

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

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"Charlotte, calm down," coaxed Michael. "The children are in his hands. Have you thought about the consequences of acting so rashly?"

"What should we do, then? What the heck should we do?" Charlotte's shoulders trembled as she sobbed. "I can't do anything about him. He's a nutcase!"

"Take a deep breath and calm down..." Michael consoled as he grabbed her shoulders reassuringly. "Call him and ask him what he wants. As long as he doesn't harm the children, we are open for negotiation."

Like what he told her to, Charlotte took a deep breath and called Zachary.

However, the ringing tone ensued for a long time without anyone picking up.

Charlotte's heart raced as she waited anxiously.

After a long while, the call finally got through. However, Zachary stayed silent.

"I'm begging you. Please release my child..."

Charlotte's voice quivered as she choked up. For the sake of her children, she had already tossed all pride away to beg him.

"That's the right attitude," Zachary smirked.

"What do you want?" demanded Charlotte through her sobs. "As long as you release my children, I'll agree to any requests."

"Very good." Zachary smiled in satisfaction. "Michael's beside you, right? Turn your phone to speaker mode."

She obediently did as instructed.

"Tell him that he must stop being so nosy in the future," commanded Zachary. "Also, he mustn't intervene between you and me anymore."

Charlotte raised her head and gazed at Michael, tears brimming in her eyes. "Did you hear that, Michael? I'm begging you, stop poking your nose into my business in the future..."

"Charlotte..." He was so furious that he gritted his teeth. However, for the child's safety, he had no choice but to nod. "Understood."

"Now, swear on your children's life..." Zachary instructed yet again, "You'll obey the rules of our debt repayment contract. Also, you're not allowed to defy, betray or resist me!"

"Zachary, you're crossing the line!" Michael yelled furiously, seething with anger. "Karma will get you soon!"

"Tsk..." He mocked coldly, "You agreed to stop nosing in others' business, but you're going against your word within barely a minute, huh? Looks like you don't care about the children's safety at all."

As he spoke, he shot Ben a look, signaling him to play the recording he had secretly taken at the hospital. Ellie's wails rang out. "Mommy, Mommy! I want my Mommy..."

"Ellie!" Charlotte was in so much anguish that it felt like her heart was shattering into pieces. She yelled agitatedly, "I promise you, I promise you! I promise you anything!"

As she spoke, she raised her hand to swear.

"I swear that I'll obey the conditions stated in the debt repayment contract and never defy, betray or resist Zachary. If I go against my word, I'll be struck by lightning and suffer a horrible death!"

"I want you to swear on your children's life," emphasized Zachary.

"I'm begging you, Zachary. Please... I..."

Charlotte was so agitated that she could hardly breathe, with the world around her spinning so fast that she almost fainted.

“Zachary...”

“Fine!” In a “magnanimous” display, he finally relented. “Go back and wait for my updates.”

With that, he ended the call.

“Zachary...” shrieked Charlotte agitatedly, but the only response she got was the busy tone of the phone.

Gripping the phone tightly, she broke down into tears.

“Don’t be agitated, Charlotte. Your children will be fine,” Michael quickly consoled her. “I’ll help you. I’ll look for old Mr. Nacht now.”

“It’s useless.” Charlotte quickly tugged him back and shook her head, tears streaming down her face. “The more I resist, the more danger the children will be in. Zachary’s a devil. We can’t defeat him.”

She finally understood that the only way to protect her family was to obey him.

From the start, she should not have resisted or doubted him, nor should she have escaped from the hospital and get involved with Michael...

If she remained obedient, at least Mrs. Berry and her children would be safe.

She had finally arrived at the grim conclusion that she couldn’t escape from Zachary’s grasp. All she could do was accept her fate.

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Twirling the phone in his hands, Zachary smirked mockingly.

He was mocking Charlotte's stupidity for suspecting that he kidnapped her children.

At the same time, his mockery was directed to none other but himself. To force her to stay by his side, he had to resort to such unscrupulous methods.

"What's the point?" Ben could not help but exclaim, "You're helping her find her children, so why are you willingly pretending to be the kidnapper and shouldering such a bad name for yourself?"

"It doesn't matter," dismissed Zachary nonchalantly. "Since she likes to suspect me so much, won't it disappoint her if I'm not the actual culprit?"

'You're always so stubborn. When something bad happens, you refuse to explain or communicate with the other party. That's why your relationship keeps worsening...'

Right after Ben blurted it out, he clapped a hand over his mouth hurriedly.

Zachary's expression immediately turned grim as he shot a vicious glare at him.

Ben quickly slapped himself on the cheek and apologized with his head lowered, "I'm sorry, Mr. Nacht. I'm such a blabbermouth."

However, Zachary remained silent. Peering at the city's skyline at nighttime, he fell into deep thought.

Actually, he did not understand why Charlotte kept suspecting, fearing, and evading him when he had always treated her so nicely.

Yet, Ben's earlier words reminded him.

Perhaps, there was something wrong with his methods.

"Mr. Nacht, we've arrived!"

As he mulled over it, Bruce turned over and reported to him.

Jolted back to his senses, he realized that the car had already arrived at Happy Avenue.

Zachary alighted the car, while the medical staff and kindergarten teachers carried the three children down.

He was about to walk over when Ellie hurriedly hid behind Ms. Cheney's back. With her fingers tightly clutching her teacher's shirt, she poked half of her head out and stared at him fearfully, her chubby body quivering.

She looked adorable and vulnerable at the same time.

On the other hand, Robbie spread his arms wide and bravely shielded his younger siblings. He glared at Zachary with a stubborn and defiant gaze.

Only Jamie, who was injured, was leaning against Ms. Longman and snoring, acting as carefree as an ignorant fool.

Zachary stopped in his tracks and stared at them a few meters away. He reminded the doctors and teachers, "Take good care of them. Before their Mom returns, you must constantly hover over them."

"Yes, Mr. Nacht."

The policemen, teachers, and doctors standing behind Robbie simultaneously answered in a respectful tone.

"Have a good night's sleep and you can see your Mommy tomorrow morning!" When Zachary's gaze landed on Robbie, his tone subconsciously took a gentler turn. "Take good care of your little sister."

Frowning, Robbie remained silent.

Zachary then glanced at Jamie, who was fast asleep, before saying to Ellie, "Your little parrot is really cute!"

"It's called Fifi!" rebuked Ellie unhappily, pouting.

"I see." Zachary tugged at the corners of his lips, revealing a reluctant and forced smile. Then, he spun around and left.

Everyone stood there fixedly as they watched Zachary get into the car. It was only after his car zoomed away and disappeared from their sight that they heaved a sigh of relief. Turning their gaze back, they brought the three children upstairs.

"Ms. Longman, why are you so scared of him?" Robbie tilted his head and asked in confusion.

"Because he paid us a lot of money to take care of you," replied Ms. Longman with a smile.

"What about you?" Robbie asked the medical staff.

"It's the same for us," answered the nurses in a friendly manner. "Mr. Nacht paid us a hundred times of our usual salary to take care of you."

"Could it be that you guys..." Robbie turned his gaze to the policemen.

"We serve the people," they hurriedly clarified. "It's our duty to protect the safety of our citizens."

"I see..." Robbie averted his eyes and stared in the direction where Zachary left with a complex gaze.

"Robbie." Ellie grabbed his tiny hands and whispered, "Grandpa Nacht's eldest grandson doesn't seem to be a baddie. Since he hired so many people to take care of us, don't you think that we're a bit rude to him?"

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"Yeah, I kept having an urge to ask why you don't seem to like Mr. Nacht even though he treats you quite nicely," remarked Ms. Longman curiously. "Is it because of the incident about the chip? Although they seem really intimidating, they always know their boundaries and are very polite."

"That's right. Mr. Nacht made meticulous arrangements and selected the best nurses in the hospital to take care of you. He really dedicated a lot of effort to this," the pediatrician chimed in. "Although he might look a bit scary, he's still old Mr. Nacht's grandson. He won't hurt you."

"Yeah, he's Grandpa Nacht's grandson. If he bullies us, old Mr. Nacht will spank him!" exclaimed Ellie seriously as she tilted her head. "At the hospital today, old Mr. Nacht spanked him with his walking stick!"

"Yeah, he spent so much money, effort, and time to personally send you home. At the very least, you should be more polite," explained Ms. Longman patiently. "Don't you think that I'm right, Robbie?"

Robbie felt a bit guilty, for what the teachers and the doctors said was reasonable. He should have expressed his gratitude to that man...

However, he quickly puffed up his chest and rebuked indignantly, "That man is so fierce! Previously, he caused so much trouble for us just to find that chip. Mommy always gets injured when working for him. Aren't we supposed to constantly be on guard to avoid accidents? It's never a mistake to be careful!"

"Yeah, that's right!" Ellie nodded vigorously, causing her double-chin to appear at her neck. "Robbie's right. I'll listen to him!"

“Good girl. Let’s go home!” Robbie held her hand and strode forward. “Once you get home, you don’t have to be scared anymore. I’ll let you drink some milk.”

“Thanks, Robbie.” After thanking him, Ellie asked eagerly, “Grandpa Nacht’s grandson said that Mommy will come back soon. Is that true?”

“Did that grandson say that? I was so preoccupied with glaring at him that I didn’t pay attention to what he was saying.”

By unknowingly omitting a crucial word, Robbie’s address of Zachary now took a drastically different turn.

“Yeah, that grandson said that!” Mimicking Zachary, Ellie’s expression turned grim as she narrowed her eyes. She feigned his voice as she repeated, “Have a good night’s sleep and you can see your Mommy tomorrow morning!”

“Fine, since that grandson said that, it should be true.” Robbie heaved a heavy sigh and said maturely, “The past few days have been so tiring. I hope that we can have a good sleep tonight and see Mommy again when we wake up!”

“God bless us!” Ellie clapped her hands together. Gazing wistfully at the moon hanging high in the sky, she made a wish. I hope that I can see Mommy tomorrow morning when we wake up...

“Mommy...” Jamie, who was still in deep sleep, turned around in Ms. Cheney’s arms, his saliva dripping on her shoulders.

With an arm around Jamie’s back and another supporting his butt, Ms. Cheney whispered, “Ms. Longman, is it raining? Why does my shoulder feel wet?”

“Hahaha!”

Everyone could not help but burst into laughter.

Ellie and Robbie chuckled as well. They clutched their stomachs as they doubled over in laughter.

They were going to go home soon and see their mother. Finally feeling safe, they were truly happy at that moment.

The shadowy figure of the Rolls-Royce zoomed back home.

Ben asked carefully, "Mr. Nacht, why don't you inform Ms. Windt now? She won't have to keep worrying, and the children want to see her too."

"Why are you being so anxious about it?" Zachary glared at him and coldly instructed, "Tell her at six in the morning tomorrow. Let her suffer for another night."

"Um, okay then."

Ben did not dare to utter a single word. However, he could not help but silently lament at how stubborn and foul Zachary's temper was.

Still, Ben had to admit that Zachary treated those children very gently just now.

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As Zachary had predicted, the night was tormenting for Charlotte.

Michael arranged for the maid to fill the bathtub with warm water and reminded her to have a hot bath before resting for the night.

However, she could not fall asleep at all. Sitting on the bathtub with her knees drawn to her chest, she stared at the dark phone screen and slowly spaced out.

She was waiting for that call...

Filled with anxiety, she dared not blink or breathe loudly, afraid that she would miss out on any news about her children.

As long as she could meet her children and live peacefully with her family, she was even willing to become Zachary's slave.

However, an hour slowly ticked by.

Her eyes were tearing up from constantly staring at her phone, but it did not ring even once.

Charlotte buried her head between her knees and let her tears drip into the bathtub.

Afraid that something bad might happen to Charlotte, the maid knocked on the door urgently and entered. After helping her out of the bathtub, the maid wiped her body dry, wrapped a bathrobe around her, and blow-dried her hair.

By the time everything was completed, it was already one in the morning.

Yet, Charlotte still did not receive any news on her phone.

Filled with tormenting anguish, she could not endure it anymore and called Zachary.

Beep... Beep...

The ringtone ensued for a long time without anyone answering the call. Hence, it ended automatically.

Charlotte's hands trembled as she gripped her phone. However, afraid that Zachary would be enraged and vent his anger on the children, she did not dare to make another call.

However, she couldn't wait idly.

Hence, she sent a message to Zachary.

I know that I was wrong. You can make me do anything. Please, just release my children.

I'll listen to your every command in the future. Even if I have to become your slave, I won't resist anymore. Please release my children. I'm begging you, Zachary.

Please...

She sent three consecutive messages but got no message in response.

Charlotte lay on the bed, feeling like all the tears had been drained from her body.

She could not sleep even if she wanted to, nor did she have any tears left to cry. In fact, she was on the verge of an emotional breakdown.

At that moment, all that she could feel was immense regret. Why had she not realized it earlier? It was futile to go up against such a formidable man like him.

She should have just remained as an obedient and soulless slave.

It was a mistake to humiliate him right in front of old Mr. Nacht and Sharon, nor should she have resisted and escaped.

On the other side, Zachary frowned as he read the messages.

After a slight hesitation, he called her.

"Hello?" Charlotte picked up the call instantly. Her hands trembled as she held her phone, while her voice quivered as well. "I'll definitely be obedient in the future. I definitely will! Please, release my children. I'm begging you..."

"Remember what you said!" warned Zachary coldly.

"I will, I will!" Charlotte nodded frantically. "I'll really remember this time."

"Your children are at home." He finally relented and told her, "Go back and see for yourself."

With that, he hung up the call.

Charlotte quickly rushed out to find Michael, her phone still in her hands. "Michael, Michael, send me back right away. I've found my children!"

Michael was changing in his bedroom. When the door was suddenly flung open, he was so shocked that he tripped and fell onto the bed flustered.

Overwhelmed with urgency, Charlotte rushed over and pulled him. "Michael, tell the chauffeur to send me back. I found my children!"

"Don't be so anxious yet. I'll send you after I change my clothes," said Michael as he blushed. "You should change too. Also, bring Fifi along."

Only then did Charlotte remember that Fifi was with Michael as well. They had just sent it to the vet today.

She immediately headed out to look for Fifi. After being summoned by the maid, the vet passed the cage which was holding Fifi to Charlotte. He said exasperatedly, "It's not sick. It just got drunk!"

"Huh?" Charlotte was stunned. "Drunk?"

"Yeah, it drank quite a lot so it's still in a daze now." The vet reminded, "This parrot is lucky to have survived. Other birds would've died after ingesting so much alcohol, but, surprisingly, it's still fine. However, it'll probably remain in a slumber for another two days."

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Charlotte glanced at Fifi, who was lying on a cushion and sleeping soundly in the cage. If she did not notice the slight heaving of its chest, she would've thought that it was dead.

Who fed Fifi alcohol?

An impish face flashed across Charlotte's mind. Who else can it be other than him?

"We can leave now!" Michael, who had finished changing his clothes, grabbed his car keys and strode out.

"Okay."

Both of them rushed into the car, which zoomed toward Happy Avenue.

To ensure Michael's safety, a few bodyguards tailed them in another car.

Neither Charlotte nor Michael spoke throughout the journey. Only after they arrived at the entrance of Happy Avenue did she say, "Michael, I know that it's really despicable of me to say this, but I have no choice. Let's not meet anymore."

She choked up when she spoke, "I can't drag you down with me, and I don't want this torment to ensue. Really..."

"I understand." Although Michael was extremely reluctant, he decided to concede. "I'm not capable enough to oppose Zachary right now. If I help you, I'll only make things worse and push you into an even more dire situation. It's better if I stay away from you."

"I'm sorry..." Charlotte took a deep breath and wiped her tears away. "You must stay safe and take care of yourself."

"I will." Michael forced out a smile on his face. "Don't cry. It's a good thing that you've found your children."

"Yeah." Renewed hope burned within her when she thought of her children.

Soon, the car arrived at Happy Avenue. Michael opened the car door and helped Charlotte out. "I'll send you upstairs."

"It's fine," refused Charlotte quickly. "I don't want to cause you any more trouble."

"What if it's a scam?" Michael was still worried. "I must ensure you and your children's safety."

"Don't worry." Charlotte smiled bitterly. "Although Zachary has a lot of horrible habits, a good thing about him is that he always speaks the truth. If he says that my children are at home, they'll definitely be there!"

"Okay, then..." Michael stopped insisting. "I'll stay here and watch over you as you go upstairs. If everything's fine, turn the lights on and off three times. In that case, I'll know that you're safe."

"Okay." Charlotte embraced Michael warmly. "Michael, stay safe!"

"You too." Gazing at her reluctantly, he reminded, "If you leave Zachary's side in the future, or if you need my help, you can contact me anytime."

"Got it..."

Charlotte cast him a lingering glance before spinning around and walking into the neighborhood briskly. Soon, she broke out into a run.

She desperately wanted to meet her children, not even wanting to wait a minute longer.

After exiting the lift, she quickly unlocked the door with her fingerprint and flung it open. To her surprise, two policemen were standing in the house, both warily aiming their guns at her.

"Ah!" Charlotte was so scared that she screamed.

"Ms. Windt!" Ms. Longman recognized Charlotte and quickly walked over to explain. "Sirs, she's the children's mother."

The policemen quickly withdrew their guns and scanned Charlotte. Nodding, they said, "She looks exactly like the person in the photo. Seems like she's their true mother."

"How can she be false?" Ms. Longman was speechless.

"What... What's going on?"

Charlotte scanned the people in the house, completely astounded.

There were two policemen, Ms. Cheney, the kindergarten teachers, a doctor, and three medical staff...

"We're here under Mr. Nacht's orders to take care of the children," explained Ms. Longman. "He instructed us to watch over the kids before you return."

"Oh..." Charlotte was extremely confused. Did Zachary really arrange all of these? Why doesn't this look like a kidnapping?

What the heck is going on?

However, she could not be bothered to mull over this and instead made a beeline to the bedroom. "Where are the kids?"

"They're sleeping. Go and take a look at them."