

## Mysterious Male Escort Is a Mogul Chapter 71

### Chapter 71

Amanda had discreetly arranged for Charlotte to sit between Luna and herself. Although they painted quite a happy picture of a wholesome family, in reality, the set-up was meant to trap Charlotte between them so she couldn't escape.

When they were finally seated, one of the aunts, Aunt Leigh, turned to Charlotte and smiled at her as she gave her the once-over. "We haven't seen you in years! You look so much more mature now, Charlotte."

"You looked like a girl the last time we saw you, and now you look like a woman!" Another aunt, Aunt Geraldine, chimed in on purpose.

"Amanda, what were you saying about Charlotte's kids? Do you mean that she's already married with kids now?"

"Yes, she already has three children. Time has flown by, hasn't it?"

We're all getting old." Amanda laughed shrilly and continued,

"Charlotte, why didn't you bring your kids along with you today?"

This time, Charlotte didn't interrupt her. Instead, she allowed her aunt to finish saying what she wanted to say.

From the moment Luna bumped into her and her child at the kindergarten the other day, Charlotte knew that her secret was out.

The news of her child would have spread like wildfire among the Whites and the Windts.

From what she knew about Amanda's personality, the older woman had probably fed the other aunts all sorts of vile stories about Charlotte to taint her reputation.

Charlotte was sure that Amanda had invited her over tonight to make a mockery of her. The latter probably wanted to embarrass her in front of Hector so that he would end their relationship forever...

"Oh gosh..."

Everyone at the table was extremely stunned. It had been four years since they last saw Charlotte, and she had returned with kids—three of them!

A few of the uncles started to frown. Their expressions had clouded over,

and the look in their eyes as they gazed at Charlotte seemed to turn rather accusatory.

Aunt Leigh asked excitedly, “Charlotte, when did you get married? We didn’t even know!”

“How old are your kids?” Aunt Geraldine asked. “What does your husband do for a living? Why isn’t he here with you?”

Amanda and Luna looked at Charlotte and smiled, looking as though they were grimacing instead.

The two of them waited gleefully for her answer. How was Charlotte going to tell everyone that she had hooked up with a gigolo at Sultry Night and now had three of his children?

After a pregnant pause, the woman finally spoke up, “That’s my business. I don’t suppose you think you have a right to know, do you?”

Immediately, the entire room fell silent with shock. Nobody had expected her to reply to their questions like this.

One of the uncles growled angrily at her, “Of course we have a right to know! We’re your elders! Don’t we have a right to ask you about your marital situation?”

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“Look how wishy-washy you’re being. Did you get pregnant out of wedlock?” another uncle asked. “Who’s the father of your children?”

“Why aren’t you saying anything?” The others chimed in anxiously,

“Did you get together with a married man and give birth to his illegitimate children?”

“Haha!” One of her aunts burst into laughter beside him. “A married man is already the best-case scenario. It would be much worse if she doesn’t even know who the father is.”

“How could you have done something so awful? You’ve brought nothing but shame upon all of us!” One uncle was so angry that he slammed down on the table and left the room.

“Charlotte, this is simply preposterous,” Aunt Geraldine said crossly.

“Four years ago, you did something so outrageous that your father threw

himself off the building and committed suicide in anger. We thought you would stop embarrassing yourself after that, but you've only changed for the worse!"

"Exactly! As your elders, we can't condone such behavior anymore..."

Aunt Leigh heaved a sigh and continued, "If your father—bless his soul—knew how you're behaving right now, he would be rolling in his grave."

A few of Charlotte's aunts put their heads together and started whispering loudly, "She used to be so obedient as a child. What happened to her? She must have been possessed by the devil."

"When all's said and done, her poor behavior probably stems from the fact that she didn't have a mother to guide her when she was young. Take a look at Luna—she would never behave like Charlotte..."

"Exactly! Luna is such an innocent lass. She got married like a normal person would and had her husband's children. As for Charlotte, however..."

Hearing this, a smile of satisfaction appeared on Luna's face.

"Oh, Leigh, my dear, you mustn't say that!" Amanda exclaimed, humbling herself as much as she could. "I've kept a firm rein on Luna since she was a child. Charlotte, the poor thing, lost her mother when she was very young. That's why she's gone off the beaten track now. As her elders, we should do our best to educate her..."

Charlotte couldn't stand it anymore. "Have you all said enough?"

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"If I remember correctly, none of you here have Windt as your surname," she said baldly. "What has the reputation and honor of the Windt family got to do with you lot?"

"You..."

"When my father was still around, and the Windt family was at the

height of its power, and all of you sucked up to us like a bunch of dogs. But when the Windt family went through difficult times, all of you were nowhere to be found. And now you have the gall to discipline me as my elders? I call that muck.”

She then let out a cold laugh. “Aren’t you scared that God might strike you down?”

At that point, her uncles were so furious that their faces had gone red. “Is... Is this how you should be talking to us?”

Another one of her distant relatives, Thomas, was boiling with rage as well. Pointing a finger at Charlotte, he snarled, “When your father was around, he never spoke to us like this! Well, what did I expect of a bastard child who never had a mother around to teach her how to behave?”

The moment she heard this, a ball of rage welled up within Charlotte. She lunged forward and picked up the glass of water in front of her, which she promptly flung at Thomas’s head.

Bang! The glass flew past the man’s head and shattered against the crystal chandelier behind him.

A shower of crystal shards rained down on the table, causing a huge racket as they did so and causing the women to yelp in fright.

Luna jumped up from her seat and ran to hide behind her mother.

Amanda quickly used her arm to shield her face from the shards, but the crystal shards sliced open her arm, causing her to bleed profusely.

“Argh!” The injured woman let out a huge, exaggerated scream.

Upon hearing his wife scream, Simon dashed downstairs in panic immediately. “What’s wrong? What’s going on?”

“This bastard, this wench! She has disgraced the family enough as it is, and yet she dared to... to...”

Aunt Leigh was about to wail about the injustice that had been done to her, but she caught Charlotte’s eye and zipped her mouth immediately.

“You incorrigible fool!” Thomas roared as he pointed a finger at Charlotte. “How dare you injure a member of your own family?”

“You were the ones who said those disrespectful things to me first!” the latter snapped as she glared coldly at him. “I don’t care if you call me all sorts of names, but if you’re going to slander my parents as well, don’t blame me for being too harsh on you!”

“You...”

“Alright, alright,” Simon said, trying desperately to salvage the situation, “we’re family, after all. Let’s calm down first, shall we?”

“Who wants to be her family?” Thomas snapped angrily. “She acts like a whore, but she won’t let anyone criticize her for it! And when someone does, she goes completely crazy and starts behaving like a dog!”

“Thomas, don’t say that...”

“Simon, I’ve lost my appetite completely, so forgive me if I leave in the middle of this meal. I’ll drop by and visit you and the missus another day.” At that, Thomas stood up and stalked out of the room with his wife in tow.

Another relative tugged at Simon’s sleeve and whispered loudly, “Simon, I know you’re a kind man, but I must warn you to leave people like her alone. They’ll bring you nothing but trouble.”

“Martin...”

“We’ll get going now, too. Mr. Windt, Mam, Luna, we’ll come by and visit you another day.”

The rest of the relatives left, afraid to cause any more trouble for themselves.

“Hey, you can’t all leave yet! None of the dishes have been served!”

Amanda called anxiously after them. However, not a single person turned around to acknowledge her.

“Oh, it’s alright, let them leave,” her husband said, pulling her back.

“Go upstairs and bandage your wound. I’ll clean up here.”

“Bandage my wound?” Amanda’s expression changed into one of

unbridled fury. Pointing at Charlotte, she hollered angrily, “Thanks for breaking up what was supposed to be a happy family occasion! Go and think about what you’ve done!”

Charlotte met her gaze coolly and asked, “Weren’t you the one who invited me here, Aunt Amanda? You put in so much effort to put up a show for the rest—how could I, ; as the lead actress, disappoint you by not turning up?”

“What are you talking about now?” Luna snapped, “My mother invited you over for a meal out of the goodness of her heart. It’s one thing for you to ruin the occasion and another for you to speak ill of her like that! Were you even brought up properly?”

“Haha! Out of the goodness of her heart?” Charlotte picked up a rag from the table and wiped away the glass shards and blood on her own hands. “You invited so many extras to join us today—weren’t you just trying to make a fool of me in front of Hector?”

“Make a fool of you? You were born a fool to begin with!” Amanda screamed with fury. “Back then, your mother left right after she gave birth to you. Your father coddled you and treated you like a jewel, and you chose to disappoint him by turning out to be such a shameless wench!”

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“That’s enough, Amanda...” Simon warned in a low voice. “You shouldn’t speak of Charlotte like that.”

“Why can’t I do that?” the woman scowled, her eyes wide with indignance. “I’m telling the truth, aren’t I? Why do you keep trying to stand up for her?”

“You...”

“Dad, don’t stick your nose into this! Go upstairs first,” Luna said, pushing her father away. “Mom will discipline this wench on behalf of

all of us!”

“Who’s the real wench here? Who’s the one who has no shame?”

Charlotte challenged. “You know perfectly well what happened four years ago, don’t you? Don’t you dare act stupid!”

“You... What nonsense are you spouting now? What happened four years ago?” Luna asked, looking a little panicked. “It was your foolish idea to go down to Sultry Night and hire a gigolo, and you were the one who made the choice to have his children! Why are you slandering me now?”

“Who was the one who dragged me to Sultry Night? Who was the one who told me to find another man to make Hector jealous so he would go up against his family and marry me? It was you, Luna! You tricked Hector and I into breaking up before turning around and marrying him instead! And you still insist that you had nothing to do with it? What rubbish!”.

“Shut up!” Amanda rushed forward and gave Charlotte a slap across the face.

The latter’s head jerked sideways with the force of the slap as blood gashed out of a wound on her lip.

She looked down, her eyes glinting with a wave of savage anger beneath her mop of untidy hair.

“Excellent! I hope that knocked some sense into you,” Luna said, gritting her teeth,

Amanda wasn’t finished, She raised her hand to strike Charlotte across the face again...

“Amanda” Simon said hurriedly as he held her back, “what are you doing? Talk things out nicely. Why do you need to resort to violence?”

“Oh, get out of my way!” She threw him aside and pointed at Charlotte, her chest heaving up and down with rage.

“You made the choice to do something so shameless and disgusting, and now you want to blame it on my daughter? I’ll have you know that I

invited you here today so you could face reality-Luna and Hector are already married with kids. If you dare to seduce Hector again, I'll give you a good beating!"

"Amanda White..." Charlotte whispered, gritting her teeth angrily, "I'll make sure you pay the price for your words today!"

"Wow, that's funny. Are you trying to threaten me?" The woman rushed forward to slap her again.

At that moment, an angry roar erupted. "Stop right there!"

"Hector.." When Luna spotted her husband, guilt washed over her. She wondered if he had overheard her heated conversation with Charlotte just now.

The man gazed deeply at Charlotte, pity written over his face. However, he didn't make his way over to her-instead, he turned to his driver Owen and said, "Owen, send Charlotte home."

"Yes, sir." Owen wheeled Charlotte out of the room as instructed and left with her.

Simon hurried after them to send them off to the car.

Soon, only Amanda, Luna, and Hector remained in the house.

The tension in the air was thick.

Luna grabbed hold of Hector's hand and pleaded in a whiny voice, "Hector, you have to believe me. What Charlotte said isn't true."

"Luna!" Her mother snapped warningly, telling her to shut up.

That made the woman fall quiet immediately.

"Hector, I wasn't trying to make things difficult for Charlotte on purpose," Amanda explained soothingly, "Those relatives of ours were concerned about her and tried to inquire after her situation, but she threw a tantrum and smashed things around. She even injured my hand, look.."

She shoved her arm in Hector's face and continued, "As her elder, I was merely

trying to discipline her..."

"Is that how an elder disciplines his charge?" the man retorted politely.

“Whenever you disciplined Luna, you always took care to be respectful and restrained with your punishments. But when you spoke to Charlotte, you made sure that every word cut deep in her heart! Don’t you think you were doing a little too much?”

“Hector, what do you mean by that?” Luna asked shrilly. “Are you going to start a fight with my mother because of Charlotte?”

“I was only discussing appropriate punishments with my mother-in-law,” Hector replied coolly. “Mom, don’t you think I’m right?”

“Yes, of course you are.” Amanda was an intelligent woman, and she knew when to admit defeat. Changing her attitude completely, she said, “I wasn’t thinking straight just now. I must have done that because Charlotte smashed some things, ruined dinner for everyone, then proceeded to slander my daughter...”

“Was she really slandering Luna?” Hector asked, shooting a dark look at his wife.

“What’s the meaning of that? Are you suspecting me now?” Luna was so angry that she was practically shaking. “I’m your wife and the mother of your son. Why do you always believe other people instead of me?”

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“Precisely! Hector, you can’t treat Luna like this. Back then, you were the one who...”

“Alright, that’s enough,” Hector interrupted her. “Let’s consider this matter closed. I don’t care who was in the wrong—I don’t want to investigate it any further.”

“As the both of you have said, Luna is my wife and the mother of my son. I want to lead a peaceful, upright life, and I give you my word that I won’t do anything that might jeopardize the harmony of this family. In

the future, I hope you won't harass Charlotte anymore."

"Are you doing all this because of that wench?" Luna asked, her voice shaking.

"Luna, for heaven's sake... Amanda grabbed hold of her immediately to shut her up. Turning to Hector, she said, "Hector, you misunderstand me. I never wanted to harm Charlotte in any way. I invited her over today for the sole purpose of having dinner with the rest of us. I didn't think it would turn out like this. Everything's my fault-I should've planned it out better. If I get the chance in the future, I'll make sure to apologize to her. As for you and Luna, please don't let this matter get in the way of your relationship."

"Good. That's what I wanted to hear." Hector turned and headed upstairs after speaking.

"Mom, what the hell were you thinking?" Luna hissed angrily. "He only refused to stop investigating the incident because of Charlotte..."

"And what about it?" Amanda retorted in a low voice. "As long as he knows what he has to do and stops hanging around that woman, we will have achieved our goal! Who cares about the reason behind it?"

"What do you mean?" her daughter asked in confusion.

"Are you sure you're my child? How could you be so stupid?" Amanda asked, shaking her head in disbelief. "You can't be so idealistic about love. There isn't a single man on earth who can remain loyal to one woman for his entire life. You can't control the fact that Hector may have someone else in his heart.

"However, the further you tighten your grip on him, the more annoyed he's going to be with you. Your relationship will get even more strained. However, if you turn a blind eye to his actions and act the part of a generous wife, he'll feel sorry for the way he treats you. You need his guilt to solidify your standing within this family."

"I don't want his guilt; I want him to love me!"

“If you want him to love you, you should learn how to be more obedient and subservient to him. That’s the only way you can keep your position as Mrs. Sterling. Once the image of Charlotte in his heart is destroyed, he’ll turn around and fall in love with you again...

Owen pushed Charlotte out of the villa. In the distance, the Nacht family’s car was driving slowly towards them.

The latter turned to him and said, “Owen, please head inside first. There are a few things I want to say to Uncle Simon.”

“Alright.” Owen bowed towards her and left.

Simon looked guiltily at the woman in the wheelchair. “Charlotte, does it hurt? Aunt Amanda has a pretty bad temper—please don’t take it personally, alright? I’ll make sure to yell at her lots when I get home.”

“Uncle Simon,” Charlotte said as she looked up at him, “how did my father die?”

“Huh?” Simon’s expression froze. His eyes darted about shiftily as he stammered, “W —why are you asking me about this now? Everyone knows your father committed suicide by jumping off a building..”

“Yes, but why did he jump off a building?” she pressed. “The Windt Corporation was doing extremely well at that time. Why did he commit suicide when he had everything going for him?”

“The business world is complicated, and there are lots of things you don’t understand,” Simon said distractedly. “Come to think of it; I don’t fully understand much of it either...”

“Why didn’t you attend my father’s wake? Why did you disappear during the funeral?” Charlotte continued to ask. “There must have been a reason for that, right?”

“I don’t know, I really don’t know anything,” the man answered in a panicked voice. “Don’t ask me anything anymore. Just live your life peacefully.”

He then took out a bank card and stuffed it hurriedly into Charlotte’s hand. “I’m giving this to you now—the password is your father’s birthday.

Please accept it as a sort of compensation from your me.”

As soon as he finished speaking, he turned and ran back into the house. As she watched him leave, Charlotte felt her suspicions grow. There was something suspicious about her father’s death, and she had to find out what it was.

Does it have something to do with Simon or Amanda, perhaps ?

However, upon seeing Simon’s attitude, he didn’t seem to have been involved in it. Besides, Amanda would never have been capable of killing her father,

So what exactly was going on ?

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“Ms. Windt...”

Raina’s voice startled Charlotte out of her reverie. When she finally snapped out of her daze, Raina and her medical assistant had appeared in front of her.

When she spotted the deep red mark on Charlotte’s face, the woman frowned and asked immediately, “What happened to your face ? Who did that to you ?”

The medical assistant who had tagged along let out a gasp of horror as well. “Look ! Ms. Windt’s arm is bleeding, too.”

“Come on, let’s get into the car first.” Raina helped Charlotte into the vehicle.

When they got into the car, the former helped her to remove the tiny shards of glass that had been lodged in her hands. In a quiet voice, she told Charlotte, “Ms. Windt, Mr. Nacht has put us at your disposal. If you need anything done, we’re the ones for the job!”

Her words held a deeper meaning to them. The moment the words fell from Charlotte’s mouth, Raina would be ready to go up against everyone who ever bullied her.

Charlotte felt a little surprised. She was merely a lowly security guard at Divine Corporation. Why does Zachary insist on treating me so well? Does he really have a secret crush on me?

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“Ms. Windt, don’t be discouraged by the power the Sterlings wield. Mr. Nacht’s influence far exceeds theirs. You do not need to fear,” Raina added reassuringly.

“Thank you,” Charlotte said, speaking up for the first time, “but I think I’ll settle this matter by myself.”

She didn’t want to get someone else involved, particularly when he was never part of the issue, to begin with. After all, that would simply be another debt she would need to pay off,

“Alright then..”

The family doctor didn’t say anything else. However, as she looked at the injuries on Charlotte’s face, her expression was extremely serious.

It was just as she had feared...

Raina reported everything that had happened that night to Zachary, whose face turned black with fury when he heard about it. His eyes, which were as deep as the ocean, had a steely glint to it that the woman hardly ever saw.

He rounded on Raina and her medical assistant. “What the hell were the two of you thinking? I told you to stay by her side. How could you allow her to be bullied?”

“Yes, it was my fault.” Raina bowed her head and didn’t say anything else,

\*There must have been a reason why Ms. Windt didn’t let them into the house with her,” Bruce guessed. “Does she have a family secret that she doesn’t want others to know, perhaps?”

“Should we investigate it further?” Ben asked carefully.

“There’s no need for that,” Zachary ordered, putting down the wine glass in his hands. “Tell Hector Sterling to show up as an invited guest at the charity gala in three days!”

“Yes, sir!”

Over the next few days, Charlotte enjoyed a period of relative peace, during which her wounds healed back to normal.

Raina was an excellent doctor, so the wounds had closed up in no time under her charge.

Every morning, the kids would give her a call. Charlotte would curl up in bed and hide under the covers as she chatted with them, afraid that someone might overhear their conversation.

Mrs. Berry was very worried for her, and the kids missed her very much. Charlotte knew that she couldn't afford to stay here any longer.

That afternoon, after Raina helped her to remove her neck brace, Charlotte insisted that she was going to go home.

This time, the other woman didn't stop her. She simply called Charlotte a cab and packed her off with bags of medicine and vitamin supplements. Charlotte didn't want the doctor to see her children, so she asked the driver to stop at a road near her house. She planned to walk the rest of the way back.

Raina passed the bags of medicine to her and said respectfully, “Ms. Windt, I'll be here to pick you up tomorrow at three in the afternoon.”

“Huh? Where are you fetching me?” Charlotte felt a little perturbed.

“Mr. Nacht has invited you to the charity gala tomorrow night,” the

woman replied, smiling brightly at her. “I'll get your gown and accessories ready for you, but we'll need some time to get you ready.”

This was news to Charlotte. No one had ever mentioned a charity gala to her.

These two days, Zachary had left the house early in the morning and returned late at night after he got off from work. She hadn't managed to see him at all. Why was he suddenly inviting her to his charity gala?

Oh no, she thought in a panic. Zachary has probably fallen in love with me...

She could only blame her own charisma for this.

Upon seeing Charlotte frozen and in a daze, Raina asked with a smile,

“Do you need me to help you carry anything upstairs?”

“No thanks, I’ll walk home myself. Please drive back safely.”

Charlotte bid her farewell and ran home with the bags of medicine dangling wildly from her arms. As she ran, her head was full of jumbled thoughts. What now? It isn’t always a good idea to dance with the devil. When Zachary eventually finds out that she has three children, would he blame her for tricking him?

She might die of heartbreak if he did.

She soon recalled the dream she had a few nights ago and felt a shiver run down her spine...

She couldn’t let that happen. She had to tell him as early on as possible so that he would kill the idea of ever getting together with her,

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The moment Charlotte entered the house, Fifi flew into her arms and knocked the wind out of her. “Mommy, Mommy!”

“Miss, you’re finally back!” Mrs. Berry flung down her mop and ran over to her. She grabbed Charlotte’s arm and said with tears in her eyes, “Oh, my poor dear, let me see where they injured you!”

“It was just a few injuries, nothing serious... Ouch!”

Charlotte had made to hug Mrs. Berry, but a dizzying pain in her shoulder prevented her from doing so. She looked down and winced.

“Mommy, hang in there!”

Fifi flew to land on Charlotte’s hair, nudging the woman’s head with her green one to comfort her.

“Fifi, my darling!” Charlotte reached up and patted the parrot gently on the head.

“Have a seat, come on!” Mrs. Berry steered Charlotte towards the sofa and made her sit down. “Poor girl. It’s been so many days! Why haven’t your wounds healed completely?”

“It’s fine. They’re starting to heal.” Beads of sweat appeared on

Charlotte's forehead. "Mrs. Berry, these are the medicine and vitamin supplements that the doctor gave me. Could you help me put them away? I'll go and change my clothes in my room."

"Are you sure you can manage by yourself? I can help you change."

The housekeeper looked uncertain.

"No, it's alright! The school bus should be reaching soon. Why don't you go and pick up the kids?"

"Oh, right. My memory sure is getting worse by the day. I'll go once I put away these bags of medicine."

Mrs. Berry helped Charlotte back to her room before she went and put everything away. Afterward, she headed downstairs with Fifi to pick up the kids.

Charlotte put on a set of home clothes with much difficulty. Just as she was about to take a sip of water, her kids ran into the house and started chirping noisily, "Mommy, Mommy, Mommy!"

"Hello, my darlings!" she cried. The three meatballs ran into her arms, knocking into her wound in the process. She had to bite down hard on her lip to make sure she didn't cry out in pain.

"Oh my goodness, children, be more gentle!" Mrs. Berry admonished.

"Your mother..."

"It's alright, it's alright."

Charlotte shot a look at Mrs. Berry, warning her not to bring up her wounds to her children.

"Mommy, why are you sweating so much? Are you feeling uncomfortable?"

Robbie, her oldest, had excellent observation skills. He frowned when he realized that there was something off about his mother.

"Robbie, Mommy is fine.." Charlotte reassured him as she caressed his hair.

"Mommy, are you sick?"

Jamie quickly poured her a glass of water. He ran towards her, causing some of the water to splash out of the glass. He quickly caught the droplets with his hand, afraid that they might splash onto Charlotte.

“Mommy, have some water!”

“Thanks, Jamie.” The woman felt extremely touched by her sons’ kind action.

“Here, Mommy! Ellie will help you wipe your sweat.” Her youngest stood on her tiptoes and wiped Charlotte’s sweat away with her sleeves, worry written all over her cute little face.

“Thanks, my dears. Have all of you been good while Mommy was away?”

“Yes!” the three of them replied instantaneously.

Charlotte felt very happy. No matter how difficult life got for her, she was always reminded once again that life was worth living every time she saw her kids.

“Alright, kids. Mommy will be resting now. Go and play with Mrs. Berry for a moment, won’t you?”

Mrs. Berry soon managed to cook up an excuse to lure the kids away. “Till make you guys chicken nuggets for dinner tonight. Do you want to come and help me?”

“Okay...” The three of them skipped out of the room after the housekeeper

Charlotte locked the door of her room behind her after they left. When she looked down at herself, she realized that her clothes were completely soaked in sweat.

She had no choice but to head into the bathroom and wipe herself down before changing into another set of clothes...

At that moment, a loud slam sounded as someone banged violently on the front door.

“Who’s there?” Mrs. Berry called. When she opened the door to see who it was, she let out a huge gasp. “It’s you! What are you doing here again?”

“Why can’t I be here?” It was Amanda’s voice.

Charlotte hurried to put on her clothes. However, because of her injuries, lifting her hand took a lot of effort. She managed to put on her shirt after a long while of struggling

“Mam, please leave. We don’t want any trouble around here.”

“Who the hell do you think you are to talk to me like that?” Amanda hollered, an arrogant expression written all over her face. “Where’s Charlotte? Tell her to come out and speak to me right now.”

“Mam...”

The children dashed out of the kitchen when they heard the commotion.

Upon seeing Amanda standing at the door with fury written all over her face, they yelped, “Who are you? Why did you barge into our house, and how dare you behave so impolitely?”

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When she spotted them, Amanda burst into laughter. Rather mockingly, she said, “Oh my, so these are the bastard children that Charlotte is raising! They do look a lot like her. I wonder who’s their loser father...”

“You’re the most impolite witch I’ve ever seen,” Jamie sneered, seething with rage. He picked up a broom and started chasing Amanda with it. “Get out!”

“Get out, get out!”

Fifi flapped around the room indignantly, copying the way Jamie had yelled.

“Well, you’re quite something! Aren’t you, you little beast? How dare you try and hit me with a broom?” The woman avoided Jamie’s broom deftly and cursed Charlotte out at the same time. “Charlotte Windt, you little wench, come out right here now!”

“How uncivilized of you,” Robbie said, frowning as he glared at

Amanda. “Didn’t your; parents teach you to be polite to other people?”  
“I know who she is! She’s Timothy’s grandmother,” Ellie pointed  
accusatorily at Amanda and said, pouting. Looking rather exasperated,  
the girl continued, “Please leave now, or we’re going to call the police  
on you.”

Robbie picked up the phone and called the security department  
immediately. “Hello, is this the security department? There’s an evil  
witch in our house. Please come over here and fetch her away  
immediately.”

“You bunch of no-good, fatherless little brats...”

“Shut up!” Charlotte had finally changed and emerged from her room.  
Angrily, she snapped, “Amanda, you must think I’m an easy target. This  
isn’t the first time you’ve shown up to cause trouble at my house. Don’t  
think I won’t have the guts to hit you!”

As she spoke, Charlotte lunged towards the fruit knife on the coffee  
table...

“Charlotte! You-you’ve finally decided to come out, I see,” Amanda  
said with a sneer, although she was visibly panicked. “You witch! How  
dare you swindle your uncle of his money behind my back? Return the  
bank card to me right now!”

That made Charlotte freeze for a moment. The other day, Simon had  
stuffed a bank card into her hand. Before she could even turn him down,  
he had left.

That was what Amanda had come looking for her for.

“Get your facts straight. I didn’t ask him for it—he was the one who gave  
it to me.” Charlotte said coldly. “I would never touch a cent of the  
White family anyway.”

“Then give the card back to me! Stop pretending to be all high and  
mighty. If you didn’t want the money, you would never have accepted  
the card in the first place!” Amanda yelled loudly. She shot another  
nervous glance at the knife in Charlotte’s hand and backed away a little.

“I’ll go get it now,” Charlotte said, pointing the knife at her. “Get out and wait for me.”

“Get out!” Mrs. Berry shoved Amanda out of the door and slammed it shut behind her.

“Mommy...” The three children ran over and crowded around Charlotte.

“Who’s that witch outside our door? Why is she so mean?”

“Her parents didn’t teach her to behave properly, so she went off the beaten path,” their mother replied, squatting down to look her children in the eye. “Don’t waste your breath with this sort of people, or even listen to what she has to say. If you see her in the future, run far away!”

“Got it.” The three children nodded obediently.

“Alright, run along to the kitchen with Mrs. Berry now.”

Charlotte patted the children on their heads and gave Mrs. Berry a look, silently asking her to look after the kids.

The latter nodded and ushered the children back into the kitchen.

Charlotte soon found the bank card in her bedroom and went outside with it to meet Amanda. “Here’s your card—take it and get out of my sight. If you come here and harass my family again, I’ll make you regret it.”

“Ha!” The other woman took the card from her and laughed mockingly.

“Make me regret it? How do you think you’re going to do that? Look at this lousy house you’re living in. If you can’t even take care of your own needs, don’t bother making such nonsensical remarks! Do you think you’re still the rich heiress you once were?”

“Are you done?” Charlotte snapped, interrupting her. “Yes, I have nothing now. But that’s precisely the reason why I have the guts to do whatever I want...”

She suddenly lunged at Amanda with the fruit knife in her hand. Aiming for the woman’s heart, Charlotte inched closer and closer to her, laughing her head off as she did...

“But you’re different, aren’t you? You have all the money and power you could possibly want. Your life and your face are probably priceless to you!”

## Mysterious Male Escort Is a Mogul Chapter 78

### Chapter 78

“What... What do you think you’re doing?” Amanda was so frightened that she backed up against a wall.

“Don’t worry. Even if I wanted to kill you, I wouldn’t do it right here... Charlotte forced her against the wall with the knife. Her eyes narrowing into thin lines, she said icily, “All I wanted to tell you is that the poor and downtrodden will never fear those who live in luxury. Don’t force my hand, Amanda, or who knows what I might do to you!”

As she spoke, she suddenly thrust the knife...

“Ahhhh!” Amanda let out a blood-curdling scream.

However, the knife never pierced her skin. Instead, it got lodged in the wooden door behind her.

The woman had already been scared out of her wits. Taking the bank card from Charlotte, she turned and fled immediately...

Charlotte watched her leave, heaving a long sigh of relief as she did. Just as she was about to enter the house, she found Mrs. Berry standing in the doorway, looking at her with tears in her eyes. “Miss, I’m so sorry for the trouble...”

The housekeeper felt extremely sorry for Charlotte. The latter had been coddled her entire childhood, with servants always bustling around to attend to her every need. Now, she had to resort to frightening an intruder off with a fruit knife to keep her family safe.

“Mrs. Berry, what’s up with you?”

Charlotte didn’t care much. All she wanted was to lead a happy, peaceful life with Mrs. Berry and her children; she wouldn’t allow anyone to spoil it for her.

“Mommy, Mommy...” Fifi flew out of the house and flapped around her head. “Dinnertime, dinnertime.”

“Ooh, are you hungry, Fifi? Let’s go inside.” She put an arm around

Mrs. Berry and said amusedly, “Mrs. Berry, you must be aging backward into a child again. Why are you crying your eyes out over a matter like this?”

“I just feel bad for you, my girl.”

Mrs. Berry sniffed violently and wiped away her tears, hoping that the children wouldn't find anything amiss.

“Mrs. Berry, Mommy, it's time for dinner!”

The children quickly helped to set the table, and all of them settled around for a happy meal together.

Just as Charlotte picked up her chopsticks, she received a notification on her phone: Gigolo In Debt has just transferred you eighty thousand. Charlotte was overjoyed upon seeing that. Immediately, she picked up her phone and texted him: So much money?

“Gigolo In Debt' replied: We received a few huge orders.

She quickly sent another text: Wow, that's amazing! I thought you were lazing your time away these past few days. I shall be the most hard-working gigolo you've ever seen! Haha! Look how self-aware you are. I'm proud of your improvement! Are you happy because my business has improved? Of course. Doesn't that mean I earn more money? Keep up the good work!

After that, “Gigolo In Debt' stopped replying to her messages.

“Mommy, have a chicken wing.” Ellie grabbed a chicken wing with her chubby fingers and placed it on Charlotte's plate.

“Thanks, Ellie.” She put away her phone and devoted her attention to having dinner with her kids.

However, her mind couldn't stop churning with thoughts. Now that Amanda and Luna had spread the news about her children, everyone she knew was bound to hear about sooner or later.

When that happened, 'Gigolo In Debt' might also find out about it...

As she thought about this, Charlotte felt a wave of anxiety creeping up on her. She decided to schedule a meeting with 'Gigolo In Debt' after her

injuries healed—the sooner they ended their relationship, the better it would be for both of them.

As for Zachary, she had to find a way to return the chip to him as quickly as she could. She didn't want to see him again either.

At ten minutes to two the next afternoon, Raina called her punctually on the phone. “Ms. Windt, we're waiting for you at the place we agreed on yesterday.”

“Got it. I'm coming down now!”

After informing Mrs. Berry that she was leaving, Charlotte put on some casual clothes and left the house.

Raina had driven a Rolls-Royce over to pick her up. The entire street was astir everyone who walked past it on the street stopped for a few seconds to admire its sleek design.

Charlotte hid her face behind her hands, afraid that people might recognize her.

“Ms. Windt! Come on in” Raina opened the door for her and ushered her into the car politely.

When she got into the car, she couldn't help but ask, “Dr. Langan, why are you picking me up in this car?”

“We are simply following Mr. Nacht's orders,” the woman explained with a bright smile.

“Oh, alright then,” Charlotte replied, feeling a little nonplussed. “Let's go then.”

The car slowly made its way down the street.

On the opposite street, her three children, who had just gotten off the school bus, were staring after the Rolls-Royce, their eyes as large as saucers.

Ellie fluttered her long eyelashes in confusion. Afraid that she might have seen it wrongly, she asked, “Was that really Mommy who got into the car?”

“Yes, I think so,” Jamie replied solemnly, rubbing his chin. “She was

even wearing that set of grey-colored casual clothes that she got on discount at the department store.”

“And those little white shoes!” Robbie added in awe. However, a moment later, he said with the serious air of an adult, “Alright, we shouldn’t be such busybodies about this. Everyone has their own private life, and we should respect Mommy’s privacy”

“Yes, yes”

“It’s National Day today, so the school let us off early. I bet Mrs. Berry has forgotten about this completely. Let’s head home by ourselves.”

“Yeah! Let’s go home!”

## Mysterious Male Escort Is a Mogul Chapter 79

### Chapter 79

Raina brought Charlotte to Princess Consort, a private boutique that was located in the heart of a shopping plaza.

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The woman appeared to have booked the entire place just for Charlotte. More than ten staff members and a team of three internationally recognized makeup artists stood waiting to attend to Charlotte’s needs.

Charlotte was stunned by the grandness of everything. Tugging Raina’s sleeve nervously, she whispered, “Don’t you think this is a bit of an overkill?”

“Don’t worry! I have arranged everything for you.”

Raina helped Charlotte into a private room and helped her to clean up her wounds and bandage them. Afterward, the former told the makeup artists to start working on the latter.

Charlotte had a vague memory of experiencing this sort of treatment before. Back in the day, her father had hired a professional makeup artist for her. During an important event, she would ring up the makeup artist and have her come over to do her makeup.

The makeup artists at Princess Consort, who were now attending to Charlotte, were extremely difficult to hire. They would only agree to be hired for someone's birthday, and even that appointment had to be booked six months in advance.

Today, however, Zachary had booked the entire boutique for her and ordered everyone to attend to her and her only.

This meant that the man's power and influence stretched much farther than she had imagined.

Here, she felt even nervier about the whole thing. She shouldn't get close to men like him—once she offended him, it would be over for her.

She spent the rest of the time entertaining her nonsensical worries... An hour passed. The makeup artists were still crowding around her, touching up her makeup and fluffing up her hair. However, she had already dozed off on the sofa.

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The makeup artists exchanged smiles with each other at the sight. They thought she looked rather cute.

“Be a little more gentle, would you? Ms. Windt has injuries on her neck and right shoulder,” Raina whispered urgently to them.

“Yes, got it!” The makeup artists immediately made sure to make their actions more much gentler

Suddenly, one of them let out a gasp. “Oh, Mr. Nacht!”

Raina and the other makeup artists turned around in shock.

None of them had noticed Zachary when he walked into the boutique, but there he was, standing in a corner. He was wearing a black western suit that elongated his tall body; the dim lights of the boutique accentuated the sharp edges of his face, reflecting off his eyes and giving one the impression that flames were dancing in them.

He was watching the sleeping woman in the mirror quietly...

Charlotte had chosen an excellent time to doze off.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Nacht!” Everyone bowed, greeting him frantically.

Zachary raised his hand, signaling to everyone to remain quiet and not wake Charlotte up.

Everyone fell silent at once. The makeup artists resumed their job, working as quietly as possible.

The man walked over and sat down on the ottoman next to the sofa. He rested his elbow on the armrest and perched his head on his hands as he gazed at Charlotte, observing her quietly.

How strange. All these years, he never had a shortage of women who gawked openly at him and threw themselves into his arms. However, for some strange reason, it was this woman who had stirred something in him...

When she mistook him for a gigolo online, he had felt very amused and decided to continue playing along with her.

When she ordered him to entertain rich old ladies as a gigolo, he had flared up immediately—so much so that he wanted to strangle her to death. When she tried to trick him out of his money, he had felt rather scornful of her.

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But when he saw her being bullied by Wesley, he hadn't been able to contain his rage, exploding with anger. Consumed with murderous intent, he had decided to put the man to death

When he heard that she had been humiliated by the Whites, there was only one thought in his mind—to make them pay for what they did by tenfold!

Hence, he had arranged for this setup tonight.

Meow...

Suddenly, a white ragdoll cat strolled out from another room. The sound was loud enough to wake Charlotte from her slumber.

She opened her eyes blearily. Feeling a little dazed, she mumbled, “Is it morning already?”

The makeup artists burst into laughter beside her. Immediately, however, they shot frightened looks at Zachary and fell back into silence.

“Ms. Windt, you've been asleep for half an hour,” Raina said, smiling

“Your makeup is nearly done.”

“Ah!” Charlotte finally recalled that Raina had dragged her to a boutique and that she was at Princess Consort. She stared at herself in the mirror and let out a gasp of amazement. “Is that really me? I look beautiful-Ah!”

Before she could even finish speaking, she noticed Zachary gazing at her in the mirror and let out a cry of shock.

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He had a glass of wine in one hand, while his head was perched on the other. He looked at her with an expression of perfect calm and composure, his face completely empty of expression. However, his eyes were swirling with a complicated mix of emotions...

She looked really beautiful. It wasn't the sort of beauty that had been crafted out of layers of makeup, but the sort that seeped naturally out of one's skin. She looked quite like an angel that had fallen down from the heavens...

## Mysterious Male Escort Is a Mogul Chapter 80

Chapter 80

“When did you arrive here? Why didn't you inform me earlier? You nearly scared me to death!”

Charlotte patted her chest as it heaved up and down. Her heart still felt like it was racing a mile a minute.

Before he could help himself, Zachary's gaze shifted to her chest. Her breasts, which were creamy-white under the dim lighting, looked round and firm... What a lovely sight!

He was completely captivated by them. However, the next moment, his brows knitted into a frown, and he snapped, “Go and change into another dress!”

“Huh? Why should I?”

She gazed at herself in the mirror. She was wearing a luxury gown that was completely white in color, making her look like as pure as an angel. “Yes, sir. I’ll get another dress ready immediately.” One of the makeup artists turned and instructed her assistant to bring more gowns to the room.

“Why do I need to change out of this? I think this dress is perfectly fine!” Charlotte looked in the mirror again. “It looks alright, doesn’t it? It just shows a little cleavage, that’s all...”

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Zachary signaled with his hand that everyone should leave; all of them obeyed immediately.

A few seconds later, only he and Charlotte remained in the large room. The woman hadn’t realized it yet. She was still seated on the sofa, preening in front of the mirror.

He got up from his seat and walked towards her. Although he hadn’t done anything yet, she felt her skin prickle with a sudden sense of danger. Her head snapped up immediately as she gazed at him.

“What... What do you think you’re doing?”

She resembled a cat that had been injured as she curled herself up on the sofa and crossed her arms over her chest, her eyes full of fear.

Zachary reached down and gave her chin a little pinch. Lifting her head up so she was looking directly into his eyes, he said in a low voice,

“Remember this—I’m the only person who can see your body!”

“Um...”

Charlotte felt her heartrate speed up again. A bunch of exclamation marks appeared in her mind, but she was too afraid to make a sound.

He ran a thumb over her plush lips, his eyes quivering a little with desire.

However, she never found out what he was about to do because he released her at that moment and called to the person behind the folding screen, “We’re leaving in ten minutes.”

“Yes, sir.”

The man then left the room. Instantly, the tension in the room dissipated,

and she could finally heave a sigh of relief.

A horde of female staff members crowded around Charlotte as they helped her into her new gown, praising her shapely body as they did so. She went along with them quietly, all the while trying to calm her beating heart.

What the devil did Zachary mean by that? Has he really fallen in love with me? I have to corner him tonight and make sure he knows I have no intention of ever getting together with him. When he finds out I have three children, he might strangle me to death...

After changing into a luxury Hepburn-style black dress, the makeup artists tied a lace ribbon around her neck to hide her injuries. After that, they slid a few diamond rings onto her fingers, transforming her into a princess instantaneously.

Charlotte gazed at herself in the mirror. She had never tried this style before, but it seemed to complement her features very nicely.

“Ms. Windt, let’s go! Mr. Nacht is waiting for us outside,” Raina said in a soft voice.

“Oh, right” Charlotte lifted her dress by the hem and walked carefully out of the room.

Ben, who was standing by the car, gawked when he saw her. He couldn’t shift his eyes from this beautiful angel in front of him, much less reconcile her with that lowly security guard at Divine Corporation. Were they really the same person?

“Look at her again, and I’ll gouge your eyes out and feed them to the pigeons,” Zachary warned him darkly.

“Yes, sir.” Ben quickly shifted his gaze away from Charlotte. He looked down at the floor, too afraid to look at her again. “Here, Ms. Windt!”

Raina helped the woman into the car. After that, she removed herself from the scene tactfully and got into the car behind them.

The car finally started to move.

Zachary and Charlotte were alone in that space.

The atmosphere started getting a little tense again.

Since the man refused to speak, Charlotte didn't dare to open her mouth either. She sat primly and quietly in her seat, trying not to move as much as she could.

However, as she glanced at the platter of fruits and snacks that had been laid out before them, she couldn't help but swallow a little.

She shot a look at him and carefully popped a grape into her mouth.

It was nearly six in the evening, so she felt quite peckish.

He looked at her and shoved the plate of cake towards her with a look of contempt on his face. After that, he leaned back against his seat and promptly fell asleep.

Seeing that he was knocked out, she grabbed a slice of cake and stuffed it into her mouth. She was so famished that she nearly choked in her attempt to swallow it. After scarfing down the cake, she rounded everything off with a long sip from a glass of juice.

Zachary opened his eyes slightly. As he watched her wolf down the food through the reflection in the mirror, his lips curved into a devilish smile.