

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 581

"Mr. Nacht has ordered three tailor-made gowns along with three sets of matching accessories and shoes. These gowns are meant to be worn at the wedding." The designer continued with a cordial smile, "May I show you the pieces?"

"Of course," Charlotte replied with a mirroring smile. "Mrs. Rawlston, please bring them to the dressing room. I'll be there shortly."

"Yes, Miss." Mrs. Rawlston escorted the small group to Charlotte's personal dressing room.

The dressing room was previously a guestroom, but Zachary had it remodeled into a large dressing room for Charlotte. It had an alcove specially designed to keep her jewelry, and a platform was placed at the center of the room.

"I thought you were going back to your hometown. Why did he order these gowns?" Mrs. Berry voiced her confusion.

"I have no idea too." Charlotte's eyebrows knitted together as she wondered out loud, "She mentioned that those are wedding-appropriate dresses, but I don't have any upcoming weddings to attend."

As she mulled over it, her phone rang with an incoming call from Zachary. "Have the dresses arrived?"

"Yes," Charlotte answered. "Why did you make a custom order for evening gowns out of the blue? And whose wedding are we attending?"

"Hector and Helena's," Zachary replied simply.

Charlotte was stunned. "Since when did I agree to attend their wedding?"

"Can't you keep me company?" Zachary cajoled, his voice gentle.

"You're planning to show up?" Charlotte was even more dumbfounded. "The high-and-mighty, narcissistic Zachary Nacht is going to attend his nemesis' wedding?"

"They're not worthy of being my nemesis," Zachary commented nonchalantly. "But you are on the right track. My actual nemesis will be at the wedding, which is why I have to go."

His reply piqued Charlotte's curiosity. "You actually have a nemesis? Who is it?"

"I'll tell you when I get back later." Charlotte could hear the chatter of shareholders in the background. "Attend tomorrow's wedding with me before going back to your hometown," Zachary implored.

"Alright." Charlotte had no choice but to agree. "Get back to work. We can talk about this when you get back."

"Alright."

After hanging up, Charlotte turned to tell Mrs. Berry, "There's no need to pack my things for now. I have a wedding to attend tomorrow before leaving."

"Who's getting married?" Mrs. Berry asked curiously.

"Hector and Helena," Charlotte said with a frown. "Seems like their wedding date has moved forward. They must be getting impatient."

Mrs. Berry heaved a sigh. "Mr. Sterling used to be a good person. How did he end up like this?"

"Change is inevitable in life." Charlotte smiled ruefully. "I'll try on the clothes now. You can take a rest."

"Alright."

When Charlotte entered the dressing room, the designers had hung the clothes and were waiting for her.

Charlotte tried on the three gowns, all of which were gorgeous. In the end, she chose a white mermaid-tail dress that flattered her figure. A pearl necklace and matching earrings

completed the look. Though simple, the gown accentuated Charlotte's inherent elegance and purity.

The designers and their assistants showered her with praises. Mrs. Rawlston, together with a few maids, were all in awe of her ravishing beauty.

Charlotte smiled gently as she thanked the designers and prepared to change into her everyday clothes.

At this moment, a designer pulled out a laptop and asked her to pick out a wedding dress. A broad grin split her face as she informed Charlotte, "Mr. Nacht made a specific request for your wedding gown to be designed by our boss himself."

"He will fly back from Irushea next week to discuss the wedding gown design with you. Please pick out a few gowns to your liking so our boss can gauge your preferences. We'll also need to take your children's measurements as our boss will also personally design their formal attire."

The influx of information left Charlotte stupefied. Zachary ordered a custom-made wedding dress? He's also planning to have the kids' clothes tailor-made. Is he starting to plan for our wedding?

"I heard Mr. Zachary instruct someone to contact a renowned jeweler from Ustrana this morning. He's planning to have your wedding jewelry and diamond ring custom-made as well!" Mrs. Rawlston disclosed with barely suppressed excitement. "We'll be having a wedding soon!"

"That's great!" The maids clapped enthusiastically.

The corners of Charlotte's lips twitched, but she failed to force a full smile.

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The designers waited for the children to reach home and took their measurements.

The triplets were intrigued.

Ellie stood on the platform with her stubby arms outstretched so the designer could wrap the measuring tape around her. Genuinely baffled, she questioned, "Miss, why are you making me new clothes? We have a lot of new clothes already."

The designer chuckled and responded, "Your daddy and mommy are getting married! You're one of the main characters and also the flower girl. That's why you need new clothes!"

"Daddy and mommy are getting married? Really?" Robbie was thrilled. A bright smile bloomed on his handsome face. "When are they getting married? Why don't I know about this?"

"It should happen soon. We're here today to help your mommy design a wedding dress."

"That's amazing!" Jamie almost leaped in excitement.

"Robbie, Jamie, what does that mean?"

Ellie stared at her brothers with her head cocked to a side, her face earnest. She was still young and had not grasped the concept of marriage.

"Getting married means that daddy and mummy will become legal partners. They'll be together forever and never be separated," Robbie replied solemnly.

"That's great!" Ellie clapped her chubby hands with glee. "Then we will all be together forever! Nothing will separate us!"

"That's right." Robbie nodded in approval.

"Yay! I'm so happy!"

The children's cheers filled the room, making the atmosphere light and joyful. Their happiness was so contagious that the designers and maids felt happy for them.

Charlotte glimpsed the children's bright expressions when she walked past the room. A myriad of conflicting emotions churned within her. I should feel happy as well, but—

"What's all this excitement about?" A familiar voice interrupted her thoughts.

Charlotte whipped around to see Zachary walking down the spiral staircase. He unbuttoned his suit jacket as he approached her.

"Why are you back so early today?" Charlotte was surprised to see him. "It's not five yet."

"I came back to fetch you guys." Zachary glanced at his watch and instructed, "Go change your clothes. I'm bringing everyone out for dinner."

"Now?" Charlotte asked, taken aback.

"Yes. Will half an hour be enough for you to get dressed?" Zachary stroked her hair lovingly.

"Yes." Charlotte stood on her tiptoes to peck his lips before rushing back to their room to prepare.

Zachary watched her adorable figure dart into the room. An amused smile played on his lips.

"Daddy's back!"

"Daddy!"

The children swarmed towards their father when they noticed him standing by the door.

Zachary bent down and spread his arms out wide, engulfing all three kids in a hug. He kissed their foreheads and asked, "How was it? Have you had your measurements taken?"

"Yes!" The triplets answered in unison.

"Daddy, are you and mommy really getting married?"

Robbie desperately needed confirmation. Flecks of light shone in his clear eyes as he stared up at his father.

“Yes.” Zachary smiled and nodded.

“That’s great! Yay!” His reply sent the children into another round of celebration.

“I want to be the flower girl! I want to wear a pretty dress…” Ellie’s arm shot up as she declared eagerly, “I want to stand in the middle!”

“I’m the second child, so I should be in the middle!” Jamie argued, fretting about the loss of his center spot. “Ellie, you’re the youngest; you should be the last.”

“I don’t want to!” Ellie stamped her foot in indignation. Her small face was flushed scarlet. “I’m a girl, so I have to stand in between you two! I’ll only look pretty this way.”

“Ellie—”

“Jamie,” Robbie hurriedly interjected and spread his arms out to keep his siblings apart. “We’ll walk side-by-side! No one will be in front or at the back, and Ellie can be in the middle!”

“Walk side-by-side?” Jamie repeated. He contemplated for a moment before nodding in agreement. “Alright. You can be in the middle, Ellie,” he offered generously.

“Thank you, Jamie.” Ellie beamed at her brother, her chubby face filled with unbridled joy. “Then I want to hold the ring!”

“No, I should be the ring bearer!” Ellie’s enthusiasm for the wedding sparked yet another argument with Jamie. “I already gave up the center for you. How could you—”

“I want to hold the ring!” Ellie started to become frantic. Tears brimmed in her doe-like eyes.

“Ellie, you’ll look prettier holding a flower bouquet,” Robbie, ever the mediator of the three, quickly placated his sister. “The flowers are for mommy. You’ll look beautiful holding them!”

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"That's right! You'll look great holding a bouquet because you're a girl. Just like an angel," Jamie chimed in.

"Alright, then I'll hold the bouquet." Persuaded by her brothers, Ellie eventually caved in. "Then who's going to carry the ring?"

"Of course it'll be me!" Jamie raised his hand.

"There will be two ring boxes. We can carry one each. I'll carry mommy's while you hold daddy's." Robbie split the tasks up evenly.

"Alright! We'll go with that!"

Zachary found his children's discussion endearing, and his lips curved upwards involuntarily. "Look at you, all worried about the wedding. Alright now, go back to your rooms to change. We'll be heading out soon."

"Heading out? Daddy, where are we going?" The children piped up instantaneously.

"I'm taking you all out to dinner." Zachary pinched their faces adoringly. "Mommy is already getting ready. You should go do the same."

"Yay! Awesome!" The children exclaimed in delight.

Zachary beckoned the medical staff to bring the triplets back to their rooms.

Charlotte was joyfully selecting her outfit when her head started throbbing in pain. Worrying that someone might find out about her condition, she held her forehead and rushed to the bathroom.

This time, the pain was accompanied by a nosebleed. Charlotte was thrown into a frenzy.

She quickly locked the bathroom door and hovered over the sink, spots of red speckling the white porcelain. She patted some cool water on the back of her neck, hoping that it would stop the nosebleed.

Blood dripped from her nose ceaselessly. A wave of agony washed over her, and she collapsed to the floor as she succumbed to the pain.

When Zachary went back to their room to change, Charlotte was nowhere to be seen.

The sound of running water penetrated the closed bathroom door. Zachary paid it no heed at first and busied himself with changing his clothes. However, he realized after a while that there was no movement behind the door.

Finding the situation peculiar, Zachary rapped the door with his knuckles. "Charlotte, are you ready?"

There was no response.

Zachary twisted the doorknob but realized with dismay that it had been locked. A sense of foreboding came over him. He was ready to kick the door down when he heard a voice coming from the bathroom. "My stomach hurts. I need some time."

"Why did you lock the door?" Displeasure seeped through his voice.

"I'm using the toilet. You can use the other bathroom." Charlotte sounded completely normal.

"Take your time; there's no rush."

With that, Zachary turned to leave. He had a niggling suspicion that something was wrong with Charlotte, but he could not put a finger to it.

Unease settled in his stomach, but he did not want his cynicism to come between their relationship.

Charlotte slowly got up from the floor, groping the wall to support her weight. She made sure that she appeared presentable before leaving the bathroom.



Zachary was sifting through some documents on the sofa when he heard a rustle behind him. He turned to look at Charlotte and blurted, "Why do you look so worn out?"

"Probably because I didn't sleep well last night."

Charlotte self-consciously touched her face and headed to the wardrobe to change her clothes.

"What's wrong with you recently? Are you feeling unwell?" Zachary spoke to her back, his eyebrows furrowed with worry.

"The injury hasn't healed completely, so the wound still hurts from time to time," Charlotte bluffed. "Besides, you haven't gone easy on me. I barely get any rest at night, which would explain why my body has been acting up lately."

"I see." Zachary reflected on his actions. Maybe I've gone overboard. We do the deed practically every night. Sometimes I even wake her up after she has fallen asleep...

She always cries that it's too much to bear, but I ignored her pleas. It seems like I have to control myself in the future.

"I'm ready. Let's go."

Charlotte had put on a comfortable periwinkle dress and let her long hair tumble down her back in effortless waves. She wore no makeup but was stunning nonetheless.

"You're absolutely gorgeous." Zachary wrapped his arms around her and kissed her long hair. "I'll treat you with more care in the future, and as a soon-to-be bride, you should pay more attention to your health, alright?"

"Mm." Charlotte mumbled her assent and buried herself in his embrace. Touched by his thoughtful gesture, warmth spread through her heart.

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In the evening, the entire family went out merrily. Fifi spent the journey flaunting her singing abilities in the car.

Lately, Ellie had been conducting music lessons for Zachary in the evening while Fifi listened in nearby. Ironically, Fifi ended up learning every single song while Zachary didn't even learn one.

Ellie was listening to Fifi sing. She turned to Zachary and said, "Daddy, listen. Fifi's already learned the song I taught you last night."

"Mm." Zachary nodded. "Since Fifi enjoys your lessons so much, why don't you teach her then?" he suggested.

"No. Fifi can only listen in. Daddy's the official student." Ellie wasn't so easily fooled. She pouted, sternly saying, "Daddy, don't you think about skipping lessons!"

"..." Zachary looked to Charlotte for help.

Charlotte let out a chuckle. Not only did she not come to his aid, but she also turned to Ellie and said, "Ellie's such a good teacher!"

"Ingrate!" Zachary pinched Charlotte's cheek and said.

"Thank you, Mommy!" Ellie smiled brilliantly, pouting her lips to kiss Charlotte.

"Mommy, I studied hard with Daddy too! My legs are healing as well," Jamie chimed in, lifting his legs to show Charlotte, "I no longer need anyone's help. I can climb the stairs on my own now!"

"Awesome, Jamie!"

Seeing as Jamie's legs were recovering, Charlotte felt that she no longer had to worry about the children even if she had to leave.

"Mommy, are you feeling better?" Robbie was always especially sensible. Instead of wanting credit, he showed concern for his mother's condition instead.

"I'm much better," Charlotte answered, caressing his little cheeks. "What about you? How are your lessons with Daddy?"

"I've gained a lot of knowledge. Daddy said he'll let me attend elementary school next semester," Robbie said proudly. "I've already surpassed the kindergarten's curriculum."

"Elementary school? You're only four years old next semester." Charlotte was astonished. She turned to look at Zachary and asked, "Is that really all right?"

"Let me handle the children's education," Zachary answered in confidence. "I've already made preparations for all three of them."

"Please don't set too high expectations for them. They deserve to enjoy their childhood too!" Charlotte said worriedly.

"Education varies from person to person. I'm well aware of what's suitable for each of them. Don't worry." Zachary glanced at his wristwatch. "We're reaching soon. What are we supposed to do?"

"Put on shoes and a jacket!" The children immediately put on their shoes orderly, having practiced it plenty of times before.

Charlotte was taken aback, watching with amazement. Previously, when she took the kids out with Mrs. Berry, it was always a chaotic scene. However, they had learned to put on their shoes in such a well-behaved manner with one single reminder from Zachary.

She would expect that of Robbie, for he had always been an independent and sensible child. But Jamie and Ellie had been spoiled since birth. The fact that they'd learned to be independent in such a short amount of time was mind-blowing to her.

"Put on your jacket properly. It's cold outside." Zachary draped a jacket over Charlotte's shoulders and carried her off the car.

The children had put on their own shoes and exited the car themselves while the bodyguards and medical staff watched on the outside, fearing they'd miss a step and fall.

Jamie raised his brows and sighed. "Daddy only cares about Mommy. He doesn't care about us."

Imitating the lines on TV, Ellie pouted and said, "Daddy and Mommy are lovey-dovey. We're merely accidents."

"I wish they would be this lovey-dovey forever." Robbie watched their back views with a small smile.

Due to the blowing sea breeze, the restaurant manager had been waiting in the cold at the entrance for some time.

Zachary carried Charlotte and entered the seaside restaurant. The atmosphere was warm and romantic as the mellifluous melody of the piano accompanied the sound of waves.

However, a particular yacht parked near the shore caught Zachary's attention. He made a hand gesture. With no words exchanged, a bodyguard immediately went to investigate it.