

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 240

Zachary slapped Charlotte's cheeks with her phone. He questioned, "Are you still holding out? Do you want me to bring the man and the three children in front of you before you're willing to talk? Hmm?"

"No, please don't," Charlotte pleaded as she grabbed his hand. "The children are innocent. Don't do anything rash, I beg of you!"

She knew that once she angered him, he was capable of anything.

"Then be honest with me. Are the children yours?" Zachary demanded.

"I..." Charlotte was in a panic. Realizing the cat was out of the bag, she had no choice but to nod meekly. "Yes!"

"Are they the same kids who took the chip?"

Zachary lifted her chin so that she would look him in the eye.

"Nonono, they didn't steal it," Charlotte frantically explained. "A man in black put the chip in Jamie's pocket. After that, Fifi ate it. I didn't know what happened then. But once I knew, I fed Fifi laxatives so that it would poop it out. After that, I cracked my head to think of how to return it to you..."

Her voice was getting softer. The more she spoke, the more terrified she became.

Zachary looked as if he was going to eat her up anytime.

His face was frighteningly gloomy, just like the calm before the storm.

"We really didn't steal the chip. We don't even know what it was..." Charlotte was still trying to explain desperately. "Think about it, if we really intended to steal it, why didn't we sell it to your competitors? Besides, we even tried our best to return it."

“Who is the father?”

That was the only question Zachary cared about. His voice was exceptionally calm but bone-chilling cold at the same time.

Charlotte’s heart was thumping non-stop as she was in a full-blown panic. She had wanted to say “It’s you”, but she knew she couldn’t tell him the truth yet.

She wanted to spin a lie but was aware she was bad at it.

Or perhaps, being honest with herself, she knew it was impossible for him not to see through her lies.

“Speak!” Zachary roared.

Charlotte trembled as she looked at him in fear.

“I-I-It’s...” She stammered for a long while.

“They’re mine?” Although Zachary was trying his best to hide his emotions, he could no longer bear the suspense. “Four years ago, you got pregnant. Instead of having a miscarriage, you bore the triplets. Am I right?”

His eyes were sparkling with anticipation, hoping that he would get a definitive answer.

By now, his hands were trembling from the rush of emotions. He stared intently at Charlotte’s lips, worried that he would miss her reply.

“No, of course not.” Charlotte quickly denied it. “How is that possible!”

She felt that he was the Devil with extreme mood swings, to the extent he might even have blood on his hands. To acknowledge him as the children’s father now was simply too frightening for her.

“It isn’t me?” Zachary tightened his grip on Charlotte’s cheeks and demanded, “Then who is it?”

Charlotte trembled in pain and struggled to push his hand away.

Knock! Knock! Suddenly, there was a knock on the door and Ben entered to report, “Mr. Nacht, the Brown family’s men have found us.”

Those words escalated an already dangerous situation into an even more treacherous one.

Meanwhile, Charlotte could see the rage in Zachary’s eyes. He intensified his grip on her chin as if he wanted to crush her bones.

“It hurts...” Charlotte moaned meekly.

“Do you still know pain?” Zachary glared at her. “Do the three children belong to... Michael?”

The Brown family had always kept a low profile. Now that they had mobilized their men to plead mercy for her, it was difficult not to believe that she had an intimate relationship with Michael.