

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 625

Bang! The tank collided with the jeep with such force that it was sent flying several yards away.

It flipped over in the air before landing in a heap of rubble on the ground. The remains of the jeep exploded in a ball of fire and dense, black smoke engulfing the street.

The impact caused the alarms of the parked cars along the street to erupt in shrill sirens.

All of a sudden, the street descended into chaos and noise.

"Mommy!" the children screamed tearfully. They attempted to run over to her where the jeep exploded but were restrained by the bodyguards.

Henry gaped in shock. He sat motionless in his wheelchair.

At that point, Zachary arrived. He, too, stood frozen in horror at the scene but sprang to action seconds later.

He sprinted recklessly to Charlotte. "Mr. Nacht—" a bodyguard said as he tried to restrain him but to no avail.

"Charlotte! Come back, wherever you are!" Zachary shouted like a deranged, grief-stricken beast.

"You said you were going to marry me and spend the rest of your life with me. You can't just disappear like that. Come back!"

He searched the burning wreckage with his bare hands as if the flames had kept her hidden from sight. I must find her. I must...

Zachary paid no attention to his burning clothes or even his scorched arms. All that mattered was that he found her.

“Mommy, Mommy...” the children cried as they wriggled free of the bodyguards’ grasp. Together with their father, they ran around looking for Charlotte.

Their small figures shook with fear at the thought of losing their mother as they searched high and low for a trace of her.

They paid no heed to the monstrous blaze, nor heat and danger.

Henry remained in the car. The scene before him brought to his mind the memory from that night twenty years before...

It was a similar accident—the burning car, the gut-wrenching screams, and cries...

The three children before him were like a six-year-old Zachary.

The sudden loss of loved ones would scar and traumatize one for life.

Henry had always hoped to be rid of the obstacle that was Charlotte—even going as far as to wish that she would just disappear. However, at that point, he felt guilty and horrible.

His heart broke as he witnessed the grief of his grandson and great-grandchildren.

Henry even wished that he had given them his blessing earlier on. If he had, this might not even have happened.

Just like the last time...

“Mommy, Mommy!” Fifi squawked from behind.

Zachary felt a shiver down his spine. He turned back and saw through the crimson flames, the figure of Charlotte materializing as the smoke dissipated. She was looking at him tearfully.

She sobbed until her whole body shook. It was only at that moment that she knew how much Zachary loved her.

She was stupid for not realizing this before.

"Mommy!" At the appearance of their mother, the triplets dashed towards her.

Charlotte held all of them tightly in her arms, crying with relief. "Don't cry. Mommy is fine!"

"Mommy, you scared me to death!" Jamie said with great shaking sobs. "I thought... I thought..."

"We thought we would never see you again," Robbie said as he wiped his tears. "Are you hurt from the explosion?" he asked as he looked his mother up and down.

"Not at all. I'm fine," Charlotte said. "When the tank came straight for us, Marino pulled me aside just in time. The explosion knocked me out for several moments. I had just regained consciousness."

"Mommy..." Ellie wept until her face was red. She clung to Charlotte with her chubby arms and did not want to let go, for fear that her mother would disappear again if she did.

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"Don't be afraid. I'm fine," Charlotte said as she patted Ellie's back. "Let go of me for a bit. It seems like daddy is hurt."

"Daddy!" The children remembered and ran over to him. "Are you all right, daddy?"

"Daddy, your arm is hurt!" Jamie exclaimed when he saw the severe burns on Zachary's arms. He was pale with fright.

"Daddy, you need a doctor," Robbie said as he put out the embers on Zachary's clothes. "Your clothes are all scorched."

"Daddy, does it hurt?" Ellie cried and covered her eyes.

Zachary paid no heed to the children. He stared at Charlotte the entire time with a mixture of rage, frustration but also love.

Charlotte scrambled over to him. "You fool!" she yelled as she pulled on his arm. "Why did you throw yourself into the fire like that?"

Before she finished her sentence, Zachary pulled into his embrace.

He was so forceful that he crashed Charlotte's head against his chest.

"Charlotte, remember this," Zachary yelled through gritted teeth. "No matter what happens, you're not allowed to come out on your own and place yourself in danger. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, I do." Charlotte nodded and swallowed.

"You are not alone. You have me," Zachary continued, "I will be here to help you even if the heavens came crashing down on you. Why won't you ever remember that and cause me to worry every time? What would I do if something happens to you? What about the children?"

"I'm sorry, I was wrong." Charlotte sobbed into his chest, her arms around his waist. "I should not have made you worry and caused you to get hurt."

"You scared me to death, did you know that?"

Zachary bit her on the shoulder fiercely.

"Ouch, that hurts!" Charlotte screamed in pain but she knew she deserved the punishment. He bit down so hard it almost bled.

"Good. Painful punishments make good lessons," Zachary said as he pinched her cheek. "Remember this. If this happens again, I won't be this lenient."

"There won't be any next time," Charlotte said as she gazed at his injuries. "Let's go to the hospital. You need a doctor."

Zachary bent down, placed the boys on his shoulders, and lifted Ellie in his arm. Holding Charlotte's hand, they turned to depart.

"Daddy, you don't have to carry us if you're hurt. Put us down, we can walk on our own."

"Yes, Daddy. There is heat emitting from your shirt. My butt is burnt from sitting on your shoulder."

"Are there embers still on Daddy's shirt? Will it burn me?"

"You three are so inconsiderate. I'm carrying you despite being hurt and all you care about is burning yourself."

"No, we're worried that you might be too tired."

"Yes, we love you with all our hearts."

"Yes, whatever you say."

The family walked through the smoke together slowly. They made a strange but lovely silhouette against the brightness of the burning wreckage.

Fifi flew over to them from the car. "Daddy, Mommy, Daddy, Mommy," she squawked as she circled over their heads.

"Fifi is here!"

"Fifi's wings look like they are a little burnt."

"Where did Fifi go earlier?"

"When something goes wrong, she is the first one to run and hide."

"What an ungrateful bird!"

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Henry sighed in relief as he caught a glimpse of the family emerging unscathed.

Luckily it was just a fright—nothing serious. If something had happened, Zachary and the children will hate me for the rest of their lives.

“What an eventful day!” Spencer exclaimed. “What a fright it gave me. My old heart was unable to take it!”

“Let’s go.” Henry gestured. He turned back and saw Mrs. Berry howling in grief from within the car. A bodyguard ran over. “Mrs. Berry, Ms. Windt is fine. Look!”

Mrs. Berry stared in the direction the bodyguard pointed. The family of five strolled happily towards their car. Nobody was hurt, not even the bird.

In an instant, Mrs. Berry was crying tears of joy. “Oh, thank God! Ms. Windt is fine.”

Suddenly, she wailed in horror again. “They forgot about me! We were supposed to take wedding pictures together! Ms. Windt, wait for me!”

With the help of the bodyguard, Mrs. Berry squeezed her plump little body out of the car and ran after Zachary and his family.

At the sight of Mrs. Berry’s plump figure running after them, Spencer couldn’t hold back his laughter.

“Silly old bugger, always laughing at Mrs. Berry,” Henry teased him. “You have a crush on her, don’t you?”

“Huh?” Spencer was taken aback. “No, why would I be thinking of something like that?” he stammered an explanation. “I just think...”

“You sound guilty,” Henry said sternly as he glared at Spencer. He waved at a bodyguard to lift him into the car. “Oh, and tell the rascal that I won’t be attending his photoshoot. I’ll drop by at the wedding,” he casually instructed Spencer before departing.

“Yes, sir,” Spencer responded with a bow. He froze as he grasped the full meaning of Henry’s words. “Are you saying that you agree to it?”

"Can I say no?" Henry sighed helplessly. "If I voice my disagreement again, they'll all hate me."

"I'm glad that you've thought it through, sir. I will inform Mr. Zachary right away." Spencer bowed again and rushed off.

"Mr. Zachary, Mr. Zachary!" At the sound of Spencer's voice, Zachary spun around as he was placing the children in the car. "What is it, Spencer?"

"M-Mr. Henry said..." panted Spencer. As he was old, it took him several moments to recover from the short sprint.

"We can talk about this when we get back," said Zachary with a frown. He was worried that his grandfather was trying to interfere again. He wasn't in the mood for it and tried to drive away before he had to hear what Spencer had to say.

"He said he won't be attending the photoshoot, but he'll drop by at the wedding!" Spencer finished in a hurry.

Zachary froze. He turned around to look at Spencer again. "Are you saying that grandpa agreed to it?"

"That was what I asked him!" Spencer then imitated Henry's tone of voice as he repeated the latter's reply word by word, "If I voice my disagreement again, they'll all hate me."

Zachary laughed with joy. "Thank him for me, please!"

"Yes, sir." Spencer nodded with a smile. "Hurry on to the hospital. Mr. Henry would feel sad to see the injuries on your arm."

At that, he walked away. Mrs. Berry was still jogging toward them. "Watch your step, Mrs. Berry," Spencer greeted her as they crossed paths.

"Oh, thank you." Mrs. Berry nodded. "Mr. Zachary, Ms. Windt, are you all right?"

"We're fine." Zachary signaled at two bodyguards to help Mrs. Berry up the car.

"Daddy, what did Mr. Spencer say?" The children crowded around Zachary, for they were not able to overhear his conversation with Spencer.

“He said, your great-grandpa has given us his blessing!” Zachary said as he hugged Charlotte. “Does this put your mind at ease?”

“Yes, it does.” Charlotte nodded vigorously. With his blessing, I can finally go on with the wedding without worries.