

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 841

"Either way, the Blackwoods will be finished sooner or later..." Bruce had always been the one not to mince his words. "But if Taylor were to come to you to beg now, how would you respond?"

"I'll leave him alone," Zachary replied as he frowned, "There are always consequences to one's actions. The Blackwoods will have to live with the outcome they have brought upon themselves."

After all, he himself was fully exposed and vulnerable. Unable to protect himself, he could not afford to care for others.

Bruce caught his hint and acknowledged, "Understood. If he calls again, I'll find another excuse to reject him."

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Very soon, their car reached the hospital.

Raina was already waiting at the door. Seeing Zachary's car pulling over, she immediately rushed to meet him. "Mr. Nacht."

"What's up?" Zachary hurriedly headed towards the hospital.

"He's out of the critical stage," Raina informed, but continued solemnly, "However his current state is still dangerously unstable. We'll have to observe for another twenty-four hours to access the situation."

Breathing a sigh of relief, Zachary was glad. After all, not being in a life-threatening situation was already a blessing in the midst of misfortune.

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"What went wrong? How could he just fall down like that?" Zachary frowned as he questioned.

"Here's the surveillance recording of Fairytale Land. You can view it yourself." Raina handed the tablet in her hand to Zachary.

He took a look and furrowed his brows even deeper. This showed Henry's lapse of judgment. After all, Robbie had a safety harness coupled with his climbing rope. Yet Henry chose to jump out to save others, causing his own fall...

"Mr. Zachary, you're finally back."

Spencer greeted him excitedly. His pair of muddled old eyes were bloodshot red.

"Grandpa was really..." Zachary was both anxious and angry. "At such an advanced age, does he still think that he is young? He's nearly a century old, yet he chooses not to pay any heed to his own body condition at all."

"Mr. Henry cares too much for the children," Spencer defended in a choking voice. "His fall two years ago resulted in two full months of hospitalization. Since then he never really stood up well. For him to experience another fall now... Even though it may not be life-threatening, yet..."

"He'll be fine," Zachary consoled comfortingly as he patted Spencer on the latter's shoulder, "Don't forget that the person we're worried about is the Henry Nacht who shook the world. He won't go down easy."

"I hope so," Spencer said, his eyes turning red. "Mr. Henry is currently asleep. I'll stand guard here. You should take the three children home first and comfort them the best you can, especially young Mr. Robinson. I'm worried about his current state of mind and his psychological burden..."

"They're still here at the hospital?" Zachary frowned.

"After the incident, they were brought to the hospital together," Raina quickly explained. "I coaxed them a few times to go back to rest, but the three of them were worried about Mr. Henry so they insisted to stay. At one o'clock this morning, Jamie and Ellie could not keep their eyes open and fell asleep at the lounge. As for Robbie..."

"Mr. Robinson is still in Mr. Henry's ward," Spencer informed as he added, "I've tried persuading him to take a rest, but he was quiet throughout. I'm worried about him. Even though he looked calm and indifferent, out of the three, he is the most loyal..."

"I understand." With that, Zachary hurried towards Henry's ward.

Upon reaching the ward, he could see Robbie clad in an isolation gown and seated beside the old man's bed. The young boy was silently staring at Henry like a small statue without saying a single word...

Zachary observed the boy's back and was filled with a tinge of sadness. Taking a deep breath, he pushed open the door to the ward and walked in quietly...

Robbie could feel someone tapping on his shoulder and thought it was Spencer. Without looking back, he growled in a low voice, "I'm not sleepy. I want to stay here with Great-grandpa."

"Great-grandpa is asleep. You should go back and catch some sleep as well." Zachary's voice rang from behind, sounding very serious.

Robbie was stunned to hear the voice. Turning his head, he looked upon his father in surprise, "Daddy? You're back?"

"I got to know about the incident and rushed back immediately." Squatting down, Zachary patted his little shoulders and softly said, "Come. Come home with Daddy."

"But..."

"Be a good, obedient boy, now," Zachary interrupted him. "After Daddy sends you back, I'll come back and be with Great-grandpa. Now, be good, aye?"

His words proved effective as Robbie nodded almost immediately, "Aye!"

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Zachary held Robbie's hand as they walked out of the ward. Ben and Raina were holding Jamie and Ellie respectively as they got into the car.

Robbie hadn't slept the entire night, so he was understandably dizzy and was swaying a little as he walked.

Zachary bent down to pick the boy up, but Robbie rejected that offer and claimed, "I'm a big boy now. I don't need you to carry me, Daddy."

"It doesn't matter how old you are because you will always be my son," replied Zachary before he picked the kid up anyway and forged ahead. He then added, "You're only six, and you don't need to be so mature, okay?"

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"I know..."

Robbie's voice was a little thick with tears. Both Jamie and Ellie cried after the incident that day, but Robbie never shed a tear. He had been faking his strength the entire time, but he couldn't hold it in any longer with his daddy right in front of him.

The truth was that Robbie had put on a great act in front of his dad as well, but Zachary could always see through Robbie and provide the kid with the protection and understanding he needed.

"Lay on daddy's shoulder and take a nap," cooed Zachary as he stroked Robbie's back gently. The former promised, "I am here, so you don't need to worry about anything at all. I will keep you safe even if it rains lava."

Robbie wrapped his arms around Zachary's neck and rested obediently on the adult's shoulder. Tears slowly rolled down the child's cheeks, but he didn't want anyone to see his tears, so he quickly wiped them off with his tiny hands.

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"This is not your fault," said Zachary softly, "You don't need to feel guilty about it."

"Okay," murmured Robbie softly.

"Sleep well," cooed Zachary as he gently stroked the kid's back.

Robbie felt safe with his daddy there, so his exhaustion finally got to him. He slowly but surely fell asleep.

Zachary hugged Robbie and got into the Rolls-Royce. Jamie and Ellie woke up when they were set down in the car. Both kids started sobbing a little.

Zachary quickly picked them up and stroke their backs to soothe them to bed.

All three kids slept in Zachary's arms.

Zachary instantly felt calmer as he watched them sleep.

With them by his side, Zachary had the courage to face even the apocalypse!

The car slowly traveled to Rakan Hill. Ben lowered his voice and reported, "Ms. Blackwood is video-calling me, Mr. Nacht. I think she's looking for you."

Zachary's phone had automatically turned off because the battery was dead. That was why Cynthia was calling Ben instead.

She had never been involved in any financial matters within her family. The fact that she was looking for him meant that the Blackwoods were truly in trouble.

Regardless of the situation, Zachary owed Cynthia a favor, so while he was okay with ignoring everyone else, he couldn't ignore her call for help.

After coming to that conclusion, Zachary instructed, "Reply to her message and tell her to meet me tomorrow evening at six. I'll be in the restaurant in Storm Hotel."

"Understood," replied Ben calmly.

Zachary took all three kids home and put them to bed before he had Raina stay back to babysit them. After settling everything, he rushed to Serene Hospital with Ben by his side.

As they were heading over, Ben suddenly called out, "The lights in Northridge are on!"

Zachary rolled down the window to check. As pointed out, the lights in the Northridge villa were on...

Charlotte is back!

"Bruce is calling," informed Ben quickly as he turned on the speakerphone.

"Mr. Nacht, it is as you suspected. Peter was released, and Olivia went to see him. The two of them have already met up," reported Bruce.

"Got it," replied Zachary calmly, "Ignore the matter for now. Go to the hospital and keep my grandpa safe."

"Understood."

After hanging up, Zachary instructed, "Call Marino and the others. Tell them to protect the kids at all costs. Do not let any stranger get close to the kids."

"Understood," said Ben. Naturally, he understood what Zachary was worried about. He doesn't want to risk the Lindberg family taking the kids away.

Zachary stared out the window. His gaze shone with complicated emotion.

He knew that Charlotte would learn of the truth soon, but he didn't know how she would deal with the matter. All he wished was that the matter wouldn't affect the kids.

They're innocent...

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In Northridge.

Charlotte had a comfortable white gown on. Her beautiful face shone with serenity as she rested lazily on the sofa with a tablet in her hand. She was reading up on the triplets.

She had been reading for hours and was re-reading every word. Every photo, every video, every alphabet... She examined them endlessly, without missing anything.

Time flashed by, and dawn soon came.

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Charlotte hadn't slept the entire night. She looked calm, but her eyes shone with immense confusion and contradiction.

"Olivia is here, Ms. Lindberg," announced Lupine, who had personally brought Olivia over.

Charlotte finally shifted her gaze from the tablet and sat up straight before she instructed, "Invite her over."

"Understood."

Olivia entered the place fearfully. She looked nervous and might even be a little scared.

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She was stunned when she first saw Charlotte. Then, the anxiety in the former's eyes turned to a pleasant surprise as she blurted, "Charlotte? You're the master they are talking about?"

"You don't need to be scared. No one will hurt you," informed Charlotte as she turned to Olivia. The former's gaze instinctively turned warmer as she asked, "Are you okay? They didn't make things difficult for you, did they?"

"They? You mean Mr. Nacht? He didn't make things difficult for me, but he did lock Kristi and I in a villa. He didn't let us go until last night," replied Olivia as she stared uneasily at Charlotte before testing the waters and asking, "A-are you really Charlotte?"

"What's wrong? Do I not look like myself?" asked Charlotte with a grin.

"You look exactly like yourself, but your aura, the way you speak, and the glow in your eyes are all different," shared Olivia fearfully as she stared.

"What was I like?" asked Charlotte curiously.

"You were lively and would laugh and cry freely. Your eyes always have a youthful glow," answered Olivia, who couldn't help grinning when she spoke about Charlotte's past. She added, "We met at a party. I was bullied at the time. My boss wanted to force me to perform on stage even though my hand was injured. You stepped up and helped me."

"What happened next?" asked Charlotte. She was genuinely curious about her past.

“You put on my clothes and wore a mask to perform on-stage,” replied Olivia as she recalled their past. Her voice was filled with appreciation when she informed, “That is how I got my job in the first place, and that was the turning point of my life. Unfortunately, my hand hadn’t recovered, so I couldn’t play the piano. I had to work in Sultry Night instead...”

“I later met you again at the metro. You didn’t have a job at the time, and you were having a hard time making ends meet. Hence, you asked me to help you find a job, so I got you a gig for playing the piano. Something happened after that, and you couldn’t play the piano anymore, so you went to Sultry Night to work with me...”

Olivia paused at that part of the story and asked carefully, “Do you really not remember any of that?”

“Who would’ve thought that I actually worked at Sultry Night? No wonder the place seemed familiar to me,” murmured Charlotte before she continued asking, “What else do you know?”

“I...” said Olivia. Her guard was up, so she asked, “Charlotte, why did you change your surname? Where is Mrs. Berry?”

Olivia wondered if the proud and distant woman in front of her was truly the Charlotte Windt that she once knew.

“My mom’s surname is Lindberg, so I am using her surname now,” replied Charlotte with a smile, “It’s fine. You can share everything with me when you feel comfortable doing so. I will have my people send you back for now.”

“I’m sorry,” apologized Olivia, “I am traumatized by the Nachts and am especially careful now. I truly wish that you are the same Charlotte Windt I know. At least that would mean that the person I care about is still alive and wasn’t killed by a heartless villain...”

Olivia couldn’t help sobbing a little when she reached the end of her sentence.

“Killed by a heartless villain?” repeated Charlotte suddenly as she frowned and demanded, “What does that mean? Was someone after me back then?”

Olivia turned to Charlotte before quickly having her head down. The former didn’t dare to say another word.

The Charlotte I know would never put on an expression and gaze that terrifying.

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Before Olivia came, Peter repeatedly reminded her to be wary of her words. It didn't matter if it was the Nacht family or the Lindberg family. They couldn't afford to offend either side.

The more I speak, the more likely I am to offend one of them, and either can crush me.

I better speak less to survive. It's best that I don't share anything before getting to the bottom of it all.

If Charlotte Lindberg is, in fact, Charlotte Windt, then naturally, I will help her out.

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However, when huge corporations battle against one another, they would do anything to gain the upper hand. There is no saying whether the Lindberg family would find someone to fake being Charlotte just to get to the Nachts.

Small fries like me will just end up as pawns and will be killed off as soon as I am no longer of use.

Hence, the most important thing now is to survive through this.

"I must be weak and useless back then," growled Charlotte as she narrowed her eyes dangerously and added, "That is why I was bullied and hurt..."

"You were not weak. You're just kind..." said Olivia. She never got to finish her sentence because Morgan suddenly barged in to report, "Ms. Sharon of Synder Group asked to see you, Ms. Lindberg."

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Olivia was stunned. Sharon Blackwood? Isn't that the b*tch who used to bully Charlotte and I?

"Huh?" asked Charlotte with her brows raised, "How did she get in touch with you?"

"She likely located me via Mr. Potter," reported Morgan politely, "Taylor brought Sharon to Erihal to apologize to your brother, but he refused to meet with them. When they returned, they spared no effort to try to get in touch with you.

"Sharon begged me endlessly via the phone just now. She said that she would like to meet you and ask for a chance to make things right. Even Taylor lowered his stance and begged me to send the message along to you."

"Ignore them," replied Charlotte. She didn't care about the Blackwoods at all, so she shifted her gaze to Olivia and informed, "I will have my people take you home. You can tell them if you need anything else. They will help you out, and if anyone tries to hurt you, you may call me anytime."

"Actually, I am not staying in H City now," replied Olivia. She was deliberately testing Charlotte when she added, "I've been working in Mr. Judd's factory over the past two years. You know who Mr. Judd is, don't you?"

"Are you referring to my dad's right-hand man, Mr. Jeffrey Judd?" blurted Charlotte.

"Yes, that's him," said Olivia while nodding, "Those three factories were your dad's assets, but after your father passed away, the factories were snatched away. You and Mr. Judd worked together to get it back. You're still the major shareholder of those factories. Do you know where they are right now?"

"They're in Yaleview," answered Charlotte, who still remembered certain things, "There are three factories in Yaleview. Two of them produce clothing while the other one manufactures jewelry. I was the one who named the factories. I called them The Char, The Lotte, and The Windt."

"Yes, that's it!" blurted Olivia excitedly before she asked, "Then do you know when Mrs. Berry's birthday is?"

"March 5th, 1957..."

The glow in Charlotte's eyes turned dark when they talked about Mrs. Berry. When she first woke up, she saw Mrs. Berry lying still inside the morgue. Charlotte had lost a lot of

memories and forgot about a lot of things, but she remembered that someone killed Mrs. Berry.

I must become stronger to avenge Mrs. Berry's death!

"She enjoys eating junk food. Her health was getting poorer, but she couldn't resist it. She laughs freely and enjoys napping. She liked cooking for me, and she is always delighted to see me eating her cooking..."

Charlotte remembered Mrs. Berry well, even though it had been a while since those incidents happened. She would never forget her.

"She was overweight, but when she passed away, she shrunk exponentially. She lay motionless in the morgue and never moved a muscle, but she was still clutching a piece of my clothes. I still remember her whispering in my ear and encouraging me to keep fighting and live on..."

Charlotte's eyes turned red with tears at that point in her story. Her tears kept swirling in her eyes, but she refused to let them roll down her cheeks.

That hatred and that desire for vengeance started creeping up in her heart again. I will never forget that the only thing keeping me alive is my desire to seek vengeance!

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"Someone killed her," growled Charlotte evilly, "I came back to investigate the matter and find the culprit behind it. I will avenge her death!"

"He must be the culprit. That asshole!" cursed Olivia angrily, "He chased away the bride on the day of the wedding and had someone else take over your spot. He even caused Mrs. Berry's death! Karma will befall him."

"What are you talking about? Who is the culprit?" demanded Charlotte as she stared in astonishment.

"I'm talking about Zachary Nacht!" blurted Olivia.

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Charlotte was stunned in place when she heard those words. Disbelief donned her face...

Lupine and Morgan turned to one another. They seemed uneasy as they observed Charlotte's expression.

"Chasing the bride away on the day of the wedding..." repeated Charlotte mindlessly, "Am I the bride you're talking about?"

Olivia couldn't help feeling a little scared when she saw Charlotte like that. She asked softly, "Do you not remember any of that?"

"Two years ago. Ms. Lindberg was poisoned and attacked. Her head was injured, and she lost her memory after she recovered," explained Morgan softly.

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"Oh, right," blurted Olivia. She sounded even more agitated when she heard that. She added, "Zachary's aunt poisoned you back then, and you were tortured by it. On the day of your wedding, your illness acted up once more, and you bled a lot."

"What?" demanded Lupine while looking shocked, "Did you just say that Zachary's aunt, Zara Nacht, is the one who poisoned Ms. Lindberg?"

They had never gone against one another head-on, but they had long known about Zara's reputation of being cruel.

"That's right," replied Olivia confidently, "I overheard Zachary talking to his subordinate about this matter. At the time, he and his aunt got into an intense fight because of that incident. I thought that he was truly in love with Charlotte. I never imagine that on the day of the wedding, he would..."

Olivia didn't dare to finish that sentence.

At that moment, Charlotte looked downright infuriated. A chilling aura filled the room.

"No wonder the gun we recovered back then was from M Nation," said Lupine as revelation hit, "The one who sent killers after you is Zara!"

"F*ck those people," growled Morgan angrily, "The Nachts really crossed the line!"

"Take her home for now," instructed Charlotte grimly.

"Understood!" said Lupine. She immediately had some people drive Olivia back.

Olivia was a little worried, so she advised Charlotte, "Charlotte, the Nacht family is strong, and they will not be an easy opponent. Don't act rashly. Talk to your family before you do anything, okay?"

Olivia didn't understand the Lindbergs at all. She didn't know that they were the only ones on par with the Nachts.

She definitely didn't know how determined Charlotte was in seeking revenge.

"Strong, huh?" scoffed Charlotte, "I'd like to see just how long he can remain strong..."

Olivia was a little frightened by that gaze. She didn't dare to say anything else, so she left with Lupine.

The room turned quiet once again, but the aura was freezing.

The bodyguards didn't dare to even breathe too loudly. Morgan waited patiently at the side. She didn't dare to say a word.

After some time, Charlotte suddenly instructed, "Find out everything you can about Zara Nacht. Now!"

"Understood," replied Morgan. She started working on it immediately.

Just then, Lupine hurried back and reported, "I've assigned someone to take Olivia home. She will stay in Peter's place for now, and a few bodyguards will secretly keep her safe."

"Good," replied Charlotte while nodding. After that, she instructed, "Find someone for me."

“Who?”

“Jeffrey Judd, the guy who used to work for my dad,” answered Charlotte, “Then go to Happy Avenue to learn if Mrs. Berry and I used to stay there.”

“Understood. I will go do that right away,” said Lupin before she hurried to carry out her task.

Charlotte had a general idea of what had happened, and all she needed was to do a final confirmation before she exacted her revenge.

Naturally, there was one other thing she needed to confirm.

She picked up the phone and made a call...