

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1325

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“Okay...” The children were disappointed, but they obediently went to bed.

Zachary stood up and walked out of the room. However, he only took two steps before knocking into the corner of the table.

Thump! The loud noise startled the children.

“It’s nothing, it’s nothing. It’s just too dark in here,” he reassured them as Ben darted over to support Zachary.

Charlotte was at the doorway, and when she saw the scene, a strange feeling washed over her.

She abruptly felt that there was something odd about Zachary.

Zachary had undergone strict training since he was a child; he possessed superior physique and senses than the average person. Even if the entire room was dark—the room was still lit with a dim wall lamp—he should be able to walk around without crashing into anything.

Moreover, she realized he seemed to have been careful on his way to the outside of the room.

Furthermore, Ben seemed excessively nervous.

“Daddy.” Robbie ran out for Zachary, but he spotted Charlotte by the doorway. “Mommy!”

The moment Ben realized Charlotte was standing there, panic flickered past his eyes. Nevertheless, he recomposed himself quickly and smiled at her. “Ms. Lindberg, you’re here. Mr. Nacht has been sitting on that tiny chair for too long, so his legs had pins and needles.”

“The children’s chair is indeed a little too short for him,” Charlotte nonchalantly agreed with him as she glanced at Zachary’s legs. “It must have been a hard time for his long legs.”

“Good to know that you know,” Zachary snapped.

"Mommy, Daddy he..."

"Robbie, go back to your room with Jamie and sleep," Charlotte interrupted softly. "I'll send your daddy back."

Robbie opened his mouth, but in the end, he swallowed the words that were at the tip of his tongue. Instead, he said, "Daddy hasn't had a drink after telling us such a long story. Mommy, why don't you offer him a drink before he leaves?"

"My son's a sensible boy." Zachary smiled happily. "However, it's late now, and I should be going back. Rest earlier, all of you."

"No, it's fine. It's better if you have a drink before you leave," Charlotte promptly said. "Otherwise, the boy might think that I'm torturing you."

"Very nice of you." Zachary grinned before leaning toward her. "Shall we drink in your room?"

"Sure," came her swift response. "Emma, prep the tea."

"Understood."

Zachary froze. He thought that Charlotte was sure to reject him if he were to tease her. To his surprise, her agreement had come quick.

Ben anxiously peeked at Zachary, thinking, What now?

In the middle of the story earlier, Zachary's vision had abruptly gone blurry. He could not read the words in the book, so that was why he had come up with his own version of the story.

Ben watched them both at the side, his heart racing. However, with Robbie's cooperation, Zachary managed to keep up with the act.

Then, he tried to look for an excuse to leave. However, due to his blurry sight, when he stood to leave, he knocked onto the corner of the table again. Ben quickly grabbed him.

They wanted to leave as soon as possible. That way, he would not be found out. Yet, they had encountered Charlotte.

"Since you're so enthusiastic about it, then I won't resist."

Unlike Ben, Zachary was calm and steady as if there was nothing wrong with him.

"This way." Charlotte brought Zachary back to her room before casually saying to Ben, "I think Lupine's caught a mild cold. Why don't you have a look at her?"

"No, no, I shouldn't. She..." Ben was about to reject her when Zachary secretly gestured at him. "I don't know if she'll chase me out of this place."

"How would you know unless you've gone there?" Charlotte teased. "Men should take a more active role."

"Well, she's quite ferocious." Ben scratched his head, embarrassed.

"This way please, Mr. Nacht."

Charlotte opened the door to her room as she motioned to him.

Zachary ambled in.

The entire time, Charlotte was keeping her eye on him. He seems fine now. Was I overthinking things?

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Once they were in the room, Zachary headed straight to the sofa. Everything seemed fine.

However, he had been averting his eyes from Charlotte.

On the other hand, Charlotte was staring at him. At the start, she was stealing glances at him, but now, she was straight-up staring at him. It was because she realized that he was unresponsive even when she had her gaze on him.

The anxiety in her head thrummed, and she creased her forehead as she observed him.

Is there something wrong with his eyes?

Knock knock! Right then, knocking sounds came from the door.

"Come in," Charlotte said.

Emma came in with a dining cart. After putting the snacks on the coffee table, she bowed at the two of them and stepped out of the room.

Charlotte poured a cup of tea and handed it to Zachary. "Have some tea."

"Put it on the table first. It's hot." Zachary raised his arm to pinch the bridge of his nose, looking exhausted.

Hence, Charlotte put the cup down in front of him. However, to test him, she intentionally put it at the edge of the table where half the cup was in midair. With any gentle push, the cup would fall.

Indeed, when Zachary reached out for the cup, he knocked it over.

The cup of hot tea splashed all over his pants, and that included his crotch area.

"Sh*t!" Zachary roared. "You wicked woman!"

"You were the careless one, but you're blaming me for this?" Charlotte quickly took out a few tissues to hand them to him. Glancing at his crotch, she anxiously asked, "Are you okay? Do you need to go to a hospital?"

"You did this on purpose!"

Zachary grabbed her hand and tugged her toward him.

"Ah!" Charlotte cried out, having not expected the sudden action from him as she fell into his arms. Before she could come back to her senses, he had smashed his lips against hers.

His kiss was intense and wild. It was as if he was taking revenge on her, or perhaps he was punishing her.

He ravished every part of her mouth that was beyond her teeth. He stole every breath she took and made her heave for more.

Charlotte's mind went blank from his unexpected kiss.

All of a sudden, it felt like they had gone back to the time when they were deeply in love. Back then, all they had for the other was devotion and adoration. Back then, no matter what they did, it felt as if the love was not enough.

Every time they were close to each other, they yearned to become one so that they would never separate.

That familiar feeling was back.

Charlotte was honest at that moment. She did not want to push him away nor did she want to reject him. Selfishly, greedily, she wanted to drown herself in that moment of warmth.

Her acceptance made the affection in Zachary for her bloom. He embraced her tighter as he continued to kiss her harder.

He was afraid that Charlotte would find out he could not see things clearly anymore. That there was something wrong with his eyes. That he was sick. That he was doomed to die soon.

He knew that she was suspicious and that she was testing him. His keen instincts could let him temporarily dismiss her suspicions, and that was why he was using this way to distract her.

Yet, this kiss was the key to unlocking the feelings that they both buried deep in the recesses of their hearts.

After what seemed like ages, Zachary reluctantly let go of Charlotte before pressing his forehead against hers. As he kissed her lips longingly, he whispered, "I still have a place in your heart."

Charlotte did not speak. Her eyes were closed as she quietly immerse herself in the feelings that had collected dust in her heart.

Something else was growing in there; something sour with a bitter, sorrowful tang.

"You still love me, don't you?" Zachary questioned, biting down her lower lip. "You've always loved me."

"I..."

Just as she was about to answer him, her phone rang. She jumped in fright before snapping her head in the direction of her phone. It was then she saw her vibrating phone on the coffee table, its screen lit up with a name on it—Louis.

Zachary's heart sank. In the next second, he pushed her away.

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Charlotte's injured hand hit the sofa, and she sucked in an audible gasp of pain.

Zachary frowned, and there was apparently upset in his eyes, but still, his features were schooled into a cold look.

Charlotte then took her phone and ended the call.

"Be mindful of what you're doing," Zachary uttered. "Sir Robert came to my office to look for me earlier today. As for why they were there... I'm sure you know."

"I do," Charlotte replied.

The tense atmosphere had no traces of the passionate moment from a while ago.

With an acrid taste on his tongue, Zachary stood up and left.

Charlotte watched as he went. Again, she saw nothing amiss with him. Am I really overthinking it?

No. Something is amiss.

Zachary's hand was on the handle. Right before he opened it, Charlotte yelled, "Zachary Nacht!"

Zachary halted in his tracks. He did not turn around, but his heart was thumping loudly.

Does she want to keep me here?

"Look down," Charlotte said as she pointed at his pants. "Are you going to leave like this?"

It was only then Zachary recalled that he had spilled a cup of tea on his pants earlier. It would be an embarrassing moment if he were to walk out immediately. Thus, he called Ben to grab some new clothes for him.

"Take a shower." Charlotte handed him a bathrobe.

After taking it from her, he went into the bathroom.

Charlotte still had attentive eyes on him. That's strange. He seems completely fine now.

In the meantime, after Zachary closed the bathroom door, he squinted and looked at himself in the mirror.

Perhaps his optic nerve was pressed on again, for his vision had gone blurry and flickered earlier. That was why he had come up with whatever he could think of while telling the children their bedtime story earlier.

Yet, after kissing Charlotte, his vision had returned to normal. Therefore, he had not knocked into anything else after that.

Thinking about the kiss made his throat dry.

Then, when he thought about Louis, his mood turned foul.

He wanted to leave the place as soon as possible, but unfortunately, his pants were stained. Hence, he had no choice but to stay for a while longer.

He knew that Charlotte had to have sensed something odd about his behavior. Otherwise, she would not have set up a trap for him in an attempt to find out what was going on.

That woman was indeed much smarter than she used to be two years ago.

Nevertheless, she was of no match for him; her witty little tricks were nothing to him.

After a hot shower, he walked out with the bathrobe wrapped around him.

For reasons he could not think of, his vision was blurring again. All that was left was a sight of foggy white.

"Are you done?" came Charlotte's voice.

Zachary turned to her, but he could only see her silhouette, not her face.

She hunched over to put something on the coffee table before saying to him, "I've asked the kitchen staff to make some oatmeal, so come and have a taste."

Zachary could only rely on his memory as he avoided the furniture in the room before reaching the sofa.

He dared not look at her. If he did, and if she were to look closely, she would realize there was indeed something wrong with him as she had suspected.

Thus, he kept his head hung and made it seem like he was in a bad mood.

“Why do you have a sour face on?” Charlotte hissed. “You make it seem like I’ve owed you something.”

“Don’t contact Louis anymore,” he demanded.

“I’m not contacting him,” Charlotte explained. “He’s the one looking for me, and it’s not like I can stop him, can I? Moreover, you have no right to demand that from me.”

“Just be firm in your stance. You can leave the rest to me,” he blurted out. After a beat, he added, “Don’t misunderstand my words. I just don’t want the kids to be affected by this.”

“I know. No misunderstandings,” Charlotte snapped before handing him the oatmeal.”

“No, thank you.” Zachary could only hear her voice; he could not even see where her hands were, so he could only utter the first excuse he could think of, “Who knows if you’ve poisoned it or not.”

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“You’re a lunatic,” Charlotte hissed out. “I was kind to make you food. How could you say that? Tell me then. What poison could I possibly put in there?”

“Aphrodisiac,” Zachary blurted out.

Charlotte was speechless at that.

“Look at the expression you had. Clearly, you’re lusting for more,” Zachary teased. “You were looking for tons of excuses tonight, and you brought me to your room. Then, you spilled tea on my pants. All of these are to keep me here, right? Did you think that I’m clueless?”

"You—" Charlotte's face reddened from anger. "Do you have no shame, Zachary?"

She slammed the bowl on the coffee table before huffing out, "Forget it if you don't want to eat it. I'll let an ingrate like you starve to death."

As some of the oatmeal had splashed onto her hand, she went to the bathroom to wash up.

Her fading footsteps told Zachary that she was gone. Instantly, he began searching for his phone on the sofa.

After washing her hands, Charlotte heard a quiet tone. When she lowered her head, she noticed Zachary's phone in the clothes he had changed out of.

Picking up the phone, she then noticed that he had a message. It was from Nancy. Mr. Nacht, are you home yet...

The rest of the message was not shown. Even then, the name of the sender itself made Charlotte's heart sink into the abyss.

"Is my phone in the bathroom?" Zachary asked. He could not see, but that meant that his hearing had become better.

"Yes," Charlotte answered as she walked out of the bathroom with the phone. "What's the matter with you? You've even left your phone in there."

Zachary reached out for his phone, and it was then Charlotte realized his eyes seemed to be unfocused.

Her heart leaped to her throat. She then deliberately stretched out her arm in a different direction before saying, "Someone sent you a message. There, take it."

Just as she expected, Zachary's hands grabbed the air instead of the phone.

Shock struck Charlotte like a bolt from the blue. Her eyes widened almost impossibly as she stared at him.

He... can't see?

Zachary stiffened when he realized he had not reached out for his phone. Nevertheless, he quickly snatched the phone from Charlotte in the next second and bellowed, "You peeked at my phone?"

"Yes, but I wasn't peeking," Charlotte snarled in mock anger. "I was looking openly."

She did not want him to find out what she had just figured out.

Her angry tone made Zachary sigh quietly in relief. She's not all that smart. I don't think she found out anything.

Right then, someone knocked on the door. Ben's voice then came from the outside. "Ms. Lindberg, I've brought Mr. Nacht's clothes here."

Charlotte walked over to the door and took the clothes from Ben. Then, faking a cold tone, she hissed out, "Get changed and get out."

After taking the clothes from Charlotte, Zachary immediately undid his robe to reveal his muscular figure.

"Ah!" Charlotte shrieked before promptly spinning around. Her face was hot with a bright blush as she stammered out, "W-What are you doing?"

"It's not like you've never seen it before. Why are you so scared?" Zachary teased as he slowly changed.

Although he could not see anything, he could feel the logo and the buttons of the clothes, so he managed to put on his clothes right.

Charlotte was furious, but she wanted to be certain about his eyes. Hence, she mustered up her courage and turned back to him.

By then, Zachary was done putting on his pants. He was in the middle of doing the buttons of his shirt.

He was elegant and was having no problems with them.

Furthermore, his head was hanging, so she could not see whether or not he could see clearly.

"Zachary," Charlotte started, trying to come up with a topic so that she could have a clear look at his eyes. "Are you dating Nancy?"

"Why, are you jealous?"

Zachary grinned, but his eyes remained unfocused.

"If you really like her, then be nice to her. From now on, we'll have to keep our distance from each other." Charlotte stared at Zachary's eyes before

tentatively saying, "If you don't like her, and you're using her to annoy me, then you should stop."