

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 606

Charlotte still felt slightly unsettled after leaving the hospital. For some reason, her mind kept flashing back Sam's final reminder, causing her to think that there was still toxic residual in her blood.

Even so, there was not much else she could do about it, considering Dr. Felch was still unconscious, and Hayley and Sam only knew so much about her condition.

Dr. Felch did say it takes time to clear all the toxins from my body in stages. It could well be that the herbal bath and acupuncture were only the first two stages out of many. And he was attacked before he had a chance to implement them. I can only pray for myself and hope that Dr. Felch will come around soon so we can pick up where he left off.

"What's wrong?" Sensing something was bothering her, Zachary held her in his arms. "Are you still worried about Dr. Felch? I've arranged for the best surgeons to take care of him. Raina also reassured that he will slowly come around. He is, after all, no longer a young person, so his recovery is bound to take more time."

"Hmm." Charlotte nodded absent-mindedly.

"Stop worrying," Zachary said while rubbing her face playfully. "You're gonna have to gather yourself and want to look your best in the bridal dress. There are only seven days left for you to get ready. You surely don't want to look like this in your bridal pictures."

"What?" Charlotte was stunned. "What seven days?"

"Our wedding," the man replied matter-of-factly. "I've already announced publicly that we'll get married on the ninth this month!"

"What? When? And why didn't I know anything about it?" There were too many questions in Charlotte's head. She was at a loss which one to ask first.

"I've made the announcement three days ago," Zachary said while flashing a gold-colored invitation card in front of her. "I've also sent out all the invitation cards."

The woman was speechless for a moment as she tried to digest the information. "Oh my gosh, we haven't even had pre-wedding bridal photos taken, and you have already sent out all the invitations?"

Charlotte frantically opened the invitation card, only to see a few simple lines of invitation without the usual bridal photo.

"Well, my initial plan was to have a world-class wedding ceremony with you. But on second thought, since you don't like being high-profile, I've opted for a smaller celebration with a few close families, friends, and business partners. They all know me to be a low-key person, so I'm sure they won't mind the missing bridal photo in the invitation cards."

Zachary continued to share his plan for the wedding with Charlotte.

"However, we're still going to take pre-wedding bridal shots. So, I've asked someone to prepare a yacht for our family of six to take some photos tomorrow."

"You've even made arrangements for that? But tomorrow is Wednesday. Don't the kids have school?" Charlotte flipped out a little.

"It's kindergarten, honey. I'm sure it'll be okay for them to skip one day." The corner of Zachary's mouth curled up a little. "They've already sent the invitation cards to their teachers and little friends while waiting for your return."

Oh dear God.

Charlotte was experiencing the strange feeling of having to play the main character without knowing anything about her. "What about your grandfather? Has he given us his blessing?"

"Well, the reason he rushed into discharging himself today was that he saw the invitation card." The man pursed his lips. "And he'll be visiting us tonight to talking about the wedding."

Zachary had once again rendered Charlotte speechless by putting her on the spot. "Oh my goodness, you've gone behind his back on this! What if he says no?"

"No one is going to change my mind about this." Zachary's voice took on a solemn tone. "Not even him."

"But..."

"Alright, now." The man interrupted her speech and planted a kiss on her forehead. "Let me worry about it. Right now, I want you to just focus on being the most beautiful bride in the world!"

Charlotte was deeply moved by the man's unwavering profession of love for her and decided to leave the matters in his hands. She stopped protesting and wrapped her hands tightly around his waist before burying her head in his chest, listening to the strong beats of his heart. "Thank you."

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Despite Zachary's reassurance, Charlotte still could not help but feel anxious about meeting Henry.

Charlotte recalled her first encounter with Henry. She was full of confidence and arrogance, absolutely sure of her resolve to not have anything to do with Zachary.

But now, the tables had turned and she wanted to marry Zachary. Her love for Zachary had turned out to be her soft spot and Henry's approval of her became a priority.

"Let's get some rest." Zachary was about to head upstairs with Charlotte when they heard a car pulling up just outside.

One of the bodyguards dashed to Zachary and reported, "Mr. Nacht, Mr. Henry is here."

Instead of his own residence, Henry made his way here straight from the hospital. The fact that he had chosen a time before the children came home from kindergarten was a clear indication that he wanted to have a private conversation with both Zachary and Charlotte.

Charlotte instantly grew nervous and at a loss of what to do next.

"Don't worry. I'll be by your side," Zachary said while holding her hand and started walking toward the door.

As though it was well-rehearsed many times before, all the bodyguards and maids swiftly formed two straight lines in front of the car. Mrs. Berry, who was unpacking in the room, also rushed out with the rest of them. Her expression grew grim the moment she was informed that the patriarch of the family had just arrived.

So, this is the person whose blessing Miss will need to get for her to marry into the Nacht family.

Zachary opened the passenger door and helped his grandfather step off the car while the bodyguards pushed a wheelchair over.

Whilst helping Henry get into his wheelchair, Zachary noticed the elder man's stiff legs and frowned. "Your legs are still not fully recovered. They'll need more time to heal properly."

"I'll heal better if you stop acting like a spoiled rascal!" Henry snapped.

Zachary shrugged and started pushing Henry forward in silence.

The patriarch lifted his piercing cold gaze at Charlotte who stood waiting at the door.

"Hi, Grandpa," she greeted softly.

"It's Mr. Henry!" Henry corrected Charlotte sternly while turning his face away. "I have not accepted you into my family."

Charlotte lowered her head, saying no more.

Mrs. Berry, on the other hand, was about to reason with the elder man but was stopped by Charlotte.

Zachary took one look at Charlotte and continued pushing Henry inside the house.

"When are the kids coming home?" Henry asked while checking his watch.

"Five o'clock." Zachary understood his grandfather's cue. "Shall we proceed to the study room?"

"Hmm," Henry replied in a dominant voice. "Get her to come long."

"Alright," Zachary said while shooting Charlotte a quick glance.

Oh dear, here it comes. As Charlotte marched behind Zachary, a protective Mrs. Berry wanted to follow suit but was once again stopped by Charlotte. "Mrs. Berry, you must be tuckered out. Why don't you go get some rest?"

"But Miss, the old man looks like he's about to eat you up! I can't let him do that to you." The loyal housekeeper was concerned.

"Don't you worry. Zachary has my back on this." Charlotte let out a chuckle. "Besides, Mr. Nacht loves the kids. I'm sure he won't mistreat their mother."

"That's true." Mrs. Berry nodded.

"Also, you haven't seen the kids in a long while. When they're back later, they'll surely be roughhousing around. You'll need to have enough energy to handle them," Charlotte continued to persuade her.

Mrs. Berry finally conceded. "Okay then. I'll go unpack now and take a nap. But you have to have some confidence in yourself. After all, you did give them three wonderful grandkids."

"I will." After seeing Mrs. Berry to her room, Charlotte arrived at the study room on the second floor.

Zachary helped Henry get comfortable on the sofa while Mrs. Rawlston set some tea and desserts on the coffee table before retreating from the room.

Ben and Bruce guarded dutifully outside the room.

Spencer stood quietly behind Henry, ready to cater to his boss' commands.

Zachary had his hand wrapped around Charlotte's shoulder while they were seated across from Henry.

While Zachary sat casually with his legs crossed, Charlotte sat up straight, akin to a student sitting in the principal office.

Henry took a few sips of the tea before he finally spoke, "Am I dead to you now? Some nerves you have for sending out all the wedding invitations without first going through me!"

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"I'm the one getting married, not you," blurted Zachary.

He noticed Henry's gloomy expression and immediately switched over to a wry grin instead. "That being said, we already have children. What else is there for you to disagree with?"

Zachary knew that Henry's weakness was the children.

"Don't you dare use the children as a shield! I'm not buying into that argument!" shouted Henry in anger.

Zachary curled his lip, unmoved. He busied himself with the freshly brewed tea and poured Charlotte a cup too.

Charlotte took it but did not dare drink it. She only used the teacup to warm her clammy hands.

"If I don't consent to this union, you can forget about getting married," said Henry in a warning tone. "Don't think you can go around spreading your wings and behaving as if you can do as you please."

"I still hold a majority of the Nacht Groups' equity. If you disobey me, I'll pull out of the group—unless you're fine with doing things alone."

"You did build the Divine Corporation, but it comprises only a small part of the Nacht Group's assets."

"Based on the assets of that company, the best you can do is to compete on equal standing with the Blackwoods. You're nothing compared to your aunt, and the Lindbergs will be able to wipe you out in minutes."

These remarks that seemed to be directed at Zachary were actually meant for Charlotte.

How could Zachary not realize something so obvious?

He was fearless—confident in his own capabilities. He refused to believe that his grandfather would just cut off ties with him over something like this.

Charlotte, on the other hand, did not want to risk it.

Zachary was not the type to share his burdens with her, but she was not completely unaware of his struggles.

He was orphaned at an early age and was thrust into a devilish training regime at the age of six. Zachary was denied a childhood and grew up devoid of any entertainment or happiness.

He was a genius, and a fountain of knowledge.

The only thing that he knew was the pursuit of knowledge. Even when he grew into his teens and a man, Henry had tight control over his friendships or pursuits of romance. He only lived for one thing—success.

Twenty-eight years of hard work had brought him to where he was. It should not be put on the line for Charlotte's sake.

"Grandpa, don't be angry..." came Charlotte's hurried interjection. "If you don't agree, we'll just drop it.

"Quiet." Zachary glared at her accusingly. How could she so willingly discard everything he was going to put on the line for her?

"A wise man submits to circumstances," said Henry coldly. "You're only interested in Zachary because he is the worldly, well-off man that he is today." "However, if he disobeys my will, he will lose everything. You will be left with nothing after that."

"If you leave quietly, I'll pay you handsomely for it. You'll never need to worry about finances for the rest of your life. I think you know what's best for you."

"I think you've misunderstood, Grandpa." Charlotte smiled bitterly at him. "When I was with Zachary four years ago, I had no idea who he was. Call it dumb luck or serendipity, if you will."

"Ah, you mean to say that you're not with him for his wealth?" sneered Henry mockingly. "Even if it was sheer dumb luck, it's been four years since you've met again. You're still insisting that you have no ulterior motives?"

"No," said Charlotte matter-of-factly. "We met under a different identity, four years later. I didn't know the man from four years back was Zachary as well. It might sound absurd, but it was not planned."

"Isn't that adorable." Henry looked at her with scorn and disdain. "Anyway, I refuse to agree to this marriage. Even if you've sent out invitations, it'll be pointless. I only need to make one phone call, and your wedding will be called off."

"Grandpa, I—"

"If you still acknowledge me as your grandpa then do as I say." The old man did not give Zachary a chance to refute. "I've said it once, and I'll say it again. I refuse to accept this woman into our family!"

"And what about the children?" asked Zachary pointedly. "Don't you think they should be recognized as members of the family? Shouldn't they carry the Nacht surname?"

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"Of course, that's a given." Henry then turned to look at Charlotte. "Name your price. In return for you letting the children be recognized by the Nachts, I will pay you any amount."

"Grandpa, why do you have to insult me with your wealth?" Charlotte frowned and rubbed her sore temples. "Zachary is their father anyway. I have no objection to them bearing his surname!"

"Good to know!" Henry smirked and looked at Zachary smugly. "Did you hear that?"

Zachary was speechless. This stupid woman is making things difficult. Is she only capable of sidelining me? It's obvious that she sucks at negotiating.



“Well, stop bullying her just because she is agreeable!” Zachary sighed inwardly. He had no choice. This negotiation was between him and Henry since Charlotte was of no help at all. “The census registration cannot be without Charlotte! The children need a mother!”

“The name of the mother matters very little. The father’s name is what bears the most weight.” Henry looked at Charlotte coldly. “It would be beneficial to have the children raised among the Nacht family. Think about their future! If they stayed with you, there is no guarantee that they will have food on the table. They will be scorned for being raised by a single mother. If you really love them, you should consider this.”

“What is the meaning of this?” Charlotte was already being pushed to the brink. “You want my children, but you don’t want their mother. Are you expecting me to just sign them away to you?”

“Exactly.” Henry nodded sagely at Charlotte. “Leave, and the children will stay. That’s precisely what I meant. You’ve given us three heirs, so the Nachts will not ill-treat you. I will fulfill any conditions you have.”

“You’re going too far!” roared Zachary, clearly enraged.

“Be quiet.” Henry glared at him and addressed Charlotte again. “Even if I were to ignore your background, do you think you’re a woman worthy of Zachary?”

“Zachary was a genius in STEM fields during his teens. By then, he’d already created his own tech group, built Divine Corporation’s commercial branding from the ground up, and already managed more than thirty companies under the Nacht Group.”

“On top of that, he’s fluent in eight languages, has technical knowledge in various fields, and has doctorate degrees in three different subjects. In the future, he will inherit a fortune worth trillions.”

“Now, let’s talk about you.” “You barely managed in a regular university. You don’t have outstanding talent, work capacity, nor are you good at entrepreneurship.”

“How are you going to marry into the family when you’re barely even touching mediocrity?”

“Zachary’s mother is a high-achiever with a doctorate from a prominent university. Her father is an Ustranian Duke, making him noble-born and of good character. Her marriage

was optimal because both families would benefit from this union. Can you even begin to compare yourself to her?"

"Let's go back even further. Zachary's grandmother was the only daughter of a shipping magnate, and she was a skilled entrepreneur herself. She helped me manage the businesses after we got married, and we owe our successes to her efforts." "And you, what are you capable of?"

"You can tickle a few keys on the piano, raise the kids... All of which are things that can be done by hiring a nanny. Why do we need you in the family at all?"

Charlotte was rendered speechless by the man's tirade.

She was nurtured by her father's loving care as a child and had learned quite a bit. While it was definitely not bad by ordinary standards, it was a far cry from the upbringing of the women who married into the Nacht family.

All in all, she had never considered what it would take for her to marry into a prestigious family, but she finally understood.

Given her current state, she was only fit enough to be one of the staff.

"That's enough!" said Zachary, seething.

"Let me finish."

Again, Zachary was interrupted by Henry. He was not about to let him intervene.

"You are the mother of my great-grandchildren. Although I can't let you marry into the family, I have no desire to hurt you. In fact, I am grateful that you have raised the children so well."

"However, I think that it's not unreasonable to think that marrying into considerable wealth and power is no easy feat. Large and wealthy families tend to be complicated."

"As the heir to the Nacht family empire, Zachary will be the head of the family. This places heavy burdens on his shoulders. If he has nobody capable to share those burdens with, it will not be an easy path to take in the future."

"I won't live for much longer. I can't be watching over him all the time. I need to find someone who can do what needs to be done and help him, instead of hiding behind him all the time."

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His words were domineering and aggressive in the beginning, but Henry finally let out the truth. It was emotional and within reason.

Charlotte stood there in silence and began to reflect.

Yes, this marriage would not be easy. Not only would I need to help Zachary, but I also need to consider whether or not I can adapt to such a large family and their ways.

I think I can't exactly offer him the assistance he needs. On the contrary, I'll be both a hindrance and a burden.

"Think about it. Aren't you only a stumbling block?" asked Henry again.

Having noticed that Charlotte seemed to be weighing in on his words, he decided to continue.

"Because of you, Zachary has fallen out with the Sterlings, the Browns, as well as the Blackwoods. He's even at loggerheads with his aunt. You're not even his spouse, and you've already caused so much trouble. What is going to happen in the future?"

Charlotte could only lower her head in shame. She had caused a lot of trouble, and there was no denying that.

"I'm still alive. I can hold things back for the time being by using my influence to keep things calm. But who is going to help him after I'm gone? And what if the same thing happens again?"

"Alright, I've had enough!" Seeing Charlotte reduced to this, Zachary hurriedly stepped in to defend her. "You're one of the best psychological warfare experts the world has seen. If you're going to be using such tactics, how is anyone even going to defend themselves?"

"Am I wrong though?" Henry shot back and looked at Zachary. "Did I fabricate anything? Or did I exaggerate things?"

"That's irrelevant. I'm going to marry her anyway."

Zachary knew the old man too well. When he was younger, he was an expert negotiator who persuaded prisoners of war to surrender. He could even use psychological tactics to edge criminals to suicide. To Henry, Charlotte was scum. She had no room to fight back.

"Well, aren't you just easy to deal with today!" Henry was already very annoyed. "Do you think you're still a child? You're already a father! You have responsibilities! Why are you being so difficult?"

"You want to talk about reasoning with me?" retorted Zachary. "Well, let me ask you then. If grandma was so good and so perfect, why did you end up marrying your mistress?"

The old man was stunned, and the expression on his face was a mixture of indignance and rage. "You little sh\*t! What bullsh\*t are you on about now?"

"Am I wrong?" asked Zachary. "Based on what you just said, we need to have our qualifications sky high to be worthy of the Nacht family. So what was it about grandma that you didn't like? You still ended up having an affair. You got yourself a mistress!"

"I told you to shut it!"

At the age of ninety-six, all of his dirty laundries were being exposed by his grandson and to outsiders at that.

Henry's face turned purple with rage. If not for his bad feet, he would have already lunged at Zachary ages ago.

"So that proves that you need to marry the woman you love!" retorted Zachary again. "A loveless marriage, regardless of how perfect she is, is counter-productive. If you don't love her, it'll only cause problems that will leave a lasting impact on the family as well as the business."

"Y-You brat..."

The old man was so angry that he hit Zachary on the shin with his crutches.

Zachary didn't bother dodging the blow. "After that, Grandma divorced you and nearly made you split up the family property. Did you forget how the whole incident made global headlines?"

"I told you to shut up!"

Henry was near-delirious with anger. Shakily, he got up and rushed towards Zachary.

Charlotte immediately snapped out of her daze. She had been stunned into silence by Henry, but Zachary had stepped in to defend her.

However, both men made salient points.