

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 212

Charlotte was immediately stunned by the sight. She stood frozen in place.

It was only until a waiter shut the door that she returned to her senses and blinked hard. Were my eyes playing tricks on me?

“Charlotte!” Michael called out to her.

With that, she immediately followed him back into the private room and shut the door before remarking anxiously, “I just saw—”

But before she could finish, she received a phone call from Luna.

Frowning, she answered her phone. “Hello?”

“Where are you?” the woman instantly questioned.

“I’m having a meal outside. Why?” Charlotte frowned.

“Give me the address. Now.”

“Are you insane—” Suddenly, a waiter’s voice rang out from outside. “Welcome to The Limetree!”

Upon hearing this, Luna immediately went ballistic.

“Well done, Charlotte! I gave you two days to find a husband, but here you are seducing mine instead! Just you wait, you shameless wench!”

“Hey—”

The call ended before Charlotte had a chance to even explain herself.

Why, oh why, do I have such bad luck? I'm here trying to enjoy a good meal, but now I've just become someone else's scapegoat.

Luna must have installed a tracker in Hector's phone. She knows where he is now, but he probably didn't pick up her calls. That's why she thinks he's out seeing another woman.

And that woman just has to be me.

That's why she called me.

But that waiter just had to talk while I was on the phone! This is a disaster.

"What's wrong? Who called you?" asked Michael.

"It was Luna," Charlotte answered petulantly. "She started going off at me the moment I picked up. What a crazy b\*tch."

"Why would she go off at you?"

"She thinks I'm having dinner with Hector here. Honestly..."

She immediately retracted her words upon realizing what she was about to say.

Helena was Michael's cousin, after all, and they were both at the same restaurant now. If Michael finds out the truth, he's definitely going to beat Hector up.

With so many people here, Hector and Helena's relationship will be brought to light.

It'll be bad for Hector's career, and Helena will hate me for it.

I've already made so many enemies. I don't want her to turn on me either.

I don't want to give Hector a hard time either.

"Honestly, what?" the man before her urged.

"Nothing." Charlotte didn't wish to complicate matters. "Let's go somewhere more peaceful, Michael."

"I shouldn't have booked this place. Helena couldn't stop raving about the meat fondue here."

Michael grabbed his phone and keys before leaving with Charlotte.

The latter couldn't help but ponder over Michael's words and found them odd. "Does Helena know you're here with me?"

"Of course she does," he answered with a grin. "I don't eat with any other woman apart from you."

Charlotte's lips curled rigidly. Despite saying nothing, uncertainty began to fill her heart.

If Helena suggested Michael take me here, why would she come over with Hector?

Did she let me catch them on purpose?

Two walked out of the restaurant and were about to enter the elevator when suddenly, she spotted a couple making out inside.

She instantly stopped in her tracks.

But before Michael could glance at them, his phone rang, and he stepped aside to answer it. "Hello? Yeah, I'm out at the moment. Maybe another day. Let's talk about it when I've settled my matters. Okay."

By the time he hung up, the elevator had already arrived on the ground floor.

Charlotte hastily walked toward the glass window and looked down. As expected, she saw Hector entering the car while holding onto Helena. Then, the woman started the engine and drove away.