

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 376

In a blink of an eye, it was the dawn of a busy Monday morning.

At exactly ten minutes to seven, Mrs. Berry called Charlotte anxiously, "Miss, today's Monday. Remember to get the kids in their uniforms and pin their badges."

"Okay." Charlotte quickly got dressed and opened the door to take a look outside.

The three nurses arrived five minutes ago. One was preparing breakfast while the other two were helping Ellie and Jamie get ready.

After that, Charlotte shut the door and went on to freshen up.

"There's more," Mrs. Berry continued. "Ellie has art class today whereas Robbie has robotics class; Jamie has soccer, but his foot is injured, so he most probably won't be able to attend. Be sure to let the nurses know about these classes."

Mrs. Berry kept going until the voice of a nurse could be heard. "Mrs. Berry, Dr. Langan is coming to do a check-up. Can you put your phone down? We need to measure your blood pressure."

"Just a second, I'm not done here," Mrs. Berry replied. "Miss, Robbie doesn't like to eat egg yolks, so please convince him. And Jamie always pours the milk into the flower pot, so you need to keep an eye on him. As for Ellie, make sure there's no layer of film on the milk, or she'll get a stomachache."

"I understand, Mrs. Berry," Charlotte replied while she brushed her teeth. "Just focus on your treatment. I'll find some time to bring the kids along to visit you."

"Alright then. That's all for now. You should hurry up and don't forget to have some breakfast."

After that call, Charlotte's heart melted just by thinking about Mrs. Berry's reminders...

Meanwhile, since there were three nurses to take care of the kids, the morning progressed rather efficiently.

When Charlotte got out of the bathroom, breakfast was already ready. The kids were all prepared for school and sat at the dining table quietly.

Charlotte also took some breakfast and went down the stairs with the kids. Then, she sent them on the school bus before hopping in her car to go to work.

A lot had happened recently, so Charlotte did not really get to do her work.

Charlotte felt a little sorry, so she swore that she would do her best from then onward.

That day, Charlotte had reached her office earlier than usual, so there was no queue at the elevator. When she was about to enter, she saw Lucy and a few higher-ups inside. Hence, she immediately backed away. "You guys go ahead. I'll wait for the next one."

"Come in." Lucy shifted a bit and made space for Charlotte.

Left without a choice, Charlotte entered with her head down.

However, the people inside were talking among themselves. No one was bothered by her.

"Ms. Wright, is the press conference at one o'clock? Will Mr. Nacht be there?" One of the higher-ups asked.

"Of course, Mr. Nacht will definitely be present at such an important event such as this," Lucy answered with a smile.

"Will Ms. Blackwood from Synder be there too? We've not seen her in a while now."

"Ms. Blackwood's such a talented, capable and beautiful person. Not to mention easygoing. There doesn't seem to be a hint of arrogance in her."

"That's true. I bumped into her last time at level 17, and she actually greeted me."

"I heard Mr. Nacht and Ms. Blackwood are getting engaged. Is that true?"

"I'm not sure about that..." Lucy looked at Charlotte and smiled. "Today's press conference is important. Everyone should get ready and stop gossiping around."

"Hahaha... Of course!"

Their conversations continued while Charlotte stayed quiet. It's no wonder I didn't see Sharon these past few days. She went overseas. Will she cause any more scenes after she returns today?

Charlotte recalled the treatment she got at Ashenville Garden. Previously, Sharon caused a lot of problems for her, and even Michael got dragged into it.

But... Why is there a press conference today? Why didn't I know about it? It must be important if Zachary's going to attend. He didn't even attend the product launch event last time.

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When they reached the president's office, Lucy told Charlotte that she was transferred to another office.

As of that day, Charlotte was no longer working at the reception counter. Her new job was at the filing office, where she was responsible for printing and filing work.

Charlotte had been with the company for a while now. Thus, she knew that both her new and old jobs were at the bottom of the hierarchy on level 68.

Being a receptionist was not that bad since she could see Zachary and all the other higher-ups every day. If she performed remarkably, or if she met a manager or director who was in a good mood, there was a chance that she could get a promotion.

Nonetheless, the same could not be said about the filing office. Working there meant total isolation from the outside.

Charlotte would be stuck in a small room every day, waiting for the secretaries' email to be printed out. After that, she would sort it and send it over to the relevant parties.

There was no way for her to shine, nor a way for her to make mistakes. The chance for promotion was abysmal.

Charlotte understood that she was not doing really well recently, so a transfer was to be expected.

Hence, she packed up her stuff and went straight to the filing office quietly.

There were three ladies there working with her. They would be on their phones when no work was issued but immediately got to work as soon as tasks came in.

Seeing Charlotte, one of the ladies complained. "The girl with the connections is here. Ugh... she's so annoying!"

"What connections?"

"Think about it. Could an ordinary receptionist take leaves whenever she wants and not get fired? She definitely has some prominent connections."

"That sounds about right... "

Charlotte did not say anything when she heard those remarks. She merely placed her stuff on her table and started reading.

They had a lot of free time there, so Charlotte had a lot of time to study.

That morning, Charlotte had nearly nothing to do. She only printed a few documents and sent them to Lucy. After that, she just sat at her table looking at all the data. Unknowingly, she found out about a new project from all the files she read.

The Blackwoods were collaborating with the Nachts to develop a two-thousand-acre plot of land near Ashen Lake. They were planning to build an international theme park and a matching-themed hotel beside it.

The project needed a huge sum of money, but the Blackwoods did not have enough funding. That was the reason they seek out the Nacht family for a collaboration.

And of course, Zachary saw the potential, and the two families struck a deal.

Charlotte carefully read through all the documents and found something weird. The two thousand acres of land were not empty. Demolishing was needed – the Windt Corporation's seven factories and her old home included.

It would have been fine if it was anywhere else, but Charlotte took notice because the Windt Corporation was involved.

Even though the company had already fallen into the hands of Simon and the rest of the relatives, it was still built upon Charlotte's father's blood, sweat, and tears. Not to mention the house that he built specifically for her.

It was already bad enough that Simon owned everything. Charlotte would be devastated if all of it were demolished.

"Charlotte Windt. Charlotte Windt!"

An unhappy-sounding voice interrupted Charlotte's thought process, and she snapped out of it. She turned to look at the colleague beside her. "What happened?"

"Why are you daydreaming during work?" The colleague stared at her, displeased. "Take this document to Ms. Wright."

"Oh, okay." Charlotte quickly took the file and hurried to Lucy.

At that time, Lucy was busy delegating work to the others when Charlotte got there. She gestured for Charlotte to wait.

Thus, Charlotte stood at the side for twenty minutes, the file cuddled in her embrace. However, Lucy never gave her a second look and went on with her work.

Charlotte felt a slight uneasiness. Did I unknowingly offend Lucy?

"Hand it over!" After a while, Lucy finally took the document from Charlotte without even looking at her. The former then quickly left for the president's office right after.

Charlotte's heart sank. She was about to head back to the office when she suddenly heard a familiar voice. "Hey, Charlotte? I was wondering why I didn't see you. Did you get transferred?"

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Charlotte turned around. It was Sharon in a white suit, and she exuded a chilly presence. Her lips curled into a smirk as she stared down at Charlotte.

"Good day, Ms. Blackwood!" Charlotte lowered her head to greet Sharon and was about to leave.

"Get me a cup of coffee," Sharon ordered pompously. "A black Americano, to be exact!"

"Ms. Blackwood," Charlotte responded. "I'm working in the filing office now."

"So what?" Sharon raised an eyebrow and sneered. "I can't order you around anymore?"

"The filing office doesn't need to serve... "

"Silence!" A roar interrupted Charlotte before she could finish.

At that moment, Lucy was hurrying over to them. "If Ms. Blackwood asked you to get coffee for her, you go get her coffee. What's with the nonsense?"

Charlotte looked towards Lucy, stumped by the change in her attitude. She was extremely reluctant but lowered her head in the end as she walked to the pantry.

"I want them freshly ground!" Sharon demanded. "I don't drink instant coffee!"

"Don't worry, Ms. Blackwood. I'll personally see to it," Lucy spoke to her respectfully.

"With you there, Ms. Wright, I can rest assured." Sharon smiled with satisfaction and waltzed off into the president's office.

At the pantry, Charlotte started grinding the coffee beans. She was very much confused.

She did not know why Lucy would suddenly have a change of heart like that. Even though Lucy did reprimand her in the past for the greater good, it felt different this time.

"Did you hear us?" Lucy's voice came from behind.

Charlotte snapped back into reality and replied softly, "It was hard not to. You two were loud."

"Don't take too long then. Get it done and bring it to Ms. Blackwood," Lucy ordered before leaving.

Charlotte looked at Lucy's leaving silhouette and let out a sigh.

Soon after, Charlotte was holding the cup of coffee that she just made as she knocked on the door to the president's office.

"Come in!" Ben instructed.

Charlotte walked in with the coffee in hand and stumped Ben, who was standing at the side of the door. Nevertheless, he recovered quickly and reached out for the coffee. "Leave it to me. You can go now."

Ben was smart as he could tell that Sharon was deliberately making it difficult for Charlotte.

"Thank you." Charlotte looked at him gratefully and was ready to leave.

"Stop right there!" Sharon stopped her.

Instantly, Charlotte stood in place, lowering her head as she waited for the next demand.

Zachary was also in the office, going through the documents in his hands. Nonetheless, he did not show even the slightest reaction to what was happening.

On the other hand, Ben was actually anxious. He was worried that Sharon was going to cause more trouble.

"Thank you!" Sharon broke the tension in the atmosphere and said nothing more.

Charlotte was caught off guard, but she managed to respond. "You're welcome!"

Then, she turned around and left.

Ben let out a sigh of relief before bringing the coffee over to Sharon. "Ms. Blackwood, your coffee."

"Thanks." Sharon took a sip. "It's a bit hot. I'll drink it later," she said while putting it on the table.

After that, Sharon continued to go through the documents with Zachary.

Ben was a little puzzled. If she wasn't trying to mess around with Charlotte, then why did she ask her to bring coffee? Was it to exert dominance?

"Zachary. My father will also be here for the press conference later," Sharon spoke out of the blue. "You wouldn't mind, right?"

"Most certainly not." Zachary was surprised. "When did Mr. Blackwood arrive in H City? Why didn't you tell me?"

"We were on the same flight this morning." Sharon smiled as she answered him. "He went to have some morning tea with Mr. Henry. Were you not informed?"

"Grandpa doesn't need to report to me what he does." Zachary looked at his watch. "Anyway, it's getting late, and I have some other issues to take care of. Let's go for lunch afterward."

"I'll leave you be then," Sharon said and took a few more sips of the coffee. She then packed up her documents before leaving right after. "I'll wait for you in the restaurant at level 17?"

"Sure." Zachary nodded. "Please see Ms. Blackwood off," he told Ben.

"Yes, sir." Ben approached politely. "This way, Ms. Blackwood."

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After he sent Sharon off, Ben quickly reported back to the president's office.

"Mr. Nacht, almost everyone from the media has gathered down there. The public relations team has made arrangements for them to have a meal on level 13. A private room has been reserved on level 17 for you and Ms. Blackwood. Hence, we might need to hurry up."

However, Ben noticed that Zachary was still seated as he stared at the documents in his hand in deep thought. There were no signs of him budging.

"Sir, is something wrong?" Ben asked cautiously.

"Tell me, why would Grandpa suddenly ask Taylor Blackwood to come? Is he up to something?" Zachary asked.

"Hmm... " Ben dared not answer. "I think you already know, Sir. Why would you want me to reiterate it?"

"What's the point?" Zachary rested his back on the sofa with an irritated look on his face. "He's already so old, yet he's still trying to marionette people around."

"You're not just anyone, sir. You're his grandson." Ben said while observing Zachary's expression. "The lineage of the Nacht family, all seven generations of it, is rested on your shoulder."

"So he needs to force me into marriage because of that?" Zachary growled in displeasure. "Is my only purpose in life, mating and producing heirs for the family?"

"I... " Ben was speechless.

"Summon Bruce," Zachary demanded.

"What are you up to?" Ben panicked. "The press conference is starting any minute now. Sir, you mustn't act out of impulse at a time like this. Besides, whether Mr. Henry would do anything or not is still up in the air."

"It would be the best if he did nothing. But if he does, I need to establish some countermeasures." Zachary stared at Ben. "What's wrong? Are you not going to be a rebel as well?"

"No, sir... " Ben could do nothing, so he called Bruce over.

"Mr. Nacht!" Bruce had always been in charge of external affairs. Yet he came back because the press conference needed more help around.

"Listen carefully." Zachary pointed at him and issued an order. "I don't want to see Grandpa and Taylor Blackwood at the press conference later!"

"Umm..." Bruce was astonished as his eyes widened. "What you're saying is, you want me to intercept Mr. Nacht and Mr. Blackwood? Is this really okay?"

"If Mr. Blackwood is here by himself, by all means, let him in. After all, he has a mild nature. He won't do anything if Grandpa is not around." Zachary suddenly got serious. "But. If he's here with Grandpa, you must stop them from going any further!"

Bruce's expression changed drastically. "Sir, this is a tall order you're giving me..."

"I don't care how you do it. Get it done, by hook or by crook! Or you're fired!" Zachary's domineering presence was at full force.

Bruce felt desperate as he looked helplessly towards Ben for some assistance.

However, Ben shrugged, indicating to Bruce that there was nothing he could do.

"Alright. Now leave." Zachary massaged his temples, exhausted. "Go and tell Sharon that I'm not eating anymore. We'll meet in the conference room at one o'clock!"

"Yes, sir," Ben answered as he pulled Bruce with him out of the office.

Bruce looked dejected. "Isn't he just sending me to my death by asking me to stop Mr. Henry?"

"Death would be better." Ben sympathized with him. "But there's no other option. You know Mr. Nacht's temper."

"What should I do?" Bruce let out a deep sigh.

"Pray," Ben told him. "Maybe Mr. Nacht was overreacting – I mean, there's a chance that Mr. Blackwood will come here alone. Mr. Henry didn't even say anything, so maybe he's not coming."

"What if he came?" Bruce looked at Ben with his piercing gaze.

"Umm..." Ben had no idea as well. "Then you'll just have to face it head-on."

"You b*stard!" Bruce cursed. "I'm the one dying here, not you. Stop gloating!"

"Hey, do you think I got the better end of the straw?" Ben made a long face. "If anything happened at the conference, I'll be in dire straits too!"

"Whatever. I'm done talking to you," Bruce said as he left.

Ben sighed as he watched Bruce leave.

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At the same time, Charlotte was getting ready to head down for lunch, but Lucy appeared with a document. "Send this to the president's office." She handed the document to Charlotte.

Charlotte knitted her brows as she took the document. She knew it was because Zachary wanted to see her. Otherwise, Lucy would have sent it to him personally since the document was important.

"Make it quick," Lucy said mindfully. "There's a crucial press conference on Level 66 at one o'clock. Ms. Blackwood is dining in level 17 and will come up at any moment."

"Alright."

Right then, Charlotte figured that Lucy found out about her relationship with Zachary, and Lucy despised her for that. That was why her attitude changed so much.

With a heavy heart, Charlotte headed to Zachary's office as she was told. She met Ben, who was standing outside when she got there.

"Ms. Windt, what's this?" Ben pointed at the documents Charlotte had with her.

"Ms. Wright wanted me to send it here," Charlotte spoke softly.

"Okay." Ben answered and let her pass.

The door opened on its own after Charlotte knocked on it a few times.

The security camera was linked to Zachary's computer, so he knew who was at the door.

Charlotte went in and placed the document in front of Zachary. "Your documents, Mr. Nacht."

"Sit," Zachary said while lighting up a cigar.

"We're in the office," Charlotte reminded.

But Zachary ignored her and smoked the cigar once it was lit, puffing out a cloud of smoke at her.

Charlotte frowned and immediately covered her nose. "What happened? Is there something wrong with the press conference?"

Charlotte knew that Zachary rarely smoked cigars. Every time he did, it would be because he was in a bad mood.

"In my world, nothing can go wrong." He sounded extremely prideful.

"And?"

"Grandpa is forcing a marriage on me."

While Zachary was smoking, he was also quietly observing Charlotte's reaction through the thick smoke.

Charlotte was slightly shocked, and there was a flash of panic in her eyes. However, she quickly calmed down and asked, "With Ms. Blackwood?"

"Is that important?" Zachary responded curtly. "Either way, it's not going to be you!"

"Okay!" Charlotte nodded and attempted to probe further. "In that case, since you're getting married, you won't be needing me anymore, right?"

Zachary knitted his brows in response and shot her an icy glare. "Is this your answer?"

Charlotte was stumped for a bit. "What else could I say?"

Truth be told, Charlotte actually had no idea how she should react. Should I cry? Beg him not to get married and let him continue torturing and manipulating me? I'm not insane just yet!

"So, do you want me to get married?" Zachary questioned.

"This isn't about what I want." Charlotte gave it some thought and figured out the best way to answer him. "This is not something I have control over."

Hearing what she said, Zachary lowered his gaze in disappointment. It looked like he was calm as the sea, but the cigar in his hand was already snapped in two.

The tip of the cigar fell on his palm, burning it.

"Oh my God! What the hell are you doing?"

Charlotte immediately opened up Zachary's palm, wanting to take the burning tip away.

Out of nowhere, Zachary grabbed her hand with the burning tip in his, making her feel the pain that he felt. "Charlotte Windt, remember this. You'll never be able to get away from me. Never!" He exclaimed with a sinister grin.

"Let me go! It hurts!"

Tears started welling up as Charlotte was getting burned.

Nevertheless, not only did Zachary not let go, he even pressed her onto the desk and angrily covered her mouth. His other hand slipped under her dress and pulled off her underwear, having his way with her, invading her.

“Zachary Nacht! You pervert!” Charlotte kept slamming her fist furiously on Zachary’s chest, but she was too weak.

Their shadows were elongated by the sunlight outside. The intertwining silhouette looked as though they were vines that twisted around each other and could not be untangled.

Tears blurred Charlotte’s eyes as she stared at Zachary. His infuriated expression had quickly turned into that of lust as he indulged in the magnificence of her body.

Charlotte hated him while the morbid relationship they had terrified her. The only thing she wanted to do right then was escape.