

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 575

“Charlotte Windt, what are you trying to do?” Zachary questioned her harshly.

Charlotte had been giving him the cold shoulder after he came home. First, she refused to join him and play with the kids in the garden. Then, she avoided him when he tried to talk to her. And now, she locked the door while taking a shower.

Charlotte felt rather guilty. Instead of answering him, she kept silent and proceeded to dry her hair at the dressing table.

Zachary was pissed by her response. He strode towards her and turned off the hairdryer. Zachary turned her around and looked her in the eyes. “Are you doing this just because I didn’t bring you along to visit Grandpa?” he asked.

“What did I do?” Charlotte spoke with a distant tone. “Whether or not to bring me along, it’s your choice. I’m in no position to make the decision for you.”

Right. I can take this opportunity to pick a bone with him, then I can move out for a few days.

“I didn’t bring you along because...”

Charlotte interrupted him before he could explain himself. “Whatever. It didn’t really matter to me. Your grandpa doesn’t like me anyway. It’d be better if we don’t see each other.”

Zachary was infuriated by her attitude. He couldn’t help but raise his volume. “What’s with this attitude? I’m trying to communicate with you. Why are you getting all worked up?”

“I’m just speaking the truth.” Charlotte raised her head and looked at him. “I talked to you about vengeance for my dad this morning. You ignored me, didn’t you?” she said in an icy tone.

“Why are you bringing that up now? We’re talking about what happened in the evening.”

The crease between Zachary’s eyebrows deepened. It’s said that women hold grudges. I guess that’s true.

“What? I can bring that up anytime I want.” Charlotte started throwing tantrums at him. “Your problem matters so is mine. Or are you saying my problem doesn’t matter at all?”

Zachary was speechless. It was almost impossible to have a proper talk with a woman when she was throwing tantrums. She was merely being unreasonable.

“I’m done talking to you!”

Zachary’s face turned grim. He turned around and headed to the bathroom.

“You’re such a bossy and controlling man! You’re always like that. You only care about your family and you never care about mine.” Charlotte found fault with everything he did.

“What’s wrong with you?”

Zachary could barely contain himself.

If he were still his old self, he would’ve blown his fuse. However, ever since he had the triplets, he had tempered his aggressiveness and learnt not to lose his temper easily.

He was especially gentle to Charlotte.

But Charlotte had been testing his limit and he couldn't hold it in for much longer.

"Why are you still defending your aunt after all the crazy stuff she did?" Charlotte questioned him in anger.

"I never defend that woman." Zachary's tone turned cold.

"If you didn't defend her, why didn't you take her to the police and bring her to justice? She killed my father! She's a murderer!" Charlotte questioned him relentlessly and refused to let that go.

"Can you think before you speak?" Zachary pulled her over and poked her forehead. "Everything in business works in the grey areas. We can report her to the police, but what's the point? With her connection, she can easily clear her name."

Charlotte nodded and started getting emotional. "Alright then! If the law can't punish her for the crime she has committed, you can make her life a living hell with your connection. You're the father of my children and you're going to be my husband. You should avenge your children's mother and their grandfather then!"

Unexpectedly, her words didn't frustrate Zachary. Instead, he listened to her and pondered over her words, then he rationally explained the situation to her.

"First of all, she had destroyed your father's company indeed, but she didn't kill him with her own hands. Your father took his own life. I can't take revenge against her on an invalid accusation.

"Secondly, she's my own blood. She's Grandpa's biological daughter. Even if we fight against each other for our own benefit, we will never kill our own blood.

"Nonetheless, you're right. Now that I'm your future husband and the father of the children, I should seek justice for the Windt family."

He paused for a few seconds, then he said, "Give me some time. I'll think about what I can do for you."