

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 621

"What happened?" Charlotte asked at once.

"I'm in debt, and they took me..." Olivia wept, the horror clear in her voice. "Please help me, or I'm going to die."

"Where are you? Tell me your location."

Charlotte brushed off the foam and rushed to change her clothes.

"At the alley behind Sultry Night," Olivia said in a shaky voice. "Come alone, or they'll kill me." Olivia hung up.

Charlotte got dressed, grabbed her phone, and rushed out.

"Ms. Windt, breakfast is—" the maid said, but Charlotte brushed past her shoulder and ran down the stairs in her haste.

"Ms. Windt, Ms. Windt!" the maid shouted behind her.

"I have an urgent matter to handle. I'll be back shortly." Charlotte turned back and called. Downstairs, she addressed the bodyguards who were parking their cars. "Drop me off at Sultry Night. Hurry."

"Sultry Night?" Marino stared in surprise.

"Yes, please. Right now," Charlotte answered in a panic.

"Yes, ma'am." Marino did not dare delay further and opened the door immediately.

"Ms. Windt, where are you off to?" Mrs. Berry, who was busy laying the table, ran out to enquire. "You have your wedding shoot by the beach later today."

"Mrs. Berry, I have an urgent matter and will be back shortly. Please inform Zachary of my absence." Charlotte got into the car without waiting for a reply. "Start driving!" she said to Marino frantically.

"Yes, ma'am."

In the study on the second floor, where Zachary was reading with the children, a knock came on the door. The maid peered carefully in at Zachary. "Mr. Nacht, Ms. Windt went out," she reported.

"Huh?" Zachary looked away from the book he was holding. "Where to?"

"I don't know. She looked like she was in a rush. I'm worried that something may have happened," the maid said concernedly. "I thought you would be worried, so I'm just here to let you know."

Zachary shut the book and addressed the children. "Let's continue this tonight, shall we?"

"Yes, daddy!" The children nodded obediently.

"Daddy, use my bookmark. Or else we wouldn't remember where we left off tonight."

Ellie handed a bookmark made of a beautifully preserved leaf to Zachary.

"Page 234." Zachary smiled and rubbed Ellie on the nose. "Don't worry, I have a photographic memory!"

He got up and walked towards the door. "Come down for breakfast in a bit."

"Alright, Daddy!" the children chorused in sweet innocent voices.

"Robbie, what is a photographic memory?" Ellie asked naively.

"That means daddy never forgets anything he sees," said Robbie as he was tidying up the bookshelf. "Daddy is a genius!"

"Oh, only you have daddy's brains. Ellie and I don't," said Jamie as he held his chin sadly.

“Jamie, you are strong and sporty like daddy,” protested Robbie. “Ellie has Mommy’s artistic skills. Those are great qualities. Please don’t underestimate yourselves.”

“What is underestimate?”

“That means...”

The three children engaged in debates in the study room.

Meanwhile, Zachary summoned Ben outside. “What is going on?”

“I’ve just heard back from Marino. Ms. Windt just said that she was going to Sultry Night and did not explain why,” Ben reported. “Bruce is going there with some men as a backup.”

“Good,” Zachary said with a frown. Charlotte is so impulsive. She never discusses things with me before proceeding...

How immature.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Nacht. Nothing will happen with Bruce on the lookout,” said Ben comfortingly. “Why don’t you have some breakfast with the children? I will have Bruce deliver Ms. Windt straight to the beach afterward for your photoshoot.”

“Alright.”

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Zachary was about to have breakfast with the children when the sound of a car pulling up came to his ears. “Mr. Nacht is here!”

“This early?” asked Zachary, startled. He had no choice but to bring the children out to receive his grandfather.

The car door swung open. Spencer, with the help of a bodyguard, helped Henry out of the car and onto his wheelchair.

"Great-grandpa! Great-grandpa!" squealed the children.

They dashed towards him, calling out at the top of their lungs.

Henry smiled broadly at them. His mood was especially good. "Have you had your breakfast?"

"We are just about to have our breakfast," said Ellie as she held out a boiled egg. "I just peeled this, great-grandpa. Try it please!"

"Mmm, delicious!" Henry said after a bite.

"It's just an ordinary egg. What's so delicious about that?" Zachary joked.

"Mind your own business," said Henry fiercely as he glared at Zachary. "This was given to me by my beloved great-granddaughter." He turned back to Ellie and stroked her hair. "Your braid is so pretty, Ellie!"

"Mrs. Berry did it for me," said Ellie. She tugged at her braid happily. "This is the princess braid, like the one in the movies."

"My little Ellie is a princess too!" Henry pinched Ellie's cheek affectionately.

"Great-grandpa, do I look good in this suit?" Jamie approached him to show off his new suit. "We are going for a wedding photoshoot later! That is why we are all dressed up."

Henry was taken aback. He glared at Zachary ferociously. Cheeky rascal! He did not ask me for permission again! They're taking wedding pictures now?

"Great-grandpa, are you here to be in the photo shoot with us?" Robbie asked Henry with a smile. Mrs. Berry and Fifi will be there too."

"Be there, be there!" the parrot squawked excitedly and flapped her wings above their heads.

"I'm going to join in the fun as well," Mrs. Berry chimed in. "We have never taken a family portrait before."

"We will take one today." Ellie ran over and pulled Mrs. Berry by the arm. "Mrs. Berry, why didn't you get changed?"

"That dress is so tight I couldn't breathe in it. I'll change into it when we get there." Mrs. Berry grew red at the thought of her dress. "The fabric is too little. There is a whole chunk missing in front and behind. What a wicked designer," she whispered to Ellie behind her hand.

Spencer stifled a laugh as Henry smiled. The latter was much better at concealing his humor. He turned to Zachary and said, "Follow me into the study. I have something to discuss with you."

"Yes, gr—" said Zachary, but was interrupted by an alarm on Ben's watch. "It's Marino!" Ben cried, his face grey.

Every elite bodyguard of the Nacht family owned a unique watch that emits signals in times of trouble such as this. The other bodyguards will receive the distress call and rush to the troubled one's aid.

"Bring the car around. Now!" Zachary commanded firmly.

The bodyguards obeyed him swiftly and Zachary jumped into the car. "Protect Mr. Henry and the children," Zachary ordered as Ben was about to hop in after him.

"Yes, sir," Ben answered, and watched Zachary until he departed. When he turned around, he found the children staring in the direction Zachary took off to with terrified expressions on their faces.

"Bring the children in," Henry ordered, his eyes filled with fury.

"Yes, sir," a bodyguard answered and rounded them up.

However, Robbie flung his arm aside. "Is Mommy in trouble?" he demanded. May said Marino drove Mommy this morning. If Marino is in trouble, then it means...

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Robbie did not dare think more into it. Tears welled up in his eyes. Robbie balled his hands into fists to stop his body from shaking.

"Mommy..." Ellie said and burst into tears at Robbie's words.

"Mommy wouldn't be in trouble, would she?" Jamie mumbled anxiously. "We are supposed to have a photoshoot today. Why did Marino drive Mommy out? Where did they go?"

"We have to ask great-grandpa," Robbie said as he twisted behind to look at Henry angrily with tear-stained eyes.

"No, Mr. Robinson, you are mistaken," Spencer hurriedly explained. "Mr. Henry came today to..."

"Shut your mouth!" Henry interrupted. His intention of coming today was to propose to Zachary that he could keep Charlotte, but not marry her.

He intended to find a more suitable candidate to be Mrs. Nacht. The future Mrs. Nacht would then have to agree to the arrangement of Charlotte staying as the mother of the triplets.

Henry considered this a compromise, but he did not expect the situation to become this chaotic before he proposed his plan.

"Even if it were me who had sent your mother away, what are you going to do about it?" Henry sneered at Jamie. It suddenly occurred to Henry that he could gauge just how dependent the children are on Charlotte.

"Then we will go with Mommy," Jamie said as he clenched his fists. "Nobody can replace her!"

"I want Mommy, I want Mommy!" Ellie wept breathlessly, her eyes bloodshot.

"Dear sweet Ellie, don't cry!" Mrs. Rawlston and several maids comforted Ellie but to no avail.

"Great-grandpa, why would you do such a thing?" Jamie tugged at Henry's feeble arm, as though he suddenly understood. "Why did you have to send Mommy away?" he sobbed. "Why?"

"Mr. Henry, how could you be so wicked as to send her away?" Mrs. Berry asked as she wiped her tears. "Ms. Windt has given birth to three lovely children for the Nachts. Mr. Zachary is fond of her as well. Why did you send her away?"

"You are all mistaken," Spencer said in a panic, but nobody seemed to be listening to him.

Robbie had had enough. "Mrs. Berry, pack our things. We are leaving."

"Right away!" With a wobble of her plump body, Mrs. Berry ran back to the house.

"Ellie, let's go look for Mommy," Jamie said as he took his sister by the hand. They followed Robbie up the stairs. Not long after, they reappeared dragging their own suitcases.

Mrs. Berry had packed her massive suitcase as well. She was prepared to depart with the children.

Mrs. Rawlston and the maids were in a panic. "Children, don't leave! Your father wouldn't send your mother away. They will be back soon. Please don't act rashly! If you are all gone, how will we be able to explain things to your father?"

"Mrs. Berry, calm down," Spencer said, near tears. "Let us discuss this when Mr. Zachary gets back. If you leave now, we would all be in serious trouble."

Henry furrowed his brow and had a glum look on his face.

"What happened?" Spencer asked. He left for just a minute to answer a phone call and returned to the children crying for their mother.

Henry suddenly barked an order. "Prepare the car. We're taking the children to their mother."

"Huh?" Spencer was taken aback. "Ms. Windt has been ambushed. Mr. Zachary is on his way to rescue her. The situation now is..."

"There are eighteen elite bodyguards of the Nacht family, and none could rescue one woman?" Henry roared as he stabbed the ground with his cane. "Are you planning to pin the blame on me by hiding it from the children?"

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"Yes, sir. I will arrange for it immediately."

Spencer knew that in H City, no crime would occur under the watchful eye of the Nacht family.

With the arrival of a large group such as theirs, there wouldn't be any danger.

Furthermore, Zachary and his Elite Eighteen weren't the only skilled fighters. The ten or so men who came with Henry were lethal warriors as well.

Spencer arranged for several jeeps to transport Henry and the triplets to the scene upon hearing the news.

At the alley of Sultry Night just ten minutes before, Charlotte had Marino park by the street while she entered the alley on her own.

Marino felt uneasy but did not dare defy her.

Aside from several alley cats who scavenged the dumpster for food, not a single living thing was in sight.

Charlotte began to feel suspicious. Suddenly, an ominous feeling came from above...

Looking up instinctively, she caught a glimpse of a flowerpot falling straight to her head.



Charlotte watched as it fell, but was rigid with shock to move. At the last second, a shadow appeared and shoved her out of harm's way. The pot shattered into pieces on the ground where she stood just moments before.

Charlotte covered her mouth in terror.

"Ms. Windt, are you alright?" came a concerned voice.

Charlotte looked up and saw Marino studying her anxiously.

"I was afraid that you would be in danger, so I followed you here." Marino scanned the alley. "We shouldn't be here. Let's leave."

He was just about to escort Charlotte out of the alley when several dozen delinquents blocked their path of exit. They were well armed with an assortment of weapons, from machetes to batons. Charlotte felt an impending sense of danger.

"What's going on?" she asked suspiciously.

"Charlotte, I'm sorry," a sob came from behind them.

Charlotte spun around and saw Olivia being held by two men. She was beaten rather badly, as evidenced by her bloody face and torn clothes.

"Olivia," Charlotte called. She wanted to run forward to grab Olivia in her arms, but something about the bristling crowd warned her to stay where she was.

"I'm sorry, they threatened me with my mother's life." Olivia shook from weeping, her eyes filled with guilt. "I did not intend for you to come to any harm. I'm sorry..."

"Nothing will happen to you with me here," Charlotte said. She addressed the delinquents. "How much does she owe you? I will pay for it. Just let her go."

"We don't want money. We want you." Several of the delinquents smiled nastily.

"You've gone too far!" shouted Marino.

"And who is this? Her knight in shining armor?" one of them sneered in disdain. "You alone can fight off twenty of us?"

Just as the words were out of his mouth, they charged forwards with machetes raised...

Charlotte screamed with terror.

Marino, however, was unfazed. He stood his ground and beat them back with ease.

They were suddenly wary with Marino, seeing as he was of no ordinary skill. They sent several more towards him while others grabbed Charlotte as Marino was occupied.

He was soon overwhelmed with trying to fend off the attacks and rescuing Charlotte at the same time.

She was captured and dragged roughly out of the alley. A windowless van appeared, and just when Charlotte was about to be shoved in...

A jeep accelerated toward them and several bodyguards jumped down. They beat up the men holding Charlotte swiftly and retrieved her.

She looked up at her savior and saw that it was Bruce. "My friend and Marino are still in there. Please help them." She pointed back toward the alley.

"Yes, ma'am," Bruce responded. He led his men into the alley, while two more stayed back to guard Charlotte.

"Ms. Windt, why don't you wait in the car?" One of the bodyguards opened the door for her.

"I will wait for them..."

Before she could finish, a tank roared and flew toward them like an untethered horse.

"Ah—" Charlotte screamed, her mind a blank. She faintly heard the voices of the children calling out to her. "Mommy!"