

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

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“Understood!”

The bodyguards took off their clothes and pounced on Luna.

“No. No-” Luna released a blood-curdling scream. “Helena, you evil b*tch! I’ll haunt you even after I die. Ahh-”

Her bone-chilling screams reached every inch of the banquet hall, sending shivers down everyone’s spines.

“No, no. It wasn’t me...” Helena was petrified and began to screaming in panic, “No, it’s not like that. Turn it off. Turn it off!”

Amid her hysterical screams, Hector had already sprinted to the backstage and turned off the projector.

Unfortunately, it was already too late. All the guests had already seen and heard everything. Some of them even recorded it on their phones.

The jubilant and romantic wedding scene abruptly turned into a criminal trial with all the guests as witnesses.

The people in the video were clearly displayed. They were Luna, Helena, and several of the Browns’ bodyguards.

A few of them were even present.

Such a detailed and complex video was impossible to fabricate. Without a doubt, the evidence was conclusive.

Everyone was flabbergasted, including the Sterlings and the Browns.

Charlotte was stupefied after watching the video. Even though she knew about it a long time ago, she never expected it to be exposed during the wedding. She stared dumbly at the stage, then shifted her gaze to Zachary.

Zachary lowered his head to light the cigarette between his lips, then gracefully took a long drag, as though everything was within his control and was all part of his plan.

“Is this true, Helena?” Michael stood up and confronted her, barely controlling his emotions.

As the only son and backbone of the Brown family, Michael’s question forced her directly into the cusp of public opinion.

“N-No. Michael, listen to me...”

“Ms. Brown, I suggest you remain silent.” A senior judicial officer amongst the guests yelled icily, “According to my experience, the video didn’t look like a fake. The media live broadcast has already uploaded the video online. I believe that the police will contact you soon.”

“No. Judge Longman, I...” Helena attempted to explain herself.

However, the judge was having none of it. He shot to his feet and bowed to Steven and Samuel before politely declaring, “My apologies. I’m a public official, so it’s not appropriate for me to attend this wedding. Take care, everyone.”

With that, the judge led his family out of the hall.

Other guests with official positions also left one after another. Some had the courtesy to bid the Sterlings and the Browns farewell, while others did not.

In just a few short minutes, most of the guests had already left.

By then, the projector had been switched off and the romantic music resumed playing. Unfortunately, no one was willing to offer them their blessings anymore.

Upon rushing back, Hector saw the dwindling number of guests and tried to persuade them from leaving.

Some of them refused to listen, storming away before he even reached them.

Some angrily scolded him, saying that he was a heartless man for committing such a heinous crime against his first wife just to associate himself with the Browns.

Some of his relatives advised him against marrying such a vile woman, telling him to cancel the wedding and stay away from the Browns.

Michael climbed to the stage to question Helena again, demanding if what happened in the video was true.

Helena denied it until the end and furiously lambasted the staff for ruining her wedding and happiness, swearing to make them pay.

The wedding had become a chaotic mess. Charlotte was still trapped in a daze when Zachary tugged her toward the back door.

Snapping back to her senses, she was about to ask something when she suddenly spotted Timothy standing in a corner, glaring at Helena with bitter hatred gleaming in his eyes.

Under her shocked stare, he took out a pair of scissors from his schoolbag and hurtled toward the stage in a crazed manner.

“Timothy!” Charlotte yelled, but her voice was drowned out by Helena’s angry shrieks toward the staff.

Timothy’s little figure streaked through the crowd and bounded onto the stage. At last, the sharp scissors pierced into Helena’s stomach. “Just die, you evil woman!”

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Charlotte faltered in her steps and looked at the stage in horror.

Helena was stabbed in the stomach. Her eyes had gone wide with disbelief as she glanced at Timothy, then at her stomach.

Timothy was only a child, after all, and his strength was limited. Hence, the scissors did not pierce too deep into her stomach.

Despite that, it was deep enough to draw blood and stain her white wedding gown with it.

Appalled, Hector remained paralyzed to the spot, unable to react for a long time.

He probably never expected his three-and-a-half-year-old son would stab his new wife with scissors.

He thought that his son was too young to understand anything. Hence, as long as he hid everything from Timothy, it would be as if nothing had happened. He would still be that perfect father his son adored and looked up to.

Little did he know that his son's sense of awareness had long since been awakened; he had observed and remembered all of his father's bad deeds. In fact, each and every one of those deeds was engraved into his heart.

"Ahhh!" A few female relatives screamed in terror.

Helena collapsed to the ground, clutching her stomach with one hand while using the other one to fiercely grasp Timothy's neck. With a terrifying look on her face, she screamed, "You bas*ard. You killed my child! I'll kill you! I'm going to kill you-"

"No!" Julia ran forward to pull Timothy behind her. "He's just a child, Helena. Please spare him."

"Get lost!" Helena clambered forward, still bent on strangling Timothy, but Hector bolted over to protect his son. "Stop it. Let's go to the hospital first."

"Let go of me! I wanna kill that bas*ard! I'll kill him-"

Helena went berserk, roaring as though she was possessed.

Steven had someone take Helena to the hospital by force. Then, he whipped his head back at Timothy and ordered, "Take down that bas*ard!"

"Yes!"

"No..." Samuel stepped forward to shield his grandson. "Steven, he's just a child."

"Yet, he already tried to kill someone. Are you sure he's a child, or a demon?"

"Steven..."

"If you still want this marriage to stay valid, hand over that evil bas*ard!"

...

Charlotte didn't have the chance to see what happened later on as Zachary had dragged her away hastily.

Only after they hopped into the car did she finally react. Calming the turmoil inside her, she glanced at him and asked, "Did you do this?"

"Yes." Zachary didn't intend to hide it from her. "Why? Do you think it was wrong for me to do that?"

"No, that's not it..."

Charlotte felt immensely conflicted and didn't know how to put what she was feeling into words.

She was well aware that the video wasn't fabricated. In fact, it was the undeniable truth. Helena had gotten Luna gang-raped, but used money and power to settle it. This was a monstrous crime to begin with, but Helena had evaded bearing any legal consequences.

Although Zachary had his own motives for releasing the video during the wedding, there was nothing wrong with what he did. At least, it ensured that a criminal would be punished by the law.

The only fault she could find in his actions was that Timothy had seen the video. The traumatic experience would forever remain a burn mark on his heart.

Of course, even if he didn't see the video, he probably already knew that Helena had harmed his mother, but seeing it with his own eyes was a different story altogether.

"The world is ruled by the law of the jungle. Even though this was a part of my scheme, I did not go against my morals or violate the law, so I see nothing wrong with what I did," Zachary explained casually.

"I know..." Charlotte chuckled wryly. "Congrats. You succeeded in eliminating the Lindberg family's loyal followers."

Indeed, since this video was leaked, Helena would soon be brought to justice and the Sterlings wouldn't be able to have their way. As for Lindberg Corporation, losing both the Sterlings and the Browns support was equivalent to losing a limb.

Seeing as this was Lindberg Corporation's first time developing in H City, it was inevitable that their plans would be temporarily delayed without the guidance of their lapdogs.

And this short amount of time was just enough for Zachary to find their weakness.

"Mr. Nacht!" Bruce called out abruptly.

Zachary turned to look out of the window.

A silver Maybach drove over slowly and stopped parallel to them. The car window was wound down a fraction to reveal only the top of part of the man's side profile. Then, a low voice sounded. "Well played, Mr. Nacht. I'm impressed."

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"You flatter me, Mr. Lindberg." Zachary stared at the man's side profile and with a placid smile on his face. "H City can only accommodate one king. You should find yourself another territory."

"My apologies, but I've taken an liking to this particular city." The man's low and hoarse voice carried a wintry undertone. "Until then."

Thereafter, the Maybach glided away.

Charlotte watched the car leave and couldn't help but remark, "That man is so mysterious. I mean, he didn't show his face the whole time."

"That's just how the Lindbergs are. Bunch of lunatics." Zachary's tone became unpleasant mentioning the Lindberg family.

"Oh." Deciding to end this topic, Charlotte exclaimed, "Helena and Hector both had it coming. I just feel sad for the boy..."

"His appearance was out of my expectation."

Ever since Zachary became a father, he started having a soft spot for children. He never wanted Timothy to see the video. At first, he thought that Hector would have excluded his son from his wedding by all means after committing such a crime against his first wife to marry another woman. Unexpectedly, Timothy had appeared at the wedding.

It was hard to imagine a child already possessing murderous intent at such a young age.

Adults committed crimes, but their children suffered the consequences.

It was indeed a lamentable reality.

"I hope he's okay." Charlotte's brows furrowed with worry lining her features. "No matter what Timothy has done, Hector would probably still protect his son, right? But Helena is such a ruthless person. I don't even know if Hector can keep Timothy safe."

"Don't worry. The Browns will be in deep trouble soon. When that time comes, they wouldn't have the time or energy to bother about the boy." Zachary patted her hand in consolation. "I'll send you home."

"Yeah." Charlotte nodded, not allowing herself to dwell on the matter any longer.

When Zachary and Charlotte arrived home, Mrs. Berry had already packed their suitcases and was waiting on the first floor.

Charlotte went back to her house to change into more comfortable clothes. She took her bag and was about to head downstairs, but Zachary hugged her tightly to his chest and

commanded domineeringly, "Call me every day to update your status and come back as soon as possible, preferably right after you've settled your stuff!"

"Got it." Charlotte rose on her tippy toes to kiss him softly. "I'll leave the kids to you. Take good care of them and yourself too."

"Got it." Zachary reached out to pinch her nose lovingly. "I'll wait for you to come back."

"Mm." Both of them embraced for a while longer before reluctantly going downstairs.

The bodyguards waiting at the door helped with the suitcases. Then, they sent Charlotte and Mrs. Berry to Happy Avenue.

Before pulling away, Charlotte rolled down the window and waved goodbye to Zachary.

As Zachary watched the car leave, he instructed Bruce, "Protect them in the shadows."

"Understood." Bruce immediately followed after them.

"Miss, I didn't bring much. We have one small suitcase each, but we can buy one later if you find that you need more space." Mrs. Berry chatted with Charlotte in the car. "I made a hundred hot cross bunnies earlier and informed Mrs. Rawlston to heat them up for the triplets every morning."

"Aww, that's so thoughtful of you." Charlotte smiled and patted her hand before urging the driver, "Could you speed up a little?"

"Yes, Ms. Windt."

Soon, the car arrived at Happy Avenue. Charlotte instructed the bodyguards to leave first, then dragged her suitcase upstairs with Mrs. Berry to retrieve some relevant documents."

After that, she cast a vigilant glance at the front gates of the residential estate. Once she was certain they weren't being followed, she hailed a taxi and headed straight for the train station.

Zachary was on his way to the company when he received a message from Bruce. Bruce:

Ms. Windt didn't go to the cemetery. She went directly to the train station. Maybe she's taking the train back to the countryside?

"Continue tailing her and keep her safe."

"Yes, sir."

An hour later, Charlotte and Mrs. Berry smoothly boarded the train heading toward Phoenix City.

Meanwhile, Zachary received an update about it on his phone.

He was very puzzled. Isn't she going back to the countryside? Mrs. Berry's hometown is in F Town, so why are they going to Phoenix City? What on earth is she up to?

It seems like she really is hiding something from me...

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Phoenix City was a historical city famous for its breathtaking scenery and simple way of life.

Charlotte fell in love with the city as soon as she got off the train, marveling at the fluffy clouds in the blue sky, the historical vibes, and the clean, fresh air.

Mrs. Berry scanned their surroundings and sighed in content. "I haven't been here for nearly twenty years. When I was younger, I came here with Mr. Windt once."

"My father?" Charlotte's curiosity was piqued.

"Yes. Along with a three-year-old you." Mrs. Berry's voice turned emotional when she spoke again. "You were even younger than the triplets at that time. You were in poor health and fell ill very often, so Mr. Windt and I brought you here to seek treatment from Dr. Felch.

"Come to think of it, it's rather miraculous. You didn't get well even after seeing so many doctors in well-known hospitals, but after staying at Dr. Felch's for two days and taking his medicine, you got well very soon."

"Really? I don't even remember." Charlotte chuckled. "So this means visiting Dr. Felch is the right choice."

"Of course." Mrs. Berry nodded profusely. "Dr. Felch can definitely cure your illness. Don't you worry."

"Mm." A glimmer of hope emerged in Charlotte's heart. "Mrs. Berry, let's take a taxi and go straight to Dr. Felch's house then."

"This place is still underdeveloped, so there aren't any official taxi drivers. But I know how to differentiate between the locals and non-locals here. They're simple people and won't swindle money out of others. Come with me."

Mrs. Berry tugged Charlotte along with one hand while dragging her suitcase with the other.

As Charlotte followed closely behind Mrs. Berry and weaved through the crowd, Charlotte couldn't help but feel eyes boring into her, but when she looked over her shoulder, she didn't discover anyone suspicious.

Due to passengers trickling in and out of the station, it was impossible to find anything out of the ordinary.

Thus, she assumed that she was being paranoid. Withdrawing her gaze, she followed Mrs. Berry out of the station.

Mrs. Berry spotted a dilapidated car by the road and negotiated a good price. Just when they were about to get into the car, a van suddenly charged straight for them. Several men in blacked hopped out of the vehicle and lunged at Charlotte.

Startled, Charlotte abandoned her suitcase and broke into a run while pulling Mrs. Berry with her.

However, the men were obviously skilled because they caught up to them soon. Just when they were about to have them surrounded, another group of people appeared and engaged in a fight.

Charlotte took the opportunity to escape with Mrs. Berry. The driver whom they had negotiated a price with earlier drove over right then and urged in a heavy southern accent, "Get in!"

The two of them wasted no time, sliding into the car to find that their suitcases were also inside.

The drive floored the accelerator and ditched the two groups of men behind.

Through the rearview mirror, Charlotte noticed that the other group of men who had arrived just in time were Zachary's bodyguards. So it seems like Zachary sent them to keep me safe.

But who were those men from the van who tried to capture me?

"That scared me to death." Mrs. Berry clutched her chest and shuddered in fear. "Miss, who were those people back there? They didn't look like locals. Don't tell me they followed us all the way from the city?"

"I think so." Charlotte's brows drew together. Could Zara have sent them?

"I thought they were trying to pull customers and wondered since when non-locals have become so tenacious in doing business," the local driver jokingly said. "Later on, I noticed that they were all wearing expensive suits and realized that they weren't here for business."

"True. That vehicle looked quite expensive too." Mrs. Berry racked her brain for an answer. "Just who were those people?"

"I don't know, but I don't wanna think about it right now. Let's look for Dr. Felch first."

Charlotte sighed inwardly. Thank goodness Zachary sent his men to protect me or something bad would've happened just now.

This local drive was very familiar with the traffic and had good driving skills as well. In spite of that, the latter half of their journey consisted of steep and winding mountain roads that made Charlotte feel as though she was on a never-ending roller coaster ride.

After three and a half hours on the road, she was so dizzy she had the urge to throw up more than once. Right then, she was leaning limply against Mrs. Berry with a pale complexion.

Mrs. Berry, on the other hand, was accustomed to it. After all, she grew up in the mountains. Not only was she not affected, she even felt at home.

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Upon reaching Dr. Felch's residence, the sky was already dark.

Dr. Felch was waiting for them by the village entrance. From a distance, Charlotte saw an old man sporting a white beard in plain clothes standing beneath a large tree. He was smoking a tobacco pipe while looking into the distance.

"That's Dr. Felch." Mrs. Berry recognized him at first glance. "He hasn't changed one bit even after twenty years."

"Yeah, I still remember Dr. Felch coming to our house when I was young. He looked like now. Father joked about him being immortal because he never seemed to age."

Charlotte thought about her father and was hit by a pang of sorrow.

When the car came to a halt, Dr. Felch immediately brought over his apprentice, Sam, to welcome them. Looking Charlotte up and down, he commented, "I haven't seen you for more than ten years and you're all grown up now."

"Dr. Felch, do you still remember me?" Charlotte asked excitedly.

"Of course, I do." Dr. Felch nodded continuously. "You look just like your mother!"

Charlotte was slightly caught off guard at the mention of her mother.

"Dr. Felch, what about me? Do you still remember me? I'm Mrs. Berry." The older woman said enthusiastically, "I came to visit you with Mr. Windt twenty years ago. Miss was only three years old then."

"Yes, I remember." Dr. Felch nodded with a smile and studied Mrs. Berry closely. "You don't seem to be in good health. Since you're here, I'll take a look and see what you need."

"You are right. Thank you!" Mrs. Berry was immensely grateful.

"Come. Let's go inside." Dr. Felch's kind smile made him seem like a long-lost relative more than a doctor. "How was your trip?" he asked.

"It was quite alright."

Mrs. Berry and Dr. Felch chatted all the way and soon, the group arrived at the latter's house.

The house was made out of bricks and white tiles with a small and quiet courtyard. There was a strong fragrance of herbal medicine throughout the entire place. Various herbs were planted in the backyard, while a shady tree stood tall in the front yard. And beneath the tree were birds leisurely pecking the ground.

A young girl wearing an apron over her floral jacket ran out from the kitchen with a spatula in her hand. Seeing Charlotte and Mrs. Berry, she grinned broadly. "My saviors are here!"

"Huh?" Charlotte was bewildered.

Dr. Felch introduced, "This child was severely ill back then and needed a kidney transplant. It was your father who paid for her treatment. Later on, he provided for her education as well, so she's always been grateful to your family."

"Oh, I think my father has mentioned it before."

Charlotte only had a vague recollection as her father had helped many people when he was alive. This young girl and Olivia were among those people.

"Give me your hand." Dr. Felch led Charlotte into the house, but wasn't in a hurry to be a hospitable host yet. Instead, he took his profession very seriously and checked her condition first.

Charlotte complied by extending her hand. Dr. Felch carefully examined her complexion, then checked her pulse and drew some blood before going to his home laboratory to run some tests on it.

"Let me show you both to your rooms first." The young girl then merrily introduced herself, "My name is Hayley."

"Thank you, Hayley."

Charlotte and Mrs. Berry followed Hayley further into the house. Although it was of a classic design and did not have the opulence of the city, it was clean, tidy, and one-of-a-kind.

After Hayley made the bed for them and helped them with their suitcases, she was about to take them to the yard when Sam came over. "Charlotte, Dr. Felch is asking for you."

"Alright." Charlotte hurried to his laboratory with Mrs. Berry trailing closely behind.

With a grave expression, Dr. Felch held out the vial of blood that had been tested. "The poison in your body is too strong!"

Charlotte's heart almost stopped in her chest. As expected of a genius doctor. In such a short amount of time, he managed to determine that she had been poisoned.

"Dr. Felch, can she be cured?" Mrs. Berry asked anxiously.

"I can't say for sure." A crease formed between Dr. Felch's brows. "I rarely encounter such a powerful poison. I'll need to study it to see if she can be cured. It may take some time."

"How long will it take?" Charlotte's heart was in her throat.

"This really depends on your luck. Perhaps it'll take hours, maybe days, or months, or years. Or perhaps, it can never be cured..."