

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

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However, Zachary was too loud and covered Taylor's voice. Spencer was the only one in the room who heard Taylor yell.

As Zachary had stood out, Taylor fell silent.

"What else do you have to say?" Henry was so furious he pointed his cane right at Zachary. "Sharon didn't lie, did she? This woman put something in Sterk's coffee, right?"

"Yes, she did." Zachary admitted it. "But she wasn't the one who poisoned Sharon."

"Why are you still siding with her?" Anger welled up in Henry's chest. "Let me tell you. No one can save her today. Not even the president of the country! I swear I'll make her pay for what she did!"

"Mr. Nacht, please calm down," Taylor advised. "Let's calm down and talk."

"Take this wicked woman away!" Henry leaned on his cane and commanded indignantly. "If you dare to stop me, I won't only call the police. I'll punish her right here!"

"I dare you to do so!" Zachary bellowed.

"Try me!" Henry retorted, breathless with anger.

Charlotte tensed up and dared not move an inch.

She could sense the murderous intent in Henry's gaze. He's as ruthless as Zachary.

If this drags on, I might die here.

"You can't hurt her."

Seeing how determined his grandfather was, Zachary panicked instantly. Henry hadn't killed anyone in years, but deep down, he was still a savage man.

“No one has ever stopped me from punishing someone.” Henry snickered icily. “Including you!”

“You can’t touch her, because...” Zachary clenched his fists and frowned. He blurted out, “Because she wasn’t the culprit. I was the one who poisoned Sharon!”

Everyone was astounded at his sudden announcement.

Their gazes flitted across Zachary, Charlotte, and Sharon in shock.

Sharon couldn’t believe her ears.

She gripped the covers tightly, nearly ripping the fabric apart.

“What did you say?” Henry was stunned.

“I...” After a brief pause, Zachary made up a lie. “I didn’t want to be forced into this marriage, so I ordered Ben to put something into Sharon’s coffee.”

It was Ben’s turn to be caught off guard.

“The poison won’t hurt Sharon. She’ll just suffer from a stomachache,” Zachary continued. “Perhaps Ben overdosed the poison, so she spat out blood and fainted.”

Ben’s lips trembled silently. Mr. Nacht, how could you drag my name through the mud to save the damsel in distress?

“According to my plan, the poison would take effect ten minutes earlier. But because she didn’t take her lunch, the poison didn’t take effect in time, allowing you to announce the engagement before she fainted...”

Zachary’s voice got softer before he came to a stop. By now, Henry was quivering in wrath as he walked slowly to his grandson.

He was a savage wolf, aged but still viciously dangerous!

“Mr. Nacht, please calm down.” Taylor held him back gingerly. “Sharon is alright now, so there’s no need to pursue the matter.”

He hinted at Sharon, who immediately chimed in, "Yes, yes. I'm fine. My stomach isn't hurting anymore, so forget it."

Sharon pulled back her covers in distraught, about to get off the bed.

Yet, she was too late.

"You unfilial b*stard!"

Henry had raised his hand to give Zachary a resounding slap.

It was a loud slap that rang in everyone's ears.

Raina, Ben, Bruce, and the rest of the Nacht family's employees shivered fearfully and took a step back before dropping their heads.

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Zachary turned his head to one side and knitted his brows silently.

Soon, a red mark appeared on his cheek.

"I've never slapped you before," said Henry in a menacing voice. "You were smart, obedient, and never disappointed me. But today—"

"I'm not your puppet!" Zachary interrupted rudely. "You can't use me to reverse your mistake!"

"What do you mean?" Henry's voice wobbled.

"Am I wrong?" Zachary sneered. "Back then, my father was troubled in love and died in an accident later. Hence, you placed all your hopes on me and exercised total control over my life. I must gain your approval before I date or marry anyone. You even interfered when I tried to make friends!"

"Zachary Nacht!" Henry roared.

"What's wrong? Is one slap not enough?" Zachary raised his chin defiantly. "Go on. Slap me more. I'll think of it as repaying you for bringing me up."

"Y-You rascal!" Henry was shaking in anger as he raised his hand, about to give him another slap.

"Mr. Nacht!" Taylor rushed over to stop him. "Please calm down, calm down."

"I'm sorry. It was all my fault," uttered Sharon anxiously as she made her way over to Henry. Grabbing his sleeves, she pleaded, "Please stop hitting Zachary. Please!"

Closing his eyes in annoyance, Zachary spun on his heels.

"Stand right there!" Henry shouted.

Zachary ignored his shouts and left.

"Mr. Nacht!" Ben scurried after him.

The rest had their heads down and dared not make any sound.

Charlotte gazed in the direction where Zachary had just left, at a loss for words.

She couldn't believe Zachary went against Henry just to defend her and even took the blame for her, causing the old man to slap him out of anger.

Zachary was a proud man who'd punish those who were impolite to him, so he would never allow anyone to hit him.

But today, Henry had slapped him in public.

Getting slapped was nothing big. However, his pride and honor were wounded.

"Vixen!" Henry cursed, about to explode with rage.

Charlotte looked down silently.

"Mr. Nacht, forget it," advised Taylor. "You heard what Zachary said. I don't think she was involved in the poisoning incident. There must be a misunderstanding. Please do me a favor, and forget about this."

Taylor then signaled at Sharon.

At once, Sharon burst out crying. "I won't pursue this matter. Please don't let this come between you and Zachary. I don't want him to hate me. Please!"

"You would've been dead meat if they didn't ask me to let you off," threatened Henry as he pointed at Charlotte. "Get lost! Don't let me see you again!"

Charlotte scrambled up and left with her head down.

Raina signaled one of her medical staff, who immediately went after Charlotte and helped her out.

"Mr. Nacht, don't be mad." Taylor consoled him. "We can't stay for long in Zachary's company. I'll leave with Sharon now."

"Okay." Henry patted the back of his hand to comfort him. "That brat needs some discipline. I'm sorry for what you had to go through today. I promise I'll punish him back home."

"Please don't say that." Taylor might be in his fifties, but he was still a mild-mannered man. "The kids are grown up and have their own ideas. That's normal. Don't be mad at him. I'll find time to talk to him in private."

"Mm."

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The Blackwood family left with Sharon, accompanied by Raina.

Spencer was afraid Henry's blood pressure might skyrocket, so he cajoled the old man to return home and summoned a doctor from Serene Hospital to examine him.

Everyone filed out of the room slowly. It was as if peace had returned.

Taylor was the last to leave. Bruce escorted him to his car.

Before he entered his car, Taylor flashed a warm smile. "I wanted to talk to Zachary, but I don't think he wants to see me. Please convey my apology to him. After all, it was our fault things turned out this way."

"Please don't say that." Bruce was full of remorse.

"No, I should be the one feeling guilty." Taylor sighed. "If I knew Zachary was in love with another woman, I wouldn't have agreed to their marriage."

"Well..." Bruce was speechless.

No wonder Mr. Blackwood is a successful businessman. He knew nothing at first, but he immediately knew Mr. Nacht took the blame to protect Charlotte.

Actually, it doesn't matter who was the culprit. The person who Mr. Nacht protects is the winner.

"The girl's name is Charlotte Windt?" Taylor inquired out of nowhere.

"Yes," said Bruce with a slight nod.

"Windt, with a 't'?" Taylor pressed on.

"Yes." Curious, Bruce wondered why Taylor was being so specific. Is he going to run a search on her?

"It's a rare surname," said Taylor thoughtfully. "Twenty years ago, I had a friend with the same surname."

"Oh?" Bruce relaxed at his answer. He's trying to find an old friend.

"Alright, I'll get out of your way. Goodbye!"

Taylor patted Bruce's shoulder and entered his vehicle.

After he left, Bruce returned to Zachary's office.

Zachary's office was a mess. He had smashed everything he could. Some object Zachary sent flying nearly hit Ben in the head, but luckily the latter avoided it in time.

Bruce stepped forward to knock on the door as Ben reminded him in a low voice. "You're knocking on the door now? Do you have a death wish?"

"What else can I do? I need to report the situation to him." Bruce was frowning. "By the way, what about Ms. Windt?"

"Get someone to send her home," said Ben. Then, he shared his opinion. "I think she can no longer stay in the company. Otherwise, I'm afraid Ms. Blackwood will kick up a fuss every few days."

"That was what I thought, too." After taking a deep breath, Bruce knocked on the door.

There was no response. Bruce was wondering if he should leave when the door creaked open.

Ben and Bruce exchanged glances before entering the office cautiously.

Zachary was seated in his chair with his back to them. His reflection on the French windows seemed rather lonesome.

"Mr. Nacht, everyone has left," reported Bruce carefully. "Your grandfather was fuming, but Spencer persuaded him to go home. He summoned a doctor as he was afraid the old man's blood pressure might shoot up."

Zachary remained silent and fiddled with a Rubik's Cube in his hand.

"Raina has accompanied Ms. Blackwood home and stayed on to treat her." Bruce continued with his report. "I just sent Mr. Blackwood downstairs. He wanted me to relay his apology. He also told me if he knew you were in love with someone else, he wouldn't have agreed to the marriage."

Still, Zachary said nothing.

"Before Mr. Blackwood left, he got Ms. Windt's full name from me." Bruce studied his boss' expression. "He claimed to have an old friend with the same surname twenty years ago."

"By the way, Ben had sent someone to send Ms. Windt home," he added after a brief pause.

"Tell her not to come to the company from now on." Finally, Zachary spoke.

"Yes." Bruce knew his boss had the same thought as him and Ben. As long as she stayed away from Divine Corporation, she wouldn't bump into Sharon and Henry.

That was the only way to ensure her safety.

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"Find out who was behind that poisoning, by all means. Go through everyone by Sharon's side."

Zachary spun his chair around and continued solving his Rubik's Cube. However, his gaze was as cold as ice.

"Got it!" Bruce bowed.

Zachary was certain Sharon had poisoned herself deliberately. Ben and Bruce knew their boss well. However, there was no evidence to point it at her, so they couldn't expose her.

Sharon was doing this to get rid of Charlotte in front of Henry and Taylor.

Never in her wildest dreams did she expect Zachary to take the blame in order to protect Charlotte.

In the end, Henry flew into a fit of rage and slapped Zachary in public.

Zachary was an unforgiving person.

He'd skin anyone who dared to mess with him.

Naturally, he'd hold a grudge after being slapped.

Henry was the one who slapped him, but Sharon was the cause of the problem. Zachary had pinned the blame on her.

It doesn't matter if I get married. But if Sharon was the one who poisoned herself, there's no way I'll let someone this wicked remain by my side!

"Yes. I'll do that now." Bruce turned to leave when something occurred to him. "Mr. Blackwood seems interested in Ms. Windt," he reminded carefully. "Should I send someone to protect her?"

"No need," came Zachary's firm reply. "I have faith in Taylor's moral standing. His daughter, however, is a different story."

"Yes." Bruce nodded. "After firing Ms. Windt, should I arrange a new job for her?"

"No." Zachary's gaze turned steely as he clenched his jaw. "Don't arrange a new job for her. In fact, make sure she doesn't find a new job. Someone as foolish as her needs to experience some hardships before she learns a lesson!"

"Got it!" Bruce bowed and left.

Outside, Ben inquired nervously, "How did it go?"

"He's calmer now." Bruce let out a deep sigh. "I'll leave to carry out his orders now. Stay with him."

"Alright."

Meanwhile, Charlotte told the driver to drop her at Happy Avenue so she could walk home alone.

She was overwhelmed by today's events. Zachary's protective stance kept popping up in her mind.

Her emotions were a complex mixture.

I wonder how is he doing now?

He must be furious.

Is he venting out his anger in his office alone?

He must've broken all the expensive liquor and other collections in his office out of fury by now.

What about the red mark on his cheek?

Does it hurt?

I guess his heart is aching more now.

Charlotte exhaled sharply. Sometimes, I don't understand him. He was always harsh and controlling in front of me. If I showed any signs of defying him, he'd torture me like a madman.

But every time I ran into trouble, he'd come and save me in time.

I thought he'd be on Sharon's side today and question me harshly before sending me to the police station. Why did he help me instead?

I don't get it.

Suddenly, her phone rang. It was a call from Lucy.

Charlotte quickly answered. "Hello?"

"Charlotte Windt, I'm calling on behalf of the company. You've been terminated. Your salary for this month will be transferred to your account soon. I'll pack your stuff up and mail it to you. Give me your address," Lucy spoke swiftly.

It took Charlotte a while to regain her composure. "Okay, got it. There's nothing important there. You can throw them away."

"Fine." Lucy was curt. "Take care!"

"You too. Take care!"

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Charlotte knew this day would come. After all, everyone knew that Zachary took the blame for her. Even if Henry agreed to stop pursuing the matter, he wouldn't allow her to remain with Zachary.

Good. We won't argue that much if we don't see each other.

Taking a deep breath, Charlotte's footsteps quickened as she headed home.

Right then, her phone rang again with a call from Amanda.

This woman had disappeared for a while. Back then, Amanda and Luna kept making things difficult for her. Of course, Zachary made them pay heavily for their actions.

After they realized Charlotte was backed up by Zachary, they stopped harassing her.

Why is she contacting me now? Did she receive news that Divine Corporation has just fired me?

Whatever her reason is, I've decided to cut off ties with them.

She rejected the call and continued her way home. However, Amanda called her again.

Knitting her brows, she hesitated before answering her call. "Hello?"

"It's me," came Amanda over the line. "Don't worry. I'm not trying to trouble you. Let's make a deal."

"Deal?" Charlotte found her request funny. "What deal could we strike up?"

"Don't you want the house your father built for you? Don't you want your father's business empire?" Amanda revealed her intentions. "If you do, come meet me."

"What are you trying to do?" Charlotte's frown deepened.

"Nothing. You're Zachary's woman, while we're just trying to survive. We dare not play any tricks." Amanda let out a bitter chuckle. "Luna and Hector are divorced. We have lost everything, so we're thinking of selling our assets for cash and immigrate to F Nation."

"Luna and Hector are divorced?"

Charlotte was surprised to hear the news. It was within her expectations, but she didn't know it would happen this quickly.

Looks like Hector had enough of Luna.

"They got divorced a few days ago," revealed Amanda sadly. "We haven't seen Timothy for a month. Luna refused to eat and would only stare at Timothy's photo and cry."

"Oh," Charlotte replied nonchalantly. "Look on the bright side."

"I know you must be gloating deep down. It must be funny for you. Never mind. We're now a joke to everyone. You can laugh out loud."

Amanda continued icily, "The Sterlings are not faring any better either. Since they wanted a divorce, we agreed. However, they kicked Luna out with nothing under her name. I can't believe they are this heartless."

"This is none of my business," Charlotte uttered impatiently.

"Okay, let's get back to the topic," Amanda replied. "We can't remain in H City any longer, so we're immigrating to F Nation. After the White family went bust, your Uncle Simon's factories had been suffering losses. Recently, when we went through the accounts, we realized there wasn't any profit. Instead, there was a deficit."

She sighed. "Anyway, we need money now. We're going to sell the villa and the factories. If we get an outside buyer, it will take some time. As we're short on time, I want to ask if you're interested to buy them. If you are, we can meet up and discuss the details."

"Are you overestimating me?" Charlotte retorted. "I don't have a cent under my name. Where would I get the money to buy the villa and factories?"

"You might be poor, but Mr. Nacht is rich," Amanda reminded her uneasily. "You've been with him for a long time. Don't tell me you got nothing from him? He can buy the factories and the villa easily."

Charlotte thought about it. "State your price."

"Three factories and a villa for seventy million. That isn't much," Amanda hurriedly answered. "I know Mr. Nacht is your backer, so I won't mess around. This is a reasonable price. If you don't believe me, you can ask him."