

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 643

With her feet on the red carpet, Charlotte sauntered toward Zachary.

As tears welled up in her eyes, she smiled faintly at him behind her veil.

He looked sharp and aristocratic in his suit as if he was Prince Charming himself. He stared at her, waiting...

Thinking back to how they first met, images from then started to fill her mind.

“For the next three months starting from today, you will have to pay me half of your daily takings as compensation for what happened that night.”

“I’ll make it clear for you. From now onwards, your responsibility is to work hard as a gigolo so that you can clear your debt!”

“I have a devil as a boss. You won’t believe how crazy he is...”

“You are both greedy and a nymph. You will never change...”

“Send them to the meeting room on the sixty-sixth floor in half an hour.”

“I quit!”

As scenes from the past flooded her mind, Charlotte couldn’t help but smile. However, tears fell along with it.

She thought about how she teased him in the beginning and how it all backfired on her. During that period, she hated him so much that all she wanted to do was flee from him.

However, it had never crossed her mind that one day, she would marry him.

Perhaps, it is just fated to be.

As Zachary looked at her anxiously, the short approach felt like an eternity to him.

Every step she took reverberated within his heart.

As his heart beat alongside the rhythm of her footsteps, he felt so nervous that his palms were sweaty.

He wanted her to walk faster. Just a little faster as he couldn't bear to wait for a second longer.

Finally, when she was about two meters away, Zachary couldn't restrain himself as he stepped forward to hold her hand. His impatient gesture caused the audience to crack up.

When Henry, who was sitting in the front row, saw the heartwarming scene, he couldn't help but smile.

Before this, he had never understood why Zachary was so stubborn. No matter what he did or said, there was just no changing Zachary's mind. Now that he thought about it, he finally realized how much more meaningful it was to marry the woman one was truly in love with.

Zachary was just acting upon his own feelings.

This is wonderful. Absolutely wonderful.

Henry smiled to himself as he looked back in his life. He too had his regrets. But at that moment, watching Zachary and his three grandchildren, he felt that everything was well worth the trouble.

“Distinguished guests, ladies, and gentlemen, love is divine. Today, the love of the couple standing before me has gone through the cycle of the seasons. From seeding in spring, cultivating in summer, maturing in autumn, and surviving the trials of winter. Their love has now borne fruit...”

After the master of ceremonies gave a short introductory speech, the pastor took over.

He asked, “Ms. Charlotte Windt, do you take Mr. Zachary Nacht to be your lawfully wedded husband? To have and to hold, for richer and for poorer, in sickness and in health, for as long as you both shall live?”

“I do!” Charlotte replied without any hesitation.

“Mr. Zachary Nacht, do you take Ms. Charlotte Windt to be your lawfully wedded wife? To have and to hold, for richer and for poorer, in sickness and in health, for as long as you both shall live?”

“I...” Just as Zachary was about to reply, the main door swung open. An uninvited figure stormed in.

As everyone turned to look, the attention shifted toward that person. Within the same moment, many of them were shocked.

Zara was dressed in a tapered black suit. Looking aloof, she strode in with an icy cold vibe. Behind her were her assistant, Shirley, and two burly bodyguards.

“How can I miss my nephew’s wedding?”

Zara gave Zachary a pensive look.

When Charlotte saw the terrifying woman, she was reminded of the poison within her, causing her to be overwhelmed by emotions.

Holding tightly to her hands, Zachary glared coldly at Zara. "What are you doing here?"