

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 547

Before Charlotte left the White residence, Amanda had some parting advice for her.

"I've completed the procedures necessary for the transfer of the house and have sorted things out with the lawyer. When you have some time to spare, go and see Mr. Williams and sign the deed. After that, you are to visit the Housing Management Bureau to complete the transfer. With that, the house will be the property of its rightful owner."

"Even if you don't occupy it, you can still consider putting it up on the market. Assets are assets, and it's always good for a woman to have her own funds. After we leave, we'll also change our contact information. I fear it'll be difficult to remain in contact. You must take care."

"Thank you. You should take care too."

Charlotte gave them a wave and carried her things into the car.

She then started the car and slowly drove out of the manor. As she looked at the manor gradually vanishing from sight, she reflected on everything that had happened over the years. She felt exhausted.

The average human lifespan is only a few decades. How many ups and downs will we all face?

An ordinary person would have a more carefree existence for sure. But I just had to be born into a wealthy family.

My father worked his a\*\* off for so long for me to have a good life. But someone killed him.

Not to mention my mother. I barely know anything about her, and her influences on my future are still unclear.

Charlotte groaned out loud as she thought of this. She glanced at the deed in the hand and noticed that the property value increased to a few hundred million now. Amanda and Simon were forced to sell it at a low price because they were strapped for cash.

Now that so many things had happened, they seemed to really regret what they did to her. Otherwise, they had no reason to return both the house and necklace to her.

She bore them no malice and hoped that their family would live their lives in peace and free from harm.

She also took the time to reflect on her own circumstances. She was happy, but how long would that last? She sensed that this was the calm before the storm, and there was no telling what difficulties she would face in the future.

Charlotte realized that the fear and unease she felt was not for herself but for her children.

She swore that she would not let anything happen to them, no matter what.

Suddenly, Charlotte's phone rang and shook her from her thoughts. Steeling herself, she then answered the phone.

"Mummy, where have you been? When will you be back?"

The sound of Ellie's cute voice melted Charlotte's heart.

"Mommy was out running errands and will be home soon," said Charlotte gently. "Have you finished your classes with Daddy?"

"Yes!" Ellie was happy when she said this and covered her mouth as she giggled. "Daddy tried to learn how to sing with me today, and it was bad!"

Ellie spoke in hushed tones but could not hide her mirth as she soon dissolved into peals of laughter.

"Elisa Windt! That's not very nice!"

Zachary's displeased voice came from the other end of the line.

Ellie, however, could not stop her infectious laughter.

Charlotte couldn't help but smile. The sadness still lingered in her heart, but she felt more at ease knowing that the children were getting along well with Zachary.

In any case, the children would be safe as long as Zachary is there.

"Alright, alright, time's up. Off to bed with you, I need to talk to Mommy."

Zachary then gestured at the medical staff to whisk away the three children to bed. "Are you already back?"

"On my way." The sound of his baritone voice made her smile. "What did they make you sing?"

"Ugh, drop it," said Zachary nervously. "I think that will be the death of me."

"Well, you must be quite the maestro! Sing it for me later!" Charlotte laughed out loud and did not hold back from teasing him.

"Oh, we'll see who ends up singing later!" Zachary's voice suddenly dropped an octave. "Hurry home."

"Alright." Charlotte responded shyly.

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 548

After she hung up, Charlotte looked out of the car window. A bright moon illuminated the pitch-black sky like a beacon of hope.

Suddenly, she felt her heart surge with assurance. Whatever the future holds, I'll be brave and face it.

It was late when she finally reached home.

Mrs. Berry had been up waiting for Charlotte in the living room. As she heard the sound of the car, she hurriedly walked out and greeted Charlotte at the door. "You're back, Miss. I've made some stew!"

"Mrs. Berry, why are you still up?" Charlotte greeted her in return as she unloaded the things from the car.

Mrs. Berry quickly put on her coat and walked out to help her. "I was worried! You took a while, and I thought something happened."

"Silly Mrs. Berry, what's there to worry about?" Charlotte smiled and fussed over her collar.

"You went to see the Whites, of all people. How would I not be worried?" Mrs. Berry frowned, her expression solemn. "Amanda is a vicious person, so I was afraid that she was going to hurt you."

"I had bodyguards with me." Charlotte then sighed and looked Mrs. Berry in the eye. "A lot of things have happened."

"Ah, like what?"

"Let's go to your room. I'll explain everything."

Charlotte braced herself for another tiring conversation.

"Here, have some stew and some snacks." Mrs. Berry then brought Charlotte to her room, food and all. "Please eat something. I'll listen to you when you're done."

"I don't really have the appetite." Charlotte reached over to her side and gave Mrs. Berry the deed to the property. "In the meantime, will you hold onto this for me? For safekeeping, that is."

"This is..." Mrs. Berry trailed off, and her eyes widened in shock. "The deed to the old house? Who gave it to you?"

"Amanda and Simon."

Charlotte told Mrs. Berry all that happened during this period.

Mrs. Berry gave Charlotte her full attention and only interjected out of shock and concern from time to time.

“Gosh, that’s terrible!”

“Lord, have mercy.”

“That poor child!”

After Charlotte finished, Mrs. Berry let out a deep sigh. “I suppose this is a form of retribution, but it’s still a real shame that the family ended up this way. It’s too cruel.”

“Yes,” said Charlotte as she echoed Mrs. Berry’s sighs. “I don’t exactly feel good about this either.”

“It goes without saying. People should refrain from evil deeds.” Mrs. Berry paused and shook her head. “But then again, how on earth does someone as kind as Mr. Brown have a cousin as terrible as her? This is unfair, isn’t it?”

“Michael and Helena are individuals, so I think comparing them is unfair in the first place. Mrs. Berry, the deed should stay with you for now, in case anything happens.”

“Understood.” Mrs. Berry carefully took the deed from Charlotte. “Well, finish the stew at least, Miss. Mr. Nacht is waiting for you.”

“I still have something to ask you.” Charlotte took Mrs. Berry’s hand and looked at her solemnly. “What do you know about my mother?”

“Why are you bringing this up all of a sudden?”

Mrs. Berry suddenly looked disturbed at the question.

Charlotte frowned. “I received word that my father’s murderer and my mother’s enemy are the same person, so I want to know more about her.”

"It's all in the past, why bring it up now?" asked Mrs. Berry earnestly. "Mr. Nacht is there for you! He's good to you and your children. With your marriage, everything will be alright. You should live your life and stop struggling with the past. Look forward to the future."

"Alright." Charlotte noticed that Mrs. Berry was reluctant to speak and chose to not question her any further. "I'll retire for the evening. You should have the stew instead, Mrs. Berry. I fear my appetite is still non-existent."

"Sleep well, Miss."

Charlotte went upstairs and entered her room. She barely managed one step inside when she was swept into a powerful embrace. Charlotte smirked. "My, my. I think you've spent so much time with the kids you're now a kid yourself."

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

### chapter 549

"Maybe. Do you like that?"

Zachary hugged Charlotte from behind deftly removed her coat, pressing ardent kisses to her neck.

Charlotte felt her body go numb with pleasure as she melted into Zachary's touch.

"I want you."

Zachary carried her to the bed and kissed her hungrily.

Charlotte returned the kiss with equal passion. When they were together, they were inseparable.

Soon enough, the room was filled with the heady scent of desire.

Once they started, there was no stopping them.

A storm broke out in the middle of the night. Thunder and lightning filled the sky, accompanied by howling winds and the tree branches hitting the windows.

Zachary let out a low growl and held onto Charlotte tightly. She clung helplessly into his embrace, curled up in his arms, panting.

The thunder outside was relentless, and Charlotte shuddered from the noise. Zachary held her face with his warm hands and covered her ears. He planted a kiss onto each eye and murmured, "Don't be afraid."

Charlotte then held onto his waist tightly and buried her face in his chest.

His powerful heartbeat soothed her frayed nerves, and she soon felt safe again.

After a while, she fell asleep in his arms.

Zachary fondly kissed her on the cheek. After he tucked her in, he fell asleep with his arms around her.

Despite the loud storm outside, the pair slept soundly. They seemed to echo the sentiment that they could weather any storm together as long as they were not apart.

However, Charlotte awoke in the start in a cold sweat. Her body shuddered violently, and at the climax of her nightmare, she opened her eyes in a panic.

It took her a while, but she eventually calmed down. Turning to peek at Zachary, she was relieved to see that he remained sound asleep. Maybe he's too tired.

She tilted her head and silently stared at him. Vivid memories of their meeting and their eventual relationship filled her mind.

She reached out and gently trailed a finger across his forehead. Satisfied, she leaned in and kissed his lips.

He stirred and suddenly held her tighter as if he was afraid that she would leave.

This made Charlotte's eyes water. She did not know why the gesture had saddened her, but she could not shake off the feeling that this was a dream she would soon wake up from.

She didn't want to wake up.

"What's wrong?" asked Zachary out of the blue.

"You're up?" Charlotte was mildly concerned. "Was I disturbing you?"

"You were fidgeting, and you kissed me, so how could I not wake up?" Zachary nibbled on her earlobe and rubbed her neck soothingly. "Did you have a nightmare?"

"Yeah." Charlotte was still visibly shaken from the nightmare she had.

"What did you dream about?" asked Zachary as he kissed her neck.

"My father," said Charlotte, her voice barely a whisper.

Zachary's movements paused. He turned her around and kissed her passionately, trailing his fingers into her hair. "You're overthinking."

"Do you know how my father's company went bankrupt?"

As she asked this, her dream sequence flashed repeatedly in her mind. Amanda's words left a lingering impression on her psyche.

"It's the middle of the night, why are you asking about this now?" Zachary paused his ministrations and looked at her.

"I...found out that my father's company was acquired in a hostile takeover by the Nacht Group. That's how he ended up that way."

"And?" Zachary frowned. "Are you suspecting me?"

"No." Charlotte shook his head. "Given your personality, you're not the type to hide it if you're the culprit."



Zachary's brows eventually relaxed. He held Charlotte's face in one hand and rubbed her lips with his thumb. "The past is in the past. We shouldn't dwell on it."

"Could it be Mr. Henry?" asked Charlotte tentatively.

"What nonsense is that?" asked Zachary, displeased. "He stopped caring about the company ten years ago, so how would it be possible?"

"Your Aunt, then?" Charlotte tried again. "That's the woman who caught me last time, right?"

This time, it was Zachary's turn to remain silent.

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 550

"It's her, isn't it?" Charlotte soon surmised her answer from Zachary's silence, and she suddenly became more agitated. "Why did she do this?"

"It's late, go to bed." Zachary turned around without another word.

"Zachary!" Charlotte was anxious and turned to face him. "Why are you avoiding this? You're not her, and so this has nothing to do with you."

"It would be ill-advised for you to know too much." Zachary frowned and said, "What's done is done, so why are you digging it up again?"

"Does the 'why' matter so much here? I want to know why she did this, and I want to avenge my Dad!"

Charlotte had stunned herself into silence following her own outburst.

Revenge was a foreign concept to her, all this while. She had never expected to actually use the word so seriously.

Somehow, she had made her subconscious thoughts known.

“Avenge him?” Zachary sat up and solemnly asked, “Using what?”

Charlotte could not find the words to answer him. That woman had been ruthless enough with her schemes that even Zachary had to be careful around her. Charlotte was someone who could barely hurt a fly, but here she was talking about revenge like it was no big deal.

“Are you listening to yourself?” Zachary then got up and walked towards the bathroom.

As Charlotte stared at his retreating figure, she tried to soothe her frayed nerves.

She knew that no matter how bad or ruthless the woman was, she was still a blood relative of Zachary. Despite how bad things looked where business was concerned, they would not go to the extent of a blood feud.

Therefore, she cannot ask Zachary to take revenge on her behalf.

However, she was powerless on her own. The very thought depressed her.

Charlotte heard the sound of the shower being turned on in the bathroom. After a while, Zachary came out wrapped in a towel and got dressed with his back facing her.

“Aren’t you going to back sleep?” Charlotte glanced at the wall clock on the wall, and it was only five o’clock in the morning.

“I’m going to work out.” Zachary responded mildly.

Charlotte did not reply but leaned back on her pillow.

Zachary changed his clothes and walked straight out of the bedroom. When he reached the door, he turned around and said, “Get some rest and don’t dwell on it.”

With that, he left the room.

Charlotte looked at the closed door, displeased.

If he was so resistant towards one question, there was no way she could rely on him to avenge her father.

In fact, what would he do if he ended up in a spat with that so-called aunt of his?

Charlotte hugged her pillow in frustration as she tossed and turned on the bed, unable to sleep. Daylight soon broke, and before she knew it, it was seven in the morning.

She could hear the voices of her children from outside the door. "I don't need your help, Ms. Mildred. I can go down the stairs myself."

Jamie had really grown. After some instruction from Zachary, he was now braver and more independent.

"You might fall! Let me carry you down."

"No, I'll go by myself."

"It's alright. He's old enough and should be independent."

This was the sound of Robbie's voice. He had grown much as well, and he sounded more and more like an older brother.

"Alright." Mildred was so amused by the situation, unsure of how else to respond.

"Boys are a headache." Ellie walked past them haughtily, with Fifi perched on her shoulder. Her chubby hand stroked its feathers, and with a slightly imperious tone, said, "Let's ignore them, Fifi."

Charlotte's heart immediately gladdened at the sound of her children's' voice. She woke up and went to the bathroom to wash up so she could have breakfast with them.

Just then, she heard her phone chime. Picking it up, she wondered who it could be since it was relatively early in the day. It turned out to be a message from Michael: Charlotte, I just landed at the H City Airport. Let's meet, if possible.

Charlotte hesitated, but chose to ignore it.

Zachary had already accepted her and the children. Even if they had some history, she felt the need to maintain her distance.