

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 275

After speaking, Lucy patted Charlotte on the shoulder. "Well, that's just my opinion. You should think about it."

Charlotte kept her head low and remained silent.

She didn't understand why in today's society which preached equality, there were people who thought they could pick on others just because they had more power.

Zachary's like that, and now there's Sharon Blackwood too.

But I guess it's no surprise. Birds of the same feathers flock together, after all!

They're friends precisely because they behave the same way.

"Are you okay?" Ben asked softly.

Charlotte merely glared at him, then left with the first-aid kit without a word.

Ben remained frozen in place with a miserable look on his face. What did I do to deserve that?

By lunch, Charlotte was still so infuriated that she was in no mood to eat. Lucy gave her a sandwich and arranged for her to work on some lighter tasks.

Zachary left in the afternoon, but not before casting Charlotte a glance when passing the reception desk. Even so, he said nothing and headed straight toward the elevator.

Charlotte kept her head buried in documents. Remember, Charlotte, don't you ever bother with that disgusting man ever again!

By the time work ended and Charlotte arrived home, she had already managed to keep her emotions in check. "I'm home!" she exclaimed with a smile.

“Mommy!”

The three children rushed up to her and leaped into her arms, asking for hugs and kisses.

“What happened to your hand, Mommy?” Robbie immediately asked upon noticing Charlotte’s hand, which had been firmly swathed in bandages.

“Oh, I hurt myself at work,” Charlotte replied cheerily. “Don’t worry, though. It’s just a tiny injury.”

“Why do you keep getting injured, Mommy? Is it really dangerous at work?” Jamie asked anxiously.

“He’s right, Mommy. If it’s too dangerous, you should change jobs,” said Ellie as her heart ached. “I don’t want to see you get injured, Mommy.”

“Me neither!” agreed Jamie and Robbie in unison.

“Me neither!” Fifi suddenly chimed in.

The parrot certainly had a knack for mimicry.

“It’s not dangerous,” Charlotte responded with a chuckle. “I was just too clumsy. Don’t worry, kiddos. Mommy will be more careful next time.”

“Are you hurt, Miss? Let me take a look.” Hearing the commotion, Mrs. Berry rushed out of the kitchen.

“I’m fine! Really.” Charlotte hastily changed the subject. “Is dinner ready, Mrs. Berry? I’m starving.”

“It is, but...”

“Is there my favorite beef stew tonight?”

“Yup, there is. Alright, you all. Go wash your hands, and I’ll start serving up the food!”

Being able to spend every single day with her family and talking about life’s trivial matters over meals.

To Charlotte, this was a blessing. She was especially thankful for her current life and didn’t want anyone else disrupting that.

If Zachary were a regular guy, maybe he’d be thrilled to reunite with his children.

But he’s no regular guy.

The woman had initially thought of telling him the truth as they slept in each other’s arms that night, so that the entire family could finally be reunited.

Not even what Julia had said to her eventually was enough to make her suspicious of Zachary.

Yet, Sharon’s arrival today seemed to have completely thrown even the slightest idea of the children meeting their father out the window.

At night, Charlotte lay in bed alone. Gazing at her injured hand and thinking about everything that had happened that day, a mix of emotions swirled within her.

She used to think that Zachary was a volatile man prone to mood swings. Moreover, he seemed to have been involved in her father's death, so he wasn't fit to be a father himself.

But now, Charlotte had another problem—there was a gap between her and Zachary that she could never cross.

It wasn't just their clashing personalities or the obstacles that came their way; it had more to do with their different statuses and family backgrounds.

I'm nothing but a regular employee who even struggles with life, but he's a powerful man far beyond my reach.

We're just not meant to be.