

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

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"Then I'll send some people along with you. I don't feel it's safe for you and Mrs. Berry to travel alone." Zachary sounded very determined.

"What's there to worry about?" Charlotte hurriedly added, "Nobody would know if Mrs. Berry and I leave without making a big hoo-ha. On the contrary, it will attract a lot of attention if you send people with us."

"Why are you so disobedient—"

"All right, all right. It's time for me to get up. I promised to make the kids breakfast." Charlotte got up and headed toward the bathroom resolutely. "You've promised me. Don't go back on your words and change the plan."

"..." Zachary knitted his brows. If it were in the past, he would have disregarded her protest and made the final decision domineeringly. However, being with Charlotte and the children had softened his temper. He was no longer overbearing with them. Instead, he treated them with respect, courtesy, and concern.

Therefore, he could only execute his plans in secret.

After breakfast, Charlotte informed the children that she was returning to the countryside with Mrs. Berry to handle some matters. She told them it would take some time for her to return and reminded them to obey their father.

Hearing that, Robbie asked anxiously, "How long will you be gone for, Mommy?"

"Probably two weeks, but maybe earlier. It depends on when I'm done with the matters," Charlotte said gently, patting his head.

"Mommy, you have to come back early. I'll miss you," Ellie said adorably, tilting her head.

"Don't worry. I'll be back as soon as I'm done." Charlotte kissed her little face.

"Mommy, are you and Mrs. Berry going to see Mr. Fergus and the others?" Jamie was peeling his hard-boiled egg. Having just had his milk, he had a milk beard around his mouth, looking incredibly adorable.

"I'll go to pay respect to your Grandpa before visiting one of his old friends." She handed Jamie a hot cross bunny. "I'll be back as soon as possible. All of you must be obedient at home, understand?"

"Understood, Mommy!" they answered in unison.

"Mommy, when will you be leaving? Will we see you when we're back from school?" Robbie furrowed his brows, seemingly reluctant for her to go. His intuition was stronger compared to Jamie and Ellie's. There was a nagging feeling that if his Mommy left, he'd never see her again.

"I'll attend a wedding with Daddy in the afternoon. After the wedding, I'll come back for my luggage and leave. You probably won't see me after school." Charlotte caressed Robbie's face gently. "But it's okay. I'll be back very soon," she said in assurance.

"All right." Robbie lowered his face dejectedly.

"Robbie, don't be like that. I'll only be gone for a few days," she cajoled. "Daddy will be home with you."

"Mm." Robbie nodded. "Mommy, you have to be careful. If anything happens, you must give Daddy a call right away," he reminded her in concern.

"I got it." Charlotte pecked his forehead. "While I'm not around, you'll have to protect yourself and your siblings, all right?"

"Yes, I will." Robbie nodded solemnly.

"All right, hurry up and eat your breakfast. I will take you guys to school." Zachary checked his wristwatch. "Ten more minutes," he urged.

"Ah! Hurry up!" The children rapidly gobbled their food up before putting on their shoes and backpack.

Zachary carried the children out the door while Charlotte hugged them and said her goodbyes. The triplets exhorted once again, reminding her to return as soon as possible.

Charlotte smiled and nodded.

Zachary kissed her forehead before taking the children to the car.

Watching their departure, Charlotte couldn't help but feel slightly emotional. She had never been apart with them for more than three days ever since they were born. The thought of leaving them for approximately half a month sounded like torture to her.

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"Miss, don't be sad. The temporary separation is all for staying together forever," Mrs. Berry consoled.

"You're right." Charlotte heaved a sigh, determined to return as soon as the poison was removed from her body.

"I'll go pack your luggage," Mrs. Berry said, glancing at the time. "What time will you be leaving? And when will you be back?"

"Zachary will come to pick me up at eleven o'clock. We'll return at approximately one o'clock. After that, we have to make a trip to Happy Avenue to retrieve some documents. The ticket I booked is for four o'clock in the evening. There's more than enough time."

"All right. Then you better start packing. I heard Mrs. Rawlston saying the make-up artist and stylist will arrive at nine o'clock."

"Mm."

The make-up artist and stylist were done with Charlotte's look ten minutes earlier than planned. Checking herself out in the mirror, she asked apprehensively, "Will this upstage the bride?"

"Ms. Windt, the outfit, and accessories you picked are low-key enough. There's no need to worry," the stylist said, smiling.

The make-up artist then added, "The thing is that you're too beautiful with an amazing figure. The bride may truly be incomparable to you."

"That's impossible. The bride's very beautiful," Charlotte replied modestly.

At that moment, she heard the sound of a car from outside. Thinking that it could be Zachary here to pick her up, she grabbed her purse and went out immediately.

Yet, the one who welcomed her downstairs was Ben instead. "Miss, I'm here to take you to the wedding."

"Where's Zachary?" She lifted her head to glance outside. There was no trace of the said man.

"Mr. Nacht has been held back and wouldn't be able to make it in time. He asked me to come to pick you up first. He'll meet you at the wedding venue," Ben explained.

"All right." Without overthinking it, she followed Ben to the car.

Mrs. Berry chased after her and reminded, "Miss, I'll be waiting for you at home."

"I know." She laughed. "I'll be back soon."

Mrs. Berry nodded, watching as the car drove off.

In the car, Charlotte noticed Ben continuously checking his phone somberly. She couldn't help but question, "Did something happen?"

"Something happened in the company. Mr. Nacht's currently handling it," Ben replied, not elaborating. "Please don't fret. It's merely trivial matters."

"Oh." Charlotte chose not to question further. Even if it were a grave matter in the company, she wouldn't be of any help anyway. Besides, she firmly believed there was nothing Zachary couldn't handle.

However, there was one thing she couldn't understand. Why did Zachary want to attend that particular wedding and was adamant that she went along?

Zachary never paid any attention to the Browns nor the Sterlings. Normally when they'd beg him in tears, he wouldn't even be bothered by them. Why was he attaching such importance to the wedding?

Abruptly, she received Zachary's call. She immediately answered and said, "Hello!"

"Are you on the way?" Zachary's voice sounded.

"Mm. What about you? Are your matters settled?" she asked in a gentle tone.

"Yeah. I'm on the way as well. We'll meet nearby the hotel and enter together."

"That's good." She heaved a sigh of relief.

"We'll only linger for a while. There's no need to stay for long. But there's a couple of things you must bear in mind," he said in a serious tone. "Firstly, there're a lot of media outlets at the wedding venue. No matter what they ask, all you have to do is smile. There's no need to answer any questions.

"Secondly, no matter what happens or whoever you see, you must stay composed. You have to stay by my side and do not wander off on your own.

"Thirdly, if I were to do anything, you are not allowed to dissuade me nor interfere. Do you understand?"

Hearing that, Charlotte felt faintly worried. She finally understood why he wanted to attend the wedding. It wasn't to support their marriage but to do a little something.

"Did you hear me?" When discussing serious business, his former domineering manner returned.

"I heard you," she acknowledged. "Rest assured. No matter what it is you're planning to do, I'll stand by you unconditionally."

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"That's good," Zachary commented, thoroughly satisfied. "All right, I'll see you later then!"

"Mm. See you later!"

Hanging up the call, Charlotte drilled Zachary's words into her head. She reminded herself not to cause any trouble for him.

Very quickly, the car arrived at the Imperial Hotel. It was one of the hotels that belonged to the Brown Group.

There were two rows of trees adorned with pink balloons leading to the hotel's greenway, as well as a large wedding portrait of Hector Sterling and Helena Brown.

The atmosphere was rather sweet as a joyous, romantic tune was playing for the wedding march.

When the church from afar sounded its bell, countless pink heart-shaped balloons were released into the skies.

Several luxury cars drove in one after another as the wedding was about to begin.

Watching the grand scene, Charlotte couldn't help but sigh on the inside. Helena had indeed put in a lot of effort for her wedding. It seemed she was truly in love with Hector Sterling. I wish them nothing but happiness!

The car came to a stop while she was lost in her thoughts. Ben rounded the car to get the door and said respectfully, "Ms. Windt, please."

Charlotte raised her head and realized there was another car parked next to theirs. When she saw Zachary, she swiftly exited the car and made her way to him under Ben's escort.

"You're gorgeous," Zachary complimented, holding her as she took the seat beside him. He scrutinized her from head to toe to feast his eyes.

"You're still so handsome despite dressing rather casually." Charlotte mirrored his actions and checked him out. He was wearing the same suit he usually wore to work, without any accessories. Yet, he exuded the same devilish allure, a god-like dominance lingering in-between his eyebrows.

"Like what you see?" He rested his forehead against her, ambiguously leaning toward her.

"Stop playing..." Charlotte withdrew shyly, using both hands to hold him back by his shoulders. "There're people around."

Bruce coughed twice dryly.

On the other hand, Marino, who was the driver, had already gotten used to it.

"Fine. I'll stop teasing you." Zachary pinched her cheeks and took her in his arms.

Right when he was about to talk to her about her return to the countryside, Bruce abruptly mentioned, "Mr. Nacht, it's the Lindbergs."

Zachary twisted his head and took a gander. He saw an exotic Maybach drove past them—the silver color made it rather low profile. What truly attracted attention, however, was its unique license plate. One glance and anyone could tell it belonged to the Lindberg family.

As there was a line of cars up front, both the Maybach and the Rolls-Royce stopped at the same time.

Separated by the car windows, it was unclear who exactly was sitting in the other car. Nonetheless, a murderous aura could be felt immediately when both persons turned to look at each other.

Charlotte was inexplicably nervous. She glanced at the other car and asked cautiously, "Is that your arch-enemy?"

She had once mocked Zachary, not understanding why he would want to attend Hector Sterling's—his arch-enemy—wedding. Zachary told her, "The two of them are unfit to be my rival. However, my true rival will indeed be present at the wedding."

Although Zachary hadn't revealed much, Charlotte could faintly sense that the person in the other car was most likely his true rival.

"Mm." Zachary nodded, retracting his gaze. "It's the Lindberg family."

Charlotte had heard of the Lindberg family. The Lindbergs were said to control the north while the Nachts control the south. Advancing side by side, the two legendary business families' positions in the business empire were unshakable.

In the present business field, there was no one else on par with the Nachts aside from the Lindberg family.

Someone once said, "If those two families were to form an alliance, they would be invincible. The king of the business empire would undoubtedly be them."

Sadly, the two families had been enemies for decades. The previous generations used to fight as if their lives depended on it, bearing deep feuds. Albeit it was eventually resolved and they mutually agreed to mind their own business, a collaboration was still out of the question.

Originally, it seemed the two families would continue existing in peace. However, the Lindberg Corporation was passed down to its new successor recently. It was then they began entering the domestic market and competed with the Nachts head-on.