

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 186

Indeed, Zachary was the only one who had the ability to stop the Bar DTT from operating.

Charlotte then thought about Bruce, the Rolls-Royce, and all the other pieces of evidence.

Everything was pointing toward the fact that Zachary was the gigolo.

If that's true, then Zachary is the father of my children.

Well, I guess a genius president who's powerful in the corporate world is better than a gigolo from a nightclub.

At those thoughts, Charlotte could not help but feel overjoyed. In fact, she even started imagining the scene of her children meeting their father.

However, she soon stopped her wishful thinking.

No, if Nacht Group had been the one who took over Windt Corporation and led it to bankruptcy, which in turn forced my father to a dead end, then Zachary is the murderer of my father.

How can the murderer of my father be the father of my children?

At that thought, Charlotte's heart sank.

"Ms. Windt!"

The driver's voice interrupted Charlotte's train of thoughts. Returning to her senses, she said to the driver, "I have something to attend to. You can go back first."

"All right." The driver nodded to her before leaving.

Charlotte then took out her phone and started calling a list of people that she had not contacted for a long time.

“Mr. Walker, I’m Charlotte. I’m hoping to talk to you-”

Before she could finish her sentence, the man had ended the call.

“Ms. Freeman, I’m Charlotte-”

The call ended again.

“Mr. Judd, I’m Charlotte. Yes, I’m back. Are you free to meet? I’m hoping to talk to you about my father.”

She made fifteen consecutive calls, but only four picked up, and only one agreed to meet.

Charlotte rushed to the location they agreed on.

On her way there, she felt conflicted. On one hand, she wished that Zachary were the gigolo, but on the other, she hoped that he wasn’t.

In fact, she wished Hector had made a mistake—that the bankruptcy of Windt Corporation and her father’s death had nothing to do with Zachary.

Soon, she reached Judd Realty. Upon entering the office and seeing its surroundings, Charlotte was surprised.

The vice president of Windt Corporation and Richard's right-hand man, Jeffrey Judd, now had a real estate company with a grand total of five employees.

When Jeffrey saw Charlotte, an awkward expression crept upon his face. He quickly assigned tasks to his subordinates before he led Charlotte to a nearby café. In a rather passionate yet slightly awkward manner, he greeted, "Miss, it's been many years since we've seen each other. You still look the same. I've been thinking of contacting you, but I was worried that I'd disrupt your life."

"There's no need to be so formal. Just call me by my name," Charlotte replied with a smile.

"How can I?" Jeffrey panicked. "You're Mr. Windt's daughter, and Mr. Windt's my savior."

"My Dad helped many people, but you're the only one who agreed to meet with me. I'm already grateful for that."

Charlotte sighed before she finally started the solemn topic.

"Mr. Judd, I know you're busy, so I'll be frank with you. I'm here because I wish to find out what happened four years ago. Why did Windt Corporation suddenly go bankrupt? Why did my father decide to take such extreme actions?"

"I..." Upon broaching the subject, Jeffrey became melancholic. "Mr. Windt had told me not to tell you about those things, he hoped that you can lead a peaceful life."

"Mr. Judd-

"Before he passed on, he left something for you," Jeffrey interrupted.

He then took out a small box from his pocket. In the box was a black key that he handed to her with a grave expression.

“Mr. Windt said to give you this when you come to look for me. The item’s in Oakhill Mausoleum’s number 101 safe. There are two locks on it, and the passcode is your mother’s birthday.”

Upon hearing those words and seeing the black key, tears welled up in Charlotte’s eyes.