

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 431

Before boarding the car, Ellie subconsciously waved her hand in the direction of the café.

At the same time, Fifi called out in her arms, "Mommy! Mommy!"

Surprised, Henry followed Ellie's gaze. Charlotte hastily turned around with her coffee in hand, so that her back was facing the road.

Fortunately, she was wearing a set of old clothes and had a cap pulled over her face, making her look completely different from the time she met Henry. Hence, she was quite confident that he wouldn't recognize her.

"Is your mommy back?" Henry asked casually.

"Mommy is-"

"She is buying some stuff at the pharmacy near our house," Robbie continued Ellie's sentence, then added, "Be careful, Mr. Henry. Don't fall down."

"Sure, sure. You watch your step too." Not noticing anything amiss, Henry helped Robbie into the car.

After a while, Charlotte cautiously turned her head. When she saw Henry's car leaving, she finally breathed a sigh of relief, bringing the thermos bottle and various other items back home.

The three nurses were still waiting for the children by the door. Charlotte informed them that the triplets had gone out for lunch with Henry, then told them to take the day off rather than waiting here.

However, they said that they would come again when the triplets returned.

Charlotte returned home and cleaned up the place a little bit before sitting at the desk to go through the medical bills.

After some calculations, she found that after paying one hundred thousand the other day, she still owed the hospital tens of thousands. Because she did not have money on her hands, she decided to make a call.

She was just about to contact the financial advisor in S Nation when a call from Olivia came in. "Good news, Charlotte! I contacted a friend of mine and she said she needs a pianist for a few high-end weddings. The pay for each performance is two thousand. Are you in?"

"Yes, yes! Of course, I'm in!" Charlotte was over the moon.

"There's one tonight which starts at six. I'll go there with you and get you acquainted first."

"Sure, sure. Let's meet at five-thirty then."

"Okay. I'll send you the location."

After ending the call, Charlotte was still brimming with excitement. Even though the pay for wedding performances was slightly lower, at least it was considered a proper job and she wouldn't have to worry about encountering problems like the ones she did at Sultry Night.

If she could receive more jobs like these, she would be able to settle the outstanding medical fees by the end of the month.

Charlotte checked the time and realized with a start that it was almost five. She quickly changed her clothes and took a taxi to the designated place.

Olivia was already waiting at the entrance. Upon spotting Charlotte, she hurried toward her. "Charlotte!"

"Olivia, I'm sorry for being late." Charlotte had an apologetic look on her face. "Have you eaten? Let me buy you a meal."

"It's fine. There's no time to eat. I'll take you to meet Ms. Fuller now."

Olivia tugged Charlotte along with her while briefing her.

"Ms. Fuller's company provides entertainment services for all kinds of events, so she has a lot of projects on hand. She often goes to our university to recruit part-timers. I did a few performances for her in the past, but stopped after injuring my hand.

"I visited her yesterday and told her about your situation. She said she'd let you play a few songs and if she's happy with you, she'll call you up for any part-time jobs in the future."

"This is great." Charlotte was overjoyed. "Thank you so much, Olivia. You've helped me big time."

"You're Mr. Windt's daughter. Besides, you've also helped me before. We're a family, so don't get all polite on me." Olivia smiled. "Besides, you helped me find a doctor too."

"Oh, right. I passed your mother's medical report to my doctor friend today. She said she'll discuss it with the doctors from various departments and give me a reply in two days."

"Thank you."

"We're BFFs, right? Let's do our best together."

Olivia led Charlotte to Felicity Fuller, who was busy distributing tasks at that moment. Upon seeing Charlotte, she pointed at the piano and said curtly, "Play a song for me."

"Yes." Without a moment's delay, Charlotte went on stage and played Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, instantly drawing everyone's attention. Even the staffs were mesmerized by the melody.

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"That's very good." Felicity wore an immensely satisfied look on her face. "Go change your clothes now. You start at six. Two thousand for two hours. As long as you perform well, there will be a steady stream of jobs for you in the future!"

"Thank you, Ms. Fuller." Charlotte was bubbling with joy as she accepted her outfit from a staff member. Then, she tugged on Olivia's hand and said, "C'mon, Olivia. Let's go together."

"No, I can't..." Olivia glanced at her hand and felt disappointment wash over her. "You should go now, Charlotte. I have to hurry over to Sultry Night for work anyway. Let's meet up again when we're free."

"Alright, then." Charlotte's heart ached as she hugged her. "Olivia, if you have the time, I can take you to my doctor friend and see whether your hand can be treated."

"Really?" Olivia's eyes lit up with hope.

"You'll never know until you try, right?" Charlotte smiled. "Life is always full of hope!"

"Mmm." Olivia nodded eagerly. "Thank you, Charlotte!"

"Don't be silly. Go ahead with your work. I'll keep in touch."

After getting changed, it was time for Charlotte to start performing. To avoid being recognized, she wore a white mask over her face.

The performance ended without anything unusual. It was nothing but an ordinary wedding.

After the performance, Charlotte received her pay of two thousand and exchanged contacts with Felicity, who immediately booked her for another performance at a company celebration the next night.

The pay was also two thousand for two hours.

Even though it wasn't as much as the money she earned at Sultry Night and there wouldn't be any tips either, Charlotte was rather pleased with it.

After leaving the hotel, Charlotte received a call from the triplets who said that they were reaching home soon. They also asked where she was and excitedly announced that they had brought some food back for her.

Charlotte said that she would be home very soon, but abruptly recalled that Zachary was going to pick her up at ten o'clock.

Despite that, she shoved that thought to the back of her mind for now, wanting to go home as soon as possible.

By the time she reached home, it was already half-past nine. The triplets were asking the nurses about her whereabouts.

Before they could answer, Charlotte came in and the triplets happily ran over to greet her, prattling on about their day while taking out the dinner they brought home for her.

Feeling famished as she had not eaten dinner yet, Charlotte gobbled up the food like a starved beast.

Her children's hearts ached for her when they saw how hungry she was.

Robbie furrowed his brows and asked softly, "Mommy, haven't you eaten dinner yet?"

"No. Mommy went to work after you guys left." Charlotte explained while eating her steak, "Mommy went to play the piano. It was only for two hours, but Mommy made quite a lot of money."

"Mommy, no matter how busy you are, you mustn't forget to eat." Robbie's mouth turned down at the sides.

"Yeah, Mommy! You have to eat." Ellie took out a piece of wet tissue and clumsily wiped her mother's mouth.

"Alright, kids," Charlotte replied with a fond smile on her face.

Right then, her phone rang with an incoming call from Zachary. She felt unsettled as she stared at his caller ID flashing on her screen. However, she was afraid to answer it in front of her children. Hence, she flipped the phone so that it was lying face down.

"Robbie, Jamie and Ellie. It's time for you three to take a bath and go to bed earlier. Mommy will tuck you in after eating, okay?" Charlotte urged.

"Okay, Mommy." The triplets were very obedient.

The nurses had already set up their bath and were waiting for them.

Charlotte got up and walked to the balcony, peeking down to see Zachary's car parked downstairs with its headlights bright.

A short glance at the time showed that it was ten o'clock sharp.

She was in a bind. If she didn't go down, he might very well lose his temper, but the triplets had not gone to bed yet and she didn't know how to explain this to them.

"Mommy, what's wrong?" Robbie's voice came from behind her.

"Nothing." Charlotte snapped out of her daze and made up a white lie. "A friend is here to see me."

"Should we invite her in?" Robbie was as sensible as ever.

"It's fine." Charlotte shook her head. "I might need to go down for a while. You kids go take a bath first, okay?"

"Okay."

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Charlotte grabbed a chicken wing and prepared to head downstairs to meet Zachary.

The moment she opened the door, she came face to face with Zachary, whose slender figure exuded a mysterious and unapproachable aura under the dim lights.

Charlotte almost jumped out of her skin and looked over her shoulder in panic. Fortunately, Robbie had gone to the bathroom, so there was no one in the living room.

"Why did you come up?" Charlotte hissed as she pushed Zachary away from the door.

"It's ten!" He pinned her with a cold stare.

"The kids aren't asleep yet."

Charlotte motioned at the house, but upon realizing that she was still holding the chicken wing in her hand, she hid it awkwardly behind her back.

Zachary's brows knitted into a frown as he glowered at her.

"Either you go downstairs and wait for me, or we take a raincheck," Charlotte said tentatively. "Don't get mad. Just try to think from my point of view. As a mother, I can't just leave my kids and go on a date, right? We have to be responsible."

"Twenty minutes." Zachary looked at his watch, then turned and walked into the elevator.

Charlotte was speechless and had no choice but to comply. Done taking their baths, the triplets were singing happily as they prepared to go to bed.

Charlotte cleared the leftover food and washed her hands before going to see her children.

Ellie was lying on her bed in her cute strawberry pajamas, holding a milk bottle in one hand and her stuffed alpaca in the other while enjoying the music playing in the background.

Charlotte went in and kissed her forehead, telling her to go to sleep after finishing her milk.

Ellie nodded obediently. Shortly after, her eyes began to droop.

Meanwhile, Robbie was lying on his bed and reading a book.

Jamie was sitting on the wheelchair, allowing the nurses to clean his wound while he played with a Rubik's Cube, his eyes gradually losing focus.

"What is it, Mommy?" Robbie immediately put down his book and looked up at Charlotte.

"Mommy has to go out for a while but will come back and make breakfast for the three of you tomorrow morning. What do you kids feel like eating?"

Charlotte felt that she had been too busy recently and did not spend enough time with her children. Hence, she couldn't help but feel a little bit guilty toward them.

But bailing on Zachary would be even worse as he would no doubt kick up a fuss.

At the mention of food, Jamie woke up in a daze and mumbled sleepily, "I want hot cross bunnies."

"I'm okay with anything as long as Mommy makes it." Robbie offered his mother an understanding smile and urged, "You can go now, Mommy. Don't worry about us."

"Yes, we'll be here to watch them," the nurses reassured.

"Alright, then. Sleep tight."

Charlotte bid her children goodnight and went back to her room to have a change of clothes. However, upon realizing that more than ten minutes had passed, she ditched the idea and rushed downstairs without even changing her slippers.

The residential estate was huge, so after coming out of the elevator, Charlotte still had to run a long way before arriving at the gate. In her haste, she was almost hit by a car, falling to the ground in fright.

The car driver poked his head out and lambasted her. "Are you crazy? Running like a madwoman!"

Before she could regain her bearings, the car had already driven off.

Charlotte sat on the ground as she tried to catch her breath. It took her a while to calm her raging heartbeat. After pushing herself off the ground, she spotted Zachary standing beside his car while looking at her with a cold gaze.

She trudged toward him even as her muscles screamed in protest. Then, she said to him while panting softly, "Let's go."

With that, she got into his car and slumped into the seat, gasping for air.

"You should watch where you're going," Zachary chided as he started the car.

"Well, I'm sorry, but I was in a hurry," Charlotte retorted sarcastically. "With that temper of yours, I'd probably be strangled to death if I got here late."

Zachary kept mum and continued driving.

"Gosh, I'm so tired..." Charlotte fanned herself. She tried opening a bottle of water, but her hands refused to cooperate, trembling from exhaustion.

"Is your body that weak? You only ran a short distance, but you're panting like it was marathon."

Zachary frowned at her in annoyance, but still reached out to unscrew the cap for her.

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After Charlotte chugged the water down in one breath, she burped and panted slightly, but finally felt much better.

Just then, Zachary's phone rang and he picked up the call. "Speak.

"Didn't I give the orders already? Do I need to repeat myself?

"Hold a press conference tomorrow and get Johann to go.

"That's right...

"I'll solve the other problems. Leave those public appearances to Johann.

"Just do as I say."

With that, Zachary hung up the call, but another call came in immediately after. This time, he used the Bluetooth hands-free in his car to answer it. "Speak."

"Mr. Nacht, I've looked into the matter. Ms. Nacht probably wasn't the one behind this. Based on the skills of her technical personnel, there is no way they could have hacked into our system."

"Look into Lindberg Corporation."

"Lindberg Corporation?" Bruce was slightly taken aback. "It won't be easy, but I'll try my best."

"Keep me posted."

"Understood."

After he ended this call, his phone lighted up with another one from Sharon. Too lazy to entertain her, he immediately declined the call before switching off his phone.

“Why did you insist on seeing me even when you’re so busy?” Charlotte asked softly.

Zachary pretended not to hear her, keeping his eyes on the road.

Since he was ignoring her, she stopped talking altogether and reclined against her seat to rest her eyes, drifting off to sleep shortly after.

Zachary drove straight to Storm Hotel’s basement parking. The manager, who was already waiting here, informed him that all the necessary arrangements had been made.

Zachary carried Charlotte and made his way upstairs. In the elevator, Charlotte opened her eyes in a daze to glance briefly at him. Then, she wrapped her arms around his neck and buried her face into his neck before going back to sleep.

Once in the room, Zachary placed her on the bed and noticed the slippers on her feet. Slightly exasperated, he took them off for her and threw them into the trash, then pulled the blanket over her.

After making sure she was snugly tucked in, he went to take a shower. By the time he emerged from the bathroom, Charlotte was sound asleep, curled up on the bed like a kitten with the blanket wrapped around her body.

Zachary sat on the sofa beside the bed, holding a glass of red wine the hotel had prepared in advance. As he sipped on the wine, he watched Charlotte sleeping with conflicting emotions swirling in his eyes, asking himself the same question she had asked him.

Why did I insist on seeing her even when I’m so busy?

He did not know either.

All he knew was that he couldn’t eat or sleep well if he didn’t see her. His heart would feel as though something was missing, and only after seeing her could that void be filled.

Even if he didn’t do anything besides quietly watching her, his heart would be content.

Charlotte was probably dog-tired, sleeping so deeply that she failed to sense Zachary’s presence beside her and paid him no attention whatsoever.

Soon, there was only a little bit of wine left in the bottle. Zachary put down his wine glass, stood up and climbed into bed.

He slipped his arm under Charlotte's neck and pulled her into his arms, gently pressing her face against his chest before closing his eyes with a content sigh.

Like a sleeping baby, Charlotte nuzzled against his chest habitually, arching her neck upward to greedily breathe in his scent.

Zachary was stirred by her subconscious actions and leaned in to kiss her. However, she shook her head in her sleep and buried her face into his chest, preventing him from kissing her.

Sighing with fond exasperation, he gave up and caressed her back instead, then closed his eyes to sleep.

Even though his body felt restless and his desires threatened to take over, he held himself back.

That night, although both of them did nothing but hug each other, they slept soundly.

In the middle of the night, Charlotte jolted awake and turned to her side, fumbling for her phone beside the pillow to check the time.

When she saw that it was still early, she sighed in relief. Peering at Zachary who was fast asleep, she surrendered to the urge to gently kiss his eyes. Then, she gingerly took his arm off her body so that she could get up from bed.

"Where are you going?" Zachary pulled her back and hugged her tighter in his arms.

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"I should go home now." Charlotte explained softly, "I promised the kids I'd make breakfast for them."

"What about my breakfast?" Zachary gazed at her through half-lidded eyes.

"Should I get the manager to send something up?"

Charlotte kissed his forehead, finding him cute in his groggy state.

"No." Zachary pinned her arms above her head and pressed down on her. "I want you for breakfast."

"No-"

Charlotte's protests were muffled by Zachary's lips.

He had suppressed his desires for the whole night. Now that she was awake, he wasn't about to let the opportunity slip through his fingers.

Writhing slightly beneath him, Charlotte's body gradually went limp and she finally closed her eyes, accepting his kiss.

Her body refused to obey her as though it had fallen under his spell. Every time he teased her, all trace of resistance would fly out the window and she would become his slave.

His heavy pants and her sweet moans filled the room, forming a harmonious melody.

They clung to each other, succumbing to their desires and losing themselves in a haze of passion.

Their lovemaking session lasted a long time. Only when the first rays of dawn streamed in through the French windows and illuminated their entangled bodies was Zachary finally sated. He collapsed on top of Charlotte and falling asleep.

Charlotte took out her phone to check the time. Upon seeing that it was half past five in the morning, she carefully pushed him away and rolled out of bed.

"Where are you going?" came Zachary's voice as he lay sprawled on the bed, even though he was clearly asleep just moments ago.

"To take a shower." Charlotte went to the bathroom to clean herself up before hurriedly putting on her clothes. Then, she walked over and pecked Zachary on his forehead. "I've gotta go now. I promised to make the kids breakfast. Go back to sleep."

With that, she straightened and was about to leave.

Her arm was grabbed by Zachary all of a sudden. "I'll send you home."

"It's fine. Go back to sleep. I'll take a taxi home."

"Give me ten minutes!"

Zachary rolled off the bed and strode into the bathroom.

Charlotte let out a helpless sigh. Even so, there was a warm tingly feeling spreading through her chest.

He's clearly exhausted, but insists on sending me home.

What is this, if not love?

Charlotte went into the bathroom while waiting for him, thinking she might as well apply her skin care.

Zachary coincidentally reemerged right after she was done, looking all freshened up. He grabbed his car keys before striding toward her. "Let's go."

"Aren't you sleepy?" Charlotte peered at him, perceiving his bloodshot eyes and surmised that he probably hadn't been sleeping well lately.

"I'm fine." Zachary nudged her out of the room and conveniently draped an arm over her shoulders, ruffling her hair affectionately while snickering. "Shorty."

Charlotte rolled her eyes at him, but snuggled up to him anyway.

Zachary's lips arched into a charming smile. He liked this feeling very much as they resembled an ordinary young couple. This feels... nice.

When the car pulled up at the entrance of Happy Avenue's residential estate, it was only six in the morning.

Zachary rubbed the space between his brows and yawned. "Did you really have to come back this early?"

Charlotte paused and drank the sight of him in. How can a guy look this good while yawning? How is that possible?

"I'm gonna make hot cross bunnies and mac and cheese for the kids, then cook some soup for Mrs. Berry, so all of this will take some time. Go home and get some sleep. You look tired."

"I'm hungry." Zachary leaned closer to caress her face. "You've never cooked anything for me."

Charlotte giggled and dodged his touch. "Maybe next time."

Zachary's mouth turned downward, but he didn't argue.

"I'll get going then." Charlotte unbuckled her seatbelt.

Before Zachary could kiss her goodbye, she had already gotten out of the car.

Zachary stiffened with a speechless look on his face.

Charlotte, on the other hand, was completely oblivious, even waving at him before running into the residential estate.

Zachary stared after her until the lights on the sixteenth floor came on, driving away only after making sure she was safely home. Then, he switched on his phone and called Ben.