

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 671

Charlotte's features looked as if her face was carved out from the same mold as Isabella Lindberg. There was no doubt that they were mother and daughter.

As the mysterious man came up closer to her, Charlotte could also make out his face clearly. She instantly felt a strange sense of familiarity and connection with him.

There was no doubt that the two of them were bound by blood.

Their uncanny resemblance made it all too obvious, and her features simply screamed the word "Lindberg."

The mysterious man took off his coat and wrapped it around Charlotte's body before scooping her up into his arms. "I'm bringing you home!"

As Charlotte leaned her head against his warm chest and listened to his steady heartbeats, there was only one thought in her head. I'm going to survive.

At the same time, voices from the past began to echo in her head, and she felt as if she was bidding farewell to her past and welcoming a brand new beginning.

Charlotte, we'll live a happy life together...

Charlotte, I want to be with you for life...

Charlotte, don't worry. No matter what happens, I'll never let go of your hand!

Charlotte, trust me. I'll come back for you!

The news of Zachary's wedding is all over the media. There are video clips of the wedding reception, but you're no longer the bride. Your face has been replaced by that of someone else...

I wanted to spare your life, you know? I only planned on letting you suffer from the drugs, but those from the Nacht family just couldn't wait to kill you!

Think about it yourself. They have already wiped you away from existence and even got someone to replace you! Do you really think that they'll let you live? They won't be able to sleep at night until you're dead for good!

Miss, you need to live... on...

Lottie, live on...

Lottie, when you find yourself trapped in a dead-end, call this number, and your guardian angel shall descend from the skies and protect you from harm!

It's just that your life will take a complete turn if you make the call. You'll start a new life!

Mommy, we'll wait for you to come home!

Miss, live on...

Lottie, live on...

The voices of her loved ones seemed to replay over and over in her ears, along with the stinging pain that continued to torment her body.

"Mr. Lindberg, we've subdued all enemies. What do you want to do with them?" One of his bodyguards walked up to him.

"Release them," he ordered.

"Huh?" The bodyguard seemed to be rather surprised.

"I'll leave those bastards for you to take care of in the future! For you to take your revenge!" the mysterious man said, gazing affectionately at Charlotte, who was in his arms. "You need to give them a taste of their own medicine!"

Charlotte nodded her head wearily and pointed a shaky finger at the ambulance in the distance. "Mrs. Berry..." she murmured weakly.

The man gave his subordinates a look, and they immediately hurried to carry Mrs. Berry's corpse from the vehicle.

"Mr. Lindberg, the people from the Nacht family are nearby," a bodyguard reported.

Whoosh! The man hurled a flying shuttle into the air, and the two of them flew up into the helicopter.

The horrendous accident site and the wreckage were now under her feet.

As Charlotte stared blankly at the debris on the ground, the horrendous events of the day replayed in her head. Every snapshot of the torment she suffered through and the gruesome way Mrs. Berry died continued to haunt her.

Closing her eyes, she began carving out every detail deeply into the depths of her heart. I'll never forget everything that happened today!

I'll make you pay!

...

By the time those from the Nacht family arrived at the scene, all they could find was a run-down ambulance and the corpses of the paramedics around it.

They immediately ran an extensive search within the ambulance, but Charlotte and Mrs. Berry were nowhere to be seen. Only Arthit seemed to show signs of life, so they quickly sent him to the hospital.

Afterward, the team traveled to the house where Charlotte and Mrs. Berry stayed, but the two of them were not there either.

While their luggage and belongings were intact, the silver case containing the antidote was gone.

In the alley behind the house, they found the small silver case on the ground, along with the broken antidote bottle.

With that information in hand, the bodyguards promptly updated Henry on the situation.

Upon hearing the latest report, Henry turned pale as a sheet. If the last bottle of antidote has been destroyed, then how could Charlotte possibly survive?

Who attacked her?

Is she already dead?

But if she really is dead, then where's the body?

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The fog of mystery around Charlotte's disappearance only seemed to thicken.

When Zachary finally arrived at Coldbridge with a palpitating heart, he ended up with the same findings. Having lost his calm, he ran around like a maniac and went to every location he could possibly think of to search for Charlotte.

In the unrelenting storm, Zachary sprinted down the streets yelling Charlotte's name.

His clothes were completely drenched, his voice turned raspy, and his eyes were bloodshot.

As he stared at the wrecked ambulance with an unmistakable pool of blood in front of it and the tainted shreds of Charlotte's bridal gown, he felt his heart being torn into pieces.

He could not forgive himself for putting Charlotte in harm's way and letting Henry send her off to a foreign country.

Nor could he accept that he failed to rescue her in time.

Dark thoughts invaded Zachary's mind. What if she was tortured and has already died? What if...

It pained him just thinking those thoughts.

With his brows furrowing deeper, he swept his eyes around him in panic. He had never felt so helpless and afraid in his life.

What if she's really dead?

What am I supposed to do then?

What am I supposed to do?

Zachary was on edge. "Charlotte! Where are you? Can you please come out? I don't want to play this game of hide-and-seek anymore! Come out! Come out!" His raspy cries were lost in the raging storm.

"Robbie, Jamie, and Ellie are all waiting for you to come home! They've been missing you every single day... I promised them that I'd bring you home! You can't do this to me! Charlotte, Charlotte! Come out... I'm begging you..."

Out of sheer terror and fear, his voice grew softer, and he eventually trailed off.

Tears trickled down his cheeks as he looked down at the dirt below in devastation. "I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I'm sorry..." he murmured those words incessantly.

In a dark corner some distance away, Henry watched on as his grandson cried in the rain.

He had never considered his actions as immoral or wrong. On the contrary, he had even strongly believed that his plans would help reduce the damage to both Charlotte and his grandson. Never did he imagine that Charlotte would get attacked, nor did he consider the possibility of his grandson and great-grandchildren being emotionally scarred by her death.

"Mr. Nacht, don't be too hard on yourself," Spencer tried to comfort him. "Nobody knew that this would happen."

"Who is it? Who did it?" Henry slammed his hand hard against the handles of his wheelchair. "Have you found out who's behind this? Zara is involved, isn't she?"

"I have done a preliminary check. Ms. Zara is still in E Nation. Our people and Mr. Zachary's subordinates have had their eyes on her for a while now to prevent her from harming Ms. Windt, but she has not taken any form of action," Spencer replied.

"If not her, then who is it?" Henry furrowed his brows. "Who else knows about the antidote?"

"That's the part I can't wrap my head around too..." Spencer sighed. "Let's take our time to figure this out. Our top priority now is to find Ms. Windt. Otherwise, Mr. Zachary would hold a grudge against you for life."

"That's right." Henry nodded. "Inform everyone in our search teams and get them to concentrate on finding Charlotte. We have to bring her back, dead or alive!"

"Understood!"

...

The Nacht family exhausted much of their human and financial resources in the search for Charlotte.

However, Coldbridge was an underdeveloped town with no surveillance cameras on the streets. Without surveillance footage, it was almost impossible to figure out what happened to Charlotte that day.

The group of police officers and medical staff who had gone to the scene back then recounted that Mrs. Berry had died from a gunshot, and Charlotte was suffering from severe mental trauma even though she was not seriously injured.

However, they could not provide any information about the actual assault since they left the scene shortly after.

The only witness they had, Arthit, ultimately survived despite getting shot. Unfortunately, the bullet had caused permanent damage to his brain, resulting in him becoming mentally disabled and losing his memories of the incident.

The locations where Charlotte last appeared were all cordoned off and preserved. From the evidence found at the house that Charlotte stayed at with Mrs. Berry, the investigation team deduced that the assailant was not after money because everything was intact other than the broken bottle of antidote.

That narrowed down the list of suspects to the few who knew about the existence of an antidote for Charlotte.

Zachary immediately put Zara at the top of the list of suspects and did all he could to force an answer out of her. He even interrogated her personally.

However, Zara denied all offenses and even told him her alibi.

Of course, Zachary would not let her off that easily. He began oppressing her company and businesses openly while continuing his desperate search for Charlotte.

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Even after investigating extensively on anyone and everyone who might have a grudge against Charlotte, Zachary still found no useful leads.

Helena was already in jail, and Hector was still stuck in his hellhole of begging people to help him with the cases filed against him, so there was no possibility of him leaving the country and coming all the way to Coldbridge just to harm Charlotte.

As for Sharon, there were no records of her traveling abroad. In fact, there was also evidence to prove that she had been busy dealing with the projects in H City.

With everyone crossed out from his list of suspects, Zachary could only start investigating once more from scratch.

Upon getting informed that Zachary had considered her as a suspect, Sharon almost had a heart attack. At the same time, she simply could not wrap her head around why the person who had rescued Charlotte back then not only let her off alive but also kept her actions a secret.

If it weren't for that mysterious man, her evil deeds would already have been exposed.

Oh, gosh. Anyways, I'm safe for the time being.

The gunshot on Sharon's right wrist had disabled her.

...

Three months passed in the blink of an eye.

With Charlotte nowhere to be found, Zachary was still at a loss of what to do.

The kids at home were also in distress. At first, they kept on asking about where their parents had gone. Eventually, they began crying day after day, and Henry finally told them that their mother had died from an illness.

News of their dear mother's death was simply too much to bear for children of that age, and the three little ones sank into despair.

Jamie's face turned a sickly red as he cried, "That cannot be! Mommy is fine! Why would she die like that? You're lying! Liars!"

"I don't care! Mommy isn't dead. Mommy isn't dead." Ellie looked up at Henry, panting with difficulty as she cried, "I want Mommy! I want Mommy..."

"Something must be amiss!" Robbie was trembling uncontrollably from the overwhelming grief and disbelief he was feeling. "On the day Mommy and Daddy were getting married, you guys suddenly took Mommy away, saying that you're going to treat her illness, but you wouldn't even let us visit her afterward! Did you send Mommy far away? Where did you send her? Did you do it on purpose because you think that she doesn't deserve to marry Daddy? Did you?"

Henry felt his heart throb as he watched his precious great-grandchildren bawl their eyes out. He had thought that he was ready to face the aftermath of his actions, but now that he saw the kids in this state, he could not help but feel guilty.

However, he knew that he needed to get himself together and explain to the kids personally.

"I'm not against their marriage, and I don't despise your mother for her family background. However, she was really sick and had a terrible nosebleed on the day of the wedding, so we had to send her away to treat it. It's just that we didn't expect her to die from the sickness..."



"I don't believe it. It's not like that. It can't be!" Robbie cried, shaking his head. "Mommy isn't dead! You guys are liars! Liars! I'm going to find Mommy now..."

As Robbie yelled those words, he sprinted out of the room.

Jamie and Ellie followed behind him.

"Robbie..."

"Mr. Robinson!"

The bodyguards and the maids promptly chased after them.

"Hurry! Don't let them hurt themselves!" Henry had his heart in his throat.

"Understood!" Spencer went after them with his subordinates too. However, they came to an abrupt halt at the gates of the house.

Zachary had returned after three whole months. As he emerged from his car, he looked disheveled and burnt out.

A beard had grown out on his face, while his hair was unkempt and long. It seemed as if he had not slept for ages; his skin darkened, and the whites of his eyes were strewn with blood vessels.

When the three little ones saw him, they were stunned for a second before they rushed over to hug his leg.

"Daddy! Great-grandpa says that Mommy is dead. I don't believe it! I don't believe it!"

"Daddy, take us to Mommy! I want Mommy!"

"Daddy, Mommy isn't dead, is she? Mommy is fine and well, right?"

"You're right." Zachary bent down to wipe the tears and mucus off the children's faces. "Your mother isn't dead. She's alive. It's just that she has lost her way. I'm trying my best to find her. She'll come back someday!"

Zachary choked on his last sentence. He quickly pulled his children into a tight embrace to hide the tears welling up in his eyes.

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The sight of his grandson hugging his great-grandchildren was heart-wrenching for Henry to watch. He wanted to say something but was silenced by Zachary's eyes that were burning with hatred.

He blinked and straightened his back. Putting on a tough front, he said, "It's good that you've returned. Don't go wandering around like that again. You're not just anyone. You're the heir to Nacht Group, and you're the father to these children. You need to take responsibility for them!"

Hearing that, Zachary merely remained silent and took his kids back to their rooms.

He tried his best to suppress his anger toward Henry for the sake of his children.

After all, in the world of children that little, family was everything to them. They had just lost Mrs. Berry and their dear mother. If something were to happen to their great-grandfather too, their sorrow would only be exacerbated.

"What's with that attitude?" Henry snarled.

"It's quite unexpected that Mr. Zachary can behave so calmly. Let's give him some time," Spencer said with a serious expression.

"I did it... I did all of it for the sake of our family... For the kids... Was it really my fault?" Henry asked.

That question was actually meant for himself.

He had been reflecting on his actions. Have I really made a mistake?

"Well... tragedies are not uncommon in life." Spencer sighed deeply. "It's not your fault, but I think we are definitely responsible for Ms. Windt's death. We should be grateful that Mr. Zachary didn't even mention this in front of the kids."

Henry went quiet upon hearing those words.

For the past few days, he had been preparing himself mentally for a big fight with Zachary when he returned. However, none of that actually happened.

And that made him all the more uneasy.

"Don't worry, Mr. Zachary is a strong person." Spencer could tell what Henry had on his mind. "With the three kids with him, he would pick himself up sooner or later," he said reassuringly.

"Yeah."

Henry nodded his head. As he thought about his great-grandchildren, everything seemed worth it.

"Time shall solve all these problems..." Spencer began pushing Henry toward the door.

Henry looked up at the second floor. The lights of the master bedroom were switched off, but the study room seemed occupied.

Heaving a heavy sigh, he said, "Prepare a private jet. I'm going back to M Nation tomorrow."

"You're not staying to look after Mr. Zachary?" Spencer raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"He's a grown man, not a boy. Why would I need to look after him? Obstacles and problems are bound to arise in life. A member of the Nacht family mustn't give up so easily when facing a setback!" Henry lamented with a frown.

"Alright, then." Spencer nodded. "What about the kids? Is it really okay to leave them with Mr. Zachary, given his current state of mind? Can he care for them well? How about we bring them to live with us in Anglandur for a bit?"

"There's no need for that." Henry shook his head. "Staying with the kids would help him get back on his feet sooner..."

"Okay, I understand!" Then Spencer and a bodyguard helped Henry get into the car.

"Tell Taylor to come to me. I need to talk to him."

"Understood."

...

After putting his three children to sleep, Zachary returned to his bedroom.

Though he had left home for three months, all the decorations from the wedding day still remained. Nobody dared take them down without his word.

However, his wedding photos with Charlotte had disappeared.

There was not a single photo of her in the entire house, but the shadow of her and her scent seemed to linger in every corner.

He could see her blowing her hair dry by the table and turning around to talk to him with a smile. You should go shower too!

He could also see her walking toward him with an affectionate expression and taking his coat for him. You're home? Are you tired from work? I've prepared the bathwater for you. Hurry up and take a bath...

Her silhouette seemed to loom around in his bedroom right before his eyes. However, as he reached out, wanting to embrace her, she instantly disappeared into a wisp of smoke, leaving his extended arm frozen in the air.

At that moment, even his heart felt icy-cold.

Staring blankly at his feet, the sorrow in his heart was unimaginable.

At the same time, at the back of his mind, there was a small but firm voice telling him that Charlotte was definitely still alive.