

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 451

As Luna spoke, Hector's expression changed. He looked at Helena in shock.

"Hector, don't listen to her. Clearly, she is spouting nonsense because she has something against me," Helena quickly tried to explain. "Can you believe what she is saying?"

"Of course not. I believe you," Hector assured Helena.

In such a situation, he would naturally take her side. Without further ado, he gave Owen a hand signal, indicating that he wanted his ex-wife to be taken away.

"Hector, how can you not trust me?" Heartbroken, Luna howled, "If you don't believe me, you can always ask Charlotte about it. At least, you will believe her, right?"

Panicking, Helena furiously demanded, "What are all of you waiting for? Get her out of here immediately!"

Obediently, the bodyguards forcefully dragged Luna out.

Squirming in their grip, the woman cursed, "Helena, you are a despicable and shameless woman. I will kill you one day!" She paused before whining, "Hector, I gave up everything for you. How can you be so cruel? When Timothy grows up, he will never forgive you..."

Before she could complete her sentence, the bodyguards covered her mouth.

Despite that, she did not stop struggling. She had kicked off her shoes, and her head even knocked against the table. Unexpectedly, a glass on the table fell and crashed onto her head. Mixing with the wine from the goblet, blood began to flow down her face.

She looked embarrassing and pitiful...

Despite so, everyone ignored her.

Even the bodyguards continued to drag her away like she was a dead dog.

The scene was horrifying.

There were frowns on the guests faces.

No matter how terrible Luna was, she was still Hector's ex-wife and the mother of his son.

After all, they were a couple once, so how could he be so cruel?

She might be mean and have many issues, but she had always been loyal to Hector.

Everyone else could cast Luna aside and shame her, but Hector should never do that.

For a long time, Charlotte felt conflicted and was speechless.

Logically, she should be happy to see Luna end up in this state after the latter tried to use various ways to hurt her. Yet, she could not gloat at Luna's situation.

Instead, she pitied Luna and felt fortunate that she did not marry Hector then.

Otherwise, she might end up like her, being shamed in a public like this today...

As Luna had spoilt the party, many guests left quietly. Others exchanged a few words with Helena before giving an excuse to leave.

Within a short time, one-thirds of the guests had left the banquet hall.

Disappointed and crushed, Helena walked backstage with a grim expression.

There was a lot of tension in the air. Trying to save his relationships with his guests, Hector hurriedly went to every remaining guest to appeal to them.

Given the circumstances, the music had stopped too.

Felicity allowed Charlotte to rest at the backstage.

Coincidentally, Charlotte received Robbie's call when she reached backstage. She only managed to exchange a few words before the violinists beside her started to gossip about what had happened.

Therefore, she had no choice but to continue the call outside.

She cooed, "Mommy is still at work, and my new job is to play the piano for others."

"Yes, I do like to play the piano..." she answered her son's question.

Before she could finish, she was stunned by the sight of something. In the parking lot not far away, she saw two bodyguards hurling Luna into the back of their van.

When the door opened, Charlotte clearly saw Helena in the backseat. The woman had a cold expression.

"Robbie, I have something to take care of. I'll end the call here," she quickly cut the call and sneaked closer to the vehicle to take a look.

In the parking lot, there were many luxury cars. Unlike those, this vehicle was in the area reserved for work use.

Hiding behind another car to spy on the van, she could not help but feel shocked at what she saw. Helena was slapping Luna.

As it went on, Luna's arms were held in place by the bodyguards, and there was nothing she could do to resist. The victim could only resign to fate and receive the hits.

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Despite being beaten, Luna's mouth still went off like a canon. She continued to hurl vulgarities and insults at Helena, which made the latter grit her teeth in anger.

Since the car was soundproof, and Charlotte was standing from a distance away, she could not hear the words that Luna and Helena were exchanging.

Regardless, Helena got out of the car not long after. When the door opened, Charlotte saw the two bodyguards in the car ripping Luna's clothes apart.

Meanwhile, Luna was struggling desperately and yelling, "Helena, you will die a terrible death. You will be punished one day..."

Then, the door closed again. Helena ordered the other two bodyguards guarding the car, "Take good care of the former Mrs. Sterling. She is thirsty for men's love."

The two subordinates nodded.

"I don't think two is enough. Look for more men to pounce on her," their boss sniggered with a creepy look in her eyes.

Following that, she left with the other bodyguards.

Watching the scene unfold, Charlotte was stunned and petrified. She always knew Helena was devious, but she did not expect the latter to do something as cruel as that.

If she hates Luna to the core, she could have just ordered a beating. How could she do this...

At that moment, the van began to rock violently, like there was a fight happening in it.

At first, Charlotte wanted to rush forward to save the woman. However, her brain told her that she would not only be unable to save the victim, but she would also put herself in danger if she charged forward without a plan.

Given so, she immediately pulled out her phone to call the police.

Unfortunately, a bodyguard spotted her. "Who are you?" one shouted in her direction.

Charlotte's face turned pale instantly, and she fled.

Two bodyguards were hot on her heels.

Seeing that the bodyguards were about to catch up to her, Charlotte panicked. Luckily, a voice interrupted, "What are you doing?"

Instantly, the men chasing behind her stopped in their tracks.

Turning her head, Owen was with a few bodyguards, rushing over to the parking lot. Without a choice, the two bodyguards guarding the car guiltily confessed what had happened.

Owen swung his fist and punched one of them. He roared, "You are bas\*ards! Let her out right now!"

Those words allowed Charlotte to heave a sigh of relief before she quickly returned to the hotel.

Looking down at her phone, she realized that she was connected to the police hotline. Since Owen had already come forward to clear the situation, she hung up, thinking that there was no need to involve the authorities anymore.

She did not want to attract extra trouble.

After all, Luna and Owen once knew each other, so he probably would not leave her in the lurch.

Besides, this was a crime in the first place, and anybody in the right mind would try to stop it.

Even so, Charlotte still informed the security guards at the hotel to play safe. "I think something happened at the parking lot. It would be best if you could take a look."

"What happened?" one of them asked.

"A lady seems to be in trouble. I'm not sure of the details, but you would understand once you get there," Charlotte explained.

"Alright, thank you."

Promptly, four armed security guards headed over.

Feeling more assured, Charlotte walked to the hotel's lounge briskly.

"Charlotte!" Felicity hurried to her. "The banquet ended early, and you can get off work now. I will still pay you two thousand, which I will transfer to you tomorrow."

"Thank you, Ms. Fuller." Looking at the banquet hall, the guests were leaving one after another. Even the performers were packing up to leave.

"Why is your dress so dirty?" Felicity noticed that Charlotte's maxi dress was stained with soil. Frowning, she stated, "You have to wash this. Otherwise, I can't explain it to the uniform company when I return it."

"I'm so sorry. I will wash it tonight and return it to you tomorrow," Charlotte apologized.

Then, she went backstage and got changed. Packing up her belongings, she prepared to leave from the back.

When she passed by the parking lot, she subconsciously scanned it. Is Luna alright?

Although Luna had hurt her previously, that woman had already received her retribution.

She hoped that Luna would be fine.

Continuing to walk towards the roadside to call for a taxi, she suddenly heard a moan for help. "Help me, please..."

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Alarmed, Charlotte stopped in her tracks. When she listened carefully again, she heard another plea for help.

Looking around, she found a leg sticking out of a rubbish bin a distance away.

Frantically, she turned on the flashlight on her phone and cautiously walked over. Opening the lid, she saw Luna...

She was naked and covered in blood. Barely alive, she was lying on the pile of rubbish, using her remaining strength to call out hoarsely, "Please help me."

It was a dreadful sight.

Trembling in fear, Charlotte called the police right away.

Within a short span of time, the police and ambulance arrived at the scene.

As an eyewitness, Charlotte was brought to the police station to explain what she saw.

She told them truthfully about the situation, without hiding any details.

After taking down her statement, Charlotte queried, "How is she doing?"

"Are you referring to the victim?" A policeman sighed. "Doctors in the hospital told us that seven men raped her. Currently, she is severely injured and mentally unstable..."

"What?" Charlotte gasped. Her eyes widened in shock, and she agitatedly grilled, "How could that have happened? I clearly saw Owen walking over to save her. How..."

A policeman revealed, "We already contacted Owen, who you mentioned earlier. He explained that he did stop them and let Luna go. However, he doesn't know how it ended up like that."

"Is there no security camera in the parking lot? Who the hell did this to her?" Charlotte pressed on.

"There is a security camera there. Unfortunately, we realized that it was facing a corner which did not show what happened. We have looked for Owen's bodyguards too, but they all have an alibi. They said after they released her, they headed back to do other work."

"Do you mean that those were not the bodyguards who raped her? Who are they?"

The policeman stated, "We are still investigating."

Done with her business at the police station, Charlotte walked out from there in despair. Unexpectedly, she met Hector at the entrance.

Facing each other, they exchanged complicated looks.

"Get in." Hector opened the car door himself and gestured towards it. "I will send you home."

Charlotte rejected him flatly, "No need."

Now, she no longer had any affection for him. Instead, she felt guarded and wary around him.

"Okay then." Unlike before, Hector did not explain more like before. He only said, "Let's talk in the car. We are in front of the police station, so you don't have to worry."

Although Charlotte hesitated, she still got into the car.

"I want to get myself clear," Hector spoke first. "Although Luna and I have divorced, and I am deeply disgusted by what she had done, I would never do something as despicable as this.

"Neither would I order my subordinates to commit a crime as ruthless as this. I tried to stop those people then and I wanted to send my wife home...I mean Ms. White home. However, she cursed at me and refused to accept my offer. I'm sure you know her temper. Therefore, I had no choice but to let her leave."

Owen, who was in the car, eagerly added after letting out a deep sigh, "Ah, if I knew this would happen, I would have sent her straight home, no matter how much she scolded or hit me."

"Well, you only have to explain it to the police. There is no need to tell me." Charlotte was indifferent to his explanation. "If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave first."

With that, she pushed the car door open, but Hector grabbed her hand, "Lottie..."

By instinct, Charlotte retracted her hand and was placed her guard up again. "What else do you want?"

"Do you work part-time at an event company?" Hector gently probed. "If you face any difficulties, I..."

"I am very well now and don't have any difficulties," Charlotte crudely cut him off.



"Why are you so cold towards me?" Hector furrowed his brows. "Zachary is about to marry Sharon. You have seen his true colors. Don't you know that I am the only person who treats you right?"

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"What?" Charlotte thought it was ironic and ridiculed, "Hector, you are really scary..."

"What are you talking about?" The man frowned. "How am I scary?"

"Luna was your wife for four years, and she even gave you a son. Even if she doesn't have the best character, she was sincere to you. Shouldn't you cherish the relationship you once had with her? Now that she is in such a dire state, you are confessing your love to another woman? Doesn't this make you a monster?"

Charlotte stared at Hector like he was a stranger.

She continued, "Even if you were just her friend or her acquaintance, you would pity her at the very least. Furthermore, she only ended up like this because of you."

"Haha..." Hector laughed coldly and pointed out sarcastically, "You are so benevolent! Have you forgotten how she treated you?"

"Four years ago, she used shameless and ruthless means to break our relationship. She made you lose your virginity and took your place instead. "After four years, she still humiliated you and your children on multiple occasions, putting you in a difficult spot.

"She even forced you to marry the man from T Nation. If Zachary did not reach you in time, you would be in T Nation by now. Have you already forgotten about all that?"

"I did not, but..."

Hector ignored her. "I know you are a kind person. However, you are mistreating yourself by being kind to your enemy." He paused before he snarled, "I used to be compassionate too, but I have learnt my lesson. I will not be like my former self anymore and will stand on my own feet. One day, I will destroy Zachary and make him pay for everything he did to me."

"Is that why you got together with Helena?" Charlotte could not understand him. "Do you really love her?"

"Is that important?" Hector mocked, "I love you, but do you love me?"

His words made Charlotte speechless.

"Love, sex, and marriage are three different things." As though he understood everything about life, Hector looked into a distance and droned on, "Love can stay in one's heart. Sex can help one meets one's desire. As for marriage, one can benefit in various ways..."

"You have changed," Charlotte spat. She could not fathom what he was thinking. "Everyone has their ambitions, and I can't influence what you think. Regardless, let me remind you. You should think about your son before you do anything else and ponder over whether your actions would make him hate you in the future."

With that, she left.

This time, Hector did not stop her and just watched her disappearing back figure. He hissed, "You said I changed, but you have changed as well. If you haven't changed, you would not be together with Zachary."

Ring! His phone rang, and it was Helena.

Looking at his phone, Hector ignored it.

"Mr. Sterling, do you think Ms. Brown is responsible for this?" Owen asked in a small voice.

"It is the police's job to find the truth." Hector snorted, "We have nothing to do with it."

"Then, will it affect your relationship with her?" Owen asked.

"Of course not," Hector confidently stated before answering his phone. "Helena."

"Hector, where are you?" The lady on the other end sounded anxious.

"I'm in front of the police station."

"Did you see Charlotte? Are you together with her?" Helena demanded.

"I met her at the entrance. We spoke for a bit, and she left," Hector replied.

"Are you..."

Immediately, Hector assured her, "Don't worry, I only have eyes for you."

"I'll look for you now. Please wait for me..."

"Alright..."

After he ended the call, Hector turned to look in the direction that Charlotte went. His gaze hardened...

It was because Zachary humiliated him time and time again, crushing his dignity, which forced him to become who he was today.

One day, he would make Zachary pay twice as much.

He wanted to prove to Charlotte that he was just as capable as Zachary.

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In the taxi, Charlotte called Zachary, but there was no response. She recalled that he told her he would return home late tonight.

Maybe he is busy.

After she hung up, she looked out of the window and recounted what happened today. She could not seem to process it.

Who the hell ordered the attack on Luna?

Was it Helena?

It is probably her.

Well, does Hector really not know about it then?

Did Owen really save Luna at that time?

Otherwise, did he participate in it too?

Charlotte's head started to hurt as she pondered over it. Taking a deep breath, she blocked it out.

It had nothing to do with her, and she did not wish to interfere.

By the time she reached home, it was past midnight. All her children were asleep. Changing into a new set of clothes, she headed upstairs.

Zachary had yet to return, and the house seemed empty and lonely.

It made Charlotte feel depressed. Since she could not sleep, she decided to wash her dress and hang it up to dry.

Then, she stood on the balcony and watched the traffic go by, hoping to spot Zachary's car.

At that moment, she missed him very much.

She only felt safe with him.

It was close to two in the morning, but Zachary was still nowhere in sight.

As Charlotte was too tired to wait any longer, she took a bath and slept first.

Probably because today's events were too shocking for her, she had a nightmare. She dreamt of Luna being covered in blood while questioning her for not saving her.

In her dream, Charlotte eagerly tried to explain but could not seem to make a sound...

Before she knew it, Luna pounced on her and squeezed her neck.

Charlotte jolted awake from the nightmare, sweating profusely while trembling in fear.

It took a long time before she finally managed to calm herself down. Getting out of bed, she headed out for a glass of water.

Looking back at what happened today, she felt guilty. If only she did not blindly believe that Owen would save Luna and called the police; this probably would not happen...

Ring! Her phone rang all of a sudden.

When she looked at her phone screen, Charlotte saw Amanda's name. She answered the call instantly.

Amanda roared, "Charlotte, you bi\*ch! Why didn't you help her? If you hate me, you can take it out on me in any way you like. You can even take my life. However, how can you do this to my daughter? Why?"

In her final sentence, she broke down.

Hearing Amanda's cries, she felt the mother's despair and empathised with her.

After a short pause, Charlotte explained, "I have explained everything to the police. You can ask them about what happened, and I will not explain anymore. I know that you probably won't believe what I say anyway."

Amanda was still wailing on the other end.

"Just so you know, I am sad about what happened too!"

After the abrupt line, Charlotte ended the call.

She did not know how to console the other party nor explain herself. Furthermore, she did not want any more misunderstandings to occur. Perhaps, her silence was the best way out of it.

Hopefully, Amanda would collect her emotions and stop blaming her.

While she was contemplating the matter, she heard the door opened. Immediately, she jumped to her feet.

Entering the house, Zachary casually threw his jacket aside and was unbuttoning his shirt while heading for the bedroom. When he saw Charlotte, he opened his arms automatically.

Without hesitation, the woman rushed into his embrace, tightly wrapping her arms around his waist.

"It's late. Why are you still up?" He gently ruffled her hair. "Were you waiting for me?"

"What took you so long to come back?" Charlotte whined.

She was hugging him very tightly. What happened today made her scared and felt insecure. However, being back in his embrace made her feel at ease again.

"I had something to deal with," Zachary replied. He raised the woman's chin and pushed the loose strands of hair on her face aside. Then, he gently kissed her eyelids. "Did you miss me?"

"Yes." Charlotte tiptoed and took the initiative to kiss him.