

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 550

“It’s her, isn’t it?” Charlotte soon surmised her answer from Zachary’s silence, and she suddenly became more agitated. “Why did she do this?”

“It’s late, go to bed.” Zachary turned around without another word.

“Zachary!” Charlotte was anxious and turned to face him. “Why are you avoiding this? You’re not her, and so this has nothing to do with you.”

“It would be ill-advised for you to know too much.” Zachary frowned and said, “What’s done is done, so why are you digging it up again?”

“Does the ‘why’ matter so much here? I want to know why she did this, and I want to avenge my Dad!”

Charlotte had stunned herself into silence following her own outburst.

Revenge was a foreign concept to her, all this while. She had never expected to actually use the word so seriously.

Somehow, she had made her subconscious thoughts known.

“Avenge him?” Zachary sat up and solemnly asked, “Using what?”

Charlotte could not find the words to answer him. That woman had been ruthless enough with her schemes that even Zachary had to be careful around her. Charlotte was someone who could barely hurt a fly, but here she was talking about revenge like it was no big deal.

“Are you listening to yourself?” Zachary then got up and walked towards the bathroom.

As Charlotte stared at his retreating figure, she tried to soothe her frayed nerves.

She knew that no matter how bad or ruthless the woman was, she was still a blood relative of Zachary. Despite how bad things looked where business was concerned, they would not go to the extent of a blood feud.

Therefore, she cannot ask Zachary to take revenge on her behalf.

However, she was powerless on her own. The very thought depressed her.

Charlotte heard the sound of the shower being turned on in the bathroom. After a while, Zachary came out wrapped in a towel and got dressed with his back facing her.

“Aren’t you going to back sleep?” Charlotte glanced at the wall clock on the wall, and it was only five o’clock in the morning.

“I’m going to work out.” Zachary responded mildly.

Charlotte did not reply but leaned back on her pillow.

Zachary changed his clothes and walked straight out of the bedroom. When he reached the door, he turned around and said, “Get some rest and don’t dwell on it.”

With that, he left the room.

Charlotte looked at the closed door, displeased.

If he was so resistant towards one question, there was no way she could rely on him to avenge her father.

In fact, what would he do if he ended up in a spat with that so-called aunt of his?

Charlotte hugged her pillow in frustration as she tossed and turned on the bed, unable to sleep. Daylight soon broke, and before she knew it, it was seven in the morning.

She could hear the voices of her children from outside the door. "I don't need your help, Ms. Mildred. I can go down the stairs myself."

Jamie had really grown. After some instruction from Zachary, he was now braver and more independent.

"You might fall! Let me carry you down."

"No, I'll go by myself."

"It's alright. He's old enough and should be independent."

This was the sound of Robbie's voice. He had grown much as well, and he sounded more and more like an older brother.

"Alright." Mildred was so amused by the situation, unsure of how else to respond.

"Boys are a headache." Ellie walked past them haughtily, with Fifi perched on her shoulder. Her chubby hand stroked its feathers, and with a slightly imperious tone, said, "Let's ignore them, Fifi."

Charlotte's heart immediately gladdened at the sound of her children's' voice. She woke up and went to the bathroom to wash up so she could have breakfast with them.

Just then, she heard her phone chime. Picking it up, she wondered who it could be since it was relatively early in the day. It turned out to be a message from Michael: Charlotte, I just landed at the H City Airport. Let's meet, if possible.

Charlotte hesitated, but chose to ignore it.

Zachary had already accepted her and the children. Even if they had some history, she felt the need to maintain her distance.