

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 673

Even after investigating extensively on anyone and everyone who might have a grudge against Charlotte, Zachary still found no useful leads.

Helena was already in jail, and Hector was still stuck in his hellhole of begging people to help him with the cases filed against him, so there was no possibility of him leaving the country and coming all the way to Coldbridge just to harm Charlotte.

As for Sharon, there were no records of her traveling abroad. In fact, there was also evidence to prove that she had been busy dealing with the projects in H City.

With everyone crossed out from his list of suspects, Zachary could only start investigating once more from scratch.

Upon getting informed that Zachary had considered her as a suspect, Sharon almost had a heart attack. At the same time, she simply could not wrap her head around why the person who had rescued Charlotte back then not only let her off alive but also kept her actions a secret.

If it weren't for that mysterious man, her evil deeds would already have been exposed.

Oh, gosh. Anyways, I'm safe for the time being.

The gunshot on Sharon's right wrist had disabled her.

...

Three months passed in the blink of an eye.

With Charlotte nowhere to be found, Zachary was still at a loss of what to do.

The kids at home were also in distress. At first, they kept on asking about where their parents had gone. Eventually, they began crying day after day, and Henry finally told them that their mother had died from an illness.

News of their dear mother's death was simply too much to bear for children of that age, and the three little ones sank into despair.

Jamie's face turned a sickly red as he cried, "That cannot be! Mommy is fine! Why would she die like that? You're lying! Liars!"

"I don't care! Mommy isn't dead. Mommy isn't dead." Ellie looked up at Henry, panting with difficulty as she cried, "I want Mommy! I want Mommy..."

"Something must be amiss!" Robbie was trembling uncontrollably from the overwhelming grief and disbelief he was feeling. "On the day Mommy and Daddy were getting married, you guys suddenly took Mommy away, saying that you're going to treat her illness, but you wouldn't even let us visit her afterward! Did you send Mommy far away? Where did you send her? Did you do it on purpose because you think that she doesn't deserve to marry Daddy? Did you?"

Henry felt his heart throb as he watched his precious great-grandchildren bawl their eyes out. He had thought that he was ready to face the aftermath of his actions, but now that he saw the kids in this state, he could not help but feel guilty.

However, he knew that he needed to get himself together and explain to the kids personally.

"I'm not against their marriage, and I don't despise your mother for her family background. However, she was really sick and had a terrible nosebleed on the day of the wedding, so we had to send her away to treat it. It's just that we didn't expect her to die from the sickness..."

"I don't believe it. It's not like that. It can't be!" Robbie cried, shaking his head. "Mommy isn't dead! You guys are liars! Liars! I'm going to find Mommy now..."

As Robbie yelled those words, he sprinted out of the room.

Jamie and Ellie followed behind him.

“Robbie...”

“Mr. Robinson!”

The bodyguards and the maids promptly chased after them.

“Hurry! Don’t let them hurt themselves!” Henry had his heart in his throat.

“Understood!” Spencer went after them with his subordinates too. However, they came to an abrupt halt at the gates of the house.

Zachary had returned after three whole months. As he emerged from his car, he looked disheveled and burnt out.

A beard had grown out on his face, while his hair was unkempt and long. It seemed as if he had not slept for ages; his skin darkened, and the whites of his eyes were strewn with blood vessels.

When the three little ones saw him, they were stunned for a second before they rushed over to hug his leg.

“Daddy! Great-grandpa says that Mommy is dead. I don’t believe it! I don’t believe it!”

“Daddy, take us to Mommy! I want Mommy!”

“Daddy, Mommy isn’t dead, is she? Mommy is fine and well, right?”

“You’re right.” Zachary bent down to wipe the tears and mucus off the children’s faces. “Your mother isn’t dead. She’s alive. It’s just that she has lost her way. I’m trying my best to find her. She’ll come back someday!”

Zachary choked on his last sentence. He quickly pulled his children into a tight embrace to hide the tears welling up in his eyes.