

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

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"Looks like we do know each other..." Charlotte got the answer from his gaze.

"I can't believe you recognized me." Zachary played along. "I thought you've forgotten about me!"

"What do you mean?" Charlotte gazed at him curiously.

"You were my first client!" Zachary brushed his sexy lips across her cheek and whispered, "Six years ago, you selected me in Sultry Night and spent the night in a hotel with me."

"Six years ago?" Charlotte racked her brains, but it didn't ring a bell. "I don't remember doing such a thing."

"You're so forgetful." Zachary bit her earlobes and tried to sound her out. "We did it seven times that night..."

Charlotte swivelled out of his touch.

The electrifying sensation from his touch made Charlotte's body tense up.

"Do you want to do it tonight, too?"

Zachary's fingers brushed across her nape gently.

Instead of replying to him, Charlotte spun the steering wheel without warning.

The sudden change in direction caused Zachary's body to nearly hit the car window. Luckily, he propped his arm up in time.

Frowning, anger flooded his veins instantly. Back then, he used to do the same thing to her. Right now, she was letting him get a taste of his own medicine.

Is she subconsciously trying to get back at me?

“Scared?” Charlotte raised her brow. “If you are, stay put.”

Zachary was rendered speechless.

History was repeating itself, but their roles were reversed.

Charlotte smirked and entered the expressway.

“Where are we going?” Zachary found the direction familiar.

“Somewhere nice.”

Charlotte sped toward Rokan Hill.

It was a familiar route, so Zachary knew where they were heading soon. Is she bringing me home? He wondered.

Did she find out who I am? Is she trying to sound me out?

What is she hiding up her sleeves?

Zachary was lost in his train of thoughts when his phone rang suddenly. It was Louis.

He immediately rejected the call.

Soon, his phone rang again. It was still Louis.

Zachary scrunched his brows up. He was about to reject the call again when Charlotte snatched the phone out of his grasp and proceeded to fling it out of the window.

Zachary’s eyes widened in shock. “What did you just do?”

“It’s too annoying!” Charlotte responded coolly.

Right then, memories of the past surfaced in Zachary’s mind.

If I remember correctly, I threw her phone away a few times when we first got together.

Her action, words, and arrogance were exactly the same as what I did to her back then.

Did she do that on purpose to take revenge on me?

Zachary started doubting that she had indeed lost her memory.

After all, someone who had lost their memories wouldn't be so vindictive.

She was obviously making him get a taste of his own medicine.

"Are you mad?" Charlotte glanced at him and whipped out a check. "Here. You can buy a ton of phones with the money."

Zachary felt offended by her action. It was as if he had become a gigolo for real this time.

"Will you take it or not?" Charlotte urged. "If you won't, I'm throwing it out!"

With that, she moved her hand toward the window.

Immediately, Zachary grabbed the check out of her hand. When he noticed the figure written on it, his lips parted in astonishment. "Ten million?"

Back then, Charlotte even got into a fight over one thousand. She tried to swindle money from me, too. I can't believe she's giving me ten million now!

Indeed, being rich has its perks. Look at how confident she is!

I'm now her kept man!

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"Find out how long I can hire you with the money," ordered Charlotte with a grin.

"One thousand nights," replied Zachary after a brief calculation. "No, it's nine hundred and ninety-nine nights after deducting the cost of a new phone."

"Deal." Charlotte announced arrogantly, "From today onward, you can only serve me alone. You can't go to other women."

"Anything else?" Zachary glanced at her.

"Be available at all times." Charlotte gave him her phone. "Save your number on my phone."

"Yes, boss!"

Zachary saved the phone number when he was still Gigolo on her phone. He hesitated before typing out "Gigolo In Debt" in the name column.

"What's with the name?"

Charlotte frowned at the somewhat familiar name.

"That was the name you gave me back then." Zachary recounted the past events. "Back then, I owed you money. So you told me to give you half of my daily earnings to pay you back."

Charlotte guffawed. "No way. Seriously? How much do you even earn every day? That bit of money is nothing to me."

"You were poor back then." Bitterness rose in Zachary's heart as the memories flashed across his mind. "You even fought with others over one thousand."

"Seriously?" Charlotte arched a brow doubtfully.

"That isn't important, anyway." Zachary pocketed the check. "You're rich now. Thanks for the money!"

"Mm," Charlotte grunted in acknowledgment. "If you do a good job, I'll reward you later," she told him in all seriousness.

"What service do you want from me?" Zachary inched nearer and breathed in her ear.

"I'll let you know when I need it." Charlotte gave him a slight push.

“Fine.”

Every time desire coursed in Zachary’s heart, the woman would put it out easily.

Charlotte slowed down and lowered the convertible top.

The chilly wind blew across them, easing the tension in the car.

Zachary placed one arm on the window and rested his chin on his hand. They were arriving at a brightly lit villa halfway up the hill.

Is she bringing me back to Northridge?

Me? Someone who she had just met?

Instead of coming to a stop, Charlotte sped ahead and reached the top of the hill.

As they were surrounded by the clouds, it felt like they were floating above the sky.

The sun was about to rise. Gradually, the sky turned a fiery red. It was a breathtaking sight on Rakan Hill.

Charlotte leaned into her seat and stared at the sky blankly.

Meanwhile, Zachary narrowed his gaze. His emotions were a complex mixture.

For the past two years, he had often come here alone and spent the whole night here.

Sometimes, even if it was raining, he’d sit in his car and looked at the horizon as Charlotte’s silhouette filled his mind.

When she was by his side, he had never brought her out on romantic dates, let alone watch any sunrise or sunset together.

After she left him, however, he watched the sunrise here countless times.

It was quiet enough for him to lose himself in his memories and think of her here.

Why did she suddenly bring me here?

“Two days ago, I found out by accident that the sunrise here is stunning,” explained Charlotte softly. “Besides, this very scenery appeared in my dreams repeatedly.”

“You dreamt of this scenery?” Zachary was shocked.

“Yes.” Confusion flashed across Charlotte’s face. “I’ve been having weird dreams for the past two years.”

“Did you dream of me?” Zachary asked nonchalantly.

“No.” Charlotte met his gaze calmly. “But you feel really familiar to me.”

“That means you saved a spot for me in your heart.” Zachary reached out and caressed her hair gently. “It’s just that you forgot about us.”

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“You’re right.” Charlotte stretched her hand out and tried to remove his mask. “Let me see what you look like.”

Zachary caught her hand in time as his lips curved into a grin. “Your sense of familiarity stemmed from the mask. There’s no need to spoil the mood, right?”

“Oh, right.”

If I find out what he looks like, perhaps I’ll no longer feel the same way.

She retracted her hand and waited for the sun to rise silently.

Zachary took off his jacket and draped it around her carefully without touching her. He sat by her side wordlessly.

He had fantasized of this very scene countless times—that she would show up to watch the sunrise with him.

Finally, his dream had come true.

Soon, the first rays of sunlight cast a rosy hue across the morning sky. The dappled sun shone through the trees on Rokan Hill, creating a breathtaking sight.

Charlotte's spirits were lifted considerably. She stretched her arms wide and enjoyed the rare and blissful moment.

Seeing her reaction, Zachary nearly took her into his arms. However, he stayed still and didn't lay a finger on her. After all, he should take things one step at a time.

Slowly, the sun rose over the horizon as they basked in the warm sunlight.

Charlotte shut the convertible top and drove down the hill.

Halfway down, they ran into Lupine and Morgan who had come in search of her.

Both cars came to a stop.

Lupine got off the car and bowed politely in greeting. "Ms. Lindberg!"

Charlotte was slightly unhappy, but she said nothing. Turning to Zachary, she asked, "Can you drive?"

"Of course," Zachary replied with a firm nod.

Charlotte alighted from the car with her bag and told Zachary, "You can drive this car home. I'll call you soon."

"Okay." Zachary got into the driver's seat and floored the accelerator.

Morgan was about to reverse out of his way, but Zachary stepped on the pedal and did a stunt by driving the car on two wheels.

Half the car was hanging off the cliff, but he completed the stunt perfectly and sped away.

Everyone else was caught off guard.

"Damn!" Morgan leaned out of the window in astonishment. "Am I seeing things?"

"Wow, he's skilled in driving," uttered Lupine.

"Interesting."

Charlotte squinted at the disappearing car. She couldn't help but look forward to their next meeting.

"Ms. Lindberg, who is he?" Morgan was in awe of his driving skills.

"He's that mysterious man in the mask!" Lupine rolled her eyes. "Didn't you see him clearly?"

"No, well. I don't think he's just an ordinary host," explained Morgan excitedly. "He can be a professional racer. Why would he be a gigolo?"

Lupine immediately coughed to remind her to be careful of her words.

Morgan hurriedly explained, "No, I mean—"

"You're too talkative," Charlotte glared at her and chided.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Lindberg." Morgan lowered her head fearfully.

Charlotte got into the car without a word.

Both bodyguards immediately followed in her footsteps and drove home.

The moment the car reached entered the courtyard, a maid hurried up to her. "Ms. Lindberg, someone from the Nacht family came yesterday."

"Mm?" Charlotte raised a brow. "What for?"

"According to them, your pet eagle scared their little ones and pet. They demanded us to deal with your pet and asked you to..."

The maid trailed off nervously.

"Say it!" Charlotte stalked into her house and unbuttoned her top.

"They demanded an apology from you in person," the maid finished softly.

Charlotte stopped in her tracks and sneered, "Me? Apologizing to them in person?"

"How dare they say that!" Lupine declared furiously. "Fifi has been in its cage all the while. How did it manage to scare their little ones' pet?"

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"Right!" Morgan chimed in. "I can't believe how arrogant that Zachary is. He kept provoking us back in Ashenville Garden and took Sir Louis away at the airport. How dare he kick up a fuss now?"

"It was Mr. Henry Nacht, not Mr. Zachary Nacht who sent the messenger."

"Mr. Henry Nacht?" Hatred rose in Charlotte's heart at the mention of this man. "He wants me to apologize in person? Fine, I'll be there soon."

"Huh?" Both Lupine and Morgan were shocked.

Charlotte headed upstairs and ordered without looking back, "Let Fifi out of its cage. I'll take a shower and head there with Fifi!"

"Yes!" Lupine giggled evilly. "Ms. Lindberg is back!"

"The Nacht family is doomed!" Morgan snickered. "I'll let Fifi out!"

"Ms. Lindberg, I've prepared a bath for you. Do you need me to prepare breakfast?" the maid trudged behind her and asked.

"Bring it to my room." Charlotte walked into her room and threw her coat onto the ground.

"Yes."

After taking a quick hot bath and drying her hair, Charlotte changed into a cool outfit and headed out with Fifi without even bothering to put makeup on.

Since Fifi hurt Zachary at Ashenville Garden that day, Charlotte fed it anesthesia and locked it up in a cage.

She wanted to lock it up for a few days more, but Henry's actions were too much. Hence, she decided to bring Fifi to meet that notorious family.

Henry had gone over the line by asking her to get rid of her pet.

Meanwhile, Zachary arrived home in the Pagani.

Ben, Bruce, and the others immediately welcomed him home.

"Mr. Nacht, whose car is this?" asked Bruce curiously.

"A woman's," answered Zachary as he got off the car. "Park it in the garage. Make sure no one else uses it."

"Got it!" Ben immediately sprang into action.

"Mr. Nacht." Bruce came over and reported to him in a low voice. "Yesterday, I sent someone to the Lindberg residence to remind them, but Ms. Lindberg wasn't home. Later, your grandfather sent someone there again."

"What?" Zachary stopped. "I told you to keep an eye, didn't I?"

"I did, but I couldn't stop Mr. Spencer's men." Bruce seemed stumped. "I wanted to report to you last night, but you weren't here."

"What did Spencer's men do?" Zachary inquired.

"If I'm not mistaken, he told them to deal with that eagle as soon as possible. Also..." Bruce glanced around before whispering in Zachary's ear. "He wants the Lindberg family to come and apologize to him in person."

Zachary frowned. Damn it. If Charlotte comes, she'll run into me.

Hmm, but she's so arrogant. I don't think she'll come and apologize.

Besides, it's so early. She'll probably take a bath, put on her skincare, have breakfast, and go back to sleep.

With that thought, Zachary relaxed and went back to his room.

"Good morning, Daddy!"

"Morning, Daddy!"

"Daddy, why are you dressed up?"

Right then, the triplets came out of their room. They greeted Zachary politely before scanning Zachary's odd outfit.

"I-I went to a ball last night." Zachary came up with a perfect excuse on the spot.

By now, Zachary had removed his mask and leather jacket. Compared to the full outfit he had on last night, he seemed normal now. Usually, he wouldn't be caught wearing such a strange T-shirt, pants, and boots, let alone slick his hair back.

"No wonder you stayed out all night," said Ellie with her lips pursed. "Bad Daddy! You're an adult, so please take good care of your health. Staying up all night is bad for you!"

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"Got it!" Zachary crouched down and gave Ellie a warm hug. "Alright. Time for breakfast!"

"Mmm-hmm!" Ellie planted a kiss on his cheek and went downstairs.

After Ellie left, Jamie came over to him and inquired softly, "Daddy, did you go on a date with another woman?"

"Shh!" Zachary hurriedly covered Jamie's mouth and whipped his head around to see if Ellie overheard them. This was a sensitive matter. He could talk to his son about this, but it would be a bad idea to inform his daughter.

After Ellie's figure disappeared from sight, Zachary moved his hands away and he tapped at Jamie's head gently. "You cheeky rascal. What was that?" he demanded.

"Was I wrong?" Jamie let out an evil giggle. "For the past few days, you're acting differently. Your eyes are sparkling with delight. Sometimes, you'll laugh without reason. Also, you've been home for the past two years. Now, you're staying out. That means you're dating another woman!"

"You're just a young boy, what do you know?" Zachary ruffled his hair.

"Hey, don't mess up my hair!" Jamie shoved him away unhappily. "Isn't dating another woman normal? Why are you being secretive?"

"I..." Zachary trailed off when he saw the blazing fury in Robbie's eyes.

"Robbie, Jamie! Come down and eat your breakfast!" Just then, Henry hollered from downstairs.

"Coming!" Jamie yelled in reply. "Daddy, I'm gonna head down first!"

"Go on." Zachary patted his butt and watched as he toddled away. He tried to take Robbie's hand, but the latter avoided his touch and strode down the stairs without a word.

Noticing his mood, Zachary furrowed his eyebrows.

Robbie is more matured than Jamie and Ellie. He has been waiting for his mommy to come home, so he probably wants me to do the same.

He doesn't want anyone to replace his mommy.

Zachary wanted to tell him that he was dating their mommy, but this wasn't the right time.

Forget it. For now, I'll deal with the pressing matter.

He was taking a shower when someone knocked on the door hastily. It was Ben. "Mr. Nacht! Mr. Nacht!" he yelled anxiously.

Knowing it was something urgent, Zachary immediately wrapped himself in a towel and walked out with bubbles still visible on his head. "What is it?"

Ben rushed in and reported, "Ms. Lindberg is here!"

"What?" Zachary was stupefied. Swiftly, he regained his composure and ordered, "Stop them. Don't let Grandpa and the kids see them. I'll change my clothes and head downstairs."

"Yes!" Ben left promptly.

Zachary cleaned himself quickly and rushed down the stairs. Before he could reach them, he heard the eagle screeching and the kids screaming in terror.

At once, he closed his eyes in disbelief. Damn you, woman. Are you seriously scaring your kids with that eagle? Looks like you really have amnesia, huh?

Downstairs, Robbie's brows were knitted together. He was terrified but put up a calm front.

Both Jamie and Ollie buried themselves into Henry's arms in fear.

Henry gathered them in his arms and demanded furiously, "What is going on?"

"Mr. Nacht, they are from Northridge, here to offer an apology in person," one bodyguard came and informed Henry.

"How outrageous!" Henry huffed angrily. "They brought that eagle along to apologize to us? This is obviously a provocation."

"Yes!" the bodyguard replied and lowered his gaze nervously.

"Kill that eagle!" Henry slammed on the table and commanded.

"Well..." The bodyguard hesitated. Ben and Bruce were stopping them from doing anything, so it was obvious that Zachary didn't want them to get involved in this matter.

However, Henry was giving them contradicting orders. It was tough for them to be sandwiched between both employers.