

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 366

"Shut up, brat," Henry snapped. "Don't mind him, kids," he calmed the children down.

"You're so nice to us, Mr. Henry." Ellie hugged Henry, and her adorable voice melted his heart.

"I'll repay my debt when I grow up, grandpa." Jamie thumped his chest. "I'll be a rich guy and buy you anything you want. I promise."

Henry roared with laughter. "Good! Good!"

"He's such a smooth talker." Ben smiled. "No wonder Mr. Henry's so amused."

Charlotte heaved a sigh of relief. Good thing Robbie made his move at the right time, or else I would have stepped in. That'd play right into his hand. But Zachary seems to be doing it on purpose. Did he recognize me?

Charlotte didn't want to stay there any longer. Thus, she quickly cleaned up the place and prepared to leave. "Hold it," Zachary said. Charlotte stopped in her tracks, her sight remaining downward as she waited for his command. "You missed a spot." He pointed at the wine stain on the table.

Heeding his orders, Charlotte went over to clean the table. However, Robbie frowned, unsure of what to feel.

"Grandpa, did you get their parents' approval before you did all of that?" Zachary said on purpose. "What if the kids' father objects to it?"

The children looked despondent at the mention of their father. After all, the other kids laughed at them because they had no father.

"Can you shut up?" Henry knew the kids came from a single-parent family, and he didn't want to talk about that.

"What's your father's name?" Zachary kept on asking, ignoring Henry.

The kids looked at one another, unsure of what to answer. Fury welled up within Charlotte, her hand trembling. That b*stard. He's doing this on purpose. I don't mind him doing this to me, but why the kids? Why in front of everyone? She felt like slapping him at that moment.

"Didn't your mommy tell you?" Zachary tried to wheedle it out of them.

"Why should we tell you?" Robbie glared. "Don't you think hassling us when we can't answer is a rude behavior?"

Zachary was surprised to see Robbie so angry. Michael's been getting along with them for a while now. Don't they know that he's their father? Even if they don't, he would tell them, wouldn't he? Wait, did this stupid woman lie to me? Michael isn't actually their father?

Zachary was inexplicably excited once that idea popped up. He was about to keep asking when the glass of fruit juice was spilled onto him all of a sudden. Frowning, he stared at the "janitor" coldly. She did it on purpose.

"Sorry, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean it," Charlotte kept apologizing and wiping his shirt with the cloth she used to clean the table.

"F*ck off!" Zachary shoved her away, and she inadvertently fell.

"Mommy!" Robbie shot up and exclaimed.

Everyone looked at him. "What's wrong, Robbie?" Henry asked.

"I..." Robbie looked away and shifted the topic quickly, "I just remembered that mommy's alone at home and hasn't had dinner yet."

"Oh yeah. I have to get some food for her." Ellie filled a bag with the food on her plate, planning to take it home to her mother.

"I wanna get her something to eat too." Jamie helped.

"Now, now, kids. I'll get them to pack something else for your mother," Henry quickly said. "You're all good kids, but you should finish your dinner first. Your mother shouldn't have leftovers for dinner, right? I'll take you home once they cook something up for your mother."

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 367

"Thank you, Mr. Henry!" the children thanked him.

At the same time, Charlotte had already gotten up. The manager chided her quietly, and she quickly left the place with her mop in hand. Zachary suddenly stood up and followed her, but not before tying his coat around him.

Robbie frowned. He was worried that Zachary might do something bad to his mother, so he got down from his chair. "I'll need to use the restroom, Mr. Henry."

"I'll come with you, Mr. Robbie." Spencer held his hand.

Charlotte was going to leave after putting the cleaning implements in the restroom. She came to the restaurant that night just to keep the children safe, and Henry's hospitality towards them made her feel at ease.

Since they were going back soon, there was no need for her to stay there anymore. Besides, she could feel that Zachary was starting to suspect her. If she didn't leave soon, he might find her out.

Thus, Charlotte quickly kept the cleaning implement in the restroom's store closet, then she took off the gloves and prepared to leave. However, when she turned around, one familiar man was in her way.

"Ahhh!" Charlotte exclaimed in shock. It was the first time seeing him again after the escape from the hospital, and the first time being so close to him.

She had an emotional roller coaster over the last few days. Too many events had happened, and she almost broke down a few times. Charlotte could feel that he was in control of her life. Even though she had escaped him, he could still keep her in check.

Although it had been a few days, meeting him again still cast fear into her heart. She took a deep breath and stared down, pretending not to know him. "This is the ladies. You got the wrong place, sir."

Zachary didn't answer. Instead, he looked at her coldly. Then, Charlotte tried to go around him, but the moment she got close, he grabbed her wrist and pinned her against the wall.

"W-What are you trying to do?" she growled. "You're going to lay your hands on even a janitor?" She knew how grotesque she must look. And she was in a janitor's attire that smelled of nothing but disinfectants.

"Are you a janitor? Really?" He brushed her hair, cupping her chin and raising it so he could look into her eyes. "I know those eyes no matter where." He sneered. Then Zachary tore her face mask away, revealing her beautiful face that was laced with anger, her eyes filled with the flames of fury.

"You know who I am back there, didn't you?" She glared at him. "You were doing that on purpose. You harassed my kids so you can get to me."

"Harass?" He sneered. "I was nice enough to them."

Charlotte said nothing. She didn't expect him to treat the kids that way – at least he wasn't too mean.

"They don't know who their father is?" Zachary gripped her chin, forcing her to look at him. "Michael gets along with them, doesn't he? Didn't he tell them?"

"Does that have anything to do with you?" Charlotte frowned.

"Is Michael really the kids' father?" Zachary stared deep into her eyes.

"Of course." Charlotte looked away as she couldn't bring herself to look back into his eyes.

"You know..." A wicked smile curved his lips. "I can always get my hands on Michael and the kids, and then I can perform a paternity test on them," he threatened.

"You..." Charlotte panicked. "Are you out of your mind?" she hissed. "Why do you want to know who the children's father is? It has nothing to do with you."

"Oh, but it does." He whispered into her ear, "What if I am their father?"

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 368

With panic welling up in her eyes, Charlotte trembled, but she denied, "As if. You're reading into it too much."

"Is that so?" He pulled her face closer to himself. "Then let's do that paternity test."

"Have you gone mad, you b*stard?" she cursed. "Get your hands off my children!"

"Looks like you have forgotten about your vow." He sneered. "You never seem to learn no matter how many times I punish you, so it must be done every day."

Zachary took off the janitor attire Charlotte was wearing, revealing her petite, naked body. It was as seductive as the bud of a flower, poised to blossom at a moment's notice. "What are you trying to do?" Charlotte started panicking. She was about to resist when Zachary pinned her against the wall again.

"You'd better not pull anything funny, Zachary. Someone could come in any minute." She was shivering from what he was about to do to her. "Please, don't," she begged.

"You started it." He took off her pants and tried to shove it in from behind.

"No..." Charlotte was going to cry.

"I can go in myself. Thanks, Mr. Spencer." They heard Robbie talking outside.

"Of course. I'll be waiting outside then," Spencer said.

Charlotte covered her mouth, fearing that she might let any sound out. In the meantime, Zachary stopped moving too. He frowned and waited for Robbie to leave, but instead of going to the men's, Robbie came to the ladies' and hissed, "Mommy? Mommy!"

Charlotte kept her mouth covered. She looked back at Zachary, begging him to let her go. At that moment, Zachary looked furious, but since he was left with no choice, he let her go. Then, Charlotte quickly clothed herself.

"Why aren't you going in, Mr. Robbie?" Spencer came up to him.

"Oh, right away." Robbie went into the men's. He was young, but he knew his mother came in disguise so nobody could recognize her.

Charlotte heaved a sigh of relief when she heard the sounds outside.

"Dammit." Zachary frowned.

Charlotte relented when she remembered the time her kids went missing. Thus, she begged, "Come at me if you want to vent, Zachary. Don't hurt my kids."

"Sure." He opened his arms. "You sullied my clothes, so clean them."

Charlotte gawked at him. Sh*t, his clothes are stained by the juice. "I can't do that." She looked at him fearfully. "Why don't you change clothes? I'll wash the one you're wearing as compensation."

"Where can you get a set of clothes for me then?" He arched his eyebrow.

"I-" Charlotte didn't know how to answer that. She was the one who dirtied it, so she should get a new set for him. Can't argue with the devil's logic. "The mall's right next door. I'll get you a new set of clothes there," she suggested.

"We'll go together." Zachary picked up his coat and tied it around his waist.

"You don't have to." She didn't want to go with him. "You haven't finished your dinner, and your grandfather's still there."

"Do you think I can continue with dinner looking like this?" He pointed at himself.

“Fine then.” Charlotte couldn’t do anything about it. “You go on ahead. I’ll be right there.”

“You’d better not dawdle.” He glared at her before leaving the restroom.

Charlotte picked up the janitor’s clothes and folded them before keeping them in the closet. After that, she washed her hands before wearing her mask and hat, then she left.

Robbie saw her leaving when he came out of the restroom. He wanted to go after her, but Spencer came before he could leave. Hence, all Robbie could do was pretend he never saw his mother.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 369

Charlotte pulled her hat down and hastened out, but since she didn’t bring her children with her, the attendant stopped her for some questioning.

Meanwhile, Zachary looked at her coolly from the doorstep, waiting for her to ask for help, but she had no such plan. Instead, she explained herself humbly to the attendant.

Zachary didn’t want to wait any longer, so he gestured at Ben. When Ben went up to help Charlotte, the attendant backed off in panic, then Charlotte went up to Zachary.

He glared at her in disgust before leaving. At the same time, the ladies around were fangirling at him, and they engaged in a heated discussion.

“Who is that hottie? Is he an actor? I’ve never seen him on TV.”

“Neither did I, but judging from that vibe, he must be a bigshot.”

“Hey, he looks like Mr. Henry Nacht. Maybe he’s a Nacht as well.”

“Really? Wait, he can’t be the grandson of Mr. Nacht, the father of those three kids, can he?”

“That’s a possibility.”

When Charlotte heard their conversation, she started feeling uneasy. Is it that obvious? Her children didn’t resemble Zachary, and that was why she could lie to him, telling him that they weren’t his kids. But why’s everyone guessing that he’s their father?

She looked at his silhouette and compared him to her children. When she thought about it, she realized that even though they weren’t alike, Robbie and Jamie had the same vibe as Zachary. Not only that, Robbie had his father’s eyes too.

“Come on!” Zachary looked back and growled.

“Okay,” she replied and quickened her pace. When they came into the mall, Zachary was the center of attention again. Instead of being proud of it, he felt frustrated.

Some shoppers were taking their photos. Charlotte didn’t mind, since she was in disguise. However, Zachary didn’t want to show up on the news, so he gave them a look, and they stopped taking his photo.

Going out with him is a disaster. Everywhere he goes, he’s going to be the center of attention. There’s no privacy at all.

All Charlotte wanted was to escape him as soon as possible. Hence, she quickly dragged him to a fashion shop nearby.

“Welcome.” A promoter came to greet them. “We have a promotion today. Everything’s 20% off, so just pick anything you want. There’s the fitting room, and these are all the half-priced items.”

“Half-priced items? Where?” Charlotte’s eyes shone when she heard the word.

“Everything on this rack.” The promoter took them to the half-priced item area, though her eyes were only on Zachary. “Even though he isn’t wearing any branded goods, the quality and workmanship for that suit alone are worth a lot. Will he really buy discounted goods?”

“It’s an emergency, so I think he doesn’t mind.” Charlotte picked the cheapest ones. “Here. Get me the clothes his size.”

“Alright then, Miss.” The promoter went to search for it.

“Are you for real? Do you want me to wear those?” Zachary’s face fell. “Not even the helpers at home wear discount items.”

“Oh, it’s just for a while. You’ll be going back soon anyway. There’s no need for pricey clothes,” she blurted. Then Charlotte smiled. “Besides, with your toned body, anything would look good on you.”

“Is that so?” Zachary liked being flattered, and he looked at his reflection. “Do I really have a toned body?”

“Of course. You’re sexiest among all men that I know.” Charlotte knew how to stroke his ego. “Even ordinary clothes like these can’t cover your exquisite air up.”

Zachary looked at her from the mirror. “Okay, now that sounds a bit too pretentious.”

“Here it is.” The promoter came up to them with the clothes, oddly enthusiastic. “Do you need any help changing, sir? I can do it.”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 370

Zachary frowned at Charlotte, but she was busy picking out clothes so she failed to notice his expression.

Feeling like he was being ignored, Zachary was unhappy. “Charlotte Windt!”

“Why... What... What happened?” His voice gave Charlotte a shock, and she quickly came over.

“Change my clothes for me,” Zachary said as he walked straight into the fitting room.

Without a choice, Charlotte took the clothes from the attendant and followed him inside.

On the way, she remembered that there was still a white shirt that was left behind. So, Charlotte went back to grab it while accidentally overhearing the female attendant talking to the cashier. "That man was so handsome and charming, but the woman with him looked poor and pathetic. I really wonder what he sees in her."

"Shhh!" The cashier shushed when she noticed Charlotte, stopping the attendant from going any further.

The attendant turned around instinctively and saw Charlotte. Her expression immediately froze as the atmosphere became awkward.

Nonetheless, Charlotte did not say a word and picked up the shirt before returning to the fitting room.

However, before that could happen, Zachary came out. He grabbed the shirt in Charlotte's hand and tossed it aside. He then pulled Charlotte out and left the place

"Sir, are the shirts not to your liking?" The attendant chased after them and asked.

"Your poor and pathetic look was not to my liking," Zachary replied coldly.

His reply caused the attendant to freeze in place. The colors drained from her face as she was devastated.

Right then, Charlotte raised her head and gazed at Zachary. Well, he does look cute whenever he stands up for me.

"Are you stupid?" He pinched her face, clearly annoyed. "Don't you know how to fight back when people insult you?"

"She was just ranting." Charlotte smiled awkwardly. "Besides, she was right. Compared to you, I do look a bit ragged."

"Didn't I give you two million to spend? You didn't even use it on the house. Can you be anymore cheaper than that?" Zachary knitted his brows. "This is what... 99 after discount? You might be the only person that would want that."

"We should be thinking far in advance and save up whatever we can. This price is good enough." Charlotte pulled on her own shirt. "I got this t-shirt online for only nine ninety. I could've bought ten of these and wear them interchangeably."

Zachary was rendered speechless as he dragged Charlotte to the digital information center. He searched up some brands and took her to the third floor, where all the major brands were.

"No way! I can't afford the clothes here," Charlotte refused as she wrapped her arms around a pillar.

"I'll pay for them," Zachary proclaimed and walked in.

"You're paying? Alright then." Charlotte immediately changed her mind and followed behind. "Hmm, since you're buying your own clothes. I'll give you a pair of socks then!"

"Sure." Zachary walked into the store. The moment he stepped foot inside, a few attendants immediately came to greet them passionately. "Welcome!"

"Bring me all the new products of the latest season you have here. For male and female." Zachary demanded after he sat down on the sofa provided. He then patted the space beside him. "What are you standing there for? Come sit!"

Charlotte quickly went and sat beside him. Soon after, each of them was served a cup of freshly ground coffee and some snacks. There were even attendants that helped them change into slippers.

Back then, Charlotte had experienced such treatments too. But it had been four years since she last visited, so the place was unfamiliar to her. At that moment, she felt quite perturbed, not knowing how she should react.

After the attendants put the slippers on Zachary and Charlotte, they went to get the clothes.

While waiting, Charlotte leaned towards Zachary and whispered, "You sure you're the one paying?"

The response she got, however, was an intense stare from Zachary as he looked irritated.

"Alright. Fine. I'll stop talking." Charlotte knew he was getting impatient, so she immediately changed the topic. "So! Like I said, I'll buy you a pair of socks as compensation."

"I want white ones," Zachary said without even hesitating.

"No problem." Charlotte got up and went to look for socks. Having said that, her face turned green when she saw the price. One thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight! For a pair of men's socks! Are you kidding me!