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## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1547

Chapter 1547 Success Or Failure Depends On You 1

"I wasn't part of the process when Zachary had gone for the test then." Spencer lowered his gaze. "I remembered we only tested for Robbie's blood then. We didn't run any tests on Jamie and Ellie"

"That's why we're doing everything now. There must be something wrong in the process somewhere," Kallum carried on. "Maybe the DNA test results from earlier were fake."

"Shut up!" Charlotte barked.

Kallum leaped in surprise. Before he could counter, Spencer scolded, "You have no part in this discussion."

"Mr. Spencer..."

"Enough." Johann interrupted. "We'll do as Mr. Spencer said. I'll need the rest of you to stay here and be part of the discussion to come up with a plan once the results are out."

"Sure, no problem."

Everyone nodded with agreement.

"What about the kids?" Charlotte asked urgently. "Did you bring them here?"

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"Don't worry," Spencer said softly, "I told them they are only here for a routine checkup, so they have no idea behind the actual reason for the test. They are currently waiting in the entertainment room on the 17th floor. Johann and I will personally lead the doctor down to take their blood, then come back up for Zachary's."

Charlotte closed her eyes and sucked in a calming breath. She knew she was between a rock and a hard place now.

A secretary had come in and informed them the staff from Serene Hospital had arrived.

"Charlotte, please head to Mr. Zachary's office with him for a short break." Johann urged, "Please care for the president and his wife well."

"Yes, sir."

Even though Johann and Spencer believed in Charlotte, they still needed to follow proper procedures.

They even assigned a group of bodyguards to protect "Zachary" as a protective measure.

It was clear that Charlotte had lost her authority to control the situation.

Even though "Zachary" was feeling uneasy, the thought of the person behind him calmed his nerves. He was agitated by Charlotte's slap earlier, so he sent her a death glare.

"Ms. Lindberg." Morgan poured Charlotte a cup of tea and asked in a low voice, "What now? Should we expose the imposter's identity?"

"Quiet," Charlotte hissed.

Morgan instantly shut her mouth, not daring to say anything further.

After a sip of tea, Charlotte picked up her phone to give Lupine a call.

I can deal with this situation easily if Lupine can find Francesco and the real Zachary in time.

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"Ms. Lindberg!"

Lupine greeted as the call went through.

"How are things on your side?"

Charlotte didn't beat around the bush despite "Zachary" being within hearing range.

"Zachary" couldn't hear her conversation clearly, but listening to the confidence in her voice and the thought of her other plans had him sitting on the edge of his seat.

"The person had left. I just found the owner of the restaurant and his men. We're in the midst of interrogating them," Lupine reported in a low voice.

"From the information they revealed to us, the purchasing agent was most likely Francesco. She had accepted the restaurant's job offer the next day after the fire. She even lugged a huge black bag with her. Now that I think of it, Mr. Nacht is most likely in that bag."

"Hurry up and find him!" Anxiousness was burning Charlotte's every nerve. "It's a precarious situation at the moment, so whether we succeed or fail will depend on you."

"What happened?" Lupine guessed something serious had happened.

"Leave the situation here to me. I need you to focus on finding him," Charlotte urged.

"Right. Understood." Lupine nodded rapidly. "I've already contacted Gordon for his help."

"You did well. Assign all the manpower we have to join the search. You must find him."

"Understood."

Clicking off the call, Charlotte lifted her head to see "Zachary" with a nervous expression on his face. From her one-sided conversation, he gathered she had found the whereabouts of the real Zachary.

Could it be that the real Zachary hadn't died yet?

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"Zachary" immediately searched for an excuse to use the restroom. There was some information he needed to send discreetly to the person backing him.

"Ms. Lindberg, should we..." Morgan asked Charlotte.

"Let him go."

Charlotte narrowed her eyes as she gazed at the restroom coldly.

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