

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 67

“Oh, really?” Charlotte said, forcing herself to stay calm. “Congratulations, Aunt Amanda!”

“Haha! Thanks,” Amanda guffawed. “Dinner’s at six o’ clock tonight. Luna, my son-in-law and my grandson will be there, so don’t be late! Oh, as for my son-in-law...”

“Yeah, Hector, I know him,” Charlotte said, pretending to sound nonchalant. “I’ll be there on time.”

“That’s great!” Amanda chirped. “Do you need me to send a car to pick you up?”

“No need, we’ll go there on our own,” Charlotte said coldly. “It’s about time you get going, Aunt Amanda. My house isn’t exactly in the best state to have you around.”

“No worries. I’m taking my leave now,” Amanda said. “I won’t disturb you or your family as long as you behave yourself!”

Charlotte’s expression was rather glum as she hung up the phone, and she started to reminisce about her past.

Her father had built Windt Corporation from scratch, and they shared a tiny apartment back when he first started.

Richard Windt spent most of his time taking care of the company, and it had been Mrs. Berry who looked after Charlotte.

As she aged, the houses she lived in grew bigger as well.

When she turned sixteen, her father became the richest man in H City, and they moved to a beautiful villa in the southern mountains.

You're my little princess, Charlotte. I want you to live happily ever after, her father had told her on the day they moved.

Charlotte never got to meet her mother, but she was a happy little girl nonetheless.

However, her father had been way too protective of her, and when everything started to crash and burn around her, she could only stand by and watch helplessly.

If not for her kids, she would have followed her father's footsteps and committed suicide too.

Going to Sultry Night that year was a huge mistake, but she vowed to be a responsible and nurturing mother to her kids.

The best thing she could wish for was for her kids to grow up healthy and safe from everything that had happened in the past, but the reality was far from ideal.

Are they bullying me just because I'm alone and helpless?

"Are you alright, Ms. Windt?" Raina asked anxiously. "Did something go wrong?"

"I'm fine," Charlotte said, a little distracted by her thoughts. "I need to go out at six tonight. Can you give me some pain killer?"

"It won't work," Raina said with a smile. "I'll follow you there so that you can have peace of mind."

"Would it be too much trouble for you?" Charlotte said, moved by Raina's caring nature.

“Mr. Nacht told me to take care of your wounds and every need,” Raina said, bending over to feed her the medication. “I’ll get someone to dress you up and we’ll leave at five o’ clock.”

The stylist that Raina called overdressed Charlotte in a comfortable yet beautiful dress as well as a white scarf that covered her wounds.

Her naturally curly hair spilled over her shoulders gracefully, and the stylist applied a thin layer of makeup on her face to enhance her features.

When the stylist was done, Charlotte looked like a literal goddess, and she herself found it difficult to get used to her new look.

For the past four years, she had not bothered to take care of her looks, since she cared more about earning money than anything else.

She almost forgot just how beautiful she could be.

“Let’s go!” Raina said, helping Charlotte onto the car outside the villa.

“Wait!” Charlotte exclaimed. “Rolls-Royce Phantom...isn’t this Mr. Nacht’s car?”

“It just came back from the repair shop yesterday,” Raina said. “Mr. Nacht says that you’re free to use it anytime.”