

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 181

With that thought in mind, Zachary's eyebrows furrowed as his grip on his whiskey glass tightened.

After a brief hesitation, he finished his drink at one go. Putting on his bathrobe, he quickly headed out.

Next door, Charlotte was covering her mouth as she spoke softly, "Alright, once I'm done, I will go pick you up."

"Don't worry, I'm someplace safe and so is Fifi. All of you must be good and listen to Mrs. Berry. Safety is of utmost importance."

"Robbie and Jamie, you have to take care of Ellie. I love you..."

Just before she could finish, the door suddenly swung open and a figure stormed in.

Charlotte was given such a fright that she swallowed the word "all" back. She quickly changed her words. "That's all for now. You should go home and rest. Bye."

"Who were you talking to?"

Zachary approached her slowly. His expression looked sullen under the dim light of the room.

"I..." Charlotte wanted to lie but she was too intimidated by his presence. Hence, she told the truth unwittingly, "Mrs. Berry!"

"Hmm?" Zachary raised his eyebrow curiously.

"She is my maid who has been taking care of me since I was little..." Charlotte explained truthfully.

"Since I received the Delivery from Hell today, I felt my home was no longer safe. Hence, I sent her back to her village. She just reached and called to inform me that she's safe."

Other than hiding the children's existence, everything she told him was true.

When Zachary saw that she seemed to be telling the truth, he didn't question her any further. "Rest early. Good night."

"Good night," Charlotte replied.

Zachary took his time leaving. When she didn't ask him to stay despite him already being at the door, he couldn't help but feel upset. Turning around, he asked her coldly, "Is there anything else you want to say?"

"Huh?" Stunned for a moment, Charlotte carefully asked, "Is there anything to eat? I haven't had dinner."

Zachary was dumbfounded at the way Charlotte's brain functioned.

Half an hour later, a maid brought some supper and filled the table with it.

Charlotte couldn't help but gulp when she saw the food. She started off restrained but was quickly wolfing down them down in no time.

Meanwhile, Zachary watched her eat with his legs crossed on the sofa. "No one is going to believe you when you claim your family used to be rich. You're eating as if you have never eaten your whole life."

"You have never gone hungry before, so how would you know how terrible hunger feels?" Charlotte rolled her eyes at him. "You have never had to suffer and don't know what it feels like."

“In that case, are you so poor that you can’t afford basic food?” Zachary was curious as to how her life was over the last few years. “Even if your dad went broke, the personal assets he left behind would still be enough to feed and clothe you for life.”

“When my dad got into trouble, the only things I had left were my clothes and a piece of jewelry. Nothing else...”

The moment Charlotte was reminded of what happened to her dad, her mood was dampened.

“I sold my jewelry for some money and survived for a few years. Two months ago, it finally ran out. Hence, I started desperately looking for a job.

“That can’t be.” Zachary was doubtful. “Although your father’s company was declared bankrupt, his personal assets were left untouched. His properties, investments, and cars would be worth at least hundreds of millions combined. How is it that you didn’t get a penny and had to sell your jewelry for survival?”

Charlotte was stunned when she heard his words. She looked up and asked, “Is that true? Then why did Uncle Simon say that my dad’s personal assets were also seized?”

“Who is Uncle Simon?” Zachary asked.

“Simon Windt, Luna’s father.” The moment she spoke, her expression changed drastically. “Did they take my dad’s assets?”