

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 210

"It's all my fault." Michael felt extremely remorseful. "Your father would've still been alive and well had I not left H City and cut everyone off like that."

"It has nothing to do with you," Charlotte replied, taking a deep breath. "I guess this is fate."

"You never used to say such things." His heart ached as he gazed at the woman he once loved. "It must have been tough on you these few years."

"Well, it hasn't been that bad. It's just that..." She suppressed her urge to tell him the truth and hurriedly changed the subject. "Have you come back to see Helena and Mr. Brown, Michael?"

"I came back for you," the man answered, staring into her eyes. "After hearing what you've been going through, I decided to come back and see if I'd be able to help you in any way."

"Don't be so nice to me," she couldn't help but reply chokingly. "I'd only feel guilty if you treat me so nicely."

She turned to look at his hands on the steering wheel. The man wore a glove on his left hand to conceal the fact that he didn't have a ring finger.

That finger was supposed to be where he would wear a wedding ring one day, but he had lost it because of her.

"You silly girl!" Seeing how Charlotte was about to cry made Michael's heart wrench, and he hurriedly pulled her into his arms. "I'm more than willing to treat you nicely. It makes me happy. Can't you just let me be happy for a while?"

The woman said nothing, merely pursing her lips and sniffing inside his embrace.

She was optimistic and cheerful by nature. Whenever problems befell her, she would always do her best to solve them instead of crying or being miserable.

Even so, there were also days where she would break down and feel worn out from all the stress she was experiencing.

Charlotte never showed such feelings in front of Mrs. Berry and the children, but now that she was in a warm embrace and had a firm shoulder to lean on, she suddenly had a desire to give in.

“With me around, you’ll never have to be afraid of anything.” Michael kissed her hair. “Tell me what happened.”

“I...” She opened her mouth but couldn’t speak. She dared not tell him that she was now being blackmailed by the mother-daughter duo of the White family after meeting a gigolo and giving birth to three of his children.

She did not want him to know that she was now being forced to marry someone. She did not want him to know that they had threatened to release all the pictures and videos of her and the gigolo online while also getting that T Nation gigolo to explain everything to the media.

Furthermore, Charlotte certainly dared not reveal how she had been forced to sign a debt repayment contract with the one and only Zachary Nacht. Even if Michael could help her pay the debt off, Zachary would surely not agree to it.

I owe Michael enough. I can’t afford to burden him again.

And I definitely can’t make more enemies for him—not especially when he may end up having to deal with someone like Zachary!

I can't rope him into this.

"I've seen the news," said Michael. "I'll never believe any of that. Knowing you, you'd never turn back to Hector after he abandoned you when you needed him most four years ago."

"You really do understand me." She sighed in frustration. "I have no intention of talking to those from the past. I've forgiven them despite everything they've done to me, but they just can't seem to let me off the hook."

"Don't worry. Now that I'm here, no one will be able to hurt you."

For the first time, an air of dominance engulfed Michael as he frowned.

"No. This is something I have to take care of myself. I don't want you to be involved," she hastily insisted. "You're different from other people, Michael. You've never liked business rivalries and schemes. Art has always been your only passion. Don't give up your own values because of me."

"Alright, let's not talk about all this anymore." The man smiled gently. "It's been so long since we last met, so we should be enjoying ourselves."

"You're right." She immediately nodded. "Let's have a good time. It's my treat tonight."

"Sure. I won't hold back then."

His smile looked more dazzling than the moonlight.