

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1531

[/ Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort](#)

### Chapter 1531 Underestimated

"Of course. I'll look for Hayley once we reach home," came Morgan's quick reply with a beam.

This feels so good. How dare this fake Mr. Nacht try to bully Ms. Lindberg? Now he's getting it!

At that, the fake Zachary's lips twitched before he hurriedly explained to Charlotte, "You're not serious, are you? I—"

"Of course I'm serious." Charlotte rolled her eyes at him. "How can I not be about such matters? You're not thinking right because you're ill, and you keep acting abnormally. If we don't treat it, your symptoms will worsen."

"But—"

"Zachary" wanted to say something else, but the elevator doors slid open, and Charlotte had walked out before he could.

He fumed, but he could only follow her out. "Wifey, wait! Let's talk about the treatment plan again."

Charlotte ignored him as she went into the car right after exiting the hotel with Morgan.

Livid, "Zachary" could only vent his anger on his subordinate.

Bruce muttered, "Mr. Nacht, Mrs. Nacht is right. You've been acting strange recently. Let's not delay your treatment anymore; let's just endure it for a little longer."

"Shut up!" the fake Zachary roared. "Who are you actually loyal to? You traitorous bunch!"

Bruce stared at him in shock, taken aback by his words. "Mr. Nacht, you never said words like these before. Mrs. Nacht is a part of the family. How are we traitors?"

Again, "Zachary" was rendered speechless.

He could only kick the tire before storming into the car. Once he sat down, he placed his hand on his forehead and grumbled under his breath.

There was a big difference between reality and fantasy.

He thought Zachary was living in a paradise. Yet, living as Zachary was like living in hell.

Finally, he was starting to think that he had stepped into a trap.

Upon reaching home, Charlotte went straight to the study room.

“Zachary” never even got to see her another time before Bruce escorted him back to his room. In fact, Bruce even consoled, “Rest early, Mr. Nacht. You have treatment next—”

However, before he could finish his sentence, a leather shoe flew toward him. Fortunately, Bruce was nimble. He dodged the shoe and quickly dashed out of the room. “Good night, Mr. Nacht!”

Once the door was closed, “Zachary” was the only one left in the room. He had a foul expression on his face. Every time he thought about the extra treatment session, he felt as though he was going to have a mental breakdown.

Right then, his phone buzzed. “Zachary” warily looked around the room. After making sure no one was watching him, he picked up the call. “Hello?”

“I can’t believe the plan failed today. Did you slip up and make Charlotte wary?”

“How can I possibly slip up? I didn’t even know that you asked her to go South Sea Hotel. You only told me about it after you tricked her into going there.”

“Zachary” was furious. “Also, you were trying to create a scandal by getting your daughter to appear, weren’t you?”

“That’s unimportant,” said the person on the other end of the line. “What’s important is that Charlotte has captured my men.”

“What?” The fake Zachary nearly jumped when he heard that. “Doesn’t that mean she found out about us?”

“Don’t worry. I went prepared. I only sent two goons to check things out. They know nothing, so she won’t be able to find out about anything.”

“So they’re not going to reveal our identities?”

“They don’t even know what’s going on, and they don’t know who we are.”

“That’s good...”

“No worries,” the other person reassured. “For now, we’re safe. However, I think Charlotte is a much tougher person to deal with than we think. She clearly drank that black tea today, but nothing happened to her. Moreover, she could even go along with the plan to try to lure us out. If she had been willing to sacrifice a little and play along with Michael, I’m afraid things would have been...”

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1532

[/ Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort](#)  
Chapter 1532 Support

“She didn’t sacrifice herself?” the fake Zachary asked guiltily.

“She did nothing, and that made me suspicious,” said the person on the other end of the line. “I’m calling to inform you that Charlotte should suspect your identity by now. We can’t wait any longer. Our plan should be carried out ahead of time.”

“Great!” The fake Zachary was pleased. “Let’s carry out the plan ASAP. I can’t hold on any longer.”

“Tomorrow, follow her to the company and pretend to give in so everyone trusts and supports her. Someone will then mention their wish for you to return to the company, as you seem to be recovering well. You need to pretend to be afraid and nervous...” The person gave him detailed instructions before concluding, “Just do as I say, and we’ll even the score. Tomorrow is important for us. Do your best!”

"Got it."

"Zachary" took down the person's words. Charlotte, I will win tomorrow! he told himself. I can only gain the initiative by suppressing her. And in the end, I'll own both Nacht Group and her.

At this moment, Charlotte was talking on the phone in the study room. "Yes, find out who the mastermind is. Get as many clues as you can."

"Don't worry, Ms. Lindberg. I'm good at interrogating people. I'll definitely get him to spill everything!" Gordon said confidently.

An hour and a half earlier, Michael had brought Charlotte back to the room. She had sent an SOS message to Gordon and told Morgan to cut the power off.

Gordon had arrived and lurked in the dark. Indeed, an enemy had gone to the room to find out what was wrong and got captured by him.

Before the mastermind realized what was happening, Gordon had brought his lackey away.

"I believe the mastermind has an inkling of it. He must've sent a lackey who doesn't know anything. But as he works for them, we can at least find a clue. Any clue will do, as long as we can find out who it is."

Charlotte said, "That person has underestimated me. He can underestimate me, but not my support."

"Yes, he has no idea Mr. Lindberg is helping you behind the scenes," Gordon answered. "Perhaps he knows about it, but he has no other choice."

"You're right." Comprehension dawned on Charlotte. "Thanks for that. They must've decided to take action earlier. But what could their plan be?"

"Mr. Lindberg has a message for you: observe, and act accordingly," Gordon said softly.

"Got it. Thank you!"

"That's it, then. I'll call if something else crops up."

"Sure."

After the call, Charlotte's lips curved up at the message that Danrique had left for her.

Though Danrique didn't show up, he is my guardian angel, protecting me at all times. Warmth spread all over her heart at that thought.

I have no idea what the future holds, but I'm bold enough to face any dangerous situation. I will go with the flow, protect my family, and find Zachary.

Meanwhile, Lupine was driving back to the villa when she bumped into the van again. They nearly ran into each other, so she hurriedly honked at the van. To her shock, the van honked right back at her.

What? The cars of this restaurant normally give way to us. How dare this old van honk back at me?

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1533

[/ Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort](#)  
Chapter 1533 Just In Case

Lupine was in a daze when the van shot past her, nearly tumbling down the cliff.

"Who was that? That was really dangerous," Jade, who was in the car, commented.

"I can't believe they're acting this recklessly!" Emma chimed in angrily.

"The driver must be young and impetuous." Though Lupine was upset, she didn't dwell on the matter. "Perhaps he is new."

"It looks like the car we bumped into previously," Jade said. "Do you remember it?"

"Yes," Lupine answered with a nod. "Ms. Lindberg told us to check it out. Wasn't it the car of the restaurant?"

"Yes, it was driving toward that restaurant. I think it is the same car," Jade said.

"Forget it. Let's go home."

Without thinking much, Lupine sped up and drove back to Northridge.

When they arrived, she told Emma to park the car before heading to the villa.

Right then, Jade pointed at the back of the car and yelled, "Lupine, look!"

Turning at her shoulder, Lupine spotted some blood at the back of the car. Stunned, she scurried over to check it out. "What is this? We didn't bump into anything."

"Did we run over a small animal?" Jade queried nervously.

"I don't think so." Lupine frowned. "I was driving, so I'm sure about that."

"Or did we run over a dead animal?" Jade was throwing out guesses. "If we did, the blood might splatter on the car."

"If that's really the case, the blood should be on the tires," Lupine answered, pointing a finger at the tires. "Look, the four tires are clean."

"Then what happened?" Jade was confused.

"Could it be that van?" Emma came over to them and suggested.

"But I didn't bump into that van or hit it," Lupine replied, utterly baffled. "Don't tell me there was blood on that van that splattered on our car?"

"That is highly possible." Jade nodded in agreement. "But that sounds really scary."

"Yes," Emma chimed in fearfully. "No wonder they were speeding. Is it some kind of murder case?"

"Start investigating immediately. If there's something out of the ordinary, call the police," Lupine commanded.

"Got it." Jade and Emma got to work at once.

Lupine ordered someone to park the car and keep it safe so the police could gather evidence easily before going upstairs to Charlotte.

It was late at night, but Charlotte was still busy with work in her study room.

After knocking on the door, Lupine entered and reported, "As you've expected, someone tried to sneak into the hospital, but Gordon's men caught him. Gordon's questioning him now. I wonder if he can get something out of the man."

"I doubt that," came Charlotte's cool reply. "They must've discovered my plan at the hospital and sent someone to sound me out."

"Gordon said the same thing, too." Lupine nodded. "There is some progress to Ellie's condition, and Marino is recovering well. But Ben..." She trailed off gloomily. "He's still the same. Dr. Wright said she can't do anything about it."

"He'll get better," Charlotte consoled her. "Perhaps it might take some time. If Helen can't treat him, we can get another doctor."

"Mm." Lupine forced out a smile. "By the way, we encountered a strange incident on the way here..." She proceeded to explain the matter in detail before concluding, "I've asked Jade and Emma to investigate the matter. The van must be full of ingredients. Perhaps the blood came from meat or something similar."

Charlotte was unfazed. "Find out what it is just in case it's something dangerous."

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1534

[/ Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort](#)

Chapter 1534 The Young Man

"Of course." Lupine bobbed her head. "I'll report back to you when the results are in."

"Mm. It's late. You should go to bed," Charlotte reminded her.

"What about you?" Lupine asked with concern. "It's almost two in the morning. Aren't you going to bed? You need to go to the company early tomorrow morning."

"I'll just read a few more documents..."

Charlotte's sentence was cut short when her phone began vibrating. She glanced at the screen and shot a look at Lupine.

Lupine immediately shut the door to prevent someone from eavesdropping on the conversation.

After answering the call, Charlotte greeted, "Ms. Gold."

"Ms. Lindberg, I hope I didn't disturb you." Nancy's careful voice sounded over the line.

"No." Charlotte hadn't expected her call. "What is this about, Ms. Gold?"

"I have some questions," Nancy stated hesitantly. "I don't know if I should pose them to you."

"Go ahead," Charlotte answered.

"I—" Nancy was about to speak when the line got cut off.

"Hello? Hello!" Charlotte said, but the call was hung up. Frowning, she wondered if she should call Nancy back but thought the better of it.

If something happened to Nancy, I might make things worse by calling her back.

"Why did the call end?"

Lupine was waiting to hear what it was, but before they could start talking, the call was ended.

"Perhaps something cropped up." Charlotte narrowed her eyes. "But Nancy must've called me because she realized something was up. That's a good thing."

"What should we do next?" Lupine asked softly.

"What else?" came Charlotte's calm reply. "The enemy is in hiding, and we're in the open. We have no choice but to wait until they take action and act accordingly!"

"All right..." Lupine was about to go on when her phone rang. She answered it hastily and demanded, "Hello, Jade. What is it?"

"We confirmed it was the van of the restaurant that was transporting some fresh beef. The packaging was torn, causing the blood to splatter on our car."

"All right." Lupine heaved a sigh of relief. "I'm glad it's nothing. You guys should return and have a good rest."

"Okay, Lupine."

After hanging up, Jade turned to the buyer. "You should drive safe instead of driving recklessly. The winding road is narrow. It's dangerous if we were to bump into each other."

"Yes, we understand." The restaurant manager nodded. He turned to the buyer and yelled, "Hear that, young man?"

"You should drive carefully, not me." The short-haired buyer was wearing a black mask and black cap. His voice was dripping with disdain as he said, "Are you in a hurry to seek death? Why did you drive so fast on a winding road?"

"Hey!" Jade flushed red in anger. She nearly gave him a slap, but Emma stopped her and frowned at the buyer. "Don't be rude."

"That's right!" Afraid of offending Jade, the manager slapped the shorty's head. "Just be careful! Don't talk back to them..."

Before he could finish, the young man pinned him onto the chopping block. The huge and sharp cleaver was right next to his neck.

The manager's eyes widened in fear.

"I'm a part-time employee, not your servant," the young man said, glaring at him. "Don't order me around!"

The manager's jaw hung wide as he trembled profusely without saying a word.

Both Jade and Emma were stunned by the sudden turn of events. They finally snapped to their senses after a moment and stepped forward to stop him. "Hey, you..."

Before they could take action, the man pushed the manager away and used the cleaver to pick his nails. "You can leave now. Remember to drive carefully!"

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1535

[/ Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort](#)

Chapter 1535 Call The Police

Jade and Emma strode away angrily. If it hadn't been for Charlotte, they would've taught that young man a lesson.

The restaurant manager came to them and apologized profusely.

Thus, they couldn't vent their frustrations on him. After reminding him to discipline his employees, they flounced out of the place.

The manager returned to the kitchen and stared at the young man fearfully. Plucking up his courage, he said, "Y-You don't need to come to work tomorrow."

"Fine. I was going to resign, anyway," said the young man scornfully. "But you need to let me stay in your warehouse. You agreed to let me stay there for three months."

"No problem. It's a deserted warehouse," the manager replied. "Give me your bank account, and I'll transfer your wages to you."

"I don't have one. Pay me in cash," the young man said, stretching out his hand.

"Wait a minute. I don't have enough cash right now. Let me go get it." Soon, the manager arrived with enough cash and placed it on the chopping block away from the young man. "You've only worked for a few days, but I'm paying you half a month's wages. Two thousand and five hundred. Look how generous I am."

"Pay me what I deserve. No one asked for your generosity," the young man retorted. "I don't need your pity."

"Hey!" The manager's face turned purple in rage. Though he wanted to curse at him, he held back and said, "You worked for twelve days, so it's two thousand in total."

After taking the money, the young man glowered at him and stalked away.

The manager gritted his teeth as he stared at the man's retreating figure. A plump man whose job was to run errands asked in a low voice, "If you fire him, who will get us supplies at night? It's dangerous to drive on this windy road at night. Our previous driver got involved in a few accidents, remember?"

"I'll pay more to hire an experienced driver. If worse comes to worst, we can buy our supplies in the day," the manager returned angrily. "We can't afford to offend the people from the villa. Otherwise, I'll need to close my restaurant."

"All right," the plump man replied in disappointment. "Though that young man is reckless, he's quick. He can deal with half a cow easily and make the right cuts."

"Stop unsettling me." The more the manager listened, the more scared he was. "He sounds like a serial killer."

"Yes, that was what I thought, too!" another young man with blond hair chimed in while chopping the vegetables. "You have no idea how good he is with a cleaver. He can even cut tofu into thin slices!"

"I've long found him strange. He loves fiddling around with knives and strange stuff," another sous chef said.

"What strange stuff?" the manager urged.

"Snakes!" the sous chef replied carefully. "Some snakes came in back then, right? We were terrified, but he stuck his hand into the bag to grab them. Strangely, the snakes that were hissing retreated at the sight of his hand and didn't even hurt him."

"That's really strange," the manager said as a chill crept up his spine. "Yes, he's strange. Instead of sleeping in the dorm, he insisted on sleeping in the warehouse. He sleeps in the morning and works at night."

"Once I walked past the warehouse and smelled some herbal concoction," the plump man uttered hastily. "When I asked him about it, he said he has to drink a herbal concoction every day due to his health."

"Is he a serial killer for real?"

The more they spoke, the more afraid they got.

"Back when he came for an interview, I remembered he had a huge black sack with him. Now that I think about it, could that be a corpse?" the blonde said nervously.

At his words, the others shook in fear.

The manager's face had drained of color. "Hurry, call the police."

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1536

[/ Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort](#)  
Chapter 1536 Escape

Instead of doing as told, the rest's eyes rounded as they stared at someone behind his back.

"I said, call the police. Are you deaf?" the manager hollered. He whipped his phone out to dial the number. "Useless bunch of fools! I have to do this myself..."

Before he could finish, a slender arm shot out to grab his phone. An icy voice rang out, "The universal emergency number is 911."

"I know..." the manager replied before turning at this shoulder.

He froze at the sight that greeted him.

The young man was standing right behind him, dialing the number 911 on his phone!

"911, what's your emergency?"

As the dispatcher's voice rang out, the young man handed the phone to the manager. Arching a brow, he gestured for the manager to answer.

The manager's face turned colorless as his entire being trembled. All words died in his throat.

"Why are you silent? Didn't you want to call the police?" The young man raised his brows. "Speak."

"T-That's not necessary..." the manager stammered. He grabbed the phone hastily and said, "Wrong number," before hanging up without hesitation.

"If it's something serious, call the police. Don't be scared." The young man patted his shoulder and gave words of encouragement. "I'm here to pick up my stuff. Excuse me."

The manager immediately hopped out of his way. The young man strode over to pick up a chipped cleaver. "This is mine, so I shall take it with me."

"Sure." The manager nodded profusely.

The young man carried the cleaver on his shoulders and marched away.

The others went pale with fright.

After his figure disappeared from sight, they regained their composure and gathered around the manager. "Boss, what should we do?"

"If we call the police, will he kill us all?"

"Yes, it takes time for the police to come. He could've slaughtered us all before the police arrive!"

"This is scary. I want to go home," someone wailed.

"Boss? Boss!"

They were involved in a heated discussion when the manager's legs went limp as he collapsed to the ground.

The next morning, after returning from the hospital, Morgan reported to Charlotte and mentioned that the restaurant at the foot of the hill had closed down. No one was in sight.

That's strange.

Furrowing her brows, Lupine demanded, "Lupine, did Jade and Emma scare them off?"

"Uh..." Lupine turned to look at Jade and Emma.

"We're innocent, Ms. Lindberg!" Jade promptly explained everything. In the end, she concluded, "We were polite enough, but that buyer was really rude."

"Yes," Emma said indignantly. "The manager was nice enough to apologize, but that buyer was hot-tempered. He's a little short, though. Can you believe he actually pinned the manager to the chopping block when he was yelled at? The cleaver could've hurt the manager easily!"

"Yes, that manager was shaking fearfully and nearly wetted his pants."

Charlotte chuckled. "Really? You didn't make it up, did you?"

"Of course not!" Jade and Emma provided more details. "That buyer was shorter than me, but he seems really vicious."

"Okay, that's enough," Charlotte interjected. "I'm glad you weren't rude to them. Prepare the car. I'm going to the company now."

"Yes, Ms. Lindberg!"

Jade and Emma went to do as instructed, and Morgan left to deal with other matters.

Lupine suggested, "Did the owner close down the restaurant in fear of offending us?"

"I don't think so. Jade and Emma said they were polite." Charlotte sipped on her tea. "That buyer was really young and impetuous. Wait a minute..."

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1537

[/ Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort](#)

Chapter 1537 Drastic Turn Of Events

Charlotte halted before ordering swiftly, "Go to the restaurant and find out if the buyer is still there!"

"Huh?" Lupine was taken aback. "The buyer?"

"Hurry!" Charlotte ordered anxiously.

"On it." Lupine left to carry out her orders.

Charlotte's hands trembled as she tightened her grip on the cup. She belatedly realized the buyer's image and temper resembled Francesco when she recalled Jade and Emma's words.

She had guessed more than once that someone might've taken Zachary away at the fire. Otherwise, they would've discovered his remains.

She even hoped it would be Francesco. If it was her, then Zachary would be safe and sound. My fantasy could be true!

That thought alone made her extremely excited. As long as Zachary is still alive, all the troubles are worth it!

"Ms. Lindberg, the car's ready. I'll depart now."

Lupine had changed her clothes, preparing to head out.

"Wait up!" Charlotte called out. "Bring Jade and Emma with you. They've seen that buyer before. If you can't find him, go find the manager and staff."

"Got it." Lupine nodded. "But you're going to the company soon. If I'm not with you..."

"If you can't come back in time, I'll ask Morgan to keep me company," Charlotte replied anxiously. "Hurry, do as told!"

"Okay."

Right after Lupine left, Morgan came in to report, "Mr. Nacht has finished the treatment this morning. He's throwing a tantrum in his room and refusing to go to work."

"Tell him he has to go get a checkup at the hospital if he refuses to go to work. After two days of treatment, it's time for a checkup to find out its effect."

Charlotte knew how to make him comply.

"Yes, Ms. Lindberg." Morgan left to convey her message.

Indeed, "Zachary" did as told obediently. "I think I can do it. Work is more important."

"Yes, that's right," said Morgan happily. "Have some rest and prepare yourself. We shall leave at nine."

"Zachary" nodded unwillingly.

Beaming, Morgan returned to Charlotte to report the good news.

"All right. Go get ready now," came Charlotte's calm reply. She then resumed eating her breakfast.

"Got it."

Though it was only seven in the morning, Northridge was already bustling.

"Zachary" was forced to wake up at five for his treatment.

Charlotte got up early to deal with work before having breakfast downstairs. As she read the news and emails on her tablet, her brows scrunched up.

For the past two days, the mastermind had been busy creating havoc at the hospital and trying to spread rumors about Charlotte and Michael, but to no avail.

Today, she was sure they'd take action ahead of time.

She could only take one step at a time, as she had no idea what their plan was.

Her initial worry was gone after receiving a clue about Zachary. Now, she had the confidence to face any obstacles in her path.

Right then, Lupine's phone call arrived. "Ms. Lindberg, as reported by Morgan, the restaurant is empty. The buyer is nowhere to be seen. I contacted the owner, and he claims that the buyer is a dangerous figure. Terrified of him, they escaped overnight. They didn't even call the police in fear that the buyer will take revenge on them."

"Go to the owner in person to find out the exact situation," Charlotte ordered. "Also, go to the buyer's accommodation to see if there are any clues."

"Got it. I'll get to it at once."

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

### chapter 1538

[/ Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort](#)  
Chapter 1538 In Control

After hanging up, Charlotte couldn't help but beam in delight. She was certain that the buyer was Francesco now.

Perhaps she saved Zachary that night and ended up hiding at the restaurant, as they couldn't go far. As long as it's her, Zachary will be safe.

Charlotte couldn't help but get excited at the thought of Zachary being alive.

Just then, Lucy gave her a call. "Ms. Lindberg, we're ready. Mr. Sterk has arrived. When will you arrive? I'll meet you at the entrance."

"Mr. Sterk has arrived? It's still early," Charlotte remarked after glancing at her watch. After all, it was barely eight in the morning.

"Yes. He's worried that something will happen at the meeting today and showed up earlier than usual," Lucy explained. "I heard that the other board members have already departed. They should be arriving earlier than expected."

"All right." Charlotte put her utensil down. "I'll get prepared and head over at once."

"Got it. I'll wait for you at the entrance."

After ending the call, Charlotte got up and went to "Zachary."

"Zachary" was still lying in bed, gazing at the ceiling aimlessly.

"Get changed. We're heading to the company now," Charlotte ordered. "You have ten minutes. I'll wait for you downstairs."

"My entire being hurts. I can't move."

"Zachary" shut his eyes, refusing to move an inch.

Clearly, he was upset at the treatment that he was forced to endure.

"Mm, all right." Instead of wasting time trying to persuade him, Charlotte opened the door and commanded, "Get a wheelchair and push Mr. Nacht out."

"Understood."

The bodyguards leaped into action. Two left to prepare the wheelchair, and two came to lift "Zachary" up.

"Hey! What are you doing? Don't touch me!" The fake Zachary struggled helplessly. "Charlotte Lindberg, don't cross the line!"

"I'm crossing the line?" Charlotte replied with an icy grin. "This is your family's company, your own responsibility. After leaving the mess in my hand, you're accusing me of crossing the line?"

Her tirade rendered Zachary speechless.

After a pause, he said, "The treatment is too painful, so I merely want some rest."

"Johann is seventy-nine, but he's already at the company. You're whining after a simple treatment? It's painful for you but easy for the others? Everyone is waiting for you at the company. How dare you demand to rest?" she retorted.

"All right, stop it." The man raised his arms and gave in. "I'll get up and change my clothes to head to work with you, okay?"

"You're making it seem as if I'm forcing you..."

"No, you didn't force me." The fake Zachary took a deep breath and stated firmly, "I'm doing it willingly. No, it's my responsibility. I need to get to work urgently!"

"That's right."

Charlotte dismissed her subordinates with a wave.

"You have ten minutes. I'll be waiting downstairs!"

After giving him a cold look, Charlotte turned and left his room. She even closed the door behind her in a thoughtful manner.

Staring at the door, "Zachary" managed between gritted teeth, "No matter how perfect a woman is, she'll turn into a devil after getting married!"

He meant what he said.

"Zachary" couldn't help but pity the real Zachary.

After changing her shoes, Charlotte sat in the hall and sipped on her coffee nonchalantly. Staring at her watch, she waited for Zachary to come down.

A minute passed.

Two minutes passed.

Three minutes...

"Zachary" came down right before ten minutes was up. He was decked in a black suit that made him look handsome. However, there was a frown marring his brows.

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1539

[/ Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort](#)

Chapter 1539 Forced

"Don't put on a grim expression. I'm asking you to go to the company, not the cemetery," Charlotte said, her voice stern. She didn't forget to shoot him a frosty glare.

"I've agreed to come. What more do you want?" the fake Zachary demanded helplessly.

"Hmm?" Charlotte arched a brow without saying anything.

"All right. I was wrong. I'm sorry." He caved in at once. "It's my responsibility to go to work. No matter what, I have to head to the company. But I feel too uncomfortable to smile."

"No one told you to smile! Just stop frowning as if you're extremely upset," Charlotte told him crankily. "Forget it. Let's not waste time. Get in the car."

"Zachary" followed her into the car, obviously aggrieved.

The other subordinates got into their respective cars. Right then, Hanna ran out. "Mr. Zachary, you haven't had your breakfast yet!" she said, holding a bowl of oatmeal.

“Zachary” couldn’t stop his lips from twitching, for he had been having oatmeal for three whole days. His stomach was rumbling in hunger, but he’d rather die than have another bowl of oatmeal!

Thus, “Zachary” scrambled into the car, leaving Hanna utterly confused.

After the car sped away, Charlotte handed the first document to him. “The journey takes around thirty-five minutes if the traffic is smooth. Use half an hour to finish reading the documents. I’ll need to talk to you for the remaining five minutes,” she said.

“What? I have to finish reading all these documents in half an hour? I even have to—”

“It used to take you three minutes,” Charlotte cut in icily. “If you aren’t sick, I believe you’ll memorize it at first sight.”

“Zachary” was speechless. He would always be at a loss for words when Charlotte talked about his past self.

“You’ve wasted one minute.” Glancing at her watch, Charlotte urged, “Hurry up.”

Left with no choice, “Zachary” read the documents obediently. However, he was pretty restless. Even if he was given three days, he wouldn’t remember any of the content.

Thus, he resorted to his ploy. “Ah, my head hurts. It hurts a lot...”

“What’s wrong?” Charlotte frowned at him.

“My head is aching...” He covered his forehead, seemingly in anguish.

Charlotte had expected his action. She whipped out her acupuncture needles. “I’ve made preparations. As I’ve been suffering for a long time, I’ve learned acupuncture from Dr. Felch. If it hurts, one needle will do the trick.”

She pulled out a needle and made to push it into the fake Zachary’s head.

“No,” he refused at once. “I can handle it. No need for acupuncture treatment. I’ll read the documents now.”

Having said that, “Zachary” flipped a file open and began reading.

A smirk appeared on Charlotte’s lips. She began to type a message on her phone to remind Lucy, Rodney, and the others to get ready.

She then replied to Johann and Spencer’s text to discuss today’s plan and make some arrangements.

Thirty minutes passed in a flash. Charlotte took the document he was reading away from him. "Did you memorize it?"

"No. My headache is affecting me a lot. I can't even finish reading it," he replied, rubbing his temples. One could tell he was in pain, for his expression was all scrunched up.

"Never mind if you can't finish it." Charlotte didn't reprimand him. Instead, she held his chin to lift his head. "I have something to tell you. Listen carefully."

"What is it?" The fake Zachary was stunned.

"First of all, some journalists will interview you once we arrive at the company. You need to record a video to clarify the rumors between Michael and me and show that you have confidence in me. Next—"

"Wait!" he cut in with a displeased frown. "I'm not sure that you and Michael are innocent. Why would I need to clarify things?"

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

### chapter 1540

[Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort](#)

Chapter 1540 He Is Back

"We're husband and wife. Don't you trust me?" Charlotte's brows knitted together. "You used to trust me a lot."

"Stop talking about the past. You went on a date last—"

"We don't have time," Charlotte interjected coldly. "Just do as I say!"

"You..." Words failed "Zachary."

"Next, tell the media that we love each other dearly," Charlotte ordered.

"Anything else?" he asked, giving up on refuting her words.

"Then, explain the situation at the board meeting," said Charlotte.

"Zachary" waited for her to continue, but she showed no signs of wanting to explain what it was. Hence, he inquired, "What situation?"

"Our promise," Charlotte answered, raising a brow. "Have you forgotten about it?"

"We made plenty of promises. I don't know which one you're talking about," he came up with a great excuse.

"You promised to let me run the company for the time being," Charlotte reminded him. "Don't you remember?"

"Of course. Of course I do." He nodded vehemently. "All right. Anything else?"

"That's it. Do your best."

After Charlotte finished with her instructions, the car rolled to a stop before Divine Corporation.

At once, hordes of journalists swarmed over to them, but the security guards Lucy had arranged earlier blocked their path.

The car was about to enter the underground parking lot when Charlotte asked to be let off at the main entrance. She then got out of the car with "Zachary" in tow.

The sight of "Zachary" caused an uproar among the journalists, who began snapping pictures of him.

With a frown marring his brows, "Zachary" strode into the building coolly.

Charlotte trotted beside him, and they looked every inch the perfect couple.

However, they each had their own plans in mind.

In the elevator, Lucy was thrilled to see "Zachary." "Mr. Nacht, it's great to see you again! I thought you..."

She trailed off, her voice choking. As one of the higher-ups of Nacht Group, she had been invited to the wedding. Alas, a fire had broken out at the Nacht residence, and Zachary was rumored to have died in the fire.

Lucy had been pretty upset at the news, so she was excited to see him here.

"I'm still alive," the fake Zachary replied plainly.

"Yes, of course." Lucy bobbed her head. "You're alive and well. Luck is on both Nacht Group and Divine Corporation's side!"

"Is everyone else here?" he asked in an authoritative tone.

"Yes, but Mr. Spencer isn't here today." Lucy turned to Charlotte. "A few board members were just asking about him."

"I told him not to come," Charlotte said. "We're discussing work-related matters today, so there's no need to bother him."

“Of course.”

Soon, the elevator arrived at level 68. When the doors slid open, the executives immediately came over to greet them, especially Kallum and a few board members from the headquarter. They had been waiting anxiously before the elevator.

At the sight of “Zachary” stepping out of the elevator in one piece, they were delighted. “Mr. Nacht, welcome back!”

“Mr. Nacht, it’s great to see you again!”

“I knew luck will always be on our side.”

“That’s right...”

The crowd gathered around him and chattered eagerly.

“Thank you, all. You must’ve worked hard,” the fake Zachary said sincerely. “Though I ran into trouble, I’m still alive and standing. Don’t worry!”

“Oh, wonderful! This is simply wonderful!”

Everyone was touched, their gazes fixed on “Zachary.” No one paid heed to Charlotte.

Just then, someone thought of something important and asked, “Mr. Nacht, now that you’re back safely, you should resume the position of running the company, right?”

“Yes, Nacht Group shall grow under your lead...”

“That’s right!”