

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 756

"That's good!"

Zachary smiled. At least his identity as a gigolo had made a positive impression on her.

"Let's go." Charlotte pushed his hand away lightly.

"I can make you feel even better," Zachary said quietly as he wrapped a hand around the back of Charlotte's head and inched closer to her.

"What-" Charlotte got cut off by Zachary's lips landing on her own.

Zachary's kisses were as gentle as dewdrops landing on flower petals, showering her with love and affection.

Charlotte was reluctant at first and pushed him away feebly, but she soon melted into his embrace.

She felt strangely familiar with his touch. It was as if her body had already gotten used to him, like her instincts were already tuned in with his.

Thus, she didn't feel repulsed at all. On the contrary, she wanted even more.

However, Zachary didn't keep going. He pulled away quickly and caressed her cheek with his large, warm palm. He used his thumb to wipe away the stains next to her mouth, looking at her with a gaze full of tenderness.

Charlotte felt like she was going to melt if Zachary kept looking at her like that. "We must have really been in love back then."

"We sure were," Zachary said softly as he pressed his forehead to hers.

"What happened to us?" Charlotte asked in confusion.

"It's a long story." Zachary didn't know how to begin explaining their messy past to her. All he could do was change the subject for now. "I want to take you somewhere."

"Okay." Charlotte nodded.

"Aren't you going to ask me where I'm taking you?" Zachary smirked. "What if I was going to sell you off or something?"

"No one would dare to buy me anyway," Charlotte rebutted with a cocky raised eyebrow.

"True."

Zachary started driving.

At the same time, Charlotte could quietly enjoy the nighttime scenery since they were on the highway.

For some odd reason, the bright neon lights and hustle and bustle of the city all seemed so familiar to Charlotte.

Soon enough, they arrived at a pretty, green street.

The street was encased by two rows of tall green trees. Behind them stood two red brick walls which seemed comforting and homely.

That familiar feeling started becoming stronger and stronger in Charlotte's gut. She looked around and noticed a tall green sign that said "Happy Avenue."

Charlotte's heart started feeling warm and cozy at the sight of that name.

"Where are we?" Charlotte asked.

"This is Happy Avenue," Zachary introduced as he slowed down. "We used to live here."

"The two of us?" Charlotte said in surprise. She hadn't expected the two of them to have had that serious of a relationship.

"And also-"

Zachary quickly cut himself off before he could say, "...our three children."

"What?" Charlotte asked halfheartedly. She was paying too much attention to the scenery around them to notice anything else.

"Do you remember anything?" Zachary quickly changed the topic.

"I feel like I've been here before, but nothing concrete yet."

Charlotte frowned as she looked around at her surroundings.

Right then, Zachary stopped his car in front of the first building on Happy Avenue and pointed toward a window on the sixteenth floor. "Look. That's where we used to live."

Charlotte lifted her head and looked toward the window that was lit brightly, giving her a sense of warmth.

She suddenly felt some fragments of memories flashing past her eyes. It looked like a large family having dinner cheerfully and noisily, but she couldn't make out anyone's features.

All she could gather was that she once had a family.

Charlotte tried her best to piece together the fragments, but her head started aching sharply. She held her head in her hands, trying her best not to think about it so much.

"What's wrong?" Zachary immediately hugged her.

"My head hurts," Charlotte groaned in pain.

"It's alright. Don't think about it anymore." Zachary immediately drove off.

As Happy Avenue disappeared behind them, so did the familiar sensation that Charlotte was feeling. Her headache was slowly dissipating as well, but a strange subtle sadness started to take its place.

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Zachary felt immensely conflicted at the sight of Charlotte in pain. He wanted her to remember her past, but it hurt him to see her in pain.

If she couldn't remember, she wouldn't be able to step past their families' feud and be together with him. Even more importantly, she wouldn't be able to be with the kids again.

If she remembered her past, that meant she would remember both the good and the bad things, including that heartless wedding and the bloody attack that had happened to her in T Nation.

It didn't really matter who attacked her since it all started because of the Nacht family anyway. She would never forgive him if she knew.

Hence, Zachary felt torn between the two possibilities.

At that moment, he caught a glimpse of a few armored black cars tailing them in his peripheral vision.

His gaze narrowed in on them, and he started speeding off.

"Someone's following us."

Charlotte noticed them quickly as well and stared at the rearview mirror coldly. She was trying to figure out who they were, but she couldn't catch a proper glimpse.

"Are they your enemies or something?" Zachary couldn't see anyone properly either. After all, they had to be heavily armored for a reason.

"Probably," Charlotte replied.

She continued staring into the rearview mirror as she tapped on her watch and sent her location to Lupine.

Lupine immediately sensed that she was in trouble and started heading her way.

“Don’t worry. I can get rid of these small fry.”

Zachary sped up even more, preparing to leave those cars behind in the dust.

“Drive slower,” Charlotte suddenly commanded.

“Why?” Zachary asked in confusion.

“If they can’t catch up to us, how am I going to see who they are?” Charlotte smirked. “Us Lindbergs don’t just run away from something like this. We’re well-versed in going with the flow after all.”

“None of your subordinates are here. Aren’t you scared that I won’t be able to hold them back?”

Zachary was starting to suspect that the people chasing them was just a test that Charlotte had set up for him.

“Obviously you won’t be able to,” Charlotte said as she started breaking down what she could see.

“There are four people in each of those cars. That makes twelve people who have been able to tail us in those armored cars without us noticing until now. That calls for high investigation skills which means they’ll be prepared for a fight too. Someone as sentimental as you may know some moves, but you won’t be able to compare to professional assassins.”

“Sentimental?” Zachary chuckled at Charlotte’s use of the word.

“Am I wrong?” Charlotte rolled her eyes at him. “Slow down. They’re about to lose us.”

Zachary slowed down again.

“You’re a pretty good driver. Where did you pick up your skills?” Charlotte started chatting with Zachary as she continued staring into the rearview mirror.

“I’m self-taught,” Zachary said as he glanced at her. “You’ve changed quite a lot. It seems like you’ve learned quite a lot these past two years.”

“Obviously,” Charlotte scoffed with a raised eyebrow. “You can only protect yourself if you get stronger.”

I can protect you too. Zachary murmured inwardly. He had failed to do so two years ago, so he was going to make sure he protected her now that he had her again.

“It’s not like I can depend on anybody,” Charlotte scoffed coldly. “They might end up hurting me in the end.”

Zachary fell silent at that. She was right, after all.

The three cars managed to catch up to them, and they immediately started rushing toward Pagani.

That didn’t even faze Zachary, who managed to dodge casually.

Those cars continued to chase them nonetheless.

Zachary kept playing cat and mouse with them, except he was more cat-like as he managed to stay just out of their way every time.

No matter how those cars changed lanes or tactics, they didn’t manage to bump into the Pagani.

In this cat-and-mouse chase, the cat failed to catch up to the sly mouse. In fact, the cat was obviously starting to get frustrated.

Charlotte smirked. “Your driving skills are pretty impressive.”

“Just wait and see. They’re about to start getting angry.”

Right as Zachary spoke, the car windows opened, and some masked people started shooting at the Pagani’s tires.

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Zachary immediately started dodging the bullets nimbly. Despite so, the three cars continued to stick close to them.

They kept shooting at the tires but never aimed toward either Zachary or Charlotte.

It was obvious that they were told to bring the two of them back alive.

On one hand, Zachary was busy driving and dodging their bullets.

Charlotte, on the other hand, was watching their every move in the rearview mirror. She realized soon enough who they were. "They're from the Nacht family!"

Zachary was taken aback and looked into the rearview mirror as well.

From the guns they were using, it did seem like they were from the Nacht residence.

Apart from that, he could tell the race of the two leaders even under their masks and caps.

These were Zara's subordinates.

"How dare he," Charlotte muttered as she gritted her teeth. "How dare that jerk, Zachary, send people after me?"

Zachary frowned. Why did she only think of me when she thought about the Nacht family?

Zara was the one doing all the ruthless, cruel things.

Suddenly, Zachary thought of something.

Two years ago, after Charlotte got into trouble, Zachary had gone up against Zara and hurt her pretty badly. Henry had even stopped Zara from stepping into H City as long as he was alive.

Charlotte had only shown herself two days ago and hadn't even revealed herself to the public yet. How did Zara find her and managed to send people after her?

Did Charlotte manage to catch the eye of one of Zara's informants these last two days?

Suddenly, a loud bang sounded.

One of Pagani's back tires had gotten shot. Luckily, it was a luxury car and had automatic emergency braking system.

Zachary immediately parked by the roadside.

"Wait in the car-"

"Wait for me in the car, okay?" Charlotte instructed. "Don't worry. I won't let anything happen to you!"

"Are you sure about that?" Zachary felt like laughing. He was just about to say the exact same thing.

"Duh," Charlotte said as she rolled her eyes and got off the car.

Zachary didn't get off. Instead, he shifted into parking mode and watched the action unfold.

Twelve people came down from the cars, all of them as tall and muscular as the next one. The man, who was in charge, walked in front of all of them and looked at Charlotte coldly. "She really does look like her," he said in Ustranasion.

"What do you mean?" Charlotte narrowed her eyes dangerously.

The man in charge didn't say much more. He simply commanded, "Come with us."

"I'm surprised you pieces of trash think you can defeat me," Charlotte scoffed coldly. "I dare you to let Zachary come for himself!"

Zachary suddenly sneezed at the mention of his name. So that myth about sneezing when people are talking about you is really true, he thought helplessly.

"Enough with the small talk," the man in charge said as he waved a hand.

One of the bodyguards immediately stalked toward Charlotte but didn't even get close before she punched him in the nose. He immediately stumbled backward with his nose spurting fresh blood.

Obviously, that bodyguard hadn't expected Charlotte to fight back and definitely hadn't expected that she would be so fast and deadly.

The bodyguard started growing red from both anger and embarrassment and ran forward ready to beat Charlotte up.

Charlotte welcomed his attack calmly. After ten or so rounds, the both of them were still going at it.

Zachary had to hand it to Danrique. I can't believe he managed to change someone as simple as Charlotte into a fighter like this. How did he even train her? I have to say that's pretty impressive.

Soon enough, the bodyguard got defeated.

Next, two of them came toward her at once. Charlotte continued fighting, but she couldn't go against both of them at once and soon stepped down.

Zachary had already expected that to happen. No matter how much Danrique whipped her into shape, skills only got better with time. Being able to defeat a Nacht family bodyguard was already good enough, but it was clear that Charlotte couldn't take so many of them at a time.

Right then, Charlotte got punched and stumbled backward. At the sight of that, Zachary ran out of the car and aimed a sweeping kick toward the both of them that sent them collapsing on the floor.

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When the man in charge saw that Charlotte had help from a professional, he immediately sent all his men against him at once.

They weren't a match for Zachary's skills, however. In just a few minutes, they all collapsed under Zachary's hand. One of them even flew and landed heavily on their windshield before sliding onto the ground below.

Charlotte hadn't expected Zachary to be such a good fighter. Amidst her surprise, she started feeling suspicious about Zachary's true identity.

Once the man in charge noticed how things were no longer going in his favor, he quickly pulled out his gun and aimed it at Zachary. "Don't move, or I'll shoot!"

"Wait, don't-" Charlotte stepped forward, but Zachary immediately pushed her behind him.

"Are you going to shoot me?" Zachary narrowed his eyes dangerously and walked close to the other man. "I'd like to see you try."

"Who are you?" the man cocked his gun.

Charlotte's eyes widened in fear, and she quickly sent a signal to Lupine.

"That's not important," Zachary said as he closed in on the man. His eyes flashed with a murderous glint. "All you have to know is that you can't afford to mess with me."

"You-" the man stammered in anger. He was about to shoot when he caught a closer glimpse at Zachary's eyes. He instantly recognized who it was. "Z-"

His hands started to shake as his gaze started becoming panicky.

Right at that moment, Zachary snatched his gun away swiftly and pressed it against the other man's temple.

"Mr. N-" the man started but changed as soon as he saw Zachary's warning glare. "Don't shoot!"

"Get out of here!" Zachary jerked his head in the direction of the fallen men.

The man in charge called for all his subordinates, and they ran off with their tails between their legs.

They had only just left when Lupine reached. The team of women rushed off their cars and ran toward Charlotte. "Ms. Lindberg, are you alright?"

"I'm fine." Charlotte shook her head and reached a hand out to Zachary.

Zachary tossed the gun toward Charlotte and patted his clothes down, which had been messed up by the fight.

Charlotte observed the gun closely and said in slight confusion, "This gun is from M Nation. Zachary's subordinates seem to obey the law enough that they don't often use guns. Could those men be under someone else?"

Finally! Thank God I got my hands on a gun so you could check for yourself.

Instead of saying that out loud, Zachary chose to ask, "How complicated. Who exactly did you mess with?"

"None of your business." Charlotte glared at him and tossed the gun to Lupine. "Wait for me in the car."

"Understood." The bodyguards all got back into the car.

Charlotte turned to look at Zachary. "Thank you for the help."

"No biggie," Zachary said with a smile. "So is our beach date still on or what?"

"Sadly, I have other things to take care of." Charlotte checked her watch and pointed at the Pagani's tire. "Should I call the insurance company or-"

"It's fine. I'll deal with it," Zachary said. "Don't worry and do what you need to do."

"Alright," Charlotte said as she looked at him. Suddenly, she felt like hugging him but held herself back and walked away.

"Hey!" Zachary called out.

Charlotte turned. "What?"

“Did you forget something?”

Zachary’s eyes softened with love, and he reached out to pull her into his embrace. Then, his warm lips landed on hers.

A rush of emotions overwhelmed her like a tornado, and she melted into his arms once again.

“Huh?”

In the car, Morgan was watching them with wide eyes.

“Gosh!” Lupine marveled and shook her head. “They move fast, don’t they?”

“Love really is fast and furious,” Morgan said in admiration.

“Did you suddenly become some love expert?” Lupine rolled her eyes at her and frowned. “If Mr. Lindberg hears about this, he’ll be furious.”

“You’re right,” Lupine said in realization. “He did mention that Ms. Lindberg was only allowed to date Sir Louis.”

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At the sudden change of topic, both Lupine and Morgan’s expressions started darkening. They turned back and no longer thought the kissing couple was romantic; rather, they started worrying for them.

In the meantime, Zachary wasn’t willing to let Charlotte go for a long time. He held her cheek in one hand gently and ran his thumb over her lips. “Go do what you have to do. If you need any help, I’m always here for you,” he said gently.

“Okay.” Charlotte nodded and turned to leave.

Zachary watched her leave as his gaze slowly became undecipherable.

Soon, Charlotte disappeared from his sight.

Ben rushed over with Zachary's subordinates right at that moment. "Mr. Nacht, are you alright?"

They had been secretly following Zachary while keeping their distance.

It was obvious that a fight had taken place based on their surroundings, and the bullet hole in the Pagani's tire was pretty obvious.

"I'm fine," Zachary tossed the Pagani's keys to Marino. "Park this car at Happy Avenue after getting it fixed."

"Understood." Marino drove the Pagani off. Its automatic protection system meant it could still be used for a short amount of time even after one of its tires flattened.

After they got in the car, Ben asked carefully, "What happened just now? Was someone chasing you?"

"They were probably sent by Zara," Zachary said with a frown.

"How could Ms. Nacht have gotten wind of Ms. Lindberg's arrival so quickly? What was she thinking? Why did she want to send people after her? Also, does she know that Ms. Lindberg is actually Ms. Windt?"

Ben shot a string of questions, all of them similar to what Zachary was thinking at that moment.

After a moment of silence, Zachary commanded, "Tell Bruce to keep an eye on Zara and her subordinates as well as Sharon."

"Sharon?" Ben asked in surprise. "Does she have something to do with all this?"

"Apart from the auction, Charlotte has only publicly attended the gala at Ashenville Garden these past few days. There might be some of Zara's informants among the people who joined, but Sharon is the most suspicious right now."

Zachary narrowed his eyes and started to analyze things.

"Two years ago, the Coldbridge police told us that before she got in trouble, Arthit told them that the person who organized the attack on Charlotte was a tall and pretty lady from C Nation. I had already had my suspicions about Sharon then, but I couldn't find any actual evidence. If we put those pieces together and she was actually the woman Arthit saw, she would definitely have gotten furious that she was embarrassed by Charlotte defeating her. She couldn't defeat Charlotte on her own, so she reported to Zara instead."

"So you're saying that the people behind Charlotte getting attacked are Sharon and Ms. Nacht?" Ben asked in shock.

"Sharon is vicious, but she's not physically capable enough. Besides, she doesn't know anything about the drugs, and there's no way she could have found Charlotte in such a short amount of time. Zara is under our surveillance, so she can't do anything personally. That's why Zara is commanding Sharon from behind-the-scenes to do the work!" Zachary concluded.

"That's highly likely," Ben said with a frown. "But as of right now, we don't have any proof."

"That's why Bruce has to keep an eye on them," Zachary said.

"Understood." Ben instantly made the call to Bruce.

Zachary toyed with the wedding ring in his hand as he frowned, trying to remember what happened two years ago. "What exactly is Danrique trying to do?" he mused.

"What?" Ben had just hung up and asked in confusion, "Does Danrique have anything to do with this?"

"If my previous theory proves itself to be true, then why weren't there any records of Sharon's departure? The only explanation is that Danrique wiped the records clean, but why would he do that?"

Zachary couldn't wrap his head around it. "As her brother, he should have gotten revenge for Charlotte right away. Even if he couldn't do it right then and there, there's no reason for him to help Sharon wipe her records. What exactly is he thinking?"