by Luna, who took advantage of the situation and reaped all the benefits from it.

"I hated you for four long years. After those four years, I finally found the opportunity to use you to destroy his marriage with Luna by making her turn against you. Finally, my goal has been achieved, and Hector is finally mine!"

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Charlotte was struck dumb. "You're the one who leaked the information about our family? You did all these behind our back?"

"That's right. I did it," Helena admitted. "Your father might have declared bankruptcy, but he was capable of hiding this from everyone, including the Sterling family. Initially, they even thought that they could benefit from working closely with your family."

"But once the information got out, the Sterling family immediately regretted. Hector, too, ditched you. Eventually, Amanda and Luna tricked you and caused you to lose everything. I was glad to see how things turned out, and seeing your clueless and dumb face makes me happy. But too bad—Luna got ahead of me and married Hector."

Charlotte gritted her teeth. "But Hector is yours now. You could have taught Luna a lesson if you wish to instead of destroying her. Why did you do that?"

"Excuse me?" Helena immediately spoke in a more hostile manner. "I've never done anything against the law, and you have no evidence against me. You better don't test my patience. I'm warning you!"

"You'll get what you deserve," Charlotte said and left.

"Don't you want to know who ruined your father's life?" Helena asked all of a sudden.

Charlotte stopped walking, but she did not turn around. "What makes you think I'll believe you?"

"Make your own judgment then. I'm sure you're not an idiot." Helena took out a letter and said, "Your father wrote this to my brother, and I have a copy of it. I'm sure you can recognize your father's handwriting, right?"

Charlotte took a glance at the letter and hesitated for a moment, but decided to turn around.

Just when she was about to retrieve the letter, Helena retracted her hand and raised her brows. "What can I get in return for giving you this letter?"

"What do you want from me?" Charlotte asked icily.

"I want you to stay away from Hector," Helena said condescendingly. "Even if he wants to see you, you have to think of ways to avoid him!"

"You don't have to tell me this. I don't even want to see him anymore," Charlotte said with disdain.

"And stay away from Michael," Helena added.

"That should be least of your worries."

Charlotte knew what was on her mind. Helena's family business depended heavily on Michael, and she would not allow anyone to sabotage her relationship with Michael.

Helena was worried that Charlotte might destroy this relationship if the latter decided to be with Michael.

This was why Helena had to be mindful of Charlotte.

"You better not break your promise." Helena then gave her the letter. "I'll destroy you if you dare. I still know your other secrets, mind you."

A line formed between Charlotte's brows. "What secrets?"

"You'll know on the day you break your promise." Helena let out a mirthless laugh. "You're one lucky woman, Charlotte. You have both Zachary and my brother on your side, so I'll spare you for now. But if you ever try stepping on my toes..."

Helena squinted her eyes and gave Charlotte a sullen glare.

Charlotte did not know what kind of dirt Helena had on her, but she decided to ignore this vicious woman.

She just wanted to stay away from her.

As Charlotte walked away, Helena looked at her back and put on a baffling smile.

Helena's assistant, who had been observing their interaction, asked, "Why did you give her the letter, Ms. Brown?"

"If you want her to stay away from Mr. Sterling and Mr. Brown, you should have just let her be with the man who killed her father."

"What do you know?" Helena glowered. "She being close with Zachary will only pose a greater threat to our future."

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With the letter in her hand, Charlotte left in a hurry. She opened and read it after she reached home.

"Hope this letter finds you well, Michael. I decided to write to you because I can't think of anyone else who can take good care of Charlotte."

"We're living in a dog-eat-dog world, and it can be cruel. This was why I've been steering Charlotte away from the business world."

"I want her to live a carefree life, but I can't be there for her anymore."

"I've always been very fond of you because you're a simple man with a pure heart."

"Unfortunately, we can't control how someone feels, like how I, the father, can't stop Charlotte from falling in love with Hector, even though I knew that's a bad choice."

"I can't help her make life decisions. She has to experience it herself and find the best answer on her own."

"I know I'm selfish for asking your help, but I have no other options. Please take care of Charlotte on my behalf!"

"Whenever she's in trouble, please lend her a helping hand!"

"She's the only person I worry about the most. I'm afraid people like the Nachts will take advantage of her when I'm not around anymore."

"I hope my passing can bring all the hostility and resentment to an end. I don't want the younger generation to suffer anymore."

"I'd probably be gone by the time you read this letter. Please note that I decided to end my life of my own accord."

"I have to do this to protect Charlotte."

"Take good care of Charlotte for me, Michael. Please keep an eye on her and make sure she stays away from the Nacht family so she can live an ordinary life."

Charlotte was utterly stunned. Michael had told her many times to stay away from the Nacht family, but all his warnings fell on deaf ears.

No wonder Michael had always been hostile toward Zachary and stirred up a lot of misunderstandings. Charlotte had always thought Michael acted in such a manner because he was jealous, but now, she finally knew there was more to this than meets the eye.

The Nacht family was Father's arch-enemy?

The letter stated the rivalry between the two families.

His father even wrote that the reason he sacrificed his life was to protect her from the Nacht family.

What was it all about?

Charlotte could hardly breathe at this point. She clenched her chest and tried to calm herself down.

Instead of letting her emotions get the better of her, she started analyzing the situation more objectively. Business rivalry might not be the sole reason for all that had happened, she believed. Something else must have happened between the two families.

But what exactly is it?

Why didn't Zachary tell me anything?

Unless he is not aware of it?

Charlotte unconsciously crumpled the letter. She thought for a while and decided to confront Zachary when he returned.

Yet, he did not come back.

On and off, Charlotte peeped out of the window to check if Zachary was home, but he did not appear.

Charlotte waited until three in the morning and accidentally fell asleep on the couch with a blanket in her arms.

At one point, a nightmare jolted her awake. She dreamt that Zachary pushed her father off a building. It was so terrifying that she broke into cold sweat.

She opened her eyes, looked around, and realized she was the only one at home. The clock struck six, yet Zachary was still not home.

Charlotte could not help but sent him a text: Are you coming back?

Zachary did not reply.

She sent him another text: Something happened?

Again, he left her hanging.

Perhaps Mr. Nacht is not feeling well, and Zachary had to take care of him.

I'm sure he'll be back.

Charlotte kept the letter away and went downstairs to prepare breakfast for the children.

During breakfast, Robbie asked, "Mommy, I tried calling Grandpa on the phone, but his phone was off. We're worried about him. Do you have any news about Grandpa?"

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"Nope." Charlotte rubbed Robbie's head gently. "Don't worry. I'm sure a lot of people are taking good care of Grandpa."

"You're right, Mommy." Robbie lowered his head and pouted.

"Why don't you call your ex-boss, Mommy?" Jamie suggested, "He's Mr. Henry's oldest grandson, right? I'm sure he can tell us more."

"But..." Charlotte thought about it and said, "He's a busy man. I'm not sure if he'll answer my call, but let's try."

"Ehm. Let's see what else we can do." Robbie put on his thinking cap.

"What is it?" Charlotte then gave him a serious look. "Grandpa will call when he feels better, so do not disturb him. You hear me?"

"Okay, Mommy." Robbie nodded.

"Come on, the school bus is going to be here soon," the medical staff urged.

"Okay."

The three children put down the utensils and put on their jackets and their bags. They waved their Mommy goodbye and left with the medical staff.

After bidding farewell to them at the elevator, Charlotte went home and remembered what the children said earlier. She sent Zachary another text message: Are you all right? Text me or call me when you read my message.

She waited a while but still did not get a reply.

Did something bad happen to him? Charlotte was worried.

Or was Mr. Nacht really under the weather?

As someone who grew up in a prominent family, Charlotte knew how chaotic a powerful family would become when the patriarch fell ill.

Not only would news like this instantly cause the Nacht Group's share price to fluctuate, but it also would attract the Natcht family members to fight for the inheritance.

Henry might have appointed Zachary as his successor, but the fact that he was not married and did not have his parents by his side could put him at a disadvantage. Besides, being a loner in the family would not do him any good as he would need to fight the battle on his own.

While Charlotte was worried about the battle that Zachary had to go through, she was still waiting for him to explain the things her father wrote in the letter. What exactly happened between the Windts and Natchts?

And didn't Father mention anything about this in his letter to me?

All of a sudden, Olivia called. "Hey, are you all right? Ms. Fuller told me something happened last night."

"Yeah, we had an accident, but I'm okay."

"That incident made headlines in social media, and netizens pinned the blame on both the Brown and Sterling families. Everything has been blown out of proportion..."

Upon hearing that, Charlotte froze for a moment. As someone who seldom used social media, she had no idea that it had snowballed into a big issue.

She took out her phone and started checking the news on social media. It was all about how Luna was gang-raped after she went to the banquet hall to look for Hector. The news also mentioned how Helena humiliated her publicly.

Now netizens pointed fingers at Hector and Helena, and they called a Hector heartless man and Helena a homewrecker. They also claimed that Helena was the mastermind who orchestrated the rape.

The news even included a flashback on Hector's sex scandal. A few months ago, the media thought the woman he had sex with was his secretary, but now, everyone knew it was Helena!

The news explained everything in detail and provided solid evidence to support their claims. This had led netizens to sympathize with Luna and berate Hector and Helena.

Clearly, the person who stirred up this chaos was Amanda. She must have resorted to this kind of dirty trick when she knew she could not take Hector and Helena down.

Now that Luna's life had been destroyed, Amanda would definitely make them pay the price.

Of course, it would take her a lot of courage to tell the world that her daughter was a victim of gang rape.

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Perhaps, Amanda had gone bonkers after learning about Luna's misfortune. Since there were other ways to take Hector and Helena down, she could only expose everything to the world and fight to the death.

Since Luna had gone mad and would not know what was going on anyway.

Charlotte could not help but feel sorry for the Whites. If Helena really was the mastermind behind the rape, then she had gone too far. This was why Charlotte could somewhat relate to Amanda's action.

Nevertheless, Charlotte believed Amanda was no match for Helena.

Amanda might outwit Helena, but she no longer had the financial means to take the latter down in the long run. On the contrary, Helena could easily crush Amanda at a snap of the finger.

If Amanda continued to play with fire, Helena would take action against her for sure.

"Charlotte? Hey!" Olivia raised her voice to get Charlotte's attention.

"Yes?" Charlotte answered. "I still have to deliver the costumes to Ms. Fuller today."

"You don't have to send them over anymore. She asked me to tell you," Olivia looked into Charlotte's eyes and said, "Ms. Fuller said you're a witness of the incident."

"Since you know both the victim and the aggressor, a lot of people even asked about you. Things have somehow spiraled out of control, so she said..."

"What did she say?"

"Ms. Fuller said she'll have to wait for the buzz to die down before she considers hiring you again. She also wants me to deliver the costumes to her instead," Olivia said sheepishly, "I tried talking to her, but she refused to listen."

"I understand," Charlotte responded with a wry smile. "Come to my place to collect the costumes when you're free then."

"I'll come over now then. Don't worry, I'll try to find you another job, okay?"

"Thanks, Olivia."

Charlotte ended the call and continued reading the news on social media.

The scandal had become the talk of the town now. Amanda must have dumped a lot of money to make the news go viral. She was willing to do everything to tarnish both Hector and Helena's reputation.

Everything that had happened recently got Charlotte emotional, but there was nothing she could do about it. At this point, she knew she had to stay away from the mess.

While Charlotte was still deep in thought, Jeffrey called. "Hey, Mr. Judd!"

"Hi, Charlotte. I'm in Yaleview now. The factory is ready to operate tomorrow."

"Glad to hear that!" Charlotte said, "Everything went well?"

"Yes. We've hired enough workers to start working on two big projects. I wanted to invite you to our opening ceremony tomorrow, but I guess you must be busy."

"No worries. Go ahead without me," Charlotte said with a grin, "I'll go over once I'm done with my work."

"Oh, yes. There's something else I wish to discuss with you."

"What is it?"

"Simon has three factories, right?" Jeffrey asked, "He initially quoted me a total of seventy million for all the factories and your villa. But since I didn't have that much money, I acquired only one of the factories. They didn't sell off the remaining two."

He continued, "But just a while ago, Simon called. He was willing to sell the two factories to me for ten million provided that the payment is settled at one go."

Upon hearing that, Charlotte kept mum for a moment. Amanda and Simon are really giving everything up to seek justice for their daughter.

"This is a good deal. Your uncles are interested in taking up this offer, and they're in the midst of raising money," Jeffrey said, "I just thought I should get your permission before we proceed with the acquisition."

"Go ahead," Charlotte said without hesitation, "It's great that you all are continuing my father's business. I'll call you again once I think of a way to raise money too."

"All right."

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After ending the call with Jeffrey, Charlotte immediately set up a video call with her financial advisor in S Nation. After obtaining her digital thumbprint, the financial advisor activated her bank account.

Charlotte was pleasantly surprised by how simple the procedures were. She thought they would need her to make a trip to the S Nation to activate her account.

That would have been the standard procedures four years ago, the financial advisor explained. But with the advent of technologies, banks could now activate users' accounts through facial recognition, digital thumbprint, and password.

On that day itself, Charlotte transferred ten million to Jeffrey.

Jeffrey was surprised when he received the money from her.

Charlotte did not explain how she got the money but told him to proceed with the acquisition. She did not want people to know she was involved in this deal.

Jeffrey gladly complied.

Deep in Charlotte's heart, she wanted to buy and rightfully own her villa, but at the same time, she was also afraid that Helena might think she was doing it to help Amanda.

The thought of the endless troubles she might get herself into had forced her to give up the idea.

Soon, Olivia arrived with a bag of fruits. She looked around the house in admiration and said, "What a big and beautiful house!"

"This house doesn't belong to me. I just rented this place." Charlotte served her a glass of water. "Take a seat. I'll get the costumes."

"All right." Olivia sat on the couch and looked at the family photo. "I've been living alone for many years. You're so blessed to have so many family members."

"You will be able to live with your Mom once she gets better."

Charlotte stacked the costumes nicely and put them into a bag.

"I hope so." Olivia sighed. "This is why I've been working so hard to raise money for her treatment."

"She'll be fine," Charlotte consoled.

"All right then. I've got to go now. After returning these costumes to Ms. Fuller, I still have to work the night shift at Sultry Night." Olivia stood up and was ready to leave. "Take a good rest. I'll keep you informed if there are any part-time jobs available."

"Thank you." Charlotte walked Olivia downstairs. All of a sudden, Fifi started shrieking, "Bad guy! Bad guy!"

"Wow! This parrot actually speaks?" Olivia was amused.

"Fifi has been with us for nearly four years and is as old as my kids. It has also picked up some simple phrases along the way." Charlotte turned around and looked at the parrot. "Hey, Fifi. Meet Olivia!"

"Bad guy! Bad guy!" Fifi flapped its wings and shrieked continuously.

"No, Fifi. No." Charlotte pointed her index finger at the parrot. "Olivia is my good friend. She's not a bad guy."

"I don't look like a bad guy, do I?" Olivia went up and introduced herself. "Hello, Fifi. I'm not a bad guy!"

"Bad guy! Bad guy!"

Fifi squealed non-stop and kept flapping its wings as if it was very agitated.

"What's wrong with Fifi?" Charlotte knitted her brows. "It usually doesn't behave like this. I'll have to teach this naughty parrot a lesson after this."

"Don't worry about it," Olivia said, "I got to go now. You rest well, okay?"

"All right. Text me once you've passed the costumes to Ms. Fuller." Charlotte walked her to the elevator.

Olivia entered the elevator and waved Charlotte goodbye with a grin.

When Charlotte was about to return to the house, she heard a loud bang coming from the elevator, followed by Olivia's scream.

Charlotte was thunderstruck. She ran back to the elevator and realized it had broken down.

"Olivia!" Charlotte screamed in horror. She immediately gave the property management office a call and ran downstairs.

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The elevator plunged from the sixteenth floor. Fortunately, it stopped falling when it reached the third floor.

Charlotte ran all the way down to the ground floor and went up to the third floor. The security guards and technicians had arrived to open the elevator's door to retrieve Olivia. At that point, she had already passed out.

"Olivia!" Charlotte wanted to go near Olivia, but the two security guards held her back.

Another two guards carried Olivia out of the elevator. They did not see any injuries on her body.

Soon, the rescue team arrived and brought both Olivia and Charlotte to the hospital.

In the ambulance, Charlotte held Olivia's hand tightly. She'll be fine. I'm sure she'll be fine...

After a thorough checkup at the hospital, the doctor told Charlotte, "The patient went into shock and fainted. She'll feel better after taking a rest."

Charlotte and the property manager heaved a sigh of relief.

Charlotte shot daggers at the manager. "How did this happen, Mr. Auermann? My friend would have been dead if the elevator crashed all the way to the ground!"

"I'm so sorry, Ms. Windt. Please calm down," the property manager explained, "We inspect our elevators daily, and this has never happened to our property before. There's something amiss about this incident, and we've started investigating."

Suddenly, his phone rang. After talking for a while, his expression changed. "Lodge a police report immediately!"

The manager hung up the phone and turned around to Charlotte. "Someone sabotaged the elevator. We've reported it to the police."

"Sabotage?" Charlotte froze. "How about the other elevators? Or do you mean someone sabotaged only that particular elevator?"

"We carried out another round of inspection right after the incident and found all the other elevators are operating properly," the manager explained, "The only elevator with defect is the one in your block."

"They must have come for me then..."

The thought of someone wanting her dead sent shivers down her spine. That's why Fifi got so agitated earlier. It must have noticed a suspicious person in the building and tried to warn us.

Yet, I reprimanded Fifi for not respecting Olivia.

"I'm afraid there's such a possibility," the property manager said, "Mr. Nacht has bought over the entire block, and only your family lives in the building. Those who occupied the opposite unit are your medical staff, and the unit above you also belongs to your family."

“They must have known I’m the only person left in the building today,” Charlotte analyzed, “And they knew I don’t normally have guests in my house. Had Olivia not visited today, I would have been the victim of today’s incident.”

Charlotte was absolutely terrified. “Nope. Not just me. They also target my kids. Had Olivia not visited and I did not leave the house today, the kids would have got into the elevator instead.”

Charlotte instantly gave Robbie a call but to no avail.

She panicked and called Jamie and Ellie. None of them answered their phones too.

She even dialed the medical staff’s numbers, but they did not pick up her call as well.

Her legs went weak and almost fell on the ground.

“Are you all right, Ms. Windt?” the manager immediately held her up.

“Take care of my friend, please.”

Charlotte ran out of the ward like a lunatic and hailed a cab. She wanted to get to the Apple Kindergarten as soon as possible.

But at this point, a van drove up to her. Two men who were dressed in black covered her mouth and pulled her into the car.

Charlotte struggled and tried to escape, but upon smelling a sharp odor, she instantly passed out.

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"Why isn't there any signal here? I want to give Mommy a call, Mr. Spencer." Robbie lifted his head and gave Spencer a serious look.

"All the signals had to be turned off, Robbie, as we're in a special ward," Spencer explained in a gentle voice.

"What's a special ward?"

Jamie looked around and became anxious when he realized there were bodyguards everywhere.

"It's a special ward for Mr. Henry," Spencer explained with a grin, "Don't worry, all these uncles are Mr. Henry's bodyguards. They'll not hurt you."

"Is Mr. Henry sick? How is he?" Ellie tilted her head and asked, "Did the doctor give Mr. Henry a jab?"

"Yes, the doctor did that this morning." Spencer smiled. "Mr. Henry woke up this morning. He knew all of you are worried about him, so he asked me to bring you here."

"So Mr. Henry is okay? Phew." Robbie heaved a sigh of relief, and he seemed a little more relaxed now.

"Can we see Mr. Henry soon?" Ellie pouted and fidgeted.

"Mr. Henry must be very tired. I must not ask him to bring us out anymore." Jamie felt guilty.

"Mr. Henry loves spending time with all of you," Spencer ruffed the back of Jamie's head and said, "All right, kids. Before entering the ward, let's put on the isolation gown first."

“Okay, Mr. Spencer.”

With the help of the nurses, they put on the isolation gown, and each of them wore a mask. They then followed Spencer into the ward.

The moment the children saw a tall man standing beside the bed, they froze.

Upon seeing the children, Zachary knitted his brows. “Why did you bring them here?”

“Mr. Nacht missed them very much. He asked me to bring them here,” Spencer whispered.

“I guess he loves these kids more than his own grandson,” Zachary said aloofly and was ready to walk out of the ward.

The three children stepped aside when he walked past them as they were terrified of him.

“Am I a monster?” Zachary said with a deadpan expression.

Ellie let out a cold snort, made a face, and hid behind Spencer.

“This is how you express your gratitude after I’ve taken the trouble to piggyback you?” Zachary stood beside her and gently pulled her pigtail.

“Don’t touch my sister.” Jamie balled his tiny fingers to a fist and was ready to fight him.

Zachary let out a mirthless laugh and looked at Robbie, who, surprisingly, gave him a calm but sullen glare.

“Please don’t frighten the kids, Mr. Zachary.” Spencer could not help but step in. “They’re afraid of you.”

Zachary lifted a corner of his mouth and walked out of the ward.

A few specialists, who had been waiting outside the ward, greeted Zachary with a bow when he left. They then went to an office to discuss Henry’s health.

Meanwhile, Spencer brought the children to the bed. “The kids are here, Mr. Nacht. Mr. Nacht?”

Henry gradually opened his eyes and looked at the little ones.

"Mr. Henry..." Tears welled up in Ellie's ears. "Mr. Henry, I'm Ellie! Can you see me?"

"I'm Jamie, Mr. Henry." Jamie, too, was about to burst into tears, but he tried to control his emotions. "Are you okay, Grandpa?"

"I'm Robbie, Mr. Henry..." Robbie grabbed Henry's hand and tried to speak steadily, "You promise to play soccer with us, so you must get well soon!"

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A corner of Henry's mouth quirked up. It took him a while to utter a word. "Okay..."

"Mr. Henry..." Ellie said in between sobs, "I won't make you piggyback me anymore, Mr. Henry. Please get well soon. I want to buy hot cross bunnies for you to eat."

"Don't cry, Ellie," Jamie said, but even he himself could not stop his tears from rolling down his cheeks. "Sorry, Mr. Henry, I shouldn't have forced you to play with us. You must be really tired."

"What's wrong with you two?" As the older brother, Robbie raised his voice and expressed his dismay. "I thought we agreed not to cry?"

"No, I didn't cry." Jamie took in a deep breath and wiped tears off his face with his tiny hands.

Ellie pouted, but she also tried resisting the urge to cry.

Spencer came up to the children and consoled them. "All right, all right. Let's not disturb Mr. Henry anymore, shall we? Let's go out."

“Okay.” They nodded.

“Say goodbye to Mr. Henry,” Spencer reminded.

“Bye, Mr. Henry. When we come to visit you the next time, I’ll bring hot cross bunnies for you, okay?” Ellie said.

“Get well soon, Mr. Henry. Let’s play soccer together soon,” Jamie added.

“See you soon, Mr. Henry...”

Spencer brought the children out and said, “Wait for me at the lounge, okay? I’ll bring you home soon.”

“Okay, Mr. Spencer.” All three of them nodded.

At the lounge, the medical staff took good care of the children. They even prepared snacks and fruit juice for them.

Spencer walked to the office as he wanted to know more about Henry’s condition. All of a sudden, Zachary opened the door and left in a hurry. He almost knocked Spencer down.

Spencer shouted in pain while clenching his chest. “Mr. Zachary, I’m old, so please be more kind to me...”

Zachary did not even look at Spencer. He kept pressing the button outside the elevator as if he was in a hurry to go somewhere.

“Where are you going?” Spencer caught up with him and asked, “I need to discuss with you...”

“Do not allow any visitors to come in without my permission. You hear me?” Zachary instructed and went into the elevator.

He then stepped forward, prevented the elevator’s door from closing, and asked, “Where are the kids?”

“They’re in the lounge. I’ll be sending them home soon...”

"No." Zachary interrupted and instructed, "They'll stay with you."

Spencer was dumbfounded. "But why? What happened?"

Zachary did not answer him. He took a few steps back, allowing the elevator's door to close.

A line formed between Spencer's brows as he could feel something had must have happened. At this point, he could only do what Zachary told him to.

"Mr. Spencer, the car's ready. Shall we send them back to Happy Avenue?"

"No," Spencer said, "We'll take them back to our place. Get people to prepare the daily essentials for the kids."

"All right."

Spencer walked to the lounge and noticed how upset Robbie, Jamie, and Ellie were. They sat quietly on the couch and did not touch the snacks and fruit juice at all.

"Can we go home now, Mr. Spencer?" Robbie asked when he saw Spencer coming in.

"There's something I need to discuss with all of you." Spencer squatted down and continued, "I need you to stay at Mr. Henry's house, okay? I'm sure Mr. Henry will be glad to see all of you when he returns home."

Jamie and Ellie exchanged glances and then looked at Robbie, who was the ultimate decision maker of them all.

"I need to ask Mommy first," Robbie said, "We need to get her approval."

"All right." Spencer gently tapped on Robbie's shoulder, "Let's go outside and call your Mommy, okay?"

"Okay."

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Spencer left the ward with the three kids. Robbie's eyes lit up when he noticed that the smart watch had a signal again.

He immediately called Charlotte, but her phone was switched off.

With his brows furrowed, Robbie gave a try again. Yet, it was still the same.

"Robbie, Mommy's phone is still uncontactable. Do you think she's too tired and has dozed off?" Jamie moved over in his wheelchair. "How about we go home and tell her?"

"I agree with you." Robbie nodded. "Looks like that's the only way."

"Mr. Spencer will accompany you home."

Spencer made a gesture with his hand, and the three nurses carried the kids respectively into the car.

The kids were excited as the car headed towards Happy Avenue.

Just then, Amelia's phone rang abruptly and she answered the call at once. In a split second, her expression changed as she asked nervously, "Is Ms. Windt all right?"

Upon hearing his Mommy's name, Jamie turned pale and asked anxiously, "What happened to Mommy?"

Amelia shook her head at them as she continued to talk on the phone, "Alright. I got it."

After hanging up the phone, she quickly reported, "It's the call from the property management office. According to them, the elevator of our apartment building broke down this afternoon and straight away fell from the sixteenth floor..."

"Ah..." Upon hearing her words, Ellie panicked and burst into tears; her cheeks flushed red in an instant.

"How about my Mommy?" Jamie grabbed hold of Amelia's hands and asked again in anxiety, "Anything happened to Mommy?"

"No, no..." Amelia shook her head at once.

"Jamie, Ellie, calm down. Let Amelia finish her words." Robbie comforted his siblings and asked apprehensively, "Was Mommy in that elevator?"

"Try to calm down and speak clearly. Don't scare them," Spencer chimed in.

"Yes, Mr Spencer." Amelia took a deep breath and explained, "Ms. Windt was not in that elevator, but one of her friends was in there. Fortunately, it was stuck at level three and didn't go all the way down to the bottom. The one inside the elevator passed out and was immediately rushed to the hospital. They're all fine and only sustained minor injuries."

"What a relief that their Mommy was not in that elevator. Good to hear that the others are fine, too."

Spencer heaved a sigh of relief and recalled Zachary's reminder instinctively. Perhaps Mr. Zachary could foresee something bad would befall the kids and their mother? So that's why he assigned me to bring them along with me?

Anyway, these three kids and their Mommy have been leading a simple and peaceful life. It's impossible that they are on bad terms with anyone. I really wonder who has the heart to put them at risk.

No matter what, the kids' safety is the top priority. I must ensure they are well protected all the time. If anything happens to them, Mr. Nacht would not let me off easily when he regains consciousness.

After pondering for a while, Spencer consoled the three kids, "Children, it's not safe to go home at the moment. Let's just stay temporarily at Mr. Henry's place. I'll get people to fetch your Mommy as well. Don't worry about her."

"Looks like this is the only way now." Robbie tried to call his Mommy again, yet still could not get through. He knitted his brows and said nervously, "Mr. Spencer, I'm worried that Mommy is in danger. Can you please get someone to look for her?"

"Sure, no problem." Spencer asked, "What's your Mommy's name? I'll get people to look for her now."

"My..."

"My Mommy's name is Charlotte Windt!" Ellie cut in even before Robbie could complete his sentence.

Still holding the phone, Spencer's hand stiffened instantaneously. His eyes widened in disbelief as he looked at Ellie stiffly and stuttered, "Y-your...her name is Charlotte Windt?"

"Yeah..." Ellie nodded and replied honestly, "My Mommy has a beautiful name, right? I can spell out her name for you...C-h-a-r-l-o-t-t-e, and 'Windt' ends with a 't'."

"Eh..." Spencer was dumbfounded. He suddenly realized why Zachary was behaving weirdly lately.

Now I know why Mr. Zachary eagerly sent the three children home, took them to Fairytale Land to meet Mr. Nacht and assigned me to take good care of them...

No wonder...Charlotte Windt is their Mommy!

"Mr. Spencer, are you all right?"

Robbie looked at Spencer uneasily. He was actually hesitating whether to tell him their Mommy's name, as she had reminded them not to reveal her identity to anyone.

Yet her name just slipped out from Ellie's mouth when he was still hesitating...

Anyway, under this extreme circumstance, Mommy's safety is the most important!

We have no choice but to mention her name. I hope Mommy will understand and won't be angry.

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chapter 471

"I'm fine, don't worry..." Spencer could not help feeling a rush of complex emotions within himself. Looking at the kids, he made a wild guess daringly, "How about your Daddy's name?"

It never came to his mind that Charlotte was already a mother.

Are these three children Mr. Zachary's flesh and blood by any chance?

If my guess is right, why is Mr. Zachary treating them in such an indifferent way, without any sense of fatherly love?

Moreover, looks like they're really intimidated by Mr. Zachary.

But, if he's not their biological father, why does the domineering and arrogant Mr. Zachary treat them so differently?

"I-I don't know..."

With her head lowered, Ellie's tears flowed out of her eyes. She felt down whenever she was asked about her Daddy's name; she was afraid to be humiliated by others as a child without a father.

"Mr. Spencer, why are you asking about this?" Jamie was displeased and frowned quizzically. "Are you having the same thought like the others? Will you also look down on us as we're from an incomplete family without Daddy?"

"No, no! I don't mean that." Spencer tried his best to explain, "I asked about this just because I thought there might be a possibility that I actually know your Daddy. Oh dear, my poor Ellie! I shouldn't have asked this question bluntly. I'm terribly sorry. Can you forgive me?"

"Alright, I accept your apology."

Children were the mostly innocent and forgiving. As such, Jamie accepted his apology sportingly.

“Mr. Spencer, I hope that you won’t mention about Daddy again.” Robbie said firmly, “We only have Mommy.”

“Alright, I get it now.”

Spencer felt guilty as he had unintentionally inflicted pain to the children’s vulnerable feelings.

“I’ll get someone to protect your Mommy now. Don’t worry.”

Spencer made the necessary arrangements without hesitation. At the same time, he kept wondering who the kids’ father could be.

Nonetheless, it was not the right timing to be concerned about that now.

Because of the elevator incident earlier, Spencer did not send the kids home. He sent them directly to Henry’s Garden Villa which was located in the northern suburbs.

He bought them new clothes and other basic necessities. The three nurses, Amelia, Violet and Mildred also followed them back to the villa in order to take care of the kids.

Spencer had to rush back to the hospital again after the necessary arrangements were made. Upon leaving the villa, he reminded the maids to take good care of the kids.

The three kids had been there once previously. All the maids served them well, knowing that they were apples of Mr. Nacht’s eye.

Spencer told the kids that they could stay in the villa without any worries. If they felt bored, they could let the maids accompany them for a stroll in the garden, go for horse riding or swimming.

Even so, they were not in the mood as they were all very concerned about their Mommy’s safety.

Spencer convinced them that he would try to get in touch with their Mommy as soon as possible and bring her back safely.

The kids finally felt relieved upon hearing his words.

Once in the car, Spencer was initially thinking of calling Zachary regarding Charlotte's matter. After thinking for a while, he changed his mind. If I'm not mistaken, Mr. Zachary is deliberately keeping mum about the relationship between Charlotte and the three kids. To play safe, I better zip my mouth as well.

Just wait till Mr. Nacht comes to his senses later.

The car was in total silence as he was lost deep in thought.

Meanwhile, Zachary was calling Zara in his Rolls-Royce.

After quite a while, the call was finally answered by a languorous voice.

"What are you trying to do?" Holding back the burning rage in his heart, Zachary questioned, "She has nothing to do with the grudge and dispute between both of us. Why did you abduct her?"

"Since you didn't let me see Mr. Henry, I've no choice!" Zara said with a sense of sarcasm. "Even though he has passed the right of inheritance on to you, he hasn't set a will for other properties. I could be the inheritor! You've no right to stop me from seeing him!"

"Grandpa is still alive, yet you're already so impatient?" Zachary said in an icy-cold tone, "There is already a lot in your possession. Don't be too greedy."

"How ridiculous," Zara jeered, "All these are supposed to belong to me!"

"Your father had passed away long ago. I've been the one managing everything for this family painstakingly. Just because of my gender, your Grandpa would rather pass you the right of inheritance instead of me. You're just a greenhorn at that time, so how could you deserve it?"

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"You've to ask Grandpa about this," Zachary replied coldly. "He probably feels that I'm more suitable than you in inheriting his position. Hence, he passed me the right of inheritance when I was sixteen years old. It's been ten years, yet you're still brooding over it?"

"I had actually gotten over it earlier, but how dare you assault my son? Since you're not treating us as your relatives, don't blame me for paying you back." Zara's tone turned cold.

"He only has himself to blame," Zachary roared coldly.

"I almost forget about it." Zara gave an eerie sneer, "Both of you are quite close since young, yet you end up having a scuffle just for a woman. Did she cast a spell on both of you? I'm really curious about what kind of exceptional charm she has!"

"You'd better don't do anything to provoke me..."

"It really depends on my mood," Zara said mockingly, "You know that I don't have a good temper, don't you? If she infuriates me, there's nothing I can't do."

"You're threatening me?" Zachary gritted his teeth.

"No, I'm just negotiating with you." Zara sneered, "When you're willing to let me see your Grandpa later, I'll release her!"

Zara hung up her phone straight afterwards.

Zachary's face fell when he heard the enraged tone from the other side of the phone, for he was sure of Zara's temper.

That woman is decisive, ruthless and has unpredictable mood swings; all of us from the Nacht family are born with the same weaknesses.

If Charlotte accidentally provokes her even with only one sentence, it looks like she will do anything to torture her...

"Mr. Nacht, don't worry. Bruce is now tracing Ms. Nacht's whereabouts," Ben comforted him warily. "When he manages to get any clue, we'll take prompt action and save Ms. Windt."

Zachary did not say anything. With his eyes lowered, he seemed to sink into deep contemplation.

The ultra-thin phone was fumbling in his palm, reflecting his extreme anxiety at the moment...

There were numerous times whereby he confronted Zara with profound placidity and confidence, but he was never restless and helpless like this before.

Thinking of the potential risk that Charlotte might be encountering at the moment, his heart was filled with growing uneasiness. Beads of perspiration started to appear on his forehead.

Ben had never seen Zachary like this before. He asked tactfully, "How about we just let her see Mr. Nacht? After all, he has regained consciousness and is well protected by our men. I bet Ms. Nacht has no chance to harm him at all."

"This is not the point." Zachary's brows furrowed. "If I give in now, it will indicate that she wins the game."

"Then..." Ben could barely say anything in confusion.

"Just wait for a while more." Zachary gripped the phone tightly and said, "Let Bruce send me all the clues he manages to collect. I'll investigate myself."

"Yes, Mr. Zachary."

There was silence again as Zachary's mind drifted away into deep thought.

Charlotte gradually came to herself. Still squinting, she scanned through her surroundings with great difficulty. She was apparently in a delicate room, yet there was no sign of anyone.

Snippets before she became unconscious flashed across her mind. Realizing that she was in an extreme situation, she raised herself from the bed in an instant. However, she was momentarily blinded by a sudden dizziness and slumped onto the bed again.

Holding her head with her eyes shut, she tried to calm herself down. After a while, she opened her eyes again and scanned through every corner of the room. To her surprise, it was a dainty room with a sense of gracefulness and elegance. Apparently, it looked like a guest room owned by someone who was really wealthy.

She was still in her own white cotton dress, her hair unkempt and messy. Other than still feeling a little dizzy, there were no visible injuries on her body.

Who had actually abducted me here?

Obviously, her abductors had other hidden motives, or were under the orders of someone else. If not, it was impossible for her to be left unharmed in such a nice room.

Are they Mr. Nacht's men?

Or are they part of the Blackwood family?

While Charlotte's mind was running wild, the door of the room was abruptly opened. Two maids pushed a food trolley towards her.

"What is this place? Who are you?" Charlotte almost used up all her energy just to support herself from sitting up in the bed.

None of the maids responded to her question. They just silently served the meal on the dining table and bowed at her before leaving the room.

"Wait! Don't go..."

Charlotte tried to stop the maids, yet all her energy was drained from her. She could only gaze at them helplessly till their figures disappeared from her view.

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After a while, Charlotte struggled to leave the bed and dragged herself towards the door. To her dismay, the door was locked from the other side. She knocked on the heavy door frantically and yelled, "Is there anyone outside? Let me out! Let me out!"

There was dead silence outside the room.

Charlotte twisted the doorknob hard, but to no avail.

She had to give up twisting it and switched to look out of the window. The moment she looked down from the window, she was stunned.

It was indeed a strange building. She was at the height of approximately ten levels from the ground, with concrete walls all around her. Oh no! There isn't any furniture for me to step on! No chance at all for me to escape from this window!

This looks exactly like a classical castle in fairy tales!

If I dare to jump down from this window, I will surely become shattered pieces!

Looks like I have no chance to survive at all unless my abductors change their minds and release me!

Who was it that locked me up here?

Charlotte turned to look at the various types of sumptuous food served on the crystal dining table – there were dishes of the French Cuisine: foie gras, snails, steak, bread, fruit salad, red wine and more.

She held the red wine closer to her nose, and her eyes lit up at the fragrance. This is undoubtedly the limited edition from the winery of F Nation's Arkfield that was exclusively produced for women...

The abductor is obviously a woman.

Is it Sharon?

No, it's not her! If she's the one, I could've been beaten up by her. It's impossible that I can still be unharmed and savor sumptuous food here!

Charlotte glanced around the whole room again, trying to trace any clues.

Based on her judgement, all the oil paintings on the wall were authentic masterpieces. Even the floor vases at the corner were all invaluable antiques. My goodness! Even a room used to lock up a hostage is of such a high standard. The owner is clearly a dignified and poised woman.

Who is she?

Charlotte knitted her brows, thinking hard if there was any name in her mind which could match the secretive woman. She gave up after quite a while, accepting the fact that she did not have any connections with such people.

Staring at the sumptuous food in front of her, Charlotte had no appetite at all. I'm really worried about my three babies, and Mrs. Berry. I wonder if they're all fine...

After searching high and low in the room, Charlotte finally spotted her phone. She was ecstatic and intended to call Zachary at once, yet there was totally no signal.

She took out the SIM Card from her phone and slot it back, restarted her phone, yet there was still no signal.

Charlotte slumped onto the bed in despair, not knowing what she could do...

The room became dead silent again as she continued to gaze aimlessly at the oil paintings on the wall, still holding her phone in her hand...

At the same time, Zachary was still trying hard to trace Zara's exact location, but there were no leads.

On the other hand, Henry's condition was still not stable. He could come to his senses momentarily before he drifted into unconsciousness again. The Nacht family tried their best to keep it a secret, not leaking the news to anyone.

Everyone of the Blackwood family was also feeling uneasy with Henry's condition. Taylor had cancelled his plan to leave this week right after knowing about what had happened to Henry. He could only stay at his place in H City, praying hard for Henry to regain consciousness soon.

Sharon was still in a trauma after witnessing what had happened to Henry that day. She was unusually quiet these few days, waiting for the latest update on Henry's condition.

Both Zachary and Zara were still against each other in the tug of war; none of them would raise their white flag first.

If Henry regained consciousness before Charlotte was rescued, Zara would not be able to proceed with her plans. In other words, Zachary would be considered defeated if he gave in first before that.

The woman behind the abduction finally appeared on the third day after Charlotte was abducted.

"I thought Zachary was willing to sacrifice anything to save you. Looks like I've overestimated his love for you."

All of a sudden, a woman's cold voice broke the dead silence.

Charlotte's heart skipped a bit instantaneously. She woke up hurriedly from the bed and yelled, "Who are you? Why did you lock me up here?"

"Obviously, you're not as smart as I thought. Do you want to get out of this room?" the woman replied disdainfully.

"Yes, of course." Charlotte glanced around the room to trace the source of the woman's voice. She finally spotted a surveillance camera at one of the corner of the ceiling.

So she has been observing me closely these few days?

"If you really want to go out, you must bear in mind to be good later on..."

The room was back in silence again after her last sentence. In a split second, the door of the room was opened.

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A few masculine men with ferocious eyes entered the room.

Charlotte was startled and stammered in fear, "W-what do you want?"

They did not say anything and continued to approach her with an ominous grin.

Charlotte held the vase beside her to smash it on the men, yet one of them grabbed her hand first.

In a blink of an eye, the man pounced towards her...

"Help! Help!..."

Charlotte was thrown onto the bed. The man took out his belt and lashed her hard with it.

"Ouch!..." Charlotte shrieked in excruciating pain. She struggled frantically, but another man held her tightly. He tied her hands and feet to the bed, laughing excitedly as if he was well entertained by Charlotte's painful wails.

There was another man grinning hideously while recording a video of the scene by their side.

The man continued to lash Charlotte hard...

Charlotte's dress was torn after a short while. She wailed in pain, yelling for help, yet nobody came to her rescue...

Meanwhile, Zara was sprawling idly on the bed with her eyes closed in another room, enjoying her massage session.

Charlotte's high-pitched wails was melodious music for her.

Zara's female assistant, Shirley, was showing her the video recording of Charlotte being lashed. Without glancing at it, she ordered placidly, "Send it to Zachary Nacht."

"Noted. I'll send it now." Shirley sent the video to Zachary at once.

Within seconds, Zara's phone rang. Shirley instantly reported, "It's a call from Mr. Nacht."

Zara gestured to her; she answered the call and turned on the speaker.

"Zara Nacht, I'm going to kill you!" Zachary bellowed on the other side of the phone with a murderous intent.

"Sheesh..." Zara said mockingly, "My dear nephew, cool down first. This is just an appetizer. The next video will be even more exciting..."

"How dare you!" Zachary roared fiercely, exactly like a lion ready to pounce on its prey.

"Haha..." Zara laughed sarcastically, "We're all from the Nacht family. You know pretty well that we have no fear for anything, don't you?"

Zachary remained silent just for a while and finally gave in. "Let her go. I'll let you meet Grandpa."

"Ah! That's right." Zara's mouth lifted into a smile as she ordered arrogantly, "Let them stop at once. That woman is our beloved Mr. Nacht's sweetheart. If anything happens to her, I won't let any of you off easily."

"Yes, Ms. Nacht." Shirley nodded and darted towards the room.

In the room, Charlotte was in an unsightly state of gory mess. She was sprawling motionless on the bed; her voice croaky and her throat felt sore.

The three men had ripped off their clothes and were about to pounce...

At the eleventh hour, Shirley kicked the door open and yelled, "Stop it!"

"Since we've taken off our clothes, why not just let us have some fun?"

The men were reluctant to stop right away.

“Do you want to provoke Mr. Nacht?” Shirley warned them, “She’s Mr. Nacht’s woman. Do you dare to touch her?”

Upon hearing this, the men were overwhelmed and immediately moved aside.

“Get out of here!” Shirley snapped at them.

“Alright! Alright!” They stumbled out of the room hastily.

Charlotte lifted her head with great difficulty and tried to gaze at the woman standing at the door...

“Lucky you. Mr. Nacht gave in at the crucial minute just for you. Ms. Nacht is really satisfied, so you’re safe now,” Shirley scoffed at her. “Don’t worry, I’ve called the doctor to treat your wounds. We won’t let anyone hurt you again.”

She left at once after telling Charlotte this.

Charlotte sprawled on the bed feebly, too weak to lift any of her fingers. Feeling her eyelids getting heavier gradually, her mind drifted into a total darkness...

Within a while, a female doctor entered the room with two medical staff and tended to Charlotte’s wounds without hesitation.

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Zachary's expression turned ferocious, almost crushing his phone into pieces.

Ben hurriedly calmed Zachary down. "I believe Ms. Nacht was just trying to scare you. She is aware of your powers and would never dare challenge you..."

Zachary gritted his teeth. "That better be the case. I'll kill her if she lays her hand on Charlotte."

Ben chose his words carefully. "Calm down. According to Bruce's report, Ms. Nacht isn't in H City, so she must've brought Ms. Windt to other places. It was no wonder we couldn't find Ms. Windt."

Beep! Beep! Zachary's phone rang, and he saw it was an incoming call from Zara. "Don't worry. It's only minor abrasions. I've asked the doctor to treat her wounds."

"Zara, you've gotten too far this time!" Zachary's tone was murderous. He had a grim expression when he clenched onto his phone.

Zara scoffed, "Is your heart aching for her? You didn't spare Chris when you beat him."

"Let her go!" Zachary was reluctant to drag on the conversation, as the only thing he cared for was Charlotte's safety.

"No problem. Let's meet at the hospital entrance at seven tomorrow night." Zara readily agreed while Zachary warned mercilessly, "I won't spare you if anything happens to her."

Zara said indifferently, "Rest assured. I've achieved my goal, so there's no point in making her suffer. However, you'll have to fulfill your promise. Otherwise, I have plenty of methods to torture her."

After she finished her sentence, she hung up the call. Meanwhile, Zachary was so angry that his hands were trembling.

It was at that moment Bruce came into the room to report to him. Without warning, Zachary gave the former a punch in the face.

Bruce lost his balance and fell to the ground with a loud thud while blood gushed out of his nostrils and mouth.

"Mr. Nacht, please calm down. Bruce is doing his best in tracking down Ms. Windt's position." Ben hurriedly advised as he stood in front of Bruce while the latter slowly got up from the ground and lowered his head silently.

Zachary gritted his teeth and growled, "Didn't I tell you to send some men to protect her? Why did she get kidnapped?"

Lowering his head, Bruce said, "I followed your orders and sent Marino and the others to protect Ms. Windt in secret. They found out somebody has sabotaged the lift and went to take care of it. They were able to repair it in time, so the lift was stuck on the third floor and didn't fall all the way down to the lowest level."

Looking at his blood dripping on the ground, Bruce continued, "And that was why Ms. Windt's friend could escape unscathed. Afterward, Marino and the others were worried that the three kids would be in danger, so they looked into the lift incident to capture the culprit."

Deeply ashamed of himself, Bruce explained everything to Zachary and asked for a punishment to ease the guilt in his heart. "Unfortunately, Ms. Windt was kidnapped when they had their hands full on the investigation... I have failed you, Mr. Nacht. Please punish me."

Zachary bellowed, "Scram!"

Bruce lowered his head and left the room without making any noise.

Ben wanted to say something, but he didn't have the courage to do so.

Right then, a maid came into the room with a bottle of red wine and a glass. When she saw Zachary's grim expression, her body started trembling and she almost knocked over the wine bottle.

Zachary frowned, and when he was about to lash out at the maid, his phone rang. Looking at the screen, it was Spencer.

Suppressing his anger, Zachary answered the call and said, "Hello?"

Spencer said, "Mr. Zachary, sorry to disturb you. The kids want to know about Ms. Windt's condition. After the lift incident that day, their mother went missing and I've sent men to look for her, but there is no news of her."

He continued after looking at the three kids, who were looking back at him. "The kids are staying with Mr. Nacht. Although they are safe and have no problems living comfortably, they are too worried about their mother that they could not eat and sleep well. Ellie was weeping bitterly, so Robbie asked me to contact you."

Spencer chose his words carefully because he knew Zachary was in a foul mood. Initially, he didn't want to make this call, but he couldn't turn a blind eye to the kids' pleas, so he could only brace himself and did it for them.

Zachary lowered his voice and replied, "Tell them that their Mommy's doing fine and she will be back after two days."

"Yes..." Before Spencer could finish his words, a kid's voice sounded from the other end of the call. "Mr. Spencer, please let me talk to him."

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"I..." Spencer was troubled as he didn't know what to do, so he asked, "Mr. Zachary, Robbie wants to speak to you. Is that okay?"

"What is there to talk with a three-year-old..." Zachary was obviously reluctant, but before he could express his disdain, a childish yet polite voice interrupted him. "Hello, good day to you!"

Zachary replied subconsciously, "Hello!"

"I am Robinson, Charlotte's eldest son. Regarding my Mommy's matter, I would like to have a talk with you." Although Robbie's voice sounded childish, he had an imposing aura that made him sound like an adult.

"Ha! You and I?" A laugh escaped Zachary's lips upon listening to Robbie's voice. He would have to give credit to the child for extinguishing the flames of fury burning in his heart.

He's only three and a half years old, and he wants to have a talk with me?

Let's see what he'll say.

"Yes. You and I." Robbie was calm and poised.

Suddenly, Jamie added, "And me. Robbie, I want to go too!"

"M-Me too..." Ellie's cute voice sounded through the phone.

Listening to her sweet voice, an image of her hugging the milk bottle flashed across Zachary's mind.

“Don’t cause trouble.” Putting the phone away, Robbie reprimanded his siblings softly before putting the phone beside his ear and said, “Sorry about that. Jamie and Ellie are just worried about Mommy. How about 8 p.m.?”

“Fine by me. I’ll ask Spencer to take you here.” Zachary agreed as he was curious about the things a three-year-old would talk to him about.

“Thank you.” Robbie handed Spencer the phone and said, “Mr. Nacht has something to tell you.”

Spencer took the phone over while Zachary instructed, “Spencer, send that child here tonight at eight.”

“Alright. I’ll make the arrangements.” After hanging up, Spencer immediately turned to Robbie and said, “Robbie, I’ll get the nurse to change your clothes. See you downstairs in thirty minutes.”

Robbie replied, “Alright.”

Meanwhile, Zachary’s fury was doused out by the voices of the kids.

Zara wants to fight for the inheritance, but I’m in control here, so she won’t dare to do anything to Charlotte.

I’ll have to send Charlotte and her kids to safety first after getting her back from Zara. Only then can I finish that crazy woman.

Bearing these thoughts in mind, Zachary immediately ordered Ben to make the arrangements.

A few moments later, Robbie appeared alongside Spencer at the door.

The child looked petite in his black suit. Walking in with his back upright and his head held high, he had a calm expression on.

The design and decorations in the spacious study were of cold colors, and it made the air somber.

Crossing his legs as he sat on the sofa, Zachary's heart stirred at the sight of the small child sitting in front of him. Memories of the past flooded his mind. When he was six years old, he did the same thing as Robbie when he negotiated with Henry.

That night, Henry decided to pass the right of inheritance to him just after having a ten-minute conversation with him.

Now that he was the one negotiating with a three-year-old, a surge of warmth coursed through his heart.

Ben asked, "Little boy, what would you like for a drink?"

He remembered the time when they were at the kindergarten, Robbie's words made him speechless.

"You can call me by my name. I'm Robinson!" Robbie lifted his head to look at the man politely, but there was a hint of domineering and boldness that resembled Zachary coming from his gaze.

Ben's face reddened with embarrassment as he hurriedly changed the way he called Robbie. "Alright... Mr. Robinson, what would you like for a drink?"

"No need." Robbie turned to look at Zachary as he was speaking to Ben. "Can you give us some space? I would like to have a one-on-one talk with Mr. Nacht."

"I..." Ben turned to look at Zachary, while the latter smiled and nodded slightly.

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Ben left the study while the maid quickly followed the former out of the room after serving the juice and desserts.

When the door was closed by Ben, Spencer, who was waiting outside, asked softly, "What's the situation?"

Ben held in his urge to laugh and replied, "Mr. Robinson asked me to leave them alone. This kid has so much dignity. If only..."

He almost blurted it out. If he didn't know Robbie was Michael's son, he could've mistaken the child as Zachary's son instead.

Spencer smiled. "Haha! Of course. Mr. Nacht likes him the most. He'll be a successful man in the future."

"I'm so curious. What does he want to tell Mr. Nacht?" Ben was hungry for gossip.

Spencer couldn't help but sigh. "Most probably the matter regarding his mother. It's not easy for him. He's only three years old, but he's so brave... Hey! What are you doing?"

Ben was pressing his ear against the door to eavesdrop on the conversation inside the room.

"What do you want to tell me?" Zachary swirled his wine glass as he looked at the child.

"Are you Mommy's boyfriend?" Robbie sat on the sofa with his back upright.

Zachary was slightly taken aback as he raised a brow. "Your Mommy told you?"

Robbie shook his head and analyzed, "She didn't say anything. However, she always has an unnatural expression while her eyes lit up when she mentioned you every time. She even blushed sometimes."

"Oh..." The image of Charlotte being embarrassed surfaced in Zachary's mind when he listened to Robbie's description. That woman never hides her emotions. It's so easy to tell what she's thinking.

Robbie asked, "You're the one who moved into the unit upstairs, right?"

"How do you know?" Zachary was very curious. Is he only three years old? I'm only as smart as he is when I was six years old.

Robbie reasoned, "Ever since you moved in, Mommy always prepares another set of breakfast and the quantity of the food is large. Although she is used to giving presents to the neighbors in the past, she put extra care into the food she prepares for you."

Robbie pondered for a while and said, "Plus, I saw your car and some bodyguards coming in and out of the house, so I guess you're the one who moved in."

"You're very smart!" Zachary smiled and poured Robbie a glass of apple juice. "Your Mommy always prepares apple juice for me. Do you guys like it?"

"Ellie likes apple juice." Robbie nodded and explained, "Jamie and I like grape juice, but grapes are too expensive, and Mommy seldom buys it, so we drink apple juice instead."

Zachary didn't say anything. I never knew... She even saves money from the fruits she buys.

He poured a glass of grape juice for Robbie.

"Grapes are expensive, so I choose not to eat them. If we can't afford toys, it's fine because we don't need them..." Looking at the grape on the glass, Robbie's childish voice was laced with bitterness. "We were poor in the past. Although we stayed in a tiny house, we were happy together."

"What are you trying to say?" Zachary lifted his head to look at the child.

Robbie wore a serious expression and asked, "Do you love her?"

Zachary raised a brow at Robbie. "Do you know what love is?"

"Of course. If you love someone, you'll protect her, care for her and be considerate. Besides, you won't hurt her even if you got mad in arguments." Folding his arms, Robbie answered earnestly without a hint of hesitation.

His words made Zachary fall silent. I protected Charlotte and cared for her. However, when we argued, I couldn't control my emotions and hurt her...

"Sometimes, Mommy is angry at our wrongdoings. She'll reprimand and reason with us, but she never beat or hurt us. I'm sure this is love." Lifting his head, Robbie looked at the adult in front of him and cut to the chase. "Do you know where my Mommy is?"

Uncrossing his legs, the man furrowed his brows and said, "You're saying that I captured her?"

This child has such impressive logical thinking. He was beating around the bush to lead me to this question.

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Robbie frowned and eyed the adult anxiously. "My impression of you has always been brutal and intimidating... Did you fight with Mommy? Is that why you locked her up?"

Zachary took a sip of his wine and replied, "We didn't fight, and even if we did, I wouldn't lock her up."

So that's why children are afraid of me. I've been giving off a bad impression.

Robbie pressed on, "Then where is she right now?"

Zachary evaded the serious matter. "She's in another city, and she'll be back tomorrow night. Don't worry. I'll ensure her safety."

"Can I trust you?" Robbie was still worried.

"I swear." Zachary's lips curled up as he wanted to win over the child's trust.

"Then that's great!" Robbie heaved a sigh of relief as he drank the grape juice. Then he placed the glass down and excused himself politely. "I have to go. Thanks for the treat."

The child was so young, but he had good manners. His every move gave off a gentleman-ish impression and infected the arrogant and cold Zachary.

He placed his wine glass on the table and stood up to send the child off. "Don't worry and stay at your Mr. Henry's house. Your Mommy will come for you guys after a few days."

Robbie bowed at the adult to show his respect. "Thank you. I enjoyed our talk today. I think I have a greater understanding of you now."

"Hehe! My pleasure!" Zachary smiled.

Robbie moved his short legs and slid down from the sofa, while Zachary went to support him subconsciously.

Hand-in-hand, the two of them exchanged a glance and curled their lips, smiling at each other.

Robbie's smile moved Zachary, and for some reason, the latter felt a sense of familiarity toward the child.

"Goodbye." Robbie turned around and left after giving Zachary a smile.

The door of the study opened, and out came the two of them. Spencer bowed at Zachary before leaving with Robbie.

The adult stood in the corridor on the second floor and watched them leave.

When Robbie was about to exit the main hall, he turned around and waved his hand at the man.

Zachary waved back subconsciously with a wide smile on his face.

After Robbie left, Zachary retracted his gaze from the main entrance. It was right then he finally noticed Ben and the others were widening their eyes in surprise, as they had their mouth agape, all the while staring at him.

They had been serving Zachary for ten years, but he had never shown his friendly side to them.

He is acting so friendly toward a child!

What's going on today?

Heading toward the study, Zachary returned to his usual self, and his expression changed from amiable to icy cold in an instant.

Ben walked toward him and asked nosily, "Mr. Nacht, what did you guys talk about?"

"Busybody." Zachary rolled his eyes at him and got ready to continue his work.

Suddenly, the butler rushed into the study and asked anxiously, "Mr. Natch, did you drink the grape juice?"

Confusion arose in Zachary's mind as he saw the reaction of the butler. "I didn't. What's wrong?"

"That's a relief." The butler heaved a sigh of relief. "When the new maid prepared the grape juice, she added some peaches to lift the sourness, but she didn't know you're allergic to peaches. I was worried, so I came in a rush. That really scared me to death."

"Thank goodness you didn't drink the juice." Wiping off his sweat, Ben reprimanded, "You'll have to train and explain everything clearly to the new maid."

The butler nodded profusely. "Yes. I've gathered them for a meeting, and I'll explain everything to them. There won't be another mistake next time."

"You can go now." Ben waved his hand dismissively.

After cleaning up the table, the butler lowered his head and left the room.

Zachary sat at his desk. Right when he was about to go through the documents, Spencer called him. "Mr. Zachary, what did Robbie eat at your place?"

"He drank some juice. Why?" Zachary took his pen to sign the documents after giving them a detailed read-through.

"After getting on the car, Robbie felt uncomfortable, and he vomited a lot of green liquid. There are rashes on his face and neck..." Feelings of worry consumed Spencer as he spoke in a rushed tone. "Mr. Zachary, you can't do this to a child even if you're mad about something. Mr. Nacht likes this child the most. If something happens to him..."

Zachary immediately interrupted Spencer and gave his orders in a hurry. "He's allergic to peaches. Send him to the hospital now!"

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Spencer was stunned for a moment. Then he quickly replied, "Alright. I'll send him to the Serene Hospital now."

"Go to Kindness Hospital instead. I'm heading there." Zachary sped toward the door of his study while talking on his phone.

"Yes." Spencer immediately called the driver to prepare the car.

After hanging up, Spencer hurriedly instructed, "Go to Kindness Hospital, now!"

Zachary returned to his room and changed into a new set of clothes. Running down the stairs, he called Raina. "A child has an allergic reaction and is heading toward your hospital. Wait for him at the entrance."

Raina replied, "Yes..."

Zachary added, "He is Charlotte's son, so you should be the one to treat him."

"Understood." After listening to Zachary's orders, Raina got ready as she left for the entrance.

Zachary hung up before getting into the car, while Ben and the bodyguards followed him.

The car sped away toward the Kindness Hospital.

On the way to the hospital, Ben asked, "That's strange. Why does the child have the same allergy as you?"

Wearing a grim expression, Zachary only frowned and said nothing in return.

"Could it be..." Ben had bold speculation of the whole matter, but he didn't dare to say it out loud.

Zachary urged, "Drive faster."

"Yes," the driver responded and stepped on the accelerator.

Suddenly, Zachary turned to Ben and instructed, "I want you to find out the kids' date of birth and their blood types."

"Yes, sir." Ben immediately made some arrangements to look into the kids' information.

At that moment, Zachary's phone rang, and he immediately answered the call. "Spencer."

"Mr. Zachary, We've arrived at Kindness Hospital, and Raina is attending to the child." Spencer sounded restless. "Mr. Nacht asked me to return. When will you be here?"

"I'll be there after five minutes, so go ahead," assured Zachary.

Spencer was overwhelmed by fear, and he panicked. "I'm still worried... Mr. Nacht likes the kids very much, especially Robbie. If anything happens to him, it will be the death of me!"

"You're overthinking. I won't harm a three-year-old no matter how brutal I am." Zachary knew what Spencer was getting at.

"That's great... That's great." Spencer let out a sigh of relief and reminded, "Mr. Zachary, I'll be back real quick."

"Go." Zachary grew impatient as he felt Spencer was a tad too naggy.

At the same time, he could comprehend how much Henry liked the kids to make Spencer believe he would be dead if anything happened to the kids.

Although the elderly loved to be around kids normally, Henry wasn't the average old man. Besides, he had met many kids before.

Despite Charlotte's kids were adorable, the adoration Henry had for the three kids was quite unusual.

In the past, Zachary thought Henry was getting more and more emotional as he aged. However, now that he thought about it, an idea popped up in his mind. Could it be... Family ties?

The thought flashed across his mind, and he was stirred up.

At that moment, he received a call from Raina. "How's the child?"

"It's not a serious problem as it's just a normal food allergy. I've given him an injection, and he's asleep now." Raina paused for a second and lowered her voice to avoid waking the child up. "However, he's stirring in his sleep, always calling out to his mother. Has something happened to Ms. Windt?"

"No..." Zachary didn't wish to talk about it, so he changed the topic. "Is there a lab for DNA testing?"

Raina froze for a while and answered quickly, "Yes."

"I would like to do a DNA test with the child." When Zachary was talking on the phone, the car had arrived at the entrance of the hospital.

He immediately got off the car and sped up to meet Raina.

"Yes, sir." After hanging up, Raina took Robbie's blood sample when he was asleep and took Zachary's when the man arrived.

"I'll wait here. Go ahead with the test," Zachary instructed in a serious tone.

"Yes, sir." Raina took their blood samples to the lab for a DNA test.

Ben's heart started racing when he looked at Zachary's grim expression.

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He took a glance at his watch and saw that it was half-past ten in the evening. The results will be out before Charlotte returns.

Buttoning his sleeves, he got up and walked toward the children's ward.

Looking through the glass window, Zachary saw Robbie lying on the hospital bed with rashes all over his good-looking face. He was on a drip while his brows were furrowed in his sleep.

"Mommy, mommy..." Suddenly, Robbie groaned softly in his dreams.

Zachary hurriedly entered the ward and stood beside the bed. He wanted to comfort the child, but he was unsure of what to do, so he could only look at the child shifting in his sleep.

"Mommy will be back soon. Don't be afraid." Amelia hurriedly held Robbie's hand and pat the child's chest gently.

Soon enough, Robbie calmed down, and his knitted eyebrows relaxed.

Letting out a sigh of relief, Zachary turned to Amelia and ordered, "Stay here and look after the child."

"Yes, sir." Amelia squatted beside the bed stayed with Robbie.

However, with Zachary's presence in the room, Amelia was nervous and started trembling.

Noticing Amelia's reaction, the man took a glance at Robbie and left soon after.

"Mr. Nacht! Look at this!" Ben ran toward Zachary and handed his phone to the latter.

Taking the phone over, Zachary looked at the screen and saw that it was the information of the three kids.

To his disappointment, the kids had blood type A, which differed from his.

Zachary's heart almost stopped beating when he saw this, but he continued to read the information, and the date of birth of the kids seemed to add up. Based on my calculation, Charlotte got pregnant after sleeping with me that night four years ago.

However, this can't prove anything.

Only the DNA test results can determine if they are my kids.

Zachary was restless, as he wanted so badly to get the results immediately. With these thoughts in his mind, he turned to Ben and instructed, "Find out Charlotte's and Michael's blood types."

"According to Bruce's report, Michael has blood type O while Ms. Windt has blood type A." Ben opened the folder with the information on his phone and showed it to Zachary.

Looking at the image, Zachary's emotions were in a complete mess. In that case, the kids inherited Charlotte's blood type, so it was difficult to tell who their father was.

Zachary turned to look at Robbie while a strong feeling grew in his heart, telling him that the child was indeed his son.

"Sob sob... Robbie..." Suddenly, a squeaky voice sounded from outside the room.

Turning around, Zachary saw two nurses leading Jamie and Ellie into the room.

Jamie frowned in anger and aimed his toy gun at Zachary. "You big meanie! Not only did you bully Mommy, but you also bullied Robbie. I'll kill you!"

"Ah, don't. Please don't." Mildred hurriedly stopped him and advised, "Jamie, didn't we make a promise before coming here? You promised not to lose your temper and be calm before knowing the situation."

"Ms. Mildred, please get out of my way. I want to beat him to death!" Jamie growled in fury.

"Bad guy! Bad guy!" Fifi flapped its wings and let out a piercing scream.

"Meanie... You meanie!" Ellie dashed toward Zachary, flailing her small fists at the latter's legs.

There was no feeling from her soft punches.

Sensing no reaction from the man, Ellie grabbed his leg and bit down hard.

Zachary froze as he stared at Ellie blankly. He was never afraid of anything, but facing the adorable child as his opponent, he was at a loss.

"Oh my god!" Violet ran to the child and carried her up in her arms to pull her away from Zachary.

However, Ellie hugged Zachary's leg tightly, reluctant to let go. She looked like an adorable kitten as she attached herself onto the man's leg and bit down again.

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That's weird. Why didn't the bad guy feel any pain?

Not a sound out of him.

Ellie directed her hatred-filled eyes to gaze at Zachary. Her face was red with anger.

Zachary bent over with an arm outstretched. He hoisted her up as easily as a baby chick.

"Let go of me!" Ellie demanded. She trembled, thinking that Zachary wanted to hit her. She kicked and struggled in vain.

Ellie scrunched up her face and wailed loudly.

"Let go of Ellie!" Jamie fired his gun at Zachary.

The toy bullets struck his thigh with several dull thuds. That should hurt.

Compared to Ellie, these should do more damage.

"Stop!" Several guards rushed over, as Mr. Nacht was being overwhelmed by the children's onslaught.

Jamie turned and pointed his gun at them, intending to hold them back. But a guard grabbed his toy in one swift motion.

"Give me back my gun!" Jamie shouted, looking as though he was fit to leap up if not for his broken leg.

"How dare you!" Zachary yelled at the guards. Fearing his employer, the guard hurriedly returned the child's toy and stood against the wall.

"Stop screaming, Jamie," Mildred was frantic. "Mr. Nacht will not hurt Robbie, I promise you."

"Then how did Robbie fall ill while he was with him?" Jamie demanded, staring at Zachary with distaste.

Zachary took Ellie by the hand and led her to Jamie's side. He knelt down and was about to address the children when Jamie swung a fist that met his nose with a crunch.

Though it wasn't particularly painful, the real sting was the embarrassment of it.

Zachary clenched his eyes and furrowed his brow. The bystanders were breathless with horror at Jamie's audacity.

Mr. Nacht has never been disrespected in any way before.

How will he react?

"You've gone too far, you little rascal!" A guard bellowed, reaching out to grab Jamie.

"Step down," Zachary commanded grimly. The guard obeyed without a word.

No one else dared to voice their displeasure. However, they eyed Zachary warily.

Ben, who just arrived, was equally speechless. He hid his face in his hands, unsure of what to say.

"You bullied my mommy and Robbie. I won't let you get away with this! You just wait until I'm grown up. I will pay you back twice as much the pain!" Jamie shook a little fist and shouted, looking like an angry little lion cub.

"That's right," Ellie said, her face flushed with righteous anger. "You are a jerk. I thought you wanted to be my friend, but if this is what you really are, I won't hold back on you!"

As soon as she uttered those words, Ellie headbutted Zachary in the chest with all the strength she could muster.

Zachary would have fallen over if he was not a practitioner of martial arts. He merely swayed, but held his ground.

Zachary felt aggrieved. He was used to dealing with murderous beasts and savage foes. These little children who seemed to hate him with a passion, however...

All of a sudden, his salvation arrived.

"Jamie!" came a feeble voice from within, with a trace of the authority of an elder sibling.
"Stop that racket!"

Zachary saw that Robbie had arisen. He shuffled towards the door with his drip, looking pale and exhausted. "Uncle Zack did not hurt me. It was my mistake. I'm allergic to peach, and have had some peach juice by mistake."

"Robbie..." Ellie rushed over as quickly as she could to hold him. "How do you feel? Does it hurt?" she asked tenderly.

"Just a little," Robbie sighed with a resigned air. "I wanted to lay down for a nap, but you were all too loud."

"Sorry, Robbie." Jamie pushed a wheelchair towards him. "I was thinking that something had happened to you. You made me worry," Jamie said in a shaky voice.

"You should apologize to Uncle Zack." Robbie jerked his chin to indicate Zachary.

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Jamie glanced timidly at Zachary. He felt that he should be apologizing, but words failed him.

He was only three and a half, but he had pride.

"It's fine," Zachary said loudly, sparing Jamie the necessity to speak. "Have a good rest."

He then turned around to instruct the nurses, "Take good care of them!"

"Yes, Mr. Nacht," the nurses replied, scrambling to round up the children.

Zachary glanced at Robbie once more before departing, with Ben hurrying to keep pace.

Zachary addressed him in a low voice, and he turned around to address the guards, "You four, the children's safety is in your hands."

"Yes, sir!"

"Robbie, Jamie, Ellie, let's head back to the ward." The nurses led the way.

Outside, the four bodyguards stood as still as statues, barring the entrance with their wide physiques.

"What are they doing?" Ellie asked in a frightened voice. She hid in the folds of Violet and peered timidly outside.

"Don't be afraid, child. They are sent by Mr. Nacht to protect you," Violet assured Ellie.

"Robbie, is he a bad man?" Jamie frowned, concerned. "Was he the one who captured Mommy?"

"No, he wasn't," Robbie replied, feeling exhausted as he stretched out on his bed. "He did not capture her. He told me that Mommy will be back tomorrow."

"Really?" Jamie was overjoyed. His young handsome face was radiant.

"That's great!" Ellie clapped excitedly. "We can finally see Mommy again."

"Mommy! Mommy!" squawked Fifi the parrot.

"Alright, children. You need to rest now," Amelia said. "Jamie, Ellie, these two beds are for you. You tuck yourselves in, I will bring you some milk in a while."

"Did you bring my bottle?" Ellie asked, her eyes widening expectantly. "And my little lamb!"

"Yes, we've brought everything, don't worry," Violet started unpacking their belongings.

"I don't want a bottle," Jamie said in a low voice, not wanting to wake Robbie, who just fell asleep. "I want a cup. I'm a big boy!"

"Very well, now get into bed," the nurse said.

On the other side of the building, Zachary arrived at the laboratory, eagerly awaiting Raina's test results.

Ben understood his anxiety but felt that it was unnecessary.

If they were indeed Mr. Nacht's children, his relationship with Charlotte would mend. Besides that, the Nacht family would not be short on heirs.

Buzz. Ben's phone buzzed. He glanced at it and leaned towards Zachary. "It's Spencer. He's calling."

"Don't tell him about the DNA test," Zachary whispered.

"I won't." Ben didn't understand why but obeyed him anyway. "Hello, Spencer!"

"The other two kids are at Kindness Hospital too?" Spencer asked.

"Yes, they just arrived," Ben answered. "They were cursing and hitting Mr. Nacht. It's a good thing he didn't take offense, though."

Spencer sighed. "It's not in his nature for Mr. Zachary to pick fights with three-year-olds. Anyhow, the kids are cute. He will grow fond of them once he interacts with them more."

"That's right." Ben nodded.

"I've just received a call from Ms. Zara. She's coming to visit Mr. Henry tomorrow night." Spencer's voice suddenly turned tired and sad. "Is Mr. Zachary aware of this?"

Ben did not answer but handed the phone over to Zachary.

"Yes, I am," he said coldly. "Tomorrow at seven in the evening, I will meet her at the lobby of the hospital, and escort her to meet Grandpa."

"Roger that," said Spencer. "Mr. Henry's condition has improved greatly tonight. He asked to see you when he woke up. Would you like to come over tomorrow morning?"

“Alright, I will drop by tomorrow,” Zachary replied. “The children are being taken care of over here, so you don’t have to come for them.”

“Yes, Mr. Zachary,” said Spencer.

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Zachary remained behind the door of the lab, anxious for the results of the DNA test.

At that moment, nothing can be more important than the answer to this question.

He was desperate and mad with waiting, like a man whose wife is in labor.

Raina convinced him to get some rest—the test would take at least another few hours.

Zachary assigned two bodyguards to wait in his place and visited the pediatric ward.

He observed the sleeping children. The longer he looked, the more convinced he was that they were his.

Robbie slept soundly, in a stiff position that perfectly embodies his strict and disciplined character.

Jamie slept with limbs sprawled in all directions. The foot freshly out of its cast was on a little stool by the bed. He was still clutching his toy pistol.

Ellie was suckling on a pacifier. She clutched her plush alpaca and snored gently, without a care in the world.

Zachary felt his heart melt away from the sight of the kids before him. He didn’t think they looked like him when they first met, but now he’s not so sure anymore.

It's the imposing and domineering characteristics that were trademark traits of the Nachts that made Zachary feel all the more convinced of his theory.

"Mommy..." Ellie was startled awake and sobbed for her mother.

Violet, who was dozing at the side of her bed, did not notice.

Zachary rushed into the ward and comforted Ellie. He held her hand and patted her chest gently—just like how Robbie was comforted by the medic earlier.

Ellie fell back asleep soon after and hugged his arm. He tried extracting it but she held on to it tightly. The slightest movement would wake her again.

He had no choice but to bend over with his arm outstretched for the sleeping child.

After a long while, the pain in his waist was unbearable. He decided to alleviate it by squatting down.

It helped for a little while, but soon his legs were going numb. He had no intention of sitting on the hospital floor, as the hygiene of the floor was something he would rather not contemplate.

So there he remained. An hour passed, and then another.

Finally, he had had enough. Germs or not, his thighs were killing him. So he sank down onto the floor with a groan. He looked up at Ellie's sweet face in the moonlight.

She smelled like milk all over. Her exquisite little face looked exactly like her mother, even down to her manner of sleeping.

She looked adorable in his eyes. He pinched her plump cheeks, unable to help himself.

She drooled in her sleep through the corner of her mouth.

Zachary eyed the impending droplet of saliva with some apprehension. Please do not drip... Please do not drip...

To his anguish, the massive, sticky blob of drool broke off and landed on his arm. It did not stop there—it continued to flow downwards.

Zachary, being a germophobe, felt like he was in a waking nightmare. He tried once more to tug his arm out of her grasp, but she held on even tighter. Even worse, she rubbed her face against his arm, which sent out another stream of drool.

Zachary's brow furrowed with stress. His eyes followed the stream helplessly. It felt like a kitten sharpening its claws against his skin, which made him deeply uneasy.

This was what germophobes had to contend with.

Before, Zachary would just volunteer his arm, and give it a quick rinse if it got soiled on.

But now, he was incapable of that. Still frowning with anxiety, he nevertheless kept his position on the floor.

Looking around for some paper towel to wipe the drool, he caught sight of some on a shelf not too far away. He stretched with all his might to reach it without waking the little girl.

Outside, through the clear glass door, Ben witnessed the entire scene in disbelief. Zachary Nacht, in all his strategic and diplomatic prowess, was being tethered and drooled on by a kid?

This was depressing!

Zachary finally managed to grab hold of the paper towel by his fingertips. He heaved a huge sigh of relief.

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Zachary tore off a generously large sheet and wiped his arm, as well as the drenched cheeks and lips of Ellie, who was still fast asleep.

He tossed the soaked wad over into the bin not far away, landing perfectly with one try.

After all was said and done, he exhaled in relief again. It was hard work to care for a child.

How did Charlotte do it all those years?

One is bad enough, but three...

Thud. Something fell over.

Zachary turned and caught sight of Jamie's gun on the floor by his bed. He jumped in his sleep and rolled off the bed.

Zachary shot out his leg to intercept Jamie. He fell onto it and clung on like a koala bear.

Currently, Zachary's left arm and right leg were occupied by one child each. He was forced to remain frozen, limbs stretched out in opposite directions, like a grotesque performer of sorts.

Zachary attempted to retract his leg, but at the slightest hint of movement, Jamie clung on harder.

He did the same with his arm. Ellie held on as well.

Well, this is great. Both are stuck on me.

Zachary pondered on his current predicament. He prided himself on his ability to solve problems. However, that day was the first time he'd doubted himself. They're just children, how hard could it be?

A minute passed. Five more. Ten minutes. Twenty minutes was gone.

Zachary did not feel a thing. However, at the one-hour mark, his leg began to seize up.

Ben was prepared to come in and assist, but as he was about to, he caught sight of Robbie being wide awake, staring at Zachary unblinkingly.

That was a gaze of admiration from the little fellow!

Zachary was not aware that he was being watched. He was deeply focused on maintaining his balance. He was doing well and nearly forgot about the cramp in his thigh until Jamie who had his butt towards Zachary let out a fart.

Poof.

Zachary shut his eyes and held his breath.

Oh, God! Please have mercy on me! What creature is this?

I don't even mind that they use my arms and legs as bolsters.

But to drool and to fart on me!

"It's stinky! It's stinky!" Robbie couldn't bear it any longer. "Jamie must have had baked potatoes yesterday." He fanned the air with his hands.

"Stinky!" screamed Fifi the parrot on the side of Jamie's bed, and flapped its wings.

Ellie turned over and started to sob again. She let go of Zachary's arm and rubbed her tear-stained eyes.

"What's wrong?" Zachary asked gently, fearing that he had made her uncomfortable.

"Ignore her. She has a temper," Robbie said, poking Amelia awake.

Amelia was horrified. She ran over in a panic and pried Jamie away from him. "Mr. Nacht, are you alright?" she asked nervously.

"I'm fine," Zachary responded, trying to stand upright before realizing that he was cramped all over.

Aware that Robbie was still watching him, he strode out of there, desperate to cling on to some dignity.

"Uncle Zack," Robbie called just as he reached the door.

"Yes?" he turned back to address the boy.

“Thank you!” said Robbie softly. It wasn’t much, but for Robbie to transform from suspicious and mistrusting to warm and grateful, meant the world to Zachary.

“You’re welcome.” Zachary smiled with genuine pleasure. “Rest well!”

With that, he went through the door. As soon as he closed it, his face contorted with pain. He slapped his thighs gently to get some blood flowing again.

“Mr. Nacht, are you all right?” Ben rushed over to support him.

“I’m fine,” Zachary replied curtly, too proud to display weakness. “When am I ever not fine?”

“Not easy raising kids, huh?” Ben grinned. “Especially three at once.”

“What’s not easy about it?” Zachary was surly. “Three little rascals—easy peasy.”

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“Hahaha! That’s for sure! There’s nothing you can’t do.”

Ben couldn’t help but laugh. He never thought Mr. Nacht would be so adorable and interesting before.

“Of course!” Zachary finally walked to a corner and instructed. “I need an empty ward to take a shower.”

“Yes, Mr. Nacht!”

It was already dawn by the time Zachary finished showering and got change.

He tidied himself up and rushed to the laboratory.

Meanwhile, Spencer called again to confirm what time he would be there.

Zachary looked at Raina instead of answering him instantly.

Raina took the DNA test report and hurriedly walked over, she was beaming with excitement and pleasure.

Zachary felt a sense of relief from Raina's expression. Immediately, he answered, "I will be there at nine!"

"Alright. I'll be waiting for you downstairs at nine o'clock."

He then hung up the phone and stepped forward immediately, "How is it?"

"Mr. Nacht, look at this." Raina handed Zachary his test report.

Zachary took it over to have a look on the report. He couldn't help but quiver even it was within his expectation. He was so emotional upon seeing the report with his own eyes.

The paternity test showed a hundred percent match, which meant Robbie was his biological son!

Ben was shocked to see the result as well. "Oh my God! I can't believe the three children are actually your biological children."

Raina responded in excitement, "I actually discovered that quite some time ago, but I didn't dare to mention. I was such a fool! I should've suggested you to do the DNA test earlier."

"They are mine..." Zachary's hands trembled while holding the test report. "They are really my flesh and blood!"

Ben's brows raised in delight. "No wonder Mr. Nacht likes them so much. Blood is thicker than water, after all. No matter how hard you try to hide the truth, the bond between true family can be concealed easily."

Raina smiled and nodded. "That's right. But, why is Ms. Windt hiding it?"

"Hmm..." Ben raised his eyes to look at Zachary.

However, he wasn't in the mood to care about anything else. He immediately took the report and rushed towards the children's ward.

"Boo...hoo I want my mommy!"

Ellie seemed to have gotten up on the wrong side of the bed. She was whining and rubbing her eyes in bed.

Violet passed the milk that she had prepared to Ellie and comforted her. "Good girl, Ellie. Mommy will be here soon. Come and have your milk."

Ellie then took the baby bottle over and started gulping down the milk.

Meanwhile, Mildred wheeled Jamie out from the restroom.

He just washed his face and changed into a set of Transformers clothes, looking all handsome. But, he was still yawning as he did not have enough sleep the previous night.

"Robbie, your allergy symptoms are getting much better."

Amelia noticed that the rashes on Robbie's body were almost gone when she was cleaning his face.

Robbie looked at himself in the mirror and made an arrangement like a grown up boy. "Mm-hmm. Indeed, it's healing. Well, if that's the case, how about we go home later? Oh, by the way, is Mrs. Berry in this hospital too?"

"Amelia answered gently, "Yes, but she's in another building. Do you want to see her?"

Robbie nodded his head. "Yes, we'll leave after seeing Mrs. Berry. Could I trouble you to make arrangements for us?"

"We'll still have to seek advice from doctor. We can only leave if doctor tells that you're ready for discharge." Amelia answered with a smile.

"Alright... " The room door was flung open abruptly when Robbie was about to speak.

Zachary walked in hurriedly. He had always been cold and indifferent. However, he looked all excited at that moment.

He took a look at Robbie, Jamie and also Ellie, as if he had an announcement to make.

The three children stared at him blankly.

Robbie widened his eyes, waiting for him to say something.

Jamie was playing with his Transformers toys before he entered the room. He couldn't help but stopped playing because of his sudden appearance.

Ellie was leaning on a pillow, holding her stuffed alpaca in one hand and her baby bottle in the other hand. She immediately stopped drinking and stared at Zachary when he came in.

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"Bad guy! Bad guy!"

Fifi talked suddenly and hid behind Robbie. Then, It looked at Zachary timidly from behind.

The three nurses were a little nervous as well. Mildred and Violet stopped their actions and stood there uneasily.

"Uncle Zack, is there anything?" Robbie politely asked.

"You can't call me that!" Zachary said suddenly. Right after those words coming out of his mouth, he explained again immediately, "What I mean is... "

He used to be calm and all puffed-up. But all of a sudden, he started to feel nervous.

He had never felt that way before. He looked as if he was a child with no confidence and was afraid of saying the wrong thing.

It's probably the first time Zachary felt so lost ever since he was born.

"Hmm?" Robbie furrowed his brows and stared at him in confusion.

"It's nothing now."

Zachary decided to tell the children when Charlotte was there. After all, he had never gotten the chance to be with the children. Instead, there were some misunderstandings between him and the children in the past.

He was afraid that if he acted rashly, he would only scare them off.

Jamie patted his chest and said, "You have scared me! I thought you want a compensation from me."

"Compensation?" Zachary asked with his brows raised.

"Robbie said I was hugging your leg while sleeping. I even farted on you. So, I thought..." Jamie looked at him and answered weakly.

Ellie held her baby bottle tightly and asked in a whisper. "Robbie said that I drooled all over your clothes, and your arm was numb because I slept on it. Is that true?"

The corner of Zachary's mouth lifted up and he gently said. "Mm-hmm, but that's ok. As long as you guys are happy."

No matter what the children did or said, he still thought they were adorable in every way.

"I'm sorry. I'll share my toy with you." Jamie handed Zachary his Transformers toy and told him sincerely. "I won't eat potatoes again, so that my farts won't smell."

"Haha..." Zachary burst into laughter. However, he didn't know how to continue with Jamie's topic.

Since it was his first day of being a father, he didn't know how to get along with his children.

Ellie stared at her baby bottle. She decided to give it to Zachary even though she was reluctant to do that. She gritted her teeth and handed him the bottle. "Then... I will share my milk with you too."

"What are you going to drink if you give it to me?"

What a little darling! Zachary stared at them with the gentlest look ever on his face.

"I... I..." Ellie blinked her big bright eyes and said pitifully. "I'll drink juice then."

After that, she sadly lowered her head and handed him the baby bottle reluctantly.

Her sweet and innocent look instantly melted Zachary's heart. "That's so sweet of you! Thanks for sharing it with me, but I don't drink milk. You can have it!"

“Oh? Is that true?” Ellie hurriedly kept her baby bottle and held it tightly in her arms, as if Zachary would steal it away from her. “That’s what you said! I will give you hot cross bunnies next time then.”

“What are hot cross bunnies?” Zachary asked curiously.

Ellie gestured with her chubby hands and explained. “Hot cross bunny is a kind of bun, it’s very delicious! It looks like a bunny. The ones that Mrs. Berry made taste yummy! But the ones mommy made... Hmm... “

She thought about it for a moment before answering, “Well, they taste okay.”

“Sometimes she just accidentally added salt instead of sugar, so they can be very salty.” Jamie added resignedly, “But mommy’s oatmeal is nice.”

“That was instant oatmeal!” Ellie added hurriedly, “Actually, mommy’s signature dish is creamy tomato soup.”

“You’re right.”

The two of them were discussing their mother’s cooking, one after another.

Zachary listened to them attentively. His lips curled into a smile.

Robbie stared at Zachary in confusion. He felt that something was off about Zachary, but he didn’t know what it was...

That evil guy seemed to become cordial all of a sudden.

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chapter 487

Zachary stayed with the children for a while. Then, he was ready to make a move when Ben reminded him to meet Henry at Serene Hospital.

Before he left, Robbie walked him out. He asked Zachary seriously, "Uncle Zack, do you have something to say?"

"How do you know?"

Zachary thought Robbie had an IQ and EQ that was higher than other children of the same age. Jamie and Ellie was more like three-and-a-half-year old child, while Robbie was just like him when he was young.

"I just feel that your attitude has changed suddenly," Robbie guessed. "You're acting totally different... "

Zachary couched down and put his hands on Robbie's shoulders. "Let's wait for Mommy. Mommy and I've got news for you guys!"

"What news?" Robbie couldn't wait to know.

"Shh. I want to keep it as a secret for the time being." Zachary left him in suspense.

"Is it good news or bad news?" Robbie questioned again.

Zachary gently stroked his head with the corner of his mouth lifted up. "Of course, it's good news. You guys can move into my place after your follow-up. I'll be back together with Mommy tonight."

"Stay at your place?" Robbie was surprised and said hurriedly, "Is that a good idea? I think we better stay at Mr. Henry's house."

"You can't address him as Mr. Henry from now on."

Zachary would like to clarify with him that he should actually address Henry as his Great-grandpa instead of Mr. Henry. However, he didn't want to reveal the secret at that moment.

"Why is it?" Robbie frowned out of worry.

Zachary tried to evade his question while explaining. "I'll explain to you guys tonight. Mr. Henry is not feeling well. So, he won't have time to take care of the three of you. Besides, it's not quite convenient for Mommy to go there. So, I'll make an arrangement for you guys to

move over to my place. You guys can take a rest in hospital for today. I'll get someone to prepare a room for you."

"But... "

"Alright, it's decided then."

Before Robbie could say anything, Zachary stood up and instructed Raina. "I'll leave you to take care of the decoration of their room. Use the best furniture and products. They'll be moving in tonight."

"Yes, Mr. Nacht. I'll do it right away."

Raina bowed quietly upon receiving instructions.

From now on, the three children would be the heir to the Nacht family. She would treat them with extreme care as compared to before.

Zachary then turned around and ordered his bodyguards who were standing in two orderly lines behind him. "From today onwards, the nine of you are responsible for keeping both the princes and the princess safe!"

"Yes, Mr. Nacht!" The nine bodyguards answered at the same time, with loud and clear voices echoing around the corridor.

Robbie was shocked by what was happening in front of him. W-What is going on? He is asking Dr. Langan to decorate our room personally, and even leaving half of his bodyguards here to protect the three of us? Besides, isn't it weird to address us as "the princes and the princess"?

"I should get going now."

Zachary turned back to look at Robbie. He opened his mouth and wanted to call him the way Charlotte did, but he didn't know how.

Instead, he did it in a man-to-man way. He reached out his fist to Robbie.

He was stunned for a while before reaching out his fist to do a fist-bump with Zachary.

Then, the two of them smiled at each other.

“Robinson, wait for me.”

Finally, Zachary called out his name. It wasn't as affectionate as Charlotte, or as gentle as the others. However, it was somewhat cordial, friendly and reliable in another way.

“Okay!” Robbie nodded his head firmly. He stood up straight, looking all energetic.

Zachary patted on his head gently then turned to look at Jamie and Ellie who were hiding behind the door with an adorable expression. He waved at them and left.

“Robbie... Robbie... ” Jamie wheeled himself out and asked in excitement. “What happened? When did you become so close with him?”

“Robbie is a friend with him now?” Ellie asked softly with a pinched voice.

“Friend? Friend?” Fifi was curious as well.

Robbie looked at Zachary's silhouette as he walked away. He felt a little emotional and said, “I noticed that we have misunderstood him before. I realized he is a good guy now!”

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“Are you sure?”

Jamie turned his head to look towards Zachary, thinking about how he got him with his legs to prevent him from falling off the bed. In order not to wake Jamie up, Zachary even let him hug his legs all night long while sleeping. He had been standing in an odd and difficult pose for hours...

Therefore, Jamie couldn't help but nod his head. "Oh, right. I think he is not bad too."

"He didn't complain about my saliva and let me sleep on his arm. Oh, by the way, he gave me a piggyback ride last time." Ellie was trying to recall all the good things that Zachary did. Finally, she concluded seriously, "Alright then, I also think that he is a good guy!"

"Good guy! Good guy!"

Fifi repeated after Ellie, flapping its wings and flying around.

"So, we must be polite to him in the future. Okay?" Robbie reminded them in a serious tone.

"Understood!" Jamie and Ellie answered together.

"Mr. Robbie, Mr. Jamie and Ms. Ellie..." Raina crouched down in front of them and smiled. "From now on, your identities have been changed."

"What is going on?" Jamie tilted his head in confusion.

"Unless... Has Mr. Henry already bought the island?"

Ellie vaguely remembered that Mr. Henry once said to buy an island and be the king of his own island. Hence, the three of them would become real princes and princess.

"You'll know soon." Raina patted on their heads and said gently. "I'll prepare a room for you guys now. Let's get some rest in the hospital today, okay?"

"Okay!" They nodded their heads with a blur face.

Then, Raina left. The three children went back to the room and continued eating their breakfast before visiting Mrs. Berry.

The three nurses led them to another building. When they passed through the corridor, the nine bodyguards bowed their heads immediately.

The three children were shocked. They hurriedly stopped in their tracks and bowed in return timidly.

Before they walked into the elevator, two of the bodyguards quickly walked ahead of them and checked it carefully. Then, they held the elevator door for them and waited for them to go in.

The three children stared at each other with a clueless expression. They were confused, but they didn't dare to ask.

The three nurses were cautious and anxious as compared to how they were before. They even changed the way they addressed the three of them. They used to call the three children by their nicknames. But then they started to address them as Mr. Robbie, Mr. Jamie and Ms. Ellie.

Besides, the three nurses would use both their hands when passing things to them. They wouldn't treat them as casually as how they did before.

In the past, the three nurses would have chats and even dozed off sometimes when they were lazy. But now, they were always on standby and didn't dare to delay at all.

That was making the three children feeling more uneasy and anxious. They had no idea what was going on.

As they stepped out of the elevator, they were shocked again.

The remaining seven bodyguards had already been waiting for them downstairs respectfully. Six of them were lining up neatly in two rows, while one of them was standing beside the car.

The three children exchanged glances. They were all terrified.

Then, Jamie came closer to Robbie, covering his mouth with his hands and whispered. "Robbie, what exactly is going on?"

Ellie hid her face behind Fifi and asked in with a very soft voice. "Did Mr. Henry really buy over an island? Are we going to be crowned? Are we really going to be real prince and princess?"

"Probably?"

Robbie looked dazed as well. He used to think that he was smart, but he was clueless on what was going on.

Anyway, the answers would be revealed that night.

“Don’t worry.” Robbie comforted Jamie and Ellie. “Mommy is going to be back soon. We will find out what is happening when she’s back.”

“Uh huh.” Jamie and Ellie nodded firmly.

“Mommy, Mommy... “

Fifi lowered down its voices while looking at those people. It looked to be a little restless and uneasy too. If the three children were to become princes and princess, did that mean it would be the royal parrot?

Fifi held its head high with pride when it thought about that.

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The entire group made their way towards the Neurological ward.

The medical superintendent welcomed them personally, and even bowed to the three children, he then politely led them to Mrs. Berry’s ward.

A few medical specialists were already there and waited for their orders at any time.

Jamie was nervous, clenching the armrests of his wheelchair silently with both his hands.

Meanwhile, Ellie was hugging Fifi tightly that she nearly strangled it to death.

Fortunately, Robbie was able to remain his calmness and said, "Thanks for your hard work, doctors. We are just here to visit Mrs. Berry. We don't know anything about the treatment. I believe Mommy will consult you guys when she's back. Please continue with your work. Don't worry about us."

"Well..." They looked at the medical superintendent.

"Well, we will be waiting outside then. Please let us know if Mr. Robbie, Mr. Jamie and Ms. Ellie need anything." The medical superintendent said cautiously.

"There's no need." Robbie bowed gratefully. "All of you have been working hard. There are other patients in the hospital who need you to tend to them. So, you really don't have to waste your time here."

The medical superintendent and the other specialists were slightly stunned. However, they responded politely and left immediately.

After watching them leave, Robbie told the bodyguards, "Could you wait for us outside? Please don't disturb Mrs. Berry's rest time. Thank you!"

"Yes, sir!" The nine bodyguards bowed and left the room.

Robbie then glanced at the other four subordinates. They immediately bowed and left as well.

There were only Amelia, Mildred, Violet in the room, and also Mrs. Berry with a total puzzled look.

Mrs. Berry had been gaping at those people in utter shock for more than ten minutes. She didn't say a single word, but they could see a thousand questions in her eyes.

Jamie and Ellie let out a sign at the same time.

"Mrs. Berry!" Ellie struggled to crawl into the bed with her short legs. She jumped into her embrace and said affectionately. "Are you alright? I haven't seen you for a long time. I missed you so much!"

"Good girl, Ellie." I miss you too!" Mrs. Berry hugged and kissed her head. She then turned to ask Robbie and Jamie. "Who can tell me what is going on?"

"Hmm... I don't know either."

Mildred wheeled Jamie over to the bedside as he spoke.

Jamie furrowed his brows and pulled a long face. "That old man treated us well all of a sudden. He told many people to take care of us. Everybody is so kind to us. I'm a little... hmm... I'm flattered!"

"Old man?" Mrs. Berry frowned as she tried to guess who he was referring to.

Jamie added, "Mommy's former boss. The bad guy with a fierce look on his face!"

"Bad guy! Bad guy!"

Fifi followed along and instantly recoiled as if it said something wrong.

"Jamie, what did I tell you before?" Robbie put on a solemn look and reminded him in a serious tone.

Jamie immediately shook his head and corrected himself. "Oh, no! He is not a bad guy. He is so kind to us now. Last night, he even tugged me and Ellie in bed."

"Uh... " Mrs. Berry didn't understand a word. She had no choice but to gaze at Robbie with a pleading look in her eyes.

"Mrs. Berry, I can't explain to you right now." Robbie shrugged and answered resignedly. "We'll let Mommy explain to you when she's back."

Mrs. Berry asked anxiously, "Where did Mommy go? I heard that the elevator in the residential estate has broken down a few days ago. Her friend was nearly stuck in the elevator when she went to our place. The property manager sent your Mommy here to receive treatment and dropped by to see me as well. I wanted to go see your mother but she had left. Later on, I tried calling her but I couldn't get through. I'm so worried about her!"

"Don't worry! Mommy will be back tonight." Robbie assured her.

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chapter 490

On the other side, Zachary was still feeling emotional while looking at the DNA test report.

He felt like he was dreaming for receiving such great surprise all of a sudden.

In fact, God was so generous to him. He had been given all the best things in the world.

The three children were like angels coming to his life...

However, he hated himself for not taking the DNA test right away when he learned about the existence of the three children. Instead, he even doubted that the children weren't his... I am a bloody fool!

Thinking about that, Charlotte must have been extremely sad and disappointed...

She was probably hiding the truth because she was scared.

Zachary was so regretful when he thought about the time when he punished Charlotte in a violent and harsh way..

Stupid Woman, why don't you tell me?

He swore to himself that he would do everything he could to make it up to her in the future. He wouldn't ever let her suffer anymore...

Ben couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief. "I can't believe things could take a turn at this point. You don't have to worry about anything now. No matter what Ms. Nacht is up to, she can't deny the existence of these three children. You have not only one but three heirs to the family now. Nobody can threaten your position!"

"It doesn't matter."

Zachary wasn't happy because of the three children could help him maintain his position in the family. He was delighted because they were his flesh and blood!

He was even upset about that in the past. He had finally come to the realization that it was actually a misunderstanding.

"Of course. Most importantly, Ms. Windt has never betrayed you." Ben certainly knew what was on Zachary's mind.

Zachary ordered, "Send more men to guard the hospital so that Zara won't have the chance to play any tricks."

"Yes, Mr. Nacht!"

Their car soon arrived at the entrance of Serene Hospital as they spoke.

Spencer didn't wait for them as promised. Instead, he sent somebody over.

"What happened? Has Mr. Nacht's condition worsened?" Ben asked anxiously.

"No. It's Mr. Blackwood. He came by to visit Mr. Nacht." the bodyguard answered. "Mr. Spencer greeted him personally. That's why he sent me here."

"Mr. Blackwood came alone?" Zachary frowned and asked.

"He came along with Ms. Blackwood. But, Mr. Spencer rejected to meet her as per your instruction. So, he only let Mr. Blackwood in," the bodyguard said cautiously.

"Alright." Zachary nodded in satisfaction.

"Don't worry. Spencer is always cautious and efficient. He makes no mistakes," Ben assured him.

Zachary quickened his pace. He held the test report tightly in his hands, with a happy glow in his eyes. He couldn't wait to let Henry know about the good news.

The three children whom he loved the most were actually his great-grandchild.

Zachary couldn't imagine how happy Henry was going to be when he heard that.

As soon as they arrived at the ward, Spencer was about to send Taylor off. He greeted Zachary when they met, "Zachary, you're here."

"Yes." Zachary nodded in response, "Thanks for coming by to visit Grandpa!"

"We're family. It's what I should do." Taylor blurted out those words without any hesitation. He then added, "I'm your father's best friend, as well as Mr. Nacht's close friend. Based on our relationship, we are more or less a family."

"Yes. Thank you." Zachary smiled, "After Grandpa recovers, I'll visit you in person to thank you."

In fact, he was going to visit him and break off the engagement.

"It's fine." Taylor smiled and said, "I shall get going."

"I hope you are ok with walking yourself out." Zachary nodded politely.

Taylor left quietly. He stopped and turned back to him after walking a few steps. "Zachary, do you know Richard Windt?"

Zachary stopped himself from stepping into the ward and stared at him with a puzzled expression. "Huh?"

"I'm not sure if I should be telling you this..." Taylor seemed to be in a difficult position. He wanted to say something but hesitated, "With regards to Ms. Windt, she..."

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Zachary stopped him mid-sentence. "Since it's something that shouldn't be said, then just leave it. Ben, send him off."

"Yes, Mr. Nacht." Ben replied.

It was a little awkward at that moment. Obviously, Zachary was chasing Taylor out.

Taylor heaved a sigh and said no more. He then turned around and left.

Spencer turned to Zachary and gazed at him. "I think you should at least let him finish his sentence. Perhaps he was just giving you a gentle reminder."

"I doubt a woman would be able to influence my judgement."

Zachary hated to see anyone speak ill of Charlotte, including Taylor.

"Mr. Blackwood is a righteous man who has a reliable and objective voice. Although he doesn't like to mingle with women because of Ms. Blackwood, he won't slander an innocent woman. Perhaps he was going to spill a secret..."

Zachary was annoyed and he cut him off. "Mr. Spencer! You're overthinking."

"Alright then." Spencer lowered his head and said nothing else.

Zachary changed into his isolation gown and entered the ward.

Henry was still in a coma and the doctor was checking on him. Upon seeing Zachary, the doctor immediately bowed to greet him.

"How is he doing?" Zachary asked softly.

“Mr. Nacht regained his consciousness from time to time. His head has been seriously injured from the fall. I’m afraid that he would remain in this condition for a period of time,” the doctor replied.

Zachary furrowed his eyebrows. “How long would that be?”

The doctor answered, “It’s hard to say. It could be a week, a month, or perhaps longer. However, he is merely unconscious. He isn’t suffering from pain.”

Zachary fell silent and looked at his grandpa with a complicated expression.

He used to find Henry annoying back when the latter was being unreasonable and threw tantrums at others. However, Zachary couldn’t help but feel guilty towards his grandpa as he saw him lying on the bed, unmoving.

Zachary was well aware that his grandpa was old and his days were numbered.

But he still hoped the day wouldn’t come too soon. He wished to spend more time with his grandpa.

“Take your time, Mr. Zachary. I’ll leave first.”

The doctor bowed to him and left the ward.

Zachary sat beside the bed and accompanied Henry in silence.

After a moment, the medical staff came in with a hot towel to wipe Henry’s body. “I’ll do it.” Zachary reached out his hand as he said.

“Alright.” The medical staff handed the towel to him respectfully.

Zachary actually had no idea how to take care of a patient. He just wanted to do something for Henry.

He gently cleaned Henry’s limbs with the hot towel. Looking at the wrinkled skin all over his body, Zachary realized that his grandpa was already an aged man.

Henry Nacht, who was once the legendary hegemon of the corporate world, was nearing the end of his life.

Right then, Zachary had mixed feelings. On one hand, he was thrilled to be the biological father of the triplets. On the other hand, he was depressed to see his grandpa being sick and unconscious. Life comes and goes. Is there nothing else I can do?

"Mr. Zachary." Spencer's whisper broke his train of thoughts.

Zachary regained his composure and turned to Spencer. "Yes?"

"It's time for Mr. Nacht to take his medicine." Spencer brought over a glass of warm water and Henry's medicine.

"I'll do it." Zachary took the medicine over and carefully fed it to Henry.

Spencer uttered softly, "Mr. Nacht has been muttering your name in the past few days. It's always you whom he misses the most. He's always thinking of you."

Zachary remained silent but his eyes were filled with sorrow.

Spencer approached Zachary and whispered in his ear, "The doctor said that Mr. Nacht's days are numbered even if he regains his consciousness. Please don't provoke him anymore."

"I understand." Zachary gazed at Henry and smiled. "After he recovers his consciousness, I have some good news for him."

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chapter 492

"Good news? That's great! If he's in a good mood, he'll recover even sooner," Spencer cheerfully said.

"Yes. He'll be on cloud nine when he hears that."

Zachary could imagine the pleasant scene already.

Henry had taken a liking to the kids. He would be over the moon if he knew the triplets were his great-grandchildren.

"I can't wait to know!" Spencer was excited.

Right then, the medical staff came in to help Henry get changed, so Zachary left the ward first.

"Mr. Nacht, everything is ready," Ben reported while panting. "You didn't sleep a wink last night. You should get some rest."

"Mr. Zachary, did you stay up all night?"

Spencer overheard Ben when he walked out of the ward.

"He was too busy taking care of the kids," said Ben with a smirk.

"I never thought Mr. Zachary could get along with the kids. I was worried that you might get into a fight," Spencer said with a smile of relief.

Zachary had a speechless expression on his face. "Am I a man-child to you, Mr. Spencer? Do you think I'll fight with three-year-old kids?"

Spencer giggled, then he said, "You never liked kids. I was worried that they might offend you by accident, and your temper... Well, you know that Mr. Nacht adores the triplets. If anything happens to them, I can't answer to Mr. Nacht."

"Don't worry. They're fine." Zachary curled his lips upwards as he answered.

"Are they still in the hospital? How's Robbie?" Spencer asked in concern.

"He had a food allergy. He's recovering after getting an injection. Don't worry. Everything is fine," replied Ben.

"Glad to know that." Spencer heaved a sigh of relief, then continued, "I'll take the kids home and settle them down, then I'll come back again."

Zachary immediately said, "It's alright. Don't worry about it. I've asked Raina to make arrangements. She'll bring the kids over to my house. They are staying there with me."

Spencer was shocked to hear what he said. "Are you sure, Mr. Zachary? You always prefer a quiet environment. If they stay there with you, they might cause disturbance to you."

"No, they won't. They're adorable." Zachary said that with a soft smile on his face.

Right then, the medical superintendent reported to Zachary personally, "Mr. Nacht, the room is ready."

"Alright." Zachary left with the medical superintendent. He planned to get some rest to prepare himself for what was coming later at night.

Spencer couldn't believe his eyes. "What... What's going on with Mr. Zachary? Why did he change so suddenly?" he asked Ben.

"There are more surprises coming soon. You'll definitely drop your jaw." Ben cast a mysterious smile at him.

Spencer was puzzled by Ben's reply.

"Don't worry. It's good news."

Ben bowed to Spencer with a smiling face, then he went after Zachary.

Spencer was lost in his thoughts, pondering over Ben's words. Right then, the medical staff called him, so he didn't think further and quickly went into the ward to take care of Henry.

Lying on the bed, Zachary took a look at his watch. It was already eleven o'clock in the morning.

There are eight hours more till the appointed time. Where could Zara be now?

Right now, she should be on her way back to H City with Charlotte.

Bruce would have his eyes on them as soon as they set their foot in H City. Zara wouldn't be able to play tricks anymore.

Charlotte sprawled on the bed, dozing off. Suddenly, someone opened the door. A tall, slender figure made its entrance, followed by a group of bodyguards.

"You're injured badly." Zara took a seat on the sofa and sized Charlotte up.

Awakened by the noise, Charlotte tried to move her body but her back was aching so much that she couldn't do it by herself.

Zara made a gesture.

Shirley walked towards Charlotte and pulled her up with force.

Charlotte's body was trembling with pain. Her hair was in disarray, covering her pale face.

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Zara mocked with a cold sneer, "I was expecting something more from you. Well, you're nothing special after all. Why would Zachary be head over heels in love with a woman like you?"

Charlotte slowly opened her eyes and looked at the woman with a puzzled mind. "Who... Who are you?" she asked weakly.

Zara smirked. "You don't have to know who I am. Just remember that I'm someone whom you can't afford to cross."

"What do you want from me?" Charlotte muttered with her weak voice while panting.

"Hehe..." Zara chuckled creepily. "I'm going to return you to Zachary. Before that, I want to give you a present."

Zara made a gesture as she said.

Two bodyguards swiftly pinned Charlotte down.

Shirley took out a syringe and slowly approached Charlotte.

"What are you doing? Let go of me!" Charlotte's eyes widened in shock and she struggled with all her might. "What's this? No! Stop it! Ah..."

Eventually, Charlotte failed to break free from the two men. Shirley injected Charlotte with some unknown transparent liquid.

Charlotte shouted at the top of her lungs. She kept struggling and shaking her head but she was defenseless.

She had no idea what kind of liquid it was, nor did she know what kind of damage it might cause her. Fear seeped through her bones.

Zara crossed her legs and sat comfortably on the sofa, swirling the wine in the glass.

She grinned maliciously and stared down Charlotte as if the latter was her prey.

Charlotte's hair sprawled out behind her as she kept struggling, gradually revealing her beautiful face.

Upon seeing her facial features, Zara froze in her position. The next second, she looked at Charlotte in astonishment.

Zara blinked in dubiety, thinking she was mistaken. She immediately instructed, "Raise your head!"

Shirley squeezed Charlotte's chin and forcefully held her head up.

A gorgeous face came into view.

Zara was dumbstruck as if she had just seen the devil. Her eyes were filled with surprise and fear.

After a moment, Zara uttered a name, "Isabella?"

Charlotte shivered upon hearing the name. She raised her head and looked at the cruel woman in front of her. "How... How do you know this name?" she asked.

"What's your relationship with Isabella?" Zara got emotional as she asked.

Before Charlotte could answer her question, she fell onto the bed and started crying out in pain. The body part where she got the injection was hurting so much.

After a few seconds, she passed out while white foam leaked from her lips.

Zara was still frozen in her position, staring at Charlotte in disbelief.

After a long time, Zara recomposed herself and hurriedly ordered, "Check her background now! I want to know everything about this woman. Do it now!"

"Yes!" Shirley took action at once.

"Ms. Nacht, the injection is completed. Three months later, she'll be a cripple at your mercy," the bodyguard spoke fluently in English.

Zara remained silent as she was lost in her thoughts.

It was as though she was trying to prove something.

"Ms. Nacht, it's time to go," another bodyguard reminded her.

Zara stood up and took a glance at Charlotte. "Don't touch her anymore. Just clean her up and get her into the car."

"Yes, Ms. Nacht."

After half an hour, Charlotte was carried into a car. She was still unconscious.

Zara sat beside her. She squinted her eyes and stared at Charlotte. The emotions flickering in her eyes were complicated.

The car then slowly drove off to H City.

Shirley was working on the laptop and making calls. She was using all the connections they had to look up Charlotte's background as quickly as possible.

"I need to know everything before I meet Zachary," Zara ordered.

Shirley was in a tight spot. "I'll try my best. It seems like someone has covered up this woman's background. There isn't much information about her. I've only managed to find out that her father was the former richest man in H City, Richard Windt."

"Richard Windt!" Zara was shocked by the information. "Do you mean the man whom I killed four years ago?"

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"Please have a look." Shirley handed the laptop to Zara.

Zara checked it out and scrolled through the page, then she sneered excitedly, "What a coincidence! I didn't expect the businessman whom I accidentally killed was Isabella's lover. Haha..."

"Ms. Nacht, it's just speculation so far. We don't know anything for sure yet. Besides, Richard Windt was just an ordinary businessman. How could he possibly be related to Isabella?"

"You're right. We should verify that."

Zara stared at Charlotte coldly while playing with the ring on her ring finger. After a long while, she made a phone call.

The phone rang for quite a long time before a deep voice came from the other side. "Hello."

"Taylor, it's been a while." Zara's lips curled up. She sounded friendly yet arrogant. "There's something I would like to ask you."

"What's it?" Taylor had his guard up.

"Isabella... Did she have a daughter?" Zara tentatively asked the question.

Taylor didn't see that coming. He fell silent for a long time before he found his voice, "I guess you've met Charlotte."

Zara was trying to piece everything together. "I knew Isabella had a lover and she gave birth to a baby."

She paused for a few seconds before she continued asking, "Her lover was Richard Windt. Am I right?"

"I don't know. Richard Windt is dead and no one can verify the truth now. It's just your speculation. Stop hurting innocent people," Taylor replied.

"So I guess it right. Charlotte Windt is the daughter of Isabella and Richard!" Zara concluded.

"Zara, that's enough. Let bygones be bygones. Your brother is long dead. Stop the nonsense!" Taylor scowled.

"You're such a kind man. Your daughter is getting engaged to Zachary but he's thinking of another woman. Don't you find it disturbing? Ah, I get it. Charlotte is Isabella's daughter, so you choose her over your own daughter. Am I right?" Zara said mockingly.

"Zara Nacht!" Taylor said her name through his clenched teeth.

"Don't worry, Taylor. I'm just asking out of curiosity. I won't do anything funny."

Zara ended the call and gazed at Charlotte who was still unconscious. Zara curled her lips into an evil smile, "I guess I have luck on my side. If I had known she is Isabella's daughter, I wouldn't have wasted so much effort."

Zara patted Charlotte on her beautiful face. "Isabella, you're really my lucky star. You're helping me out even though you're dead."

Meanwhile, Charlotte had no idea what was going on.

All she felt was pain. Every part of her body hurt. It was as if tens of thousands of bugs were biting her body.

She felt that she was dying at the moment.

On the other side, Zachary had a nightmare. In his dream, Charlotte arrived in a car and he couldn't wait to see her. However, as he opened the door, Charlotte was already dead. Blood oozed out of every orifice in her body.

Zara stood behind them and laughed ferociously like a lunatic.

Zachary jolted awake from the nightmare. Sweat dotted his forehead and his heart was pounding rapidly.

He hadn't experienced such feelings ever since the night when he lost his parents.

A foreboding thought emerged in his mind. He took a look at the time. It was already half-past six in the evening. He felt increasingly anxious by the minute.

He immediately got out of the bed, then he washed his face to calm himself down. After that, he went downstairs to wait for Zara.

He had to get Charlotte back as soon as possible and make sure she was unharmed.

"Mr. Nacht, don't worry. Bruce has his eyes on their every move. Ms. Nacht's car entered H City three hours ago. She'll arrive in no time."

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Zachary focused on the incoming cars, waiting for Zara's arrival.

Although he appeared to be calm as a millpond, his emotions were rioting inside.

Ben dared not say a word. He stood beside Zachary, accompanying him in silence. Their bodyguards were on full alert.

Raina came over with a few female medical staff. They were on standby for Charlotte's arrival.

A minute passed, then two. Ten minutes had passed.

They still didn't manage to find Zara's convoy.

Zachary impatiently glanced at his watch. It was already seven o'clock. He frowned and continued to monitor the movement on the road. There were cars driving by, but none of them was Zara's.

What is that woman up to?

Zachary took out his phone and wanted to give Bruce a call.

Right then, Ben said, "They're here!"

Zachary raised his head and saw a convoy of cars slowly driving over. The convoy was escorting a Hummer.

Ben made a gesture with his hand and all the bodyguards kept their guard up.

Zachary squinted his eyes and stared at the Hummer until it stopped.

Zara's men got out of the car and formed two rows in a defensive position.

The men from both sides were facing off one another directly.

After that, a few female bodyguards got out of the car and opened the door for Zara. She stepped out of the car elegantly, radiating a cold and powerful aura as one of the Nachts.

"Long time no see, my good nephew!"

Zara took off her sunglasses and cast a cold smirk at Zachary.

"Where is she?" Zachary was not in the mood to talk gibberish. He just wanted to see Charlotte right away.

Zara smiled and gestured to Shirley. The latter opened the door.

Charlotte, who was dressed in white, lay quietly at the rear seat. She was unconscious.

Raina quickly brought her team over and carefully placed Charlotte on the hospital bed, then they pushed her to Zachary's side.

Zachary furrowed his eyebrows as he looked at Charlotte. Her face was pale and looked very frail. She must've suffered a lot.

Zachary's heart ached upon seeing her condition, but he pretended to be collected. "Examine her," he ordered.

"Understood." Without further ado, Raina and the medical staff pushed Charlotte into the hospital.

Ben shot a glance and several bodyguards immediately followed them.

"It's just a few lashes. You're overreacting," Zara mocked.

"You'd better not play tricks with me." Zachary glared at her.

Zara raised her eyebrows. "I'm your aunt. You shouldn't talk to me like that just because of a woman. Are you trying to play "Romeo", like your dad?"

"It's none of your business." Zachary frowned.

Zara simply shrugged. "Okay. Can I see your grandpa now?"

Instead of replying, Zachary just turned around and walked into the hospital.

Zara followed after him. Her bodyguards were about to follow but Ben stopped them from entering the building.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Nacht. You can only bring a bodyguard with you," Ben said respectfully.

"How dare you defy me!"

Zara gave him a deathly stare. After a few seconds, she took a deep breath and made a gesture with her hand.

The others backed down and only Shirley followed her.

"Don't provoke Grandpa. Watch what you say," Zachary reminded Zara.

The latter found him ridiculous. "He's my father, of course I won't harm him," she sneered.

"Who knows? You've never been a good daughter to him," Zachary retorted.

“That was because he was so biased. He left all his legacy to your father. After your father died, he left it to you. I poured my heart and soul into the Nacht family but I got nothing in return, of course I’m pissed.”

“You’ve got a lot. Be content with that,” Zachary replied.

He didn’t say anything else after that. Actually, he didn’t agree with Henry’s act of bias.

Indeed, Henry left the majority of the assets to Zachary as the latter was the family heir. However, Zara had got a lot too.

Otherwise, she wouldn’t be able to develop her company on such a large scale.

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chapter 496 - 500

Zara always picked a bone with Zachary as she wanted everything to be equal between the two of them. Henry was annoyed by her behavior as she always caused a ruckus in the family because of her jealousy towards Zachary.

Moreover, Zara made a scene on Henry's birthday dinner a dozen years ago. Henry was so angry that he got a stroke.

Fortunately, the Nacht family had a professional medical team. After several years of treatment, Henry slowly got better.

Ever since then, Zachary had forbidden Zara to see his grandpa in private.

Upon arriving at the building, Zachary didn't bring Zara to Henry's ward straightaway. Instead, he stopped in his tracks and waited for Raina's call.

"Is that really necessary? I told you I didn't touch her other than giving her a few lashes. We're almost there. Just take me to him already." Zara furrowed her brows in displeasure.

"I'll let you see him if there's nothing wrong with Charlotte."

As a matter of fact, Zachary wished he could bring Zara to Henry because that would mean that Charlotte was fine.

If Charlotte was slightly injured, he could close one eye. However, if Charlotte was harmed in any other way, he would end Zara's life on the spot, without mercy.

"You're such a loser! Your grandpa shouldn't make you the heir of the Nacht family. You choose a woman over your own blood. How can an irrational man like you be the head of our family?" Zara sneered.

"Indeed, I'm not as cold-blooded as you are. Unfortunately, you've been cast out of the family and there are no other offspring of the Nachts, only me and your useless son, so it was not a difficult decision to make anyway," Zachary replied coldly.

"You..." Zara's face turned ashen with anger. Her eyes were flaring with rage like a raging bull, exuding a murderous aura. She could forgive Zachary for being rude to her, but she couldn't tolerate any of his insults towards her son.

Zara stared at Zachary. "Chris is an innocent and kind man. He'll definitely surpass you one day. Besides, I'll make you pay for what you did to him the other day. Just wait and see."

Zachary turned a deaf ear to her threat and focused on his phone instead.

Soon, Raina called him, "Mr. Nacht, Ms. Windt was in pretty bad shape. Her back is seriously injured. There are no other serious injuries, nor signs of sexual assault. I can only identify these problems so far. I'm still checking on her and I need some time."

Zachary felt relieved upon hearing her evaluation. He raised his eyes to stare at Zara. "You're going to pay for what you did to her."

"We'll settle them later, once and for all." Zara smirked arrogantly. "So can I see him now?"

Zachary made a gesture and the bodyguards made way for her.

Zara got into the elevator with Shirley.

Spencer was waiting outside the ward. Upon seeing Zara, he bowed to her. "Ms. Zara, you're here."

"It's been a while, Mr. Spencer." Zara gave a respectful nod in return.

"Yes, it's been a long time since we last met. You look gorgeous, as always." Spencer smiled.

"Thank you." Zara cast a faint smile at him, then she followed the medical staff to the room next door and changed into the isolation gown.

After that, Zachary and Spencer led the way to the ward while Zara followed after them.

Ben and Shirley waited outside. Disgusted by one another, they gave a sneer and turned around.

Upon seeing the old man on the bed, Zara no longer had that murderous expression on her face. Instead, her expression was rather complicated.

It was a combination of love, resentment and hatred.

Zara stood in her position for a long while before she stepped forward and took a closer look at Henry. Her eyes were looking somewhat desolate.

She opened her mouth but no words came out. All of a sudden, she was at a loss for words.

Spencer was moved upon seeing her response. He spoke softly, "Mr. Nacht has missed you, Ms. Zara. He once muttered your name when he was half-awake."

"Really?" Zara couldn't believe her ears. Do I really have a place in his heart?

"Of course."

Just when Spencer was speaking, Henry wriggled a little and his lips were moving. He was muttering some words.

Zara got closer to him and tried to grasp his mutter.

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"Harrison... Zachary... Beatrice..."

Henry was calling out to Zachary and his parents, but not a word about Zara.

Spencer looked at Zara awkwardly .

Zara's expression had changed from shocked to disappointed, then eventually disheartened. Suddenly, she cast a sardonic smile.

She was mocking someone and it was no other than herself.

I'm so silly. I actually thought he missed me.

What a joke!

Zachary turned his head away and remained silent.

He was aware that his grandpa didn't like Zara. Henry was always harsh to her and never showed her love.

Zachary once talked to Henry about that, but the latter was pissed whenever he brought that up.

Zachary didn't understand what Henry was thinking. He wanted to ease the tension between his aunt and grandpa, but there was nothing else he could do.

He once felt pity towards his aunt. However, Zara had slowly gone stark raving mad, so Zachary had no choice but to distance himself from her.

They had been minding their own businesses until Chris grew up into an adult. Since then, Zara had been plotting and scheming against her own family for the sake of her son. She was trying to seize the family's assets to pave the way for her son.

Despite her effort, Chris was nothing but a good-for-nothing who splurged money like there was no tomorrow. In contrast to Zachary's outstanding capabilities, all Chris knew was picking up girls.

Therefore, their relationship was pretty good as there was no conflict of interest between the two of them. In fact, Zachary always helped Chris out when the latter got himself into trouble.

However, their relationship began to turn sour when Chris was drugged and tried to force himself on Charlotte. That time, Zachary was pissed and almost choked him to death.

Indirectly, that incident intensified the conflict between Zara and Zachary.

"Ms. Zara, we can't stay here for too long. Do you have anything to say to Mr. Nacht?" Spencer reminded Zara with a soft voice.

"Of course." Zara approached Henry and called out her father, "Dad... Dad..."

Henry twitched his eyes in response to her voice.

Upon seeing his response, Zara was in seventh heaven. "Can you hear me? I'm Zara."

Henry hummed as if he heard her words. His eyes were twitching but he couldn't open them.

Zara squinted her eyes and smiled deviously. "Please get well soon, Dad. I have something great to tell you. You'll be overjoyed upon hearing that."

Spencer bent down and carefully guarded Henry beside the bed. The former was afraid that Zara might say something to provoke Henry intentionally.

Unexpectedly, Zara stepped away without saying anything else. She then turned to Spencer. "I'm done. Mr. Spencer, what did the doctor say? When can Dad regain his consciousness?"

"Mr. Nacht had a fall in the bathroom. The doctor said that Mr. Nacht would need to rest well for at least half a month to improve his health condition. If his condition turns bad, the recovery period might take up to months. But Mr. Nacht is a strong man and I believe he'll get well soon," Spencer replied.

"I hope he gets better soon." Zara heaved a sigh. "Please take good care of Dad, Mr. Spencer."

"Sure." Spencer nodded.

Zara thanked him, then she left the ward.

Spencer and Zachary exchanged glances.

Zachary felt that it was strange.

That woman just left like that. Said nothing and did nothing. That was not like her at all.

Zachary walked out of the ward.

Right then, Zara had removed her isolation gown and she was cleaning her hands with the sterilized wet wipes. "Don't forget to notify me when your grandpa awakes. I'll come with Chris and pay him a visit."

"If you don't play tricks, I won't stop you," Zachary said.

“Ha! If you have nothing to hide, then you have nothing to be worried about.” Zara sneered as she gazed at him through squinted eyes.

“Take care, my good nephew.” After saying that, she dusted her hands and turned around.

Zachary couldn't help but frown at her as she walked away.

Zachary didn't trust Zara although she was being cooperative the whole time. He had a subtle sense of foreboding.

Right then, his phone rang out. It was Raina. “Mr. Nacht, Ms. Windt has awoken!”

As Raina was speaking, Charlotte let out a horrifying scream.

Hearing that, Zachary's heart dropped and instantly rushed to the elevator.

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Zachary dashed into the ward where Charlotte was.

Four medical staff was pinning her down while Raina tried to comfort her. “Ms. Windt, don't be scared. I'm Raina. You're safe now. Please calm down...”

However, Charlotte wasn't listening to her at all. She kept struggling while screaming her head off. She looked like she had experienced something horrible.

Zachary took a huge stride towards Charlotte. “Get lost!” he shouted.

The medical staff backed away immediately.

Charlotte had lost control of herself. She grabbed a syringe and swung it around. She accidentally scratched her own arm with that.

Without hesitation, Zachary hugged her tightly.

Charlotte shoved the needle into his arm. Despite that, he still didn't let go of her. He held on to Charlotte tightly and refused to let go. "It's okay now. It's okay now. I'm here... I'm here..."

Charlotte kept struggling like a crazy wildcat but Zachary's grip was tight and she was trapped in his arms, unable to move.

She then opened her mouth and bit him on his neck. Charlotte was biting so hard like a wild beast biting its prey.

Blood streamed down from his neck.

But Zachary didn't push her away. Instead, he stroked her head to calm her down.

Terrified by the scene, the medical staff were trembling with fear.

Charlotte finally calmed down after a long while. Slowly, she fell asleep in Zachary's embrace.

Raina quickly approached him and lowered her voice. "Mr. Nacht, I'll remove the needle now. Please bear with it for a little while."

Zachary gave a nod.

Raina clenched her teeth and removed the needle, slowly and carefully. "Luckily the syringe is empty. Still, it's painful enough."

"What happened? Why is she like that? Is she hurt?" Zachary questioned.

"I've run a thorough examination on her. Other than the injuries on her back, there are ligature marks on her wrists and ankles. I also invited a gynecologist to check on Ms. Windt and there's no sign of sexual assault. I'm not sure why she had such reactions after she awoke. Could it be that she's traumatized?"

Raina was puzzled.

"Leave," Zachary instructed.

"Yes, Mr. Nacht." Raina left the room with the medical staff.

Zachary held Charlotte in his arms and gently kissed her on her forehead. He blamed himself for not keeping her safe from harm. She had suffered a lot because of him.

Looking at her frail body, his heart was shredded into pieces. Meanwhile, his hatred towards Zara increased by the second.

He swore to himself. I'll make her pay double the price for what she did to you.

Right then, a knocking was heard on the door, followed by Ben's voice. "Mr. Nacht, the kids called Mr. Spencer and asked for Ms. Windt. Mrs. Rawlston said that the kids were throwing a tantrum. They skipped their meals and stayed awake to wait for their mother."

Zachary frowned upon hearing that. He promised to bring Charlotte home tonight and the kids were looking forward to that.

But how can I bring her home when she's in this condition?

After giving it some thought, Zachary replied, "Get the car ready. I'll go over."

"Alright."

Zachary caressed Charlotte's cheeks and tidied her hair. His heart ached as he saw the marks on her wrists. Suddenly, he spotted a prick mark on her wrist. He immediately called out to the medical staff.

"Mr. Nacht." Raina entered the room.

"Why is there a prick mark on her wrist?" Zachary queried.

"Before you came in, Ms. Windt had grabbed the syringe once but I took it away from her. My hand was pricked too. Then she pricked the needle into your arm too." Raina showed him the prick mark on her own hand.

The crease between Zachary's brows deepened. Something's off. "Examine her one more time. Check carefully," Zachary ordered.

"Yes, Mr. Nacht." Raina nodded.

Zachary continued giving instructions. "Get a few more staff to take care of her. Give her sedatives when necessary. Don't let her hurt herself. I have to go home now and I'll come back later."

"Understood. Leave it to me."

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chapter 499

Zachary rushed home and it was already ten o'clock at night by the time he arrived.

Meanwhile, the triplets were sitting on the sofa and waiting for their mommy.

Robbie was holding a book in his hand. He looked as if he was reading calmly, but he had been sneaking peeks at the door, hoping to see his mother soon.

Right beside Robbie, Jamie was feeding food to Fifi. However, he hadn't eaten much for dinner as he was not in the mood. He missed Charlotte.

As for Ellie, she was hugging her stuffed alpaca while dozing off on the sofa. She was so sleepy, yet she tried to keep her eyes open and focused on the door.

Upon hearing the sound of the car engine, the three of them sprung up from the sofa.

Robbie immediately dropped his book and put on his shoes.

Ellie was bare-footed as she bolted out. She shouted loudly with her squeaky voice, "Mommy! Mommy!"

As soon as Robbie put on his shoes, he sped out of the house.

"Robbie, Ellie, wait for me!" Jamie yelled anxiously behind them.

"Wait for me!" Fifi also shouted.

The nurse hurriedly carried him and placed him in the wheelchair, then they caught up with the others.

Holding Fifi in his arms, Jamie stretched his neck to look outside.

However, they could only see the fierce, tall man getting out of the car. They couldn't see their mommy.

Ellie was stunned for a few seconds, then she smiled mischievously. "Mommy, stop playing hide-and-seek! Come out now!"

She then ran around the car, trying to look for Charlotte.

Unlike Ellie, Robbie didn't think it was a game. He has a bad feeling instead. He frowned and questioned, "Where's Mommy?"

"She..." Zachary parted his lips to speak but no words came out. He had never spent time with kids, so he didn't know the right way to talk to them.

"Mommy, stop hiding!" Ellie looked high and low for Charlotte but she couldn't see her. She couldn't help but burst into tears. "Dumdum, where's Mommy?"

"Your Mommy... She is sick." This time, Zachary didn't correct the way she addressed him. He picked her up and placed her on the roof of the car. "She needs to get some treatment. I'll bring her home after she recovers." Zachary stroked Ellie's head as he explained.

"What! Why is Mommy sick? What happened?" Ellie stared at him with her big round eyes.

"She's injured." Zachary didn't know how to lie to kids, so he told them the truth instead.

Upon hearing that, Ellie's face turned pale and squalled with fear.

"Oh no... Don't cry!" Zachary was at a loss.

"Uncle Zack!" Robbie gripped his shirt.

Zachary lowered his vision and looked into Robbie's reddened eyes. The latter was trying hard to hold back his tears. "Why is Mommy injured? Is she alright? Where is she now?"

"She..."

Right then, Jamie came out in his wheelchair. He clenched his little fists and questioned Zachary. "You're a liar! You promised to bring Mommy home tonight. Why is she injured? Did you hurt her?"

"No..."

"Mommy! I want to see Mommy!"

Ellie was crying her heart out. She even choked on her tears.

Ellie's loud cries interrupted Zachary before he could finish his sentence. He had a splitting headache as he was rendered speechless at the moment.

Never once had he been so flustered as he was now.

"Uncle Zack, please take us to Mommy." Robbie's voice started to waver but he fought hard to contain his emotion. "No matter where Mommy is, we need to stand by her."

"Your mommy is in the hospital. It's late now. You just rest at home."

"No! If I don't see Mommy, I won't eat any food!"

Jamie pouted with anger and started throwing a tantrum at Zachary.

"Mommy! I want to see Mommy!"

Ellie was sobbing bitterly. She accidentally slipped and fell from the roof of the car.

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chapter 500

Zachary immediately caught her with his arms, but he had no idea how to hold a little kid. Thus, he gripped her legs with one hand and held her body with another hand. He held her tightly so she didn't fall.

"I want to see Mommy! Mommy..."

Weeping loudly, Ellie hugged his neck and rubbed her face against him. She wiped her snot and tears with his clothes.

“Bad guy, I’ll call the police if you don’t bring me to Mommy.”

Jamie took off one of his shoes and threw it at Zachary.

“Please take us to Mommy.” Although Robbie was calm, he was determined to see his mommy.

Fifi flapped its wings and kept circling above Zachary. “Mommy! Mommy!” it said repeatedly.

Zachary closed his eyes and felt like crying too.

“Kids, calm down. Your mommy...”

Ben stepped in and was about to ease the situation. Suddenly, he sensed that something sticky fell upon his head.

He reached out to his head and got a handful of Fifi’s droppings!

Ben raised his head and glared at Fifi with anger.

The parrot stared at him while flapping its wings.

Ben clenched his teeth as he stared at Fifi. He made a sudden move and Fifi hurriedly flew to Jamie’s shoulder out of fear.

“How dare you bully Fifi!”

Jamie took off another shoe and flung it at Ben.

It hit Ben right on his face.

Ben’s mouth twitched slightly. Kids are monsters!

“Stop crying!”

Zachary could no longer contain himself.

Ellie froze for a few seconds and glanced at Zachary. After that, she cried even louder than before.

Jamie took out the phone angrily. "I'm calling Mr. Henry. I'm going to tell him that you're a bully!"

"We want to see Mommy! If you don't bring us to the hospital, we'll call the police!" Robbie pouted and confronted Zachary.

Zachary turned to Ben and bellowed, "Ben! Do something!"

"Mr. Nacht, I... I..."

Ben pitifully stretched his arms and showed Zachary the droppings and Jamie's little shoe.

Zachary frowned, then he looked at the nurses.

They quickly waved their hands while shaking their heads. "We... There's nothing else we can do. Once they start crying, no one can stop them except Ms. Windt," Amelia said.

"Yes, she's right. We can only let them have their way." Mildred simply muttered.

"Ellie, don't cry. I'll give you..." Violet tried to calm Ellie down.

Ellie raised her head and continued to wail miserably. Her cries were ear-splitting like the cries of a wolf.

Zachary couldn't help but let out a sigh.

For the first time in his life, he heaved out a sigh of desperation. He was at his wits' end. The triplets were driving him crazy.

He wanted to comfort the three of them so that they could eat well and sleep well while waiting for their mommy to come home. However, things didn't go his way. They asked him to take them to the hospital instead.

He felt that he was at a loss when dealing with them.

“Alright, I’ll take you to the hospital to see Mommy but you have to stop crying!” Zachary decided to compromise.

With an immediate effect, they stopped crying in a flash.

Do they have a switch or what?

“And you have to promise me this. We can only stay there for a short while. The hospital is where people receive treatment. We shouldn’t disturb the others. Besides, Mommy can recover quickly only if she rests well. Do you understand?” Zachary patiently explained to them.

“Yes. We promise you!” Robbie nodded obediently.

“Jamie?” Zachary looked at Jamie.

“I’ll follow Robbie. But you must not lie to us again,” Jamie replied stubbornly.

“Don’t hit people with your shoes.” Zachary said with a stern expression.

“I’ll see how it goes.” Jamie was not afraid of him at all. He turned away and said arrogantly, “I didn’t take my gun with me today, so I have to use my shoes as weapons.”

Zachary was speechless. Well, it takes time to educate kids.

He then turned to Ellie. Before he asked, Ellie already raised up her hands. “I won’t cry anymore if I see Mommy.”