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# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1525

### Chapter 1525 Meeting

The subordinate then drove to South Sea Hotel.

Bruce, who was seated in the front passenger seat, was baffled. Why did Mrs. Nacht rush out in such a hurry? Why is Mr. Nacht going after her? What happened? Should I tell Mrs. Nacht about this?

"Don't you dare think of telling her about this," the fake Zachary warned furiously, having read Bruce's mind. "I hope you know who you're actually loyal to."

At that, Bruce hung his head and muttered, "Yes, Sir."

"Zachary" then shot him another glare before returning his focus to the road, seemingly plagued by bad thoughts.

Meanwhile, Charlotte had arrived at South Sea Hotel with Morgan.

Michael had been waiting for her for quite a while. When he saw her, he swiftly walked over and greeted, "Charlotte!"

"Why are you waiting here?"

Charlotte frowned before turning to scan her surroundings. Fortunately, there was no one suspicious around.

She quickly dragged Michael further into the building before whispering, "The whole world is watching us now. I'm even going out with just one person and an ordinary car to avoid

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catching other people's attention. Why are you still standing at the entrance to meet me? What if someone caught you on camera?"

"Don't worry. The people in the hotel are all my people." Unlike Charlotte, Michael was calm. "How are things on your side, Charlotte? I heard that Mr. Nacht is back?"

"Yes, he's back." Charlotte nodded. "Let's go upstairs before we continue this."

"Sure." Michael then led Charlotte to the restaurant. There was no one else around but them, for he had already cleared out the place.

After the manager served the exquisite desserts, he stood to the side.

As Michael poured a cup of steaming black tea for Charlotte, he asked, "Charlotte, what's going on? Why are there so many scandals spreading around? What's going on between you and Mr. Nacht?"

"It's a long story..." Charlotte sipped on her tea. "Let's talk about your matter first. It seems that this incident has affected you greatly. I took a peek at the Browns' shares on my way here, and it seems that the shares have plummeted by quite a bit."

"That's correct..." Michael felt depressed whenever that topic was mentioned. "Ever since my father fell ill, the company isn't functioning as well as it used to be. I've poured in my blood, sweat, and tears to stabilize the company in the past two years, but the company's reputation, as well as our profits, have suffered greatly this time..."

"I'm sorry, Michael. I'm to blame for this," Charlotte muttered apologetically. "This has nothing to do with you; I don't know why those media companies wanted to drag you into this affair."

"No, no, this isn't your fault," Michael said. "It's obvious that someone is setting us up. They're planning to make you submit. If anyone is to blame, it's them, not you."

"Still, this started because of me." Charlotte furrowed her brows. "How about this? I'll clarify things with the media company after tomorrow's morning meeting."

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"I'm afraid your clarifications won't help with the current situation." Michael sighed. "There are so many photos and videos of us on the internet. There's no way we can draw the line now. Moreover, no one's going to believe your words because you're directly involved in this."

"Then we'll get Zachary to clarify things." Charlotte had already thought about it before meeting Michael. "Someone ought to believe in his words, right?"

"Uh..." Michael was taken aback by her response. "His words will work, yes, but will he do it?"

"Leave this to me," Charlotte uttered confidently. "Once this blows over, I'll find a way to compensate Brown Group's loss."

"You make it sound as though we're strangers!" Michael blurted out. "None of us saw this coming, and you're a victim too. How can I ask you to compensate for the loss? Am I a stranger to you?"

"But—"

"That's enough, Charlotte. Let's not talk about losses anymore," Michael interrupted. "I just don't want this thing to continue and affect the company. Nothing else other than that really matters. Moreover, there is something else I'd like to talk to you about."

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