

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 441

"Ms. Windt," the nurse greeted Charlotte before leaving the ward.

Only Charlotte and Mrs. Berry were left in the ward.

Charlotte walked over to hold Mrs. Berry's hand as remorse crept into her heart. "I'm sorry for dragging you into my mess."

"Silly girl. We're a family, so I don't want to hear you say such things again," Mrs. Berry chided. Then, a scowl appeared on her face when she thought about Sharon. "I don't have a good feeling about that girl. From what I could see, she's nothing but an arrogant bully who enjoys hurting others."

"But..." Charlotte wanted to explain the matter regarding Zachary and her, but she didn't know where to start.

"You don't need to explain your private life to anyone." Mrs. Berry held Charlotte's hand, patting it reassuringly. "I will always support the decisions you make because I believe that you're a good girl and will never do anything bad."

"Thank you, Mrs. Berry..." The elder lady's words had tugged on Charlotte's heartstrings.

"I've been thinking about who that girl's father is. I seemed to have met him before, but I just can't remember where." Mrs. Berry tapped her head. "I know I've seen him before. I just know it."

"He asked about my father just now. Maybe he had some business dealings with Dad in the past?"

Charlotte also found Taylor strange. The first time they met, he had stared at her and even asked Ben what her name was.

At that time, Charlotte thought that he wanted to avenge his daughter. But after she found him to be quite reasonable, she didn't think he was a bad person. However, the questions he asked just now had thrown her off a little bit.

"I don't think so." Mrs. Berry shook her head. "Back in the days, I was only in charge of family matters and rarely went to the company. Mr. Windt never brought any business associates back home either, so if that man was a business associate, it was unlikely I would've met him."

"That's true." Charlotte nodded. "Alright. Don't push yourself to think too much about that. Rest for now. I'll go buy something for you to eat."

Mrs. Berry sighed dejectedly. "What a pity. You used such a long time to cook the soup, but I didn't get to taste it at all."

Her heart ached at sight of the lentil soup which was spilled all over the floor.

"It's okay. I'll make it for you again tomorrow."

Charlotte ordered takeout for Mrs. Berry, making sure to choose the same food, lentil soup and bread. However, the soup didn't taste as good as the one Charlotte made."

Although she failed in making the buns and mac and cheese, she was quite good at cooking soup.

Most importantly, it was the thought that counted.

After eating lunch with Mrs. Berry, Charlotte stayed with her while her wound was dressed again and persuaded her to sleep before hurrying home.

She had two performances on that night. At first, it was only for a company anniversary party, but Felicity informed her last minute that she would have to perform at a wedding banquet as well.

Charlotte rushed home and changed her clothes, then hurried over to the venue for her first performance.

That night was Olivia's off day, so she went over to assist her.

With someone by her side, Charlotte wasn't as keyed up anymore.

Her performances ended at nine o'clock. After receiving her pay, she treated Olivia to some meat skewers at a nearby restaurant and also passed the treatment plan Raina gave her to Olivia.

Olivia read through it in detail and immediately made her decision. "Charlotte, please help me tell Dr. Langhan that I want to transfer my mother over and I'm willing to pay however much is needed."

"Okay. I thought you'd say that anyway." Charlotte nodded. "Don't worry about the cost. We'll figure it out. Our priority is making sure your mother gets treated."

"Thank you." Olivia was immensely touched by Charlotte's goodwill.

"Don't mention it, silly girl. We're a family." Charlotte smiled warmly. "Okay, tell you what. Come to Kindness Hospital tomorrow and I'll introduce you to Dr. Langhan, then you can discuss with her about your mother's condition and also let her take a look at your hands."

"Okay. Thank you, Charlotte."

After having supper, Charlotte rushed home with a thought in mind. Will Zachary be waiting downstairs at ten o'clock sharp like last night?

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Is he going to mad again if I'm late?

With worry gnawing at her, Charlotte urged the taxi driver to go faster.

Finally, the taxi pulled up in front of the building in Happy Avenue at nine fifty-eight. However, Zachary's car was nowhere in sight.

Charlotte thought perhaps he would only arrive at ten sharp since every second counted for a businessman like him.

Hence, she waited by the roadside for two minutes, but there was still no sight of him.

Maybe he's caught in traffic?

Or something important cropped up?

Charlotte waited for a few more minutes, but when he still did not come, her head drooped with disappointment.

She speculated that he was probably angry because she didn't answer his call earlier and decided not to come.

Or perhaps he was busy placating Sharon and her father after what happened in the ward.

Whatever. Come or don't come, it doesn't matter to me!

In fact, I'd rather he never come again.

Charlotte took in a deep breath and marched into the residential estate, all the while giving herself a mental pep talk. Stop thinking about that b*stard. You're fine without him, Charlotte. He can do whatever the hell he wants...

As she was deep into her thoughts, the elevator door dinged open to show a familiar figure standing inside.

Charlotte gaped at him, thinking she was imagining this.

I must be seeing things after thinking about him too much.

Charlotte rubbed her eyes. What? It really is Zachary!

"Are you coming in or not?" Zachary peered at her coldly.

"What are you doing here?" Charlotte entered the elevator.

"What do you think?" Zachary answered her question with a question.

"Don't tell me, you came upstairs to find me because you didn't see me downstairs?" Charlotte asked anxiously, "Did you run into the kids?"

Zachary remained silent.

"Wait, that's not right." Charlotte gnawed on her lip nervously. "I came back at nine fifty-eight sharp and I waited for you downstairs, but you weren't there. What's going on? When did you get here?"

"You waited for me downstairs?" Zachary cocked a brow.

"Well, you said you'd pick me up at ten," Charlotte answered without thinking.

"Oh?" Zachary reached out to pull her into his arms, gazing at her intimately. "So, you were also looking forward to seeing me, right?"

"N-No, I wasn't."

Charlotte refused to admit that she was indeed looking forward to seeing him, or rather, seeing him had turned into a habit.

"Liar." Zachary lifted her chin and nibbled on her cherry lips.

"Stop it." Charlotte frantically pushed him away. "There's a CCTV here."

"Then, we'll go home and pick up where we left off." Zachary pinched her cheek dotingly.

"What? You're coming home with me?" Charlotte blanched in horror. "No, no, no. You can't..."

"Why not?" Zachary toyed with her. "Are you that ashamed of me?"

"The kids will see you and that's not good." Charlotte started to panic. "You should hurry up and go back."

Right then, the elevator doors slid open at the sixteenth floor.

Zachary was about to walk out, but Charlotte quickly stopped him and pressed for the close button at the same time, frantically saying, "Wait for me downstairs. I'll come down after seeing the kids."

A frown appeared on her face after a while. "That's weird. Why isn't it working?"

She kept pressing for the first floor, but it just wouldn't light up. That was when she noticed that the button for level 17 was lighted.

"Forget it. Come out first and use another elevator."

Charlotte was visibly flustered and Zachary found it greatly amusing.

"Alright, I won't scare you anymore."

Then, he pushed her out of the elevator. "You have half an hour with your kids. I'll be waiting for you upstairs."

"Huh?" Charlotte was stunned, unable to understand him. "Go upstairs? Why?"

"Idiot." Zachary couldn't be bothered to explain and closed the elevator directly.

Dumbfounded, Charlotte stood motionless and it took a while before she came back to her senses. Don't tell me... he moved in upstairs?

No way, right?

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"Ms. Windt, you're back."

The door to her house opened at that moment and two of the nurses came out.

"Amelia, Mildred. Thanks for all your help." Charlotte greeted them. "Where's Violet?"

"Violet's waiting for Ellie to finish her milk. She'll leave after that." Amelia said with a smile, "Robbie and Jamie are all grown up now. They don't want to drink milk anymore."

"Hahaha! Yeah, they said real men don't drink milk." Mildred mimicked Robbie and Jamie's voices.

"Those two silly boys." Thinking of her children, a bright smile stretched across Charlotte's lips.

"I'm done." Violet came out just then. "Oh, Ms. Windt, you're back. The triplets are all asleep now."

"They slept a little later tonight because some people were moving things upstairs and it was quite noisy. It stopped only half an hour ago." Mildred explained, "I think a new resident just moved in."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte was even more certain that Zachary had indeed moved in upstairs.

He bought the unit next door for the nurses, and now he's bought the unit upstairs as well?

What the hell is he up to?

"You should go in and rest now, Ms. Windt." The nurses urged, then reported, "Jamie's follow-up visit today went well. The medical report is on the dining table. You can take a look at it when you're free."

"Alright, thank you for your hard work today." Charlotte smiled broadly. "I'll make breakfast for the kids tomorrow, so you three can sleep in a bit."

"Uhm..."

"Don't worry, I'll prepare a perfect breakfast tomorrow. No more mistakes." Charlotte's face heated up with embarrassment.

"Hahaha! Sure, the kids would be delighted. Goodnight, Ms. Windt."

“Goodnight!”

Charlotte returned home and picked up the medical report on the table. Jamie’s leg was recovering well. The doctor suggested that he recuperate for two months and go for his checkup on time each month.

There was also some takeaway food on the table with a note written by Robbie. Mommy, we brought this back for your dinner. Don’t forget to reheat it before eating.

Charlotte was touched by their children’s gesture. No matter where they went, they would never forget to bring food back for her.

She carefully pushed Ellie’s bedroom door open and peeked in to see her hugging her stuffed alpaca, already asleep. Her chubby belly moved up and down in tandem with her breathing. She looked like a princess under the decorative pink veil, quiet and well-behaved.

Charlotte quietly closed the door and went to the next bedroom to see that both Robbie and Jamie were already sound asleep. Jamie was still holding a Rubik’s Cube in his hand, while Robbie was holding a book. They even forgot to turn off the lights.

Charlotte crept into the room to turn off the lights, then covered them with their blankets before going out.

She moved the food on the table into the kitchen and changed into a set of comfortable casual wear. Putting on her slippers, she snuck out of the house again.

After making sure she locked the door, she took the elevator upstairs. Sure enough, Zachary was in his pajamas and holding a glass of red wine while leaning against the door waiting for her.

“You really moved here?” Charlotte still found it hard to believe.

“Do you have to ask?” Zachary pushed her inside.

Charlotte was shocked with she saw the furnishings in the house. “Did you move all your furniture here?”

“Obviously.” Zachary lowered himself onto the sofa, propping his feet on the coffee table. “I can’t buy any good furniture on such short notice. Even if I did, there’d be the formaldehyde issue, so I moved the furniture from my place.”

“Oh my God...” Charlotte spun in a circle as she gawked at her surroundings. “It looks exactly the same. Even the vases, the ashtray, the paintings...”

“Idiot.” Although Zachary was slightly annoyed by the silly look on her face, he couldn’t bring himself to look away. “This unit is only slightly smaller than two thousand square feet, so it can’t accommodate all of my things. I only moved some of it.”

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“Why did you suddenly wanna move here?” Charlotte asked curiously.

“Because of you...” Zachary stopped the words at the tip of his tongue and quickly corrected, “Because you’re annoying. You woke me up so early and disrupted my sleep. I thought I might as well just move here so that I can sleep a little longer.”

Charlotte noticed the way he was feigning indifference and couldn’t help but giggle. “So, you wanna be closer to me and see me every day. Is that it?”

“Don’t flatter yourself.” Zachary wore a disdainful look on his face.

“Oh? I’ll leave then.” Charlotte turned toward the door, pretending to leave.

“Don’t you dare.” Zachary snagged her hand and pulled her into his embrace.

Due to the momentum, Charlotte fell on his lap, bringing their faces inches away from each other. She could even clearly see her reflection in his eyes.

Zachary cupped her cheek with one hand and gently rubbed her lips with his thumb. “Why is your face swollen?”

Only then did Charlotte recall that she had been slapped by Sharon earlier. Anger surged in her chest and she grumbled, "It's no thanks to you."

"Huh?" Zachary frowned. "Sharon hit you?"

"I slapped her back." Charlotte proudly lifted her chin up.

"I see you've finally grown a pair." The corner of Zachary's lips tugged upward.

"Is that a compliment?" Surprise flashed across Charlotte's eyes.

"Of course." Zachary grasped her chin and declared a serious tone, "My woman is no pushover. If someone hits you, you hit them back!"

Silence ensued.

Thinking she had heard it wrong at first, Charlotte was stunned for a good few seconds before snapping out of it. "But she's your fiancée."

"My grandfather is a willful man, but he doesn't speak for me," Zachary replied blandly.

"You don't want to marry Sharon?" Charlotte asked tentatively, "Then, why did you agree?"

"I didn't..." Zachary started, but continued with a question. "Didn't you want me to quickly get married so that you could get rid of me sooner?"

"No, I didn't..." Charlotte started to panic. "I just... I just..."

"Just what?" Zachary held his breath, anticipating her answer.

"If you really want to marry someone else, would I be able to stop you?" Charlotte spoke from her heart, "I can't change anything, so what else could I have said?"

"So, you don't want me to marry someone else?" Zachary's eyes glowed with an unusual light. "You like me, don't you?"

Charlotte bit her lower lip and pondered for a moment before answering earnestly, "When you're not violent, yes... but it's a no when you lose your temper."

Zachary was rendered inarticulate and his brows gradually drew together. "What the hell?"

"To put it simply, sometimes I like you and sometimes I don't." Charlotte held his face in her hands and took the opportunity to plead, "If you promise not to lose your temper again, I'll promise to always like you..."

"That depends on whether you behave or not." Zachary's hand reached into her skirt and slowly slid upward as his sexy lips pressed against her ear lobe. "Do you like me now?"

"No, I don't-"

Charlotte's words were cut off when Zachary sealed her lips shut with a rough kiss.

As she was imprisoned in his arms, she was defenseless to his antics. He pried her legs open and placed her on his lap so that she was straddling him, then guided her on a whole new adventure.

It was yet another wild and passionate night. However, this night was a little different as both of them bared their souls to one another, becoming physically and emotionally entwined.

Throughout the night, the two of them enjoyed the pleasures of love, becoming closer than ever.

As they lay in each other's arms in the wee hours, Zachary caressed Charlotte's silky hair and gently kissed her forehead. "You're very cute when you're obedient..."

"You too." Charlotte nestled in his arms, rubbing her cheek against his neck. "You're very gentle when you're not angry."

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"If... I say I want to marry you..." Zachary asked abruptly, "Would you say yes?"

However, Charlotte didn't hear his question because she had already fallen asleep.

Zachary looked down to study her face and couldn't deny that she looked adorable even in her sleep.

He sighed helplessly, then leaned down to kiss her eyes. After pulling the blanket securely around her, he let sleep take over him.

The alarm went off at half past six in the morning,

Charlotte jolted awake and rolled out of bed. Without even washing her face, she pulled on her clothes and wore her slippers. "I'm going down to make breakfast. Go back to sleep."

With that, she promptly took off, one of her slippers falling off in her haste.

Staring at her klutzy movements, Zachary's mouth curved into an alluring smile.

Then, he turned on his side and continued sleeping.

Charlotte rushed back home as fast as she could. Fortunately, the three nurses hadn't arrived yet and the triplets were still asleep.

She dashed into the kitchen and started making breakfast.

To play it safe, she prepared a simple breakfast comprising of sandwiches, dumplings, some fruit salad, and juice.

These foods had high success rates, so Charlotte was confident that nothing would go wrong.

The children woke up when she started blending juice. Hearing the noise, Robbie immediately ran to the kitchen and called out gleefully, "Mommy!"

"Good morning, Robbie!" Charlotte looked back to smile at him while she was cutting the fruits.

"Good morning, Mommy." Robbie padded over to hug Charlotte. "You must be tired, Mommy."

"Aww, it's okay. Watching you three enjoy breakfast makes Mommy very happy." Charlotte kissed his forehead just as the doorbell rang. "It must be the nurses. Go open the door for them."

"Okay." Robbie ran over to get the door.

The nurses came in and helped the triplets wash up and get dressed.

The family sat at the dining table and happily dug into their food.

Breakfast was a success this time and the children enjoyed their meal. Charlotte rested her chin on one hand while watching the triplets wolf down their food, a strong feeling of contentment blooming in her heart.

"Mommy, you should eat too." The triplets fed Charlotte some fruit salad.

"Thanks, kids." Charlotte only ate a bit of fruit salad.

Soon, the three children finished their breakfast. After that, they carried their backpacks and went to school accompanied by the nurses.

Charlotte walked them to the elevator and waved goodbye to them.

After they left, she quickly went home to make two portions of breakfast and brought them upstairs.

She was about to tap on the door with her foot, but the door opened before she could. "How did the door open on its own?" she asked in bewilderment.

"There's a new technology called fully automated housekeeping."

Zachary was reading the financial section on the newspaper at the dining table with a glass of warm water in front of him.

Charlotte shrugged. "Hmm, I guess it's only normal that you have a one-of-a-kind home, seeing as you're the boss of a tech company."

She placed the tray down and transferred the plates of food onto the table. "You know, you look like you were waiting for me to bring breakfast up."

"Of course. Why do you think I moved here?" Zachary studied the breakfast spread on the table. "You made all of this yourself?"

"Mmm." Charlotte felt slightly embarrassed. "It's nothing fancy, but they taste quite alright. Go ahead and try some."

Zachary had one dumpling and nodded. "Not bad."

Then, he picked up a sandwich and took a bite. "This one's a little but soggy."

After that, he ate a mouthful of the fruit salad. "Too much dressing."

Lastly, he took a sip of the apple juice. "You should've added some salt while you were blending the apple."

When he was done evaluating everything, he finally started eating.

"You're really hard to please, you know that?" Charlotte pouted unhappily. "This breakfast is already considered one of my best."

"It's quite alright." Zachary was biting into a sandwich. "If only I had a cup of black coffee to go with it."

Charlotte was lost for words.

She realized that he was displaying a serious case of machismo, but there was nothing she could really do about it.

"Do you have a coffee machine?"

"It's in the kitchen. There are coffee beans too."

"You eat first. I'll go grind the beans for you."

"Good girl."