

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1525

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Chapter 1525 Meeting

The subordinate then drove to South Sea Hotel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Why are you waiting here?”

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

She quickly dragged Michael further into the building before whispering, “The whole world is watching us now. I’m even going out with just one person and an ordinary car to avoid catching other people’s attention. Why are you still standing at the entrance to meet me? What if someone caught you on camera?”

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

“Yes, he’s back.” Charlotte nodded. “Let’s go upstairs before we continue this.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But—"

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

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Chapter 1526 Pawn

“What is it?” Charlotte asked curiously.

“It’s...” Michael ruminated about it before saying, “It’s about Helena. I’m hoping that you can let her off the hook.”

Those words instantly made fury pulse through Charlotte’s veins. Back then, Helena had thrown a vase at her. Zachary had been hit when he protected Charlotte and that was why his condition had worsened.

If not for that incident, things would not have turned out this way.

After that, Helena had even tried to set Zachary up again. Fortunately, Zachary was prepared for it. He had put on an act with Nancy, and they caught her red-handed.

Charlotte abhorred her for that incident. No matter how Michael pleaded on her behalf, she was going to hand Helena over to the police.

The matter was already settled, but to her surprise, Michael was pleading on Helena’s behalf again.

Charlotte was overwhelmed by anger.

“Michael, we can negotiate about everything else, but this is the one thing we can’t,” Charlotte told him. “Helena has a wicked heart, and she has done a lot of horrible things. She has to face lawful punishment for them.”

“Charlotte, my uncle had a mental breakdown after what happened two years ago. She’s the only girl left at home. My dad adores her as well, and he has told me thousands of times to bring Helena back to M Nation. I know you hate her. I know she has done wrong, and she has to be punished for them. I swear to you that she’ll be locked up after I take her back to M Nation. I won’t let her ever step foot in H City anymore. Please let her go.”

Michael rarely begged for anything, but for Helena, he was putting aside his dignity.

“Michael, it’s not me who’s not letting her off. She’s doing these to herself.” Charlotte was unfazed. “It’s pointless for you to say anything else; we’ve already handed her over to the police. Let’s leave things to the police from now on.”

"Charlotte, can't you let her go on behalf of our good relationship?" Michael asked weakly.

"If you have nothing else to say, I'll be leaving now," Charlotte replied before standing up to leave.

"Charlotte!" Michael hastily stopped her. "All right, all right. I won't talk about this anymore. I won't."

"Michael, I'm sorry for dragging you into this," Charlotte said apologetically. "However, I have my morals, and I won't be able to back down on this."

"I understand." Michael sighed. "I'll be leaving tomorrow, and I don't know when we'll meet again. I know many things have happened to the Nacht family recently. If there's anything you need help with, I'm always available."

"Thank you, Michael." Charlotte hugged him. "I'll be leaving now. Take care of yourself."

With that said, Charlotte turned to leave.

Michael stared at her retreating figure with a look of sorrow mixed with other indiscernible emotions. Right then, his phone rang, and he quickly picked up the call.

"How did it go, Mr. Brown?"

"As you've said, Charlotte has agreed to settle the issues with the news, but she refused to relent when it comes to Helena's case."

"That's why I have to be the one to help you."

"If by helping you means I have to set Charlotte up, then I won't agree to it."

"Between family and love, it seems that you've chosen the latter."

"I have my principles."

"I never expected you to be so self-disciplined, Mr. Brown. Have you ever thought about how I might be able to succeed even without your help?"

"What do you mean?" Michael immediately asked.

"I'm just hoping that you'll invite her out. I'll be able to do the rest of the things myself," was what the person on the other end of the line said before ending the call.

The colors drained out of Michael's face, and he hurried after Charlotte.

At this moment, Charlotte had just entered the elevator when she sensed something amiss with her body. Instantly, she said to Morgan, "Give me the medication that Hayley has prepared. Now!"

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Chapter 1527 Pawn 2

Morgan hastily took out the pill and handed it to Charlotte.

After swallowing the pill, Charlotte closed her eyes and recomposed herself.

"I didn't think that Mr. Brown would betray you," Morgan commented. "What a pity we trusted him so much and thought of him as a friend."

"Michael must be a pawn for someone else," Charlotte said in a raspy voice.

Speaking seemed to have taken out too much of her air, and she could not help but think, This is quite potent. The black tea I drank earlier did not taste odd. I really didn't think I'd have fallen for it. Luckily, I was smart enough to bring the medication Hayley prepared today. This medication is something Dr. Felch came up with, so it'll easily counteract most drugs.

"A pawn? He said that everyone in the hotel is his people!" Morgan spat out. "Ms. Lindberg, we'll expose him for his lies right this instance!"

"No," Charlotte stopped her. "This probably has something to do with the one behind the scenes. Since the other person has already made their move, they won't stop that quickly. We might as well go along with their plan and lure them out."

"Oh. What do we do now, then?" Morgan asked.

Charlotte remained silent as she kept her eyes closed.

"I'm glad that you kept Hayley's pill with you. I don't dare to imagine what would happen if you didn't." Morgan's heart was still pounding from the scare.

Right then, the elevator came to a stop on the first floor. Just as the doors slid open, a fierce-looking man stormed into the elevator with a murderous look in his eyes.

Charlotte frowned before making a gesture to Morgan with a hand behind her back, signaling for her to get ready to flee.

Instantly understanding what she meant, Morgan readied herself to fight.

Thus, the two began battling.

Charlotte supported herself against the wall, seemingly about to collapse.

At that moment, Michael rushed out of the elevator. When he took in the scene, he rushed toward Charlotte to support her. "Charlotte, are you okay?"

"Michael..." Charlotte slumped into his arms.

"Charlotte, what happened? Charlotte?" Michael quickly brought Charlotte into the elevator before instructing his subordinate, "Help her out."

"Yes, Sir."

The two bodyguards then went to help Morgan out.

"Ms. Lindberg," Morgan shouted as she spun around, but when she saw the look in Charlotte's eyes, she got distracted and was kicked to the ground. Thus, she was unable to catch up with Charlotte.

In the elevator, as Michael held onto Charlotte, he asked, "Charlotte, how are you? Charlotte?"

Charlotte continued to lay slump in his arms, a dark blush spread across her face. It seemed that she was barely conscious as well.

"How did things turn out this way?" Michael panicked, but he soon said reassuringly, "Don't worry. I'm here. I won't let anyone hurt you."

When the elevator doors slid open, Michael helped Charlotte to his presidential suite.

After closing the door, Michael cautiously checked the suite for signs of other people. Once he made sure no one was around, he placed Charlotte on the bed and went to grab a damp towel to wipe her face.

At that moment, Charlotte was lying on the bed, the blush still on her face. Her lips were parted, and there was something alluring about her.

Michael was stuck in a trance as he looked at her. His hands halted midair, and his heart began thumping loudly against his ribcage.

For some reason he could not quite understand, he felt heat spreading to every part of his body.

It was then he put down the damp towel and began caressing Charlotte's face instead. In his eyes, lust emerged.

Michael leaned closer and closer to Charlotte, thinking of kissing her.

Charlotte's hands that were resting beside her slowly curled into fists as she furrowed her brows.

Right as she was about to strike, the room went pitch dark with a loud click.

Michael paused and instinctively turned around to look at the switch.

At that very second, Charlotte reached out and struck the back of his neck. Instantly, his body went limp and he collapsed onto the bed.

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Chapter 1528 Exciting

Charlotte then jerked upright and turned on the torch on her phone. After a round of searching in the room, she soon found a mini surveillance camera in the ceiling light.

There were two more of those cameras on the wine rack, as well as the vase. All were hidden well; no average person without training would be able to find them.

Looks like that person really came prepared. They first made Michael fool me into coming. Then they drugged me and sent someone to take me away. But it seems that Michael was drugged too. Moreover, he doesn't seem to know about that person's plan. Otherwise, he wouldn't have come after me. This is strange. What is that person trying to do to Michael?

Charlotte simply could not wrap her mind around it.

Nevertheless, it was not the right time to mull over that. I have to think of a way to lure that person out.

Thus, Charlotte took off Michael's clothes and positioned him to lie on his front. After covering the blanket over him, she went to hide in the closet before sending a text message to Morgan.

Soon, the lights in the room lit up.

However, as there were no cards inserted, the electricity did not fully return. The only lights that were lit were the dim emergency lights.

Charlotte had not removed the three cameras from their original position. However, due to the low lighting in the room, the cameras could only capture Michael's half-naked state and nothing else.

Earlier, Morgan had destroyed the circuit box for the hotel room as per Charlotte's instructions, and a while later, she had restored the electricity.

It was so that the surveillance cameras would stop working for a moment. That way, they would not be able to record Charlotte scanning the room and finding the cameras. At the same time, the dim lights would make it tough for the cameras to capture a clear image of what was happening on the bed.

If Charlotte were to remove the cameras, she would basically be telling the other party that she had noticed something odd. In that case, the other party would swiftly make themselves scarce.

On the other hand, although they would be suspicious about a sudden momentary power out and blurry visuals, they would send someone to check it out.

Therefore, all she needed to do was to wait for the fish to take the bait.

Meanwhile, the fake Zachary had reached the hotel. Just as he was about to get down from the car, another car sped toward him and stopped right beside his car.

Then, out came Nancy.

"Mr. Nacht?" Nancy was surprised to see him. "What are you doing here?"

"Who sent you?"

"Zachary" was surprised to see Nancy as well.

"I..." Nancy started as she walked toward him to lean closer to his ear. Just as she was about to continue, a group of journalists swarmed over and began taking photos of them.

At that, Bruce hurriedly escorted "Zachary" into the hotel as Nancy's subordinate did the same to Nancy.

However, those journalists had rushed into the building as well.

Oddly, it was as though the security guards in the hotel were blind, for they did not stop the hoard of journalists.

The fake Zachary's and Nancy's subordinates quickly sent them into the elevator to head to the highest floor.

“What’s going on?” Nancy frowned, confused by the situation. “Mr. Nacht, who sent you here?”

“Answer my question first.” The fake Zachary narrowed his eyes at her.

“I received a message from Mr. Brown,” Nancy replied. “Did you receive a message from him too?”

“Zachary” did not answer her. He only lowered his eyes and fell into deep thought.

“Mr. Nacht,” Bruce whispered to him. “Mrs. Nacht’s car is indeed in the hotel’s parking lot, but I think there’s something fishy about this. Perhaps you should contact her first.”

Hearing that, the fake Zachary’s frown deepened as he stared at his phone and hesitated.

Right then, the elevator doors opened. Just as they were about to step out of the cramped space, a group of journalists rushed out of the elevator beside theirs and headed toward the presidential suite. At the same time, someone shouted, “I heard that Mrs. Nacht—Charlotte Lindberg—and the head of the Brown family—Michael Brown—are having an affair in this room! This is a fantastic scoop! What’s even more fantastic is that Mr. Nacht has brought his rumored girlfriend, Ms. Gold, to come and catch them in the act!”

“Hahaha! That’s exciting!”