

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 209

Charlotte quickly provided an address nearby her home and arranged to meet him in half an hour.

She quickly changed her clothes and tidied her hair before heading out.

Upon arriving at the pre-arranged location, a black Maybach stopped in front of her.

As the door flew open, a man with long legs alighted. He removed his sunglasses, and a radiant smile appeared on his face. "Hey, Looney!"

"Michael!" She took a close look at the man and only recognized him after a short pause.

Michael looked like a completely different person now. The man, who had a rather slender figure, now sported long hair. He looked a lot more gentle than before.

These features only made him look even more attractive.

Even Charlotte felt a little insecure standing in front of him. "You've lost some weight. You look much better now!"

"Tsk tsk tsk. I told you long ago not to describe me that way."

He still enjoyed pinching her like before.

"But I mean it. You do look good."

Charlotte took her own words seriously.

The man now looked like a protagonist from a story. His white teeth, fair skin, and incredibly gorgeous face put many girls to shame, especially now that he had long hair.

Despite tying it up ever so casually, he still managed to look extremely charming in a pretty boy kind of way.

“Not as good as you.”

Speaking the same way as before, Michael held her by the shoulder and helped her into the car. “You should get in. The paparazzi are on the hunt again.”

The woman nervously scanned the area. There seemed to be a few suspicious-looking people staring at her.

“Buckle up and sit tight,” he reminded before he started the engine and sped away.

Charlotte frantically clutched onto the grab handle, took a deep breath, and leaned into her seat.

As expected, two black cars began to trail them. Being the excellent driver he was, Michael easily shook them off while on the road.

She heaved a sigh of relief after noting that the reporters were gone and reminded Michael, “Slow down.”

“Okay.” The latter reduced his speed and caressed her head affectionately. “Let’s go get some meat fondue.”

“You actually remember what I like.”

Charlotte had loved meat fondue ever since she was young, but Hector never took her to eat any as he felt it was bad for her digestion.

Michael, on the other hand, thought differently. He just wanted her to be happy.

“How could I not?” He beamed at her. “I remember every single thing about you.”

She didn’t know how to respond to such profound words.

She gazed at the moon outside, feeling tired and frustrated. I have so much to worry about now. I can’t even live a normal life. I don’t want to drag anyone into this mess...

“I heard about everything that happened back then,” Michael couldn’t help but mention. “I’d never have let that happen if I were the one who married you, and Mr. Windt would’ve been okay.”

Upon hearing this, Charlotte’s nose began to tingle, and her eyes turned red.

She hurriedly turned away, not wanting him to see how miserable she looked.

She had chosen Hector over Michael back then, but reality was now slapping her across the face.

The Brown family had always maintained a low profile, with their assets kept overseas.

Helena and Michael’s fathers were siblings. Helena’s family had only begun gaining a foothold in H City ten years ago, but they slowly grew in power with the help of Michael’s father.

The Browns were now on the verge of surpassing the Sterlings.

It was sufficient to say that the Browns were indeed a rich and influential family that had a firm place in the corporate world.

Even the mighty Zachary Nacht treated the Brown family with more respect than he did other families.

Hence, Michael's words were no bluff. Had he been around that time, Charlotte's father, Richard, wouldn't have had to resort to such means.

Back then, Michael liked Charlotte more than Hector did, but he had let her go out of respect for her decision.

Then, the man left H City in a fury, severing his ties with everyone so that nobody could find him.

That was how the Windt family had lost their very last saving grace.