

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1220

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Charlotte's words were cut short by the arrival of a subordinate. "I have horrible news, Ms. Lindberg. Someone from the Nacht family took Mr. Robinson and Ms. Elisa away!"

"What?" She paled as she realized how serious the matter had become. Pulling her skirt up, she ran as fast as she could after Zachary. "Hold it right there, Zachary!"

He ignored her and got into his car.

She plastered herself against the open window of his car and yelled anxiously, "Zachary, where did you bring the kids to? What are you playing at?"

Without sparing her a glance, Zachary had his car window rolled up.

The vehicle sped off, and Charlotte would have fallen to the ground if someone had not pulled her back.

Charlotte whirled around to see who had caught her. "Gordon? Quick, chase them down! Bring the kids home."

Gordon scrunched his brows and said, "It's too late. The Nachts had been planning this for a while now. They planted their men in the manor as early as a month ago."

Stunned, she asked, "What do you mean?"

"Do you remember asking someone to investigate why Fifi had been falling sick so frequently? It turns out that someone from the Nacht family had been drugging Fifi to prevent it from discovering their presence."

Gordon continued, "About a month ago, Bruce smuggled a dozen of their best bodyguards into the manor. They were secretly

protecting Alpha when she got lost; that's how she returned safely. They were initially assigned to protect you and the children. Last night, they went to meet Zachary and set their plans into motion."

He then provided the last piece to the puzzle. "Zachary came to bring you home. If the Laurent family objected, his bodyguards would reveal themselves and fight off their men. I guess they didn't expect your incident from last night. Zachary must've made an impromptu decision to have the children brought away with him if you refused to follow him."

Charlotte finally understood what had happened.

Robert's anxious behavior and profuse apologies to Zachary now made complete sense.

He must've expected Zachary to come prepared. If their men went head-to-head, they would be eaten alive by Zachary's men. That's why Gordon chose to remain neutral.

Charlotte never imagined that Zachary would have sent his men into the manor to protect her and the kids.

He had not spent two months apart only to return for the children.

In fact, he had never given up on any of his children or Charlotte.

He merely wanted to settle some matters before bringing Charlotte and their children home.

Last night's incident ruined his plans, so he decided to only bring the kids with him.

Gordon said regretfully, "I'm sorry, Ms. Lindberg. It's my fault for underestimating Zachary. He's been keeping a low profile over the past six months and relenting on so many matters. I truly believed he had suffered a massive blow and would not pull any tricks out of his sleeve. I did not expect him to be waiting for the right moment to strike. We're so understaffed that failure is inevitable if we went head-to-head against the Nacht family. Most importantly, Zachary is their father. The kids are safe with him, and I have no grounds to demand their return."

"I understand. It's not your fault." Charlotte trudged back to the manor dejectedly.

Gordon caught up to her and wrapped his jacket around her shoulders. "You should talk to Zachary or the kids. There must be some room for negotiation. At least you can rest easy knowing that he would never harm the children. The first thing you should do is talk to the Laurents and figure out what happened last night. I'll get Mr. Lindberg's kids from the pasture and come back as soon as possible."

With that, Gordon left in a hurry.

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Morgan and a few female bodyguards came rushing up to Charlotte upon Gordon's departure. "Ms. Lindberg! I just found out that Robbie and Ellie were taken away by Mr. Nacht's men. Lupine is chasing after them as we speak."

Charlotte said despondently, "Ask her to come back. There's no point in chasing them; we'd never catch up to them anyway."

"B-But-"

"Charlotte!" Louis interrupted Morgan's protests as he ran toward Charlotte. "Are you okay?"

She lifted her head and stared at him blankly before glancing at Robert and Sherlyn in the distance, feeling torn.

Louis immediately comforted her, "Charlotte, I heard that Zachary brought the kids with him. Don't worry; I'll talk to him. You should rest in your room and leave everything to me."

"Okay, thank you."

Charlotte bowed lightly to Robert and Sherlyn on the way to the manor.

Sherlyn sighed and said, "She's so calm. The average woman would've freaked out at such an incident. Her composure is admirable."

"She's a Lindberg, after all. Mr. Lindberg would never tolerate fools," Robert commented sulkily.

Sherlyn nodded in agreement. "I guess you're right. Anyway, what's with your attitude? You're behaving as if I did something wrong."

Her ignorance stoked Robert's anger. "You are in the wrong! Did you have any idea what you just did?"

Sherlyn retorted petulantly, "What did I do wrong? The Lindbergs and the Nachts are enemies. Why do we need to walk on eggshells around the Nacht family when Louis is marrying a Lindberg?"

"We can't afford to offend either of them. The business world is like a battlefield; it's utterly unpredictable. It's always to our benefit to maintain a good relationship with powerful families for the stability of our future," explained Robert angrily.

"I don't understand."

Robert was incensed. "You don't understand? Just a few months ago, the Nacht family ran into trouble while the Lindbergs basked in their success. Look at how quickly the tables have turned. The Nachts have returned to their former glory, yet the Lindberg Corporation is fraught with danger. That's the whole reason why I dared not cross Zachary when we arranged this marriage between Louis and Charlotte. The Nachts could always make a comeback in the future. How could you mess things up at such a crucial time, offending Zachary of all people! Do you wish to cut off our backup plan?"

"Dear Lord, how could this be? Should we even proceed with the marriage then?" Sherlyn wailed.

"It's a week to the wedding, and there's no way for us to contact Mr. Lindberg." Robert frowned and added worriedly, "In any case, we should continue preparing for the wedding. Who knows, we might hear from him soon."

Sherlyn asked nervously, "If the Lindbergs go downhill, and the Nachts are on the rise, aren't we labeling ourselves as the Nacht family's enemy by pushing through with this wedding?"

"No worries about that; you've already turned us into their enemies. You were so aggressive earlier, insulting and threatening Zachary. Our backup plan was long gone." Robert's jaw clenched with fury.

Sherlyn was distraught. "I didn't know. Why didn't you tell me? Oh dear, what should we do? Can we salvage this situation?"

"You need to visit him and personally apologize to him. Then, we can only hope that Mr. Lindberg will resolve his matters and restore Lindberg Corporation to its former glory!"

"Okay, that's great. If there's an opportunity to apologize to Zachary in person, I promise I'll be on my best behavior. I'll do anything to fix this," came Sherlyn's fervent promise.

"The best thing you can do now is to keep your mouth shut and stop creating problems for me."

She stared at her husband wordlessly and swallowed her indignance.

Charlotte immediately dialed Zachary's number once she got to her room. He rejected her call.

When she tried again, the call could not go through.

He blocked my number.

Charlotte used to do this to Zachary in the past, and now he was giving her a taste of her own medicine.

She paused to think for a moment before calling Robbie's number. The call failed to connect as his phone was switched off. The same thing happened when she attempted to call Jamie and Ellie.

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Zachary was royally pissed at Charlotte's rejection, and he made his stance clear by cutting off her means of contact with their children.

Charlotte panicked, well-aware of how ruthless Zachary could be. He has the means to keep me from seeing my children forever. What on earth should I do?

She was pacing the room anxiously just as Lupine returned.

"Ms. Lindberg! The kids were taken away by people from the Nacht family."

Charlotte frowned and replied, "I know."

Lupine sported some injuries, likely from exchanging hands with Bruce. Thankfully, it seemed like he had contained himself, leaving Lupine with superficial wounds.

Lupine began recounting the events that had happened earlier. "It started with Bruce playing with the kids. He must've drugged them when I wasn't paying attention. Once the kids were sleeping soundly, he and his men brought them away. I noticed something was off and immediately tried to grab the kids, but I was no match for Bruce. By the time Gordon showed up, they were already gone, and he said it would be rash to go after them when they were the ones who had strength in numbers. Ms. Lindberg, I'm so sorry for my error. Please punish me as you see fit."

Charlotte sighed and said, "It's not your fault. I should've been more careful last night."

"Did Zachary do this because he was angry about you and Louis? How did your talk go?" Lupine asked carefully.

Morgan piqued up instead, "How else did you think it went? They even pulled out their guns. If Sir Robert hadn't arrived and

apologized, we'd be standing in the middle of a blood bath by now."

"You're right about that; his temper is notorious." Lupine scrunched her brows and wailed, "I should've accompanied Ms. Lindberg last night, then none of this would've happened."

"I fought with Marino earlier as well. I wanted to protect Ms. Lindberg, but he kept holding me back, so we ended up brawling with each other." Morgan became furious as she recalled the scene in the study room.

Lupine appeared to be disappointed as she said, "I only bumped into Ben and didn't even have the time to say anything to him. Dear God, how did everything turn into such a mess?"

Morgan glanced at her subtly, warning her to keep her mouth shut.

Charlotte was getting more and more dejected by the second.

Lupine coaxed her, "Ms. Lindberg, please don't worry too much. Mr. Nacht may have his reservations about you, but the children will miss you once they're awake. They'll want to get in touch with you, and there's nothing he can do to stop that."

"Please leave the room; I'd like to be alone for a while," Charlotte requested, rubbing her temples in frustration.

"Yes." Lupine nodded, though she looked like she had more to say.

Charlotte noticed her hesitance and asked, "Is there anything else?"

"I, erm, asked someone to get this earlier." Lupine blushed as she took out a box of morning-after pills and passed it to Charlotte. She lowered her volume to a whisper and added, "We can't reverse what happened last night, but I'm sure you wouldn't want to end up pregnant."

Charlotte frowned as she received the package from Lupine. A second later, she threw away the package and screamed angrily,

“None of this makes any sense! How could I... I don't have any recollection of what happened last night!”

“But your body...” Lupine could hardly bring herself to complete her sentence.

She shared Charlotte's disbelief, yet the hickeys that were on her body were irrefutable evidence. There can't be another explanation.

Charlotte's indignance grew. She turned to Morgan and ordered, “Ask Louis to come here. I have some questions for him.”

“What? Here, in your room?” Morgan's eyes widened in surprise.

“Just do it.”

“Yes.” Morgan immediately left to summon Louis.

The man in question happened to be in his room, brainstorming with his parents on ways of helping Charlotte to get her kids from Zachary. Just then, someone knocked on his door, and a subordinate approached him soon after. “Sir Louis, Morgan says that Ms. Lindberg would like to invite you to her room.”

“Really? Charlotte wants me to go to her room? I'll head over right away.” Louis was elated.

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Louis practically skipped to Charlotte's room. “Charlotte, were you looking for me?”

She turned to her bodyguards and asked them to leave.

“Okay,” Lupine and Morgan said in unison and left.

Overjoyed, Louis rushed forward and tried to hug his fiancée. “Charlotte.”

She immediately avoided his arms and frowned. "I need to talk to you about something."

"Sure." Louis nodded eagerly and sat on a nearby couch.

"Last night, I remember you went to the bathroom to clean up after our argument. I drank some water on the couch, and I was so exhausted that I fell asleep."

She paused for a moment before asking suspiciously, "How did we end up in bed together? Could you explain it to me in detail?"

Louis was startled by her question. He thought Charlotte had been moved by his actions earlier that day and had called him over because she had grown to depend on him.

Instead, here she was asking him about last night's happenings like she was a cop interrogating a suspect.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" Charlotte frowned as she continued staring at Louis. "We've been friends for so many years. You drank a lot last night and seemed a bit odd, but I trust that you would never take advantage of me in such a way. That's why I'm asking you what exactly happened."

He only caught on to two words in her lengthy explanation. "Take advantage? Did you think that I took advantage of you while you were asleep? Charlotte, is that the kind of person you think I am?"

Charlotte's head throbbed in frustration. "Do you not understand what I'm asking? Look, I'm not in the mood to argue with you today. Please, could you just answer my question?"

"I don't want to argue with you either. Charlotte, I know you don't love me, but the fact remains that we slept with each other. Shouldn't we come to terms with it and begin to care for one another? Why can't you accept the truth?" Louis was infuriated.

She retorted, "What truth? I have no recollection of what happened last night. I only remember falling asleep on the couch."

There was no way we could've slept with each other. Something's not right about this situation."

Louis became more agitated at her words. "Not right? Are you accusing me of taking advantage of you?"

"Well, I hope not. That's why I'm asking you--"

He cut her off before she could continue. "Charlotte, I never imagined that you would think of me that way." Shaking his head sadly, he continued, "I saw the way you looked at Zachary today. I know you still have feelings for him, but we're about to get married. Why can't you just accept reality?"

"Forget it; this is pointless. Please leave. I need to rest." Charlotte sighed in resignation.

"I was still talking to Mom and Dad about approaching Zachary to get the kids back. I've done nothing but put your best interests at heart! We're getting married in a week, and I hope you'd have organized your feelings by then!"

Louis turned and left the room after his despondent statement.

Charlotte was speechless at his petulant display. He refuses to tell me in detail about what happened last night, and the minute I suggest that something doesn't seem right, he goes into a huff and accuses me of living in denial. It's impossible to communicate with him!

She wondered how on earth she could figure out the truth at this rate.

Charlotte felt exhausted and decided to get a shower.

On her way to the bathroom, she noticed a stain on the white rug near her wardrobe. Moving closer, she realized that it was red and reminiscent of paint.

Charlotte immediately summoned Lupine to her room and had her send the stain for analysis.

She scoured her room for further clues, and she soon came across a few strands of hair in her wardrobe.

It looked like her hair, which seemed unusual to Charlotte.

The royal maids were meticulous and would come by to clean her room every morning. They would never allow strands of hair to cling to her clothing, let alone litter her wardrobe.