

Mysterious Male Escort Is a Mogul Chapter 61

Chapter 61

“You’re the one who’s going to die!” Zachary said coldly, as though he was the Grim Reaper himself.

“W-What are you talking about?” Wesley asked, almost dropping his dagger in fear.

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Zachary had not moved an inch from his position at the door, but Wesley’s hand holding the dagger was already trembling uncontrollably. Before Wesley could react, Zachary squinted and snatched the dagger out of his hand, then pinned him down onto the ground in the process before he could even react.

With a loud ‘snap’, his wrist broke into two. The loud scream that followed could almost tear the ceiling of the building apart.

“How dare you threaten Mr. Nacht!” Ben bellowed as he dragged Wesley away like a dying dog.

Charlotte, on the other hand, was on the verge of collapse.

Just seconds before her head hit the ground, a pair of hands steadied her and pulled her away from the cold, hard floor. Through her half-lidded eyes, she managed to make out the handsome features of Zachary Nacht just before everything went black.

“Call the doctor!”

“Yes, Sir!”

After what seemed like ages, Charlotte woke up in a daze, only to notice that she was lying on a stiff bed in a room that barely had any decorations. There was an ‘S’ symbol on the light hanging from the ceiling, and realization hit her like a truck the moment she saw it.

That’s Zachary’s symbol! Am I in his room?

She pushed herself up into a sitting position with much effort and realized that her clothes were gone, replaced by a thin white robe.

It was as though a bomb had gone off in her head, making her head spin.

Oh no! Where's the chip? Did Zachary find out about it?

"You're awake?"

A gentle voice made Charlotte jump in shock.

She looked up to see a female doctor walking into the room with a cart of medical supplies. The doctor proceeded to check her temperature and the wounds on her body. "The wound isn't infected, which is a good sign. I'll have to monitor you for a few more days before you can go, though."

"Who are you?" Charlotte asked, confused.

"I'm Raina Langhan, the family doctor of the Nacht family," she replied with a smile. "Mr. Nacht told me to take care of you for the time being."

Charlotte froze, unaccustomed to Raina's respectful tone. She recalled how everyone had treated her in a similar way back when she was dating Hector.

Back then, the Windt family also had a private doctor to take care of her whenever she fell sick.

She glanced at her uniform, which was placed in a neat pile on the cart that Raina had been pushing.

"Wait... I'm just a security guard!" she yelled all of a sudden as she tried to get out of bed, only to hiss in pain and collapse onto the bed again.

Her neck was tightly wrapped up and secured in place by a neck guard, while her left shoulder was rendered immobile by the thick layer of bandages on it.

"Don't move!" Raina said, rushing over to help her. "Your jugular vein was still intact, but the wound is deep. You need to rest."

"My clothes.." Charlotte said, reaching out and grabbing her uniform.

"I've asked someone to wash it for you," Raina said, putting the clothes and a small plastic pouch by her pillow. "Your personal belongings are here as well. Is there anything that we missed out?"

Charlotte noticed the tiny black box in the pouch and grabbed it immediately. "Did you check my belongings by any chance?"

“Of course not,” Raina said, chuckling, “We won’t invade the privacy of our esteemed guests.”

“Then, what about Devil—I mean, Mr. Nacht:” she asked as her heart pounded against her chest.

He’s going to think that I’m one of those chip-stealing bandits...I’ll be dead meat!

“Mr. Nacht left as soon as he dropped you off here,” Raina said with a respectful smile. “He’ll return at night.”

Charlotte heaved a sigh of relief and almost jumped when she heard someone approach the door. “Welcome back, Mr. Nacht!”

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“The door to the room opened and a cold draft rushed into the room. A tall figure walked in, its shadow spilling across the bed menacingly.”

Charlotte could feel her heartbeat speeding up as she stared at him like a startled kitten

“Welcome back, Mr. Nacht!” Raina greeted.

Zachary waved his hand and Raina left the room with her eyes on the ground.

The moment the door closed, Zachary began to close in on Charlotte, making her flinch and burrow into her sheets. “W-What do you want?”.

“Are you scared of me?” he asked, sitting down on the couch by the window.

Charlotte resisted the urge to roll her eyes. Who isn’t?

“Why did you bring me here?” she asked in the end, trying her best to look calm and collected

“You were injured during work hours, so I am obliged to make sure that you’re recovering well,” Zachary said. His voice was frigid and emotionless, but his gentle gaze gave away his true feelings. “How are you doing? You’re not dying, are you?”

“Shut up!” Charlotte yelled impulsively, only to regret it immediately.

“I won’t be sitting here talking to you if I had died, Sir!”

She emphasized the word ‘sir’, as though she had resigned herself to fate.

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“Wesley Holt has been detained by the police,” Zachary said as he poured himself a cup of wine. He swirled the wine around as he continued, “So, what rewards would you like to have for your heroic acts?”

“Money!” Charlotte said without hesitating. “Just give me some money.”

“That’s all you care about?” Zachary asked disdainfully,

“I have my elders and...pets to take care of, and my salary isn’t enough,” Charlotte protested. “Besides, I don’t suppose you’re going to deduct that from my salary? You’re not going to force me to pay for my own medical bills, right?”

Zachary glared at her and stood up to leave.

“Thanks for visiting me, Mr. Nacht! Have a nice day!” she chirped after him as he walked out of the room.

She heaved a huge sigh of relief when the door closed behind him. I don’t think he has found the chip yet! I can’t give him the chip yet...he’ll think that I’m the culprit... I have to leave this place before anything bad happens!

She glanced at the little black box that contained the chip. Was it actually untouched?

Charlotte buried herself in the sheets and opened the box. Phew! It’s still inside.

She glanced at her phone and realized that the battery was flat.

Stuffing the chip under her pillow, she called, “Hey! Anyone here?”

Raina walked into the room just seconds later. “Yes, Ms. Windt?”

“I want to go home. Can you get a cab for me?” Charlotte asked.

“Apologies, Ms. Windt, but Mr. Nacht has requested that you stay until your injuries have healed,” Raina said with a slight bow of her head.

“Do you need anything? I can help you get it.”

“My family is waiting for me. They’ll be worried if I don’t return soon,” she said.

It was getting late, and Charlotte’s phone could not be turned on. Mrs. Berry and the kids must be worried sick...

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“Would you like to make a call first?” Raina suggested. “I presume that there isn’t anyone around at home to take care of you?”

Charlotte nodded slowly in agreement. Mrs. Berry must be exhausted from taking care of the kids. I can’t become yet another burden on her shoulders! Besides, I don’t want to scare the kids...

She asked for a phone charger from Raina so that she could give Mrs. Berry a call.

“Hello? Mrs. Berry?”

“Miss, where did you go? I couldn’t get in contact with you...” Mrs. Berry’s panicked voice came through

“My phone ran out of battery just now,” she explained. “I’ll be busy for the next few days, so I won’t be home.”

She did not want to lie, but neither did she want Mrs. Berry to worry for her.

“What’s going on?” Mrs. Berry asked. “Just tell me. The kids aren’t around.”

“I got injured, so I need some time to recover...”

“What? What happened? How bad are your injuries?”

“I’m fine,” Charlotte said hurriedly. “It’s just a few scratches.”

“Which hospital are you staying at? I’ll go and visit you.”

“My boss assign a private doctor to me, so I can’t go home for the moment. Sorry for burdening you...”

“It’s fine. I’ll take care of the kids, and you should take care of yourself. Just give me a call if you need help,” Mrs. Berry said.

“Thank you, Mrs. Berry.”

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After ending the call, Charlotte lay in bed and was getting bored. Then, she started texting Gigolo In Debt.

Why aren't you reporting on your recent progress? Can't you be more enthusiastic about this?

She had to be as docile and obedient as possible in front of the Devil, and that was why she enjoyed bossing Gigolo In Debt around.

Business has been slow recently, the Gigolo In Debt replied.

Slow? Haven't you been visiting Sultry Night? What have you been doing? Charlotte typed.

The Gigolo In Debt did not reply.

She sighed and gave him a call, and it took several rings before he finally picked up. "What's up?"

"Are you keeping your sugar mommies company these days?" Charlotte asked.

The man in the neighboring room swirled his wine around the glass as he relaxed in the bathtub filled to the brim with warm water. His lightly-tanned skin shimmered under the light, and his well-defined muscles seemed to give off a strangely dominant aura.

"I'm staying with a certain Stupid Woman," Zachary said calmly.

"What Stupid Woman? I'm your boss!" Charlotte barked. "You will never succeed if you don't change this disgusting attitude of yours and serve me!"

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"I'm just a gigolo. I don't need success," Zachary said, wiping the water off his face.

"What's that sound?" Charlotte asked. "Are you swimming?"

"I'm just taking a bath," Zachary said, taking a sip of wine.

"Why did you answer my call then?"

Charlotte's mind wandered to how he would look like in the bathtub. She

could almost see the enticing curves of his muscles and lean body glistening with water as he emerged from the bathtub,

He'll look like a full-course meal!

“What are you thinking of?” Zachary teased.

“You jerk!” Charlotte yelled as her heart skipped a beat.

“I vaguely remember that there was a horny girl back at Sultry Night who molested me...”

Zachary could feel his body heat up as he recalled the event of that night.

“I just wanted to poke fun at those sugar mommies!” Charlotte explained hurriedly. “You should be messing around with your clients, not your boss! I won't pay you for doing weird things to me!”

“It's fine, just take it as payment.”

“No way!” Charlotte said, cutting him off. “No way am I getting intimate with my subordinate!”

“What about your own boss?” Zachary asked with a light grin.

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“My boss is tall, handsome and rich, but he's a pervert too. He's been pretty nice to me recently, though. Maybe he's scared of me?” Charlotte said.

Zachary rolled his eyes skyward. Looks like I've been too nice to you!

“My boss is a strange person, to be honest. He never smiles or looks at me in the eye, but when I got injured, he took me back home and assign his family doctor to take care of me...”

“You should thank him for treating you so well.”

“No! Don't you know how dangerous my situation is right now?”

“Huh?”

Think about it! Which boss would bring their injured employee back home instead of sending them to the hospital?

“Maybe you're just...special?”

“That's the problem!” Charlotte blurted. “I run into him almost everywhere I go, and I don't think it's by chance...in fact, some of my

colleagues have never even met him!

He's definitely seeking me out!"

"Why would he do that?" Zachary asked out of curiosity.

"Isn't it obvious? He has a crush on me!"

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Zachary did not know what to say.

"Oh no...what do I do now?" Charlotte said, panicking. "Would he barge in in the middle of the night?"

"Who knows?" Zachary said with a chuckle.

"Hey! Can't you come and help me?" Charlotte pleaded. "You're the only person who can help me now....."

"You sound like your boss is going to devour you or something..."

Zachary said. "Shouldn't you be grateful for his attention?"

"Hey! Don't forget who your boss is!" Charlotte growled.

"Enough. Rest well."

Zachary hung up and smirked as he thought about the idiot lying next door.

It won't hurt to prank her for once!

He stood up from the bathtub and walked out barefoot, wrapping a bathrobe around his body on the way.

Next door, Charlotte was drowning in her own thoughts when the door opened all of a sudden.

Zachary's tall figure cast a long, invasive shadow on the bed, and his hair was still dripping wet. The white robe on his body failed to hide his well-defined muscles and domineering aura.

Charlotte stared at him in confusion and swallowed. "W-Why didn't you knock?" she questioned as she looked away.

"This is my house," Zachary answered as he approached her, making it

difficult for her to breathe.

Charloue tensed up and continued to avoid his gaze, “W-What do you want?”

Without another word, Zachary walked over to her bedside and leaned over to look at her.

“Hey! What are you doing?” Charlotte whispered, shivering in fear. Squinting, Zachary stared into her eyes intently and pressed his body against hers.

He was like a feral beast that could melt her with his mere présence. She tried to wriggle out of his grasp, but her wounds made her entire body stiff like a stick.

I’m really in danger.

Zachary’s handsome, smirking face inched closer to her. “Are you scared of me?”

“H-Hey! Get away from me!” Charlotte pleaded, her voice shaking.

“You may be the boss, but that doesn’t mean that you can have your way with me...”

She cut herself off when she noticed that Zachary’s lips were just a few millimeters away from making contact with her own.

Her eyes widened and every muscle in her body seized up, rendering her immobile.

God help me, I am done for...

She could feel Zachary’s lips brushing against her cheeks and her earlobe as his hands moved over to grab her...

Charlotte closed her eyes and waited for the inevitable with bated breath.

However, instead of advancing any further, Zachary simply grinned and took a book from the bedside table before standing up to leave.

Charlotte felt him disappear from her side, prompting her to open her eyes tentatively. A strange sense of disappointment washed over her the moment she confirmed his absence.

He’s just here for the book... How dare he mess with my feelings!

Charlotte glared at him, only to notice something eerily familiar.

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I've seen that figure somewhere... It looks so familiar!

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The four-year-old memory of that gigolo changing his clothes with his back turned flashed across her mind.

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Zachary was covered in a robe rather than the towel that the gigolo used, but everything else felt exactly the same to Charlotte.

Could he be... No... no way! It can't be him!

Charlotte stared at Zachary's back. Didn't that gigolo have a wolf head tattoo on his back?

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However, before she could get out of bed to tear the bathrobe off Zachary's body, he had already disappeared from the room.

She tried to sit up and yell his name, only for a maid to close the door behind him.

Charlotte collapsed onto the bed in disappointment. Guess I'll just take the time to rest and recover for now. Everything else can wait.

Meanwhile, Zachary smirked when he returned to the safety of his own room as his lips curved into a bewitching smile.

She's so adorable when she's being an idiot!

Charlotte struggled to fall asleep that night, though it was nothing related to the pain from her wounds.

Her mind raced as she thought about the chip and Zachary, even though they were completely unrelated matters,

Nonetheless, both troubled her immensely.

When can I pull myself out of this mess ?

The next morning, Charlotte woke up abruptly to the sound of her phone ringing. It was a call from her kids, and she calmed them down with a few quick words before hanging up.

The last thing she wanted was for someone else to find out about her kids. Considering the number of enemies the Windt Corporation had before their fall from grace, exposing her kids would spell disaster for her.

A few minutes later, Raina and her assistant walked in to change her bandages, and Zachary happened to walk by the moment the door opened. Charlotte managed to catch a glimpse of him looking like a deity in his black suit and the morning sunlight.

He had been talking to someone on the phone when he walked by, and he glanced at Charlotte when he passed by her door.

They made eye contact, and his calmness contrasted greatly against her panicked gaze.

Zachary left in a hurry just seconds later, but she followed him with her eyes, trying her best to figure out if he had been the person she was with four years ago.

He doesn't seem like someone who would willingly become those sugar mommies' lapdog...

"Ms. Windt, I'm going to change your bandages. It might hurt a little, so be prepared," Raina said in a tender tone.

"Sure, go ahead," Charlotte said.

She did not think much about the process until Raina began to peel the bandages off her neck. The pain was so immense that she started to scream her head off. "Ouch! It hurts!"

Zachary, who had been descending the spiral staircase, froze when he heard her screams. "Tell her to be gentle!" he ordered.

"Yes, Mr. Nacht," a maid said before scurrying off to Charlotte's room.

Raina and Charlotte heard his voice too, and Raina bowed her head apologetically. "I'm so sorry, Ms. Windt!"

"It's fine..."

Haha! He definitely has a crush on me!

Charlotte had always dreamt of a paradise where she could spend her days doing nothing but enjoying herself, but she had her three kids to take care of.

She did not expect her dream to come true so quickly.

She loved the feeling of being pampered by a doctor and the maids, and the fact that the maids in Zachary's house were professional and well-trained made her experience ever better,

Charlotte looked at the window and sighed happily. "It's so bright and sunny today!"

Without wasting a single second, the maids helped her into a wheelchair and took her out for a morning walk.

Charlotte admired the exterior of the villa as the maids pushed her around the garden. Even though it had a predominantly bland color palette and was designed to

be minimalistic, every detail was carefully thought out and well-executed. In fact, the furniture in the house were all limited edition designs produced by famous designers that could fetch a few million if sold in an auction.

As the daughter of the former richest man in H City, she was used to seeing grand and lavish items, but Zachary's home was on a totally different level.

In fact, the front garden of Zachary's home made her jaw drop in shock. This looks like something I could find in a royal residence!

She thought back to Hector's words. 'You don't seem to understand Mr. Nacht's true abilities...

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Charlotte picked up her phone and did a simple online search for Zachary, and she was surprised to find tons of information on just how powerful he was.

Divine Corporation was just one of the many tiny companies under Zachary's name, and there was no telling just how many companies he owned in total.

No wonder the Sterlings wanted to establish ties with him!

Suddenly, Charlotte's phone rang. It was a call from Mrs. Berry, and she picked it up immediately. "Hi, Mrs. Berry."

"Miss, we have a guest," Mrs. Berry said, sounding anxious.

"Guest?" Charlotte asked, confused. Since when did anyone bother to visit us?

"I'll talk to her..." another voice rang. "Charlotte! It's me, Aunt Amanda!"

"Aunt Amanda?" Charlotte said, her heart sinking into her stomach.

Amanda was her cousin Luna's mother, and she was the last person Charlotte expected to appear at her house.

"Charlotte, Luna told me that you're back, so I came to visit you and the kids. Your Uncle Simon misses you, you know."

"Aunt Amanda," Charlotte said, cutting her off. "I'm not at home. Do you need help with anything?"

Charlotte never liked Amanda, for money and power was all she cared about,

Her uncle Simon Windt married into the White family years ago and cut off contact with the Windt family after that.

When the Windt family rose to the top, Simon practically begged Charlotte's father Richard to spare him a position in Windt Corporation, to which the latter agreed out of brotherly love.

Simon and his family treated Richard and Charlotte well, but everything changed after the fall of Windt Corporation and Richard's death. Simon and his family did not even bother to attend Richard's funeral, and Charlotte lost contact with them shortly after,

After a while, she heard that Simon started a company called Grandeur Group and lived a comfortable life.

There were rumors that Simon had been living off Windt Corporation and the Sterlings' coattails, but none of that mattered to Charlotte. All she wanted was a peaceful life away from him and his wretched family.

That was why Amanda's visit came as a total surprise to her.

"I'm just here to visit you and the kids," Amanda said with a fake smile.

"Your uncle prepared a feast back home. Besides, aren't they classmates with Timothy? They can have a play date too!"

"There's no need..." Charlotte said, only to be cut off by Amanda.

"Hey, it's fine! We're family after all," Amanda said with a chuckle.

"The shareholders from Grandeur Group miss you, you know? They used to be part of Windt Corporation."

Charlotte loathed her every word, but she forced herself to let Amanda finish.

"Oh, by the way, the media seems pretty interested in your whereabouts," Amanda said.

So she's been beating around the bush the whole time...

"The Windt family may have lost its glory, but your popularity hasn't waned a single bit. I'm sure everyone wants to know who the kids' father is, right?"

"What the hell do you want?" Charlotte growled.

"Tsk, how rude," Amanda said, feigning disappointment. "All I ask is that you accept my invitation. Is there anything wrong with reaching out?"

"Just tell me when and where it is. I'll be there on time."

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Charlotte knew that she did not have a choice. If she rejected the invite, Amanda would expose her kids to the public and make a mountain out of a molehill.

The last thing Charlotte wanted was for herself and her kids to suffer

from cyberbullying

“It’s at the former Windt family mansion,” Amanda said with a proud smirk. “Don’t you know? The mansion belongs to us now. We’ve been living there for the past four

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“Oh, really?” Charlotte said, forcing herself to stay calm.

“Congratulations, Aunt Amanda!”

“Haha! Thanks,” Amanda guffawed. “Dinner’s at six o’clock tonight. Luna, my son-in-law and my grandson will be there, so don’t be late! Oh, as for my son-in-law...”

“Yeah, Hector, I know him,” Charlotte said, pretending to sound nonchalant. “I’ll be there on time.”

“That’s great!” Amanda chirped. “Do you need me to send a car to pick you up?”

“No need, we’ll go there on our own,” Charlotte said coldly. “It’s about time you get going, Aunt Amanda. My house isn’t exactly in the best state to have you around.”

“No worries. I’m taking my leave now,” Amanda said. “I won’t disturb you or your family as long as you behave yourself!”

Charlotte’s expression was rather glum as she hung up the phone, and she started to reminisce about her past.

Her father had built Windt Corporation from scratch, and they shared a tiny apartment back when he first started.

Richard Windt spent most of his time taking care of the company, and it had been Mrs. Berry who looked after Charlotte.

As she aged, the houses she lived in grew bigger as well.

When she turned sixteen, her father became the richest man in H City, and they moved to a beautiful villa in the southern mountains.

You’re my little princess, Charlotte. I want you to live happily ever after,

her father had told her on the day they moved.

Charlotte never got to meet her mother, but she was a happy little girl nonetheless.

However, her father had been way too protective of her, and when everything started to crash and burn around her, she could only stand by and watch helplessly.

If not for her kids, she would have followed her father's footsteps and committed suicide too.

Going to Sultry Night that year was a huge mistake, but she vowed to be a responsible and nurturing mother to her kids.

The best thing she could wish for was for her kids to grow up healthy and safe from everything that had happened in the past, but the reality was far from ideal.

Are they bullying me just because I'm alone and helpless?

"Are you alright, Ms. Windt?" Raina asked anxiously. "Did something go wrong?"

"I'm fine," Charlotte said, a little distracted by her thoughts. "I need to go out at six tonight. Can you give me some pain killer?"

"It won't work," Raina said with a smile. "I'll follow you there so that you can have peace of mind."

"Would it be too much trouble for you?" Charlotte said, moved by Raina's caring nature.

"Mr. Nacht told me to take care of your wounds and every need," Raina said, bending over to feed her the medication. "I'll get someone to dress you up and we'll leave at five o'clock."

The stylist that Raina called overdressed Charlotte in a comfortable yet beautiful dress as well as a white scarf that covered her wounds.

Her naturally curly hair spilled over her shoulders gracefully, and the stylist applied a thin layer of makeup on her face to enhance her features.

When the stylist was done, Charlotte looked like a literal goddess, and she herself found it difficult to get used to her new look.

For the past four years, she had not bothered to take care of her looks,

since she cared more about earning money than anything else.

She almost forgot just how beautiful she could be.

“Let’s go!” Raina said, helping Charlotte onto the car outside the villa.

“Wait!” Charlotte exclaimed, “Rolls-Royce Phantom...isn’t this Mr. Nacht’s car?”

“It just came back from the repair shop yesterday,” Raina said. “Mr. Nacht says that you’re free to use it anytime.”

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Charlotte stared at the Rolls-Royce Phantom and recalled how a similar car had run into the cab she was in with her kids when she first arrived from the rural areas.

The man in the Rolls-Royce had been severely injured, and the blood from his wound had covered the wolf head tattoo on his back.

Charlotte knew that he was the man from four years ago, but the car and the man disappeared before she could take a closer look at him.

She had neglected to take note of the car plate number, but she knew that there were only three of this model in C Nation and only thirty-five worldwide.

Could Zachary be that gigolo?

“Ms. Windt? Is everything alright?” Raina asked.

“I-I’m fine! Charlotte said, startled by her voice. “I’m honored to be able to ride in such a luxurious car.”

“Take it as a treat from Mr. Nacht,” Raina said, grinning. “Shall we go?”

“Alright.”

Even as she took her seat in the car, she continued to rack her brains in an attempt to recall the car plate number of the Phantom she saw that day.

“Um, Dr. Langhan?” Charlotte asked tentatively. “Was Mr. Nacht injured not too long

ago?”

I'm sure she knows the answer! She's his private doctor after all.

“No, Ms. Windt,” Raina answered. “He's the only heir of the Nacht family, and his safety is of the utmost importance. He has eighteen highly-trained bodyguards to protect him wherever he goes to make sure that he doesn't get injured.”

Charlotte nodded slowly. He's not injured? Was I wrong?

She recalled how Zachary had been swimming in the infinity pool on the office roof the last time she bumped into him, and he looked completely fine.

Surely an injured person won't be well enough to go swimming... Maybe I got the wrong Wiki

“Why do you ask?” Raina asked.

“Oh, I was just wondering if his bad temper was because of some kind of injury...” Charlotte stammered, trying her best not to sound suspicious.

“I see... Mr. Nacht is actually a really nice person, you know,” Raina said.

It sounded like a passing remark, but Charlotte failed to notice the strange glint in Raina's eyes.

She fell silent and stared at the scenery outside. How am I going to deal with the Whites later on?

Forty minutes later, they arrived at the Whites' residences, formerly the Windt family residence.

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Charlotte caught sight of a group of familiar figures from miles away.

Huh...looks like Aunt Amanda is right...Dad's former subordinates are all here!

Simon and Amanda stood at the entrance, dressed to the occasion and extending their warmest welcomes to the guests, who came prepared with expensive gifts.

Charlotte could not help but sigh. Isn't this how it used to be back when Dad was alive? People would come to us everyday with all those lavish gifts in tow and sweet-talk Dad all day long... I'm pretty sure there's nothing different here...

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Simon Windt used to be amongst the guests, but he had since become the owner of the residence.

Suddenly, a loud honk rang from behind, jolting her out of her trance. She looked up and noticed a white Bentley belonging to the Sterlings behind them.

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“Hey! Why did you do that?” Hector asked the chauffeur angrily, “I'm sorry, Mr. Sterling,” the chauffeur apologized, lowering his head. “Why are you angry?” Luna asked, visibly annoyed, “This is our home, so we have the right of way.”

“That Phantom looks like the one Mr. Nacht owns,” Hector said, winding the window down. “Did your parents invite Mr. Nacht?”

“Mr. Nacht?” Luna said, poking her head out of the window to take a closer look. “Do you mean Mr. Zachary Nacht from Divine Corporation?”

“Go and take a look, Owen,” Hector said.

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“Yes, Sir,” Owen said, hopping off the car. After a while, he gestured to Hector, who sat up in surprise.

“It's really him!” Hector exclaimed. “Stop the car!”

“Yes, Sir,” the chauffeur said as the car slowed to a halt.

Hector alighted from the car and walked over to the Phantom as quickly

as he could,,? while Luna struggled a little with her high-heels just a few steps behind him.

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“I’ll go in myself, Dr. Langhan. You may take your leave after you drop me off,” Charlotte told Raina.

The feast is nothing but an excuse to humiliate me... That’s the last thing I want someone like Raina to see! Besides, I don’t think I should let her know of my kids’ existence and my past... -

“I can’t let you go in on your own, Ms. Windt...”

“It’s fine,” Charlotte insisted. “Just drop me off at the front door.”

“Alright then.”

When the car slowed to a halt, Raina and the medical assistants alighted first and rushed to the back to help Charlotte out of the car.

At that moment, Hector appeared before them and greeted, “Welcome, Mr. Nacht!”

“Greetings, Mr. Nacht. I’m the young mistress of the Sterlings, Luna...”

Before Luna could finish her sentence, her eyes widened in shock as Charlotte’s gorgeous face appeared before her.

“C-Charlotte??”

“Lottie?” Hector said, also confused by her sudden appearance. “Why are you here?”

“Aunt Amanda told me to come.” Charlotte answered, raising her hand. Two medical assistants rushed forward to help her up while Raina pushed a wheelchair over.

“Since when did you get to ride in a Rolls-Royce Phantom?” Luna scoffed. “Did you rent the car and your maids?”

Raina glared at her in silence.

“Ma’am, this is indeed the Nacht family’s Phantom,” Owen whispered,

“The driver is one of Mr. Nacht’s personal bodyguards. I’ve met him before!”

“How could this be?” Luna said, confused. “Why would the Nacht family chauffeur Charlotte to this party? It’s not like she’s important or anything...”

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“Mrs. Sterling,” Raina said, unable to keep her cool any longer. “Ms. Windt is Mr. Nacht’s esteemed guest...”

“It’s alright, Dr. Langhan,” Charlotte said, cutting her off. “Thanks for sending me here. You can go home now.”

“We’ll be waiting for you in the carpark,” Raina said.

She figured that Charlotte did not want to drag her into her personal matters, so she got onto the car and told the driver to leave the scene.

“Wow, I wonder what you did to pique the fancy of Mr. Nacht?” Luna snickered. “Looks like you’re a pretty talented wh*re!”

“Shut up!” Hector yelled.

“Hey! Why are you yelling at me?” Luna shrieked, her face beet red.

“Did I say something wrong?”

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“No one has the right to talk about Mr. Nacht like that!” Hector warned.

“You’re going to get us all into trouble!”

Luna fell silent upon hearing his words, visibly disturbed by them.

“I got injured during work hours, so my boss told assigned a private doctor to chauffeur me here. That’s all,” Charlotte explained.

She did not want to associate herself with Zachary more than what was necessary, since it would do more harm than good in the long run.

She saw herself as an ordinary woman living an ordinary life, and sucking up to some rich man was the last thing on her mind,

Besides, Zachary Nacht was a pretty difficult person to deal with.

I’U suffer if I became a nuisance to him!

“I see.” Luna said, sighing in relief. “You’re just riding on his coattails! How shameful!”

“Can’t you shut up for a moment?” Hector bellowed.

“Why are you being so impatient with me?” Luna yelled, stomping her foot.

“Look who’s here!” a voice rang all of a sudden. Charlotte turned around to see Amanda walking over with the fakest smile she had ever seen. “You’re still as beautiful as ever. Oh! What happened to you? Why are you in a wheelchair?”

“She’s injured. Take her inside,” Hector said, gesturing to Owen, who rushed forwards and helped Charlotte push her wheelchair into the courtyard.

Luna pulled her mother to the side with a frown. “Mom! Why did you invite her of all people! You’re just creating more trouble for me!”

“No, sweetie, I’m taking revenge for you!”

Mysterious Male Escort Is a Mogul Chapter 70

Chapter 70

“You silly child, I’m trying to stand up for you!” Amanda pulled Luna closer to her and said in a low voice, “It took you so much effort to marry into the Sterling family and produce a son for Hector. How could I let someone else destroy this happiness for you when you didn’t come by it so easily in the first place?”

“Mom, do you mean...”

“Tonight, I’m going to force Charlotte to face reality. Someone has to teach her to know when to back off.” Amanda laughed coldly. “Just you wait and see!”

“You love me the most, Mom.” Luna threw her arms around Amanda and planted a kiss on her cheek. “Mom, do you know that Hector has been treating me coldly ever since he returned from Charlotte’s place? My head hurts from thinking about it...”

“As long as you don’t speak up directly about this, your relationship with Hector will not be harmed.” Amanda patted her hand and continued,

“Just continue playing your role as the good-hearted young mistress of this family. As for everything else, Mom will sort it out for you.”

“Alright,” Luna said, nodding her head, “I’ll do just that.”

“Let’s go in first. Where’s Timothy?”

As Owen pushed Charlotte into the villa in her wheelchair, everyone in the room turned to look at her.

The older ones in the room recognized her immediately. Exchanging scandalized looks with each other, they put their heads together and started murmuring anxiously.

Someone asked in a hushed whisper, “Why is she here?”

“She did something so outrageous back then that she managed to anger her own father to death! How does she have the guts to show up here now? If I were her, I would’ve escaped to somewhere else a long time ago.”

“Oh, be quiet! Don’t talk anymore.”

“Why can’t I talk about this? If she could do something like that, it’s well within my :
rights to judge her for it.”

“Charlotte!” Simon walked over and greeted her enthusiastically. “We finally meet. I’ve been looking for you all these years. Have you been well?”

He sounded so concerned, as though he was a relative caring for his young charge.

“I’ve been well. Thanks for asking, Uncle Simon.”

Charlotte looked up at him and smiled blandly, wishing that she could see what was going on in his mind right now.

The man had worked alongside her father all these years, earning himself a reputation for being loyal and hardworking. Because he was mild-mannered by nature and lacked any opinions of his own, his wife ordered him around as she pleased.

Hence, he never had his big break in his career. Instead, he followed Richard around as his loyal retainer—one that was unassuming and reliable.

However, she never understood why Simon had hidden himself at home after her father died, refusing to show up at his wake.

“What’s the matter with you, anyway? Why are you in a wheelchair?”

Simon asked anxiously. “Are you injured?”

“Yes,” Charlotte said, nodding her head. “It’s just a little injury—nothing to be worried about.”

“If I knew you were injured, I would have gone and picked you up from your place...” Simon looked extremely guilty. “Where are you living now? Why don’t you move back here to live with the rest of us?

Amanda and I can take care of you in the future.”

“Exactly!” Amanda’s shrill voice sounded from behind them. “I’ve already told the servants to clean up the guest room. Charlotte, you can move back in with your child whenever you want to. I’ll go with Simon to help you move your things.”

“Child? What child?” Her husband was evidently in the dark about the whole matter.

Everyone else who had been watching this exchange quietly widened their eyes in shock and started murmuring to each other again.

“Oh, I have an awful memory!” Amanda patted her head and said in a troubled voice. “Simon, I forgot to tell you that Charlotte now has three.”