

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 187

Charlotte had known since young that her father had a red wooden box. In the box were some important documents, as well as her mother's photo.

Although she had never seen her mother, her father always told her that her mother was like an angel and a perfect woman.

Her mother had gone missing after giving birth to her, and her father never gave up trying to find his wife ever since.

He worked hard to climb up to the top of the corporate world, just so that he could see her soon.

Although Charlotte understood nothing back then, she knew her father loved her mother dearly, and her mother was an excellent woman.

As such, even though her mother had never taken care of her, she never felt a hint of grievance toward her. All she felt was a sense of longing for her mother.

After her father passed away, Charlotte thought of looking for the red wooden box. However, she could not find it anywhere. In the end, she thought it had been seized. It was only now that she found out her father had put it at Oakhill Mausoleum before his death.

Perhaps he had realized something would happen to him early on, and that was why he had made early preparations for his daughter.

"Mr. Judd, why didn't you tell me about this earlier?" Charlotte took the key with slightly trembling hands. "I've been looking high and low for this box four years ago."

Jeffrey sighed and murmured, "If I were to give you the box four years ago, many would've been after it. Too many people had their eyes on you back then. You were like a fish on the board, waiting to be gutted. There was no way you could defend yourself. Your father expected that, and that was why he

asked me to hand this to you five years later. I never thought you'd come to me a year earlier than the expected date."

"So, my Dad planned this early on." Charlotte took in a deep breath as she collected herself. "What happened back then? Can you talk to me about it? I just want to know the truth."

"Miss, it's best if you stop asking about it." Jeffrey's brows were tightly knitted, and he muttered, "I can only say that it's impossible for Mr. Windt to commit suicide when he has a precious daughter to take care of and a beloved wife to find. He was set up by someone."

At that, Jeffrey became so agitated that his hand that was holding the cup shook.

"Who is it?" Charlotte questioned. "Who set my father up?"

"That person is too powerful for you to win against." Jeffrey clenched his fists, trying his best to hold back his emotions. "It's all in the past now, and it won't be good for you to learn too much. It's best if you just protect yourself well."

"But--"

"Miss, I still have some matters to attend to in the office. I'll take my leave first."

Before Charlotte could ask him more questions, Jeffrey stood up and was about to leave.

"Mr. Judd--"

Charlotte wanted to stop him, but he was swift to leave. After taking a few steps, he seemed to have recalled something and turned around to tell her, "By the way, Miss, you have to be careful about Simon Windt and his family."

With that, Jeffrey left.

Charlotte stared at his retreating figure as a myriad of emotions washed over her. What did he mean by that? He said that the person who set my Dad up is powerful, and now he's telling me to be wary of Simon and his family. In other words, he's telling me...

The one who set my father up isn't Simon.

Could it really be Zachary then?

Hundreds of thoughts raced across Charlotte's mind as she stared at the black key in her hands. She hesitated, wondering if she should head to Oakhill Mausoleum now for the red wooden box.

It was too dangerous at home, and she could not possibly bring the box to Zachary's place.

There was nowhere safe for the box to be at, so Charlotte felt that leaving the box in Oakhill Mausoleum would be the best decision to make.

After mulling over it, Charlotte decided to return to Zachary's place first.

She left the café and was about to hail a cab when she realized she did not know the address of Nachts' residence.

Right then, a Maybach drove over, and its driver came down the car to open the door for her. Respectfully, the driver said, "Ms. Windt, this way please."

“Why are you here?” Charlotte blurted out.

“Mr. Nacht has instructed me to bring you back safely, so I’ve been waiting for you from afar. I hope I haven’t disrupted you,” the driver explained politely.

However, his words sent chills running down Charlotte’s spine. She suddenly realized Zachary was watching every move she made. It was impossible for her to escape from Zachary.