

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 371

Charlotte had been experiencing poverty for four years by then. Her socks were all bought online at eighteen eighty per box. A pair that cost almost two thousand sounded absurd to her.

Nevertheless, she had already made a promise, and she did not want to go back on her word.

Thus, Charlotte reluctantly took a pair of white socks and paid for it, not forgetting to ask the attendant to gift wrap it. After that, she handed it to Zachary. "For you. I already paid for it."

Zachary took it from her hand and opened it up. It was the most common kind of white socks, but he still loved it because it was the first gift he got from Charlotte.

"Thank you," Zachary said with a gentle smile.

"Huh?" Charlotte was gobsmacked. She felt like she had never heard him say those two words before. There was a time when she thought that the words did not exist in his vocabulary. Even after Zachary said it, Charlotte was still doubting her own ears.

"Excuse me, sir. These are all this season's new designs. Both men's and women's. Have a look and see if you like any of them. You can try it on as much as you want," an attendant told them as a few other attendants pushed two racks of clothes in front of Zachary and Charlotte.

"Take a look." He gestured for her to go ahead.

"It's okay. I won't be needing them anyway," Charlotte said as she looked at the clothes on the racks. They were all really beautiful, reminding her of the brand of clothes she used to buy before her father passed away. Even if I buy them now, there won't be an occasion where I can wear them.

With that being said, Zachary did not bother himself with what she just said. He got up and picked out an outfit for himself. Then, he proceeded to grab seven outfits from the women's section. "Come try it out!"

"I already told you..."

Charlotte was about to refuse Zachary but suddenly remembered how bad his temper was. So, she decided to not be so melodramatic and took the clothes.

"The women's fitting room is over this way. Let me bring you there." Two female attendants went ahead and guided Charlotte.

Another two male attendants were in charge of looking after Zachary.

Soon enough, Zachary got changed. With some clean clothes on, he felt a lot more comfortable, and the creases on his forehead faded.

On the other hand, Charlotte was also done changing into a dress and had walked out of the fitting room. She stood in front of a mirror and looked at herself. It was as if a stranger was looking back at her.

"It looks nice on you. You can wear this when you're on business trips." Zachary was buttoning his cuffs as he walked out.

Charlotte raised her head and looked towards him. Zachary's change of outfit did not change how handsome he was. The design of the shirt he had was actually more casual than those that he usually wore, making him look gentler. It was not like how he always was – cold and merciless.

"This looks nice." Charlotte inspected Zachary all around. "How much is it?"

"A hundred and eighty-three thousand, madam," the attendant announced with a smile.

"Emm..." Charlotte gulped and looked at the dress she was wearing. "What about this?"

"That one's not as expensive, just sixty-eight thousand," the attendant answered respectfully.

"Alright, never mind then..." Charlotte decided to change out of it.

"Pack it up!" Zachary demanded. "Go and try on the other ones."

"I don't need it." Charlotte refused softly. "Why are we suddenly buying clothes for me?"

"You gave me a gift, so I should return the favor." Zachary touched the box with the socks in it. "Just go. I'm rarely this patient."

"This way, madam." The attendants were really professional. They were not overzealous but were still treating them with exceptional courtesy.

Hence, Charlotte went and continued trying out the other clothes. In the end, Zachary bought all seven of the clothes he picked out for her. On top of that, he even got her a few pairs of high heels and two sets of accessories to go with the dresses.

When he was settling the bill, the total amount charged was more than two million three hundred thousand.

That number made Charlotte's heart skip a beat, but Zachary continued to drop another bombshell. "You can wear these for the time being. I'll get my designer to custom make your whole wardrobe after this."

"Sir, you treat your wife so well. It really makes people jealous of you two," one of the attendants could not hold in her compliment.

Charlotte's face flushed from what she just heard and explained hurriedly, "It's not like that. I think you misunderstood..."

"That's enough," Zachary interrupted her and pointed to the pile of bags with his chin. "Go pick them up. We're leaving!"

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Out of nowhere, the warmth a moment ago immediately subsided.

Logically speaking, no men ever let women carry the shopping bags, but Zachary was an exception. All his life, he had never carried even a single thing. In his eyes, this was just how it had always been.

While Zachary's request rendered Charlotte speechless, she still went ahead and took the bags before following Zachary out.

"Excuse me, sir." The attendant chased after them. "The suit that you came with has also been packed."

"Throw it away," Zachary responded without even looking.

"Huh?" The attendant was stumped. That suit was worth more than all the clothes he bought combined, so the idea of dumping it made no sense to her.

Isn't that just a waste?

"Don't listen to him. Here, just give it to me." Charlotte hurried over to grab the shirt. "Thank you!"

"My pleasure."

While they were going down the elevator, Zachary only had his gift with him in one hand, and the other hand was tucked in his pocket.

Meanwhile, Charlotte was carrying all the bags behind him like an assistant.

All of a sudden, her phone rang. So she placed the bags down before she took out her phone. "Hello? Robbie, have you guys reached home? I'm fine, and I'll be back soon."

Right then, the elevator opened, and Charlotte needed to get out. She quickly clenched the phone between her cheeks and her shoulder, picking up the bags on the floor as fast as she could.

Zachary turned around to look at her, but no assistance was offered.

This made Charlotte fumed deep down inside. Where's the chivalry in the man!

"I'm doing some shopping at the mall right now. Don't worry..." She continued the conversation with Robbie for a bit.

"I need to go now, okay? I'll be back in half an hour. Are the nurses taking good care of you guys? All of you should go take a shower. I will be back for storytime..."

When the call ended, the phone slipped from her grasp, and it dropped onto the floor. She gasped and squat to down to pick it up.

At that moment, Zachary stopped and looked back at her.

A few young men came walking by. Their eyes widened when they saw Charlotte.

That made Zachary realize that Charlotte was wearing the dress he just bought, and it was a tad too short. Unknowingly, she had accidentally flashed the crowd while squatting down.

Therefore, he immediately headed over and stood behind Charlotte, blocking off the angle to prevent the men from taking a peep. He even gave them a death stare.

The men were intimidated, so they quickly turned their heads and walked away.

"Couldn't you have helped me out a bit?" Charlotte was frustrated. "Great! Now my screen's cracked!"

"If you needed help, why didn't you say anything?" Zachary replied, picking up the bags with ease. He also pulled Charlotte back up. "You can't even walk properly. Is there anything you can actually do?"

"You..." Charlotte was at a loss for words. Is he actually blaming me for not asking for his help? Shouldn't he have initiated instead of waiting for me to ask?

"Mr. Nacht!" Right then, Ben came hurrying along with some bodyguards.

"Just in time," Zachary remarked as he handed all the bags over to the men. All except his gift, which he still held in his hand.

The bodyguard took the bags and proceeded to follow him.

At the entrance of the mall, the cars were waiting for them when they exited.

One bodyguard went and opened the door for Zachary, bowing as he waited before Zachary got in.

"I'll just get a cab, thank you." Charlotte wanted to head home early.

"Just get in," Zachary ordered.

It was another order that cannot be denied, and Charlotte knew that. Thus, she reluctantly got in the car.

The bodyguards put the shopping bags in the trunk and got in another car before all the cars moved out.

In the car, Charlotte was looking at the time on her phone. The only thing she wanted to do was go home as soon as possible. However, she soon found out that the car was not heading towards Happy Avenue. It was going straight towards the Nachts' residence instead.

"Where are we going?" Charlotte asked in a hurry.

"My place." Zachary was fiddling his phone around.

"I need to go home." Charlotte panicked. "The kids are still waiting for me."

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Nevertheless, Zachary ignored Charlotte and quietly stared outside the window. It was as though what she thought meant nothing to him.

His disinterest in what she said made Charlotte even more agitated. Her brows knitted as she figured that it was a bad idea to get into an all-out argument with the man in front of her.

Charlotte took a deep breath. "A lot has happened in my family," she explained in a calm and gentle manner. "The kids lack a sense of security. It is imperative that I be home right now. I'll keep you company when Mrs. Berry comes back, okay?"

"And when will that be?" Zachary finally said something. Even though he sounded cold, he was still giving Charlotte a chance to communicate with him.

"It won't be long. I'll have to ask Dr. Langan for the specifics." Charlotte was observing Zachary's reaction. "Besides, I'm finally working tomorrow. We can still see each other at the office."

"The office?" Zachary slowly eased closer to her, his hand slipping under the dress to explore about. "That sounds like a good idea," he spoke while his lips touched her earlobe.

Charlotte knew what he was thinking about and quickly explained, "I said see each other. Not, that..."

"Don't lie." Zachary bit her earlobe. His warm breath was fanning the smoldering fire within her. "Your body is more honest than your mouth."

"Zachary... "

Before Charlotte could say anything, Zachary stopped her.

His cold lips exerted full dominance as they pried her lips apart, infiltrating and invading every available space there was between her lips.

Charlotte was helpless against his kiss. She could do nothing but let him have his ways with her. Because of her nerves, Charlotte's petite body was shivering in Zachary's arms.

Sitting at the front of the car, Ben could sense that something was going on at the back, so he quietly pulled the curtains shut.

The bodyguard that was driving was Marino, which was the same as last time. Like what happened last time, his hands were trembling on the steering wheel, and his face was flushed.

"Ahem!" Ben cleared his throat and quietly scolded. "Focus on driving."

"Yes!" Marino responded and quietly said, "Mr. Nacht seems to like to do this in the car."

"It's exciting I guess." Ben answered casually.

"Huh?" Marino did not get it.

"Don't ask. Just keep your eyes on the road," Ben replied coldly.

"Okay!"

"Fine. I'll let you off the hook this time."

Zachary did not go any further, reluctantly letting Charlotte go at the crucial moment. He placed his forehead on hers and held her face with one hand, quietly calming himself down.

Meanwhile, Charlotte panted heavily like a fish out of water.

"You need to follow orders. Got it?" Zachary bit her ear.

"Got it." Charlotte nodded obediently. She knew that she needed to listen to everything Zachary said so that she and the kids could live peacefully.

With his personality, he'll get bored soon enough. When that time comes, I'll bring Mrs. Berry and the kids to another city and start over.

"Head over to Happy Avenue!" Zachary demanded all of a sudden.



"Yes, sir." The two men in the front looked at each other and let out a sigh of relief.

Marino immediately turned the car around and headed to Happy Avenue.

The two locations were not that far apart. It only took a little over ten minutes before they reached Happy Avenue.

Ben then got out of the car and opened the door for Charlotte while Marino opened the trunk and took out all the shopping bags. "Ms. Windt!" He handed it to her respectfully.

"Do you need me to go up with you?" Ben asked.

"It's fine. I can take it from here." Charlotte turned towards Zachary. "Thank you for sending me home. Good night!"

Somehow, Zachary was caught off guard by Charlotte's courtesy as he looked at her. "Sure. Get going now!" He replied casually.

Charlotte immediately hurried away as though she just received an order, quickening into a run shortly after. She was eager to see her children.

At the same time, Zachary kept his eyes on her through the rearview mirror. When will she act the same way and run towards me this way...

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Charlotte reached her home and took off her shoes quietly. She was about to unload the things she had in her room when Ellie suddenly ran out. "Mommy's back! Mommy!"

"Oh! Ellie, did you just get out of the shower?"

Charlotte picked her up and stroked her wet hair.

“Mommy, we brought a lot of delicious food for you. It’s in the kitchen.”

Ellie had just finished her shower, so she had a cute little pink bathrobe on her at the moment. Her hair was still wet while her beautiful face radiated.

“Thank you, Ellie!” Charlotte gave Ellie a peck on the cheek and looked at her lovingly. “Did you have fun today?”

“I did. Mr. Henry bought a lot of delicious food for us. He also bought Fairytale Land as well as the kindergarten...”

Ellie went on to tell Charlotte what happened that day. She expressed immense excitement and satisfaction while going through all the fun things that happened.

“Hahaha. As long as you guys enjoyed yourselves.”

Charlotte looked at Ellie’s happy face and felt relieved. She had always known that the kids needed more than just a mother; they needed a family.

No matter how good of a mother she was, Charlotte could never replace the other components that made up a family.

“Ellie, we should go dry your hair. You might catch a cold.” The nurse beckoned to Ellie with a smile.

“Go on then.” Charlotte gave her a little shove.

“I’ll dry my hair then, Mommy. Talk to you later.”

Ellie turned around, wiggling her butt as she ran back into the bathroom with her stubby legs.

Charlotte watched Ellie leave with a smile on her face until she was out of sight. Then, she noticed Robbie was standing by his bedroom door, looking at her.

“Robbie!” Charlotte carried the bags over to him. Robbie was already in his pajamas, and it looked like he had already washed up.

"Yeah." Robbie nodded. His eyes then shifted over to the shopping bags in her arms.

"Mommy, did you go shopping?"

"I did. I saw that there was a sale at the mall, so I went and did some shopping." Charlotte was lying, so she dared not look Robbie in the eyes. "They were really cheap, not more than a couple of tens each."

"You do need some clothes. All our other classmate's mommy would always dress up nicely." Robbie went and took a box of pizza out of the kitchen with a box of juice. "Mommy, we packed this up for you. There're some chicken wings... "

"That's great! I'm actually starving right now." Charlotte was delighted. "Put it on the table, Robbie. Mommy's going to change first."

"Okay," Robbie replied and took the boxes to the table. The nurse even took two glasses out for them.

Soon enough, Charlotte came out with a change of clothes, and Robbie passed her the cup of juice he poured out.

Charlotte finished it in one go and started feasting on the pizza. "It's still warm and tastes amazing!"

"I asked one of the nurses to help me heat it up," Robbie said as he drank the juice, accompanying his mother as she ate.

"Robbie, you can have some too." Charlotte gave a slice of pizza to Robbie.

"I already ate. My tummy's still stuffed right now." Robbie gave his round stomach a slap. "I can't sleep because of it."

"Go take a stroll then. Or you could play with Fifi for a bit," Charlotte said as she rubbed his stomach.

"Fifi keeps sleeping these past few days. It doesn't seem like she wakes up." Robbie looked troubled at the mention of Fifi. "Fifi woke up just now and squawked for a bit. But went back to sleep right after. Mommy, is she sick? Do we need to bring her to a doctor?"

"I've already brought Fifi to the doctor. The doctor said she's just drunk. She'll be back to normal after sleeping for about three days. Don't worry," Charlotte assured her son before taking a sip of juice.

"Huh? Drunk?" Robbie's eyes widened. "Where did Fifi get the alcohol from?"

"Some brainless idiot fed it to her," Charlotte responded casually.

After that remark, the image of Zachary's stony face flashed before her mind, unknowingly sending chills down her spine.

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"Was it an idiot or a bad person?" Robbie knitted his brows. He was mad. "Parrots can't drink alcohol. Even I know that, and I'm a kid! But the guy didn't? I don't think he's stupid, Mommy. He's just evil."

"Not necessarily..." Charlotte did not want her children to hate their own father, so she immediately changed the subject. "By the way, how was your day?"

"We had quite a lot of fun. Fairytale Land had a lot of stuff that we would never get to play at home. Also, we bumped into someone from school!" Robbie reported sensibly. "It was Timothy!"

"Did you guys get into an argument?" Charlotte asked gently as she put down her pizza.

"Nope." Robbie shook his head as his face expressed sympathy. "He's not who he used to be. He lost all that arrogance he once had and is more reserved now. He doesn't even play with anyone else besides Ellie."

Charlotte went quiet after hearing what Robbie just said. It seemed to her that, ever since Amanda and Luna found out about the man four years ago was Zachary, they did not try to mess with her.

However, Charlotte knew that the Sterlings were not doing so well these days. The Whites were also affected by it. Investors were retracting their investments, and the company was at its limit.

Other than that, Hector had already made up his mind about the divorce with Luna. Thus, these issues must have greatly affected Timothy.

Children should never be involved with adults' problems.

Even though Timothy and Ellie had some conflict back then, Charlotte still believed that Timothy was actually a good kid. But now, he ended up this way because of his family.

"Mommy, why did you impersonate the janitor of Fairytale Land?" Robbie asked after some pondering. "Was it to protect us?"

"Yeap." Charlotte nodded. "I was concerned and wanted to go take a look. But I didn't want to interfere with your fun, so..."

"Mommy!" Robbie felt touched and hugged Charlotte.

"Robbie, I know you're smart and very considerate." Charlotte patted Robbie's back and spoke gently, "But I want you to feel happy just being yourself. Leave everything else to me, and I will protect all of you, okay?"

"I'm worried about you, Mommy." Robbie held in his tears and choked on his word. "I don't want you to get bullied. I want to protect you!"

"Robbie..." Tears welled up in Charlotte's eyes. Thus, she took a deep breath, trying to make her sound calm. "I'm not going to get bullied. Don't worry!"

"Okay..." Robbie nodded and said nothing else.

With that, Charlotte cupped his face in her hands and kissed his forehead. "Alright now." She smiled. "You should go to bed. It's getting really late. By the way, where's Jamie?"

"He's already sound asleep." Robbie rolled his eyes as he pouted. "He told me he'd wait for me to finish my shower and play with me. But when I came out, he had already fallen asleep on the carpet. The nurse got him into the bed. He actually clung onto her neck for quite a while."

“Hahaha...” Charlotte laughed. “Jamie’s so adorable!”

Right then, a nurse came out of the bathroom carrying the plump Ellie in her hand. “Ellie’s also asleep now,” she said awkwardly. “Her head just flopped while I was blow-drying her hair. I took a look and found out she was asleep. Hahaha...”

“Looks like they’re all exhausted from all the fun they had.” Charlotte looked at Ellie with a smile.

“She looks tiny, but she’s actually quite heavy.” The nurse laughed.

Another nurse quickly came to assist her. “Let’s put her in bed.”

The two nurses carefully placed Ellie in her princess bed, covering her with a blanket. Then, they shut the door and proceeded to bid their farewell to Charlotte.

After that, Charlotte washed up before going to check on the kids in their bedroom. She had a happy grin on her face while she looked at their cute sleeping faces.