

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 213

“What are you looking at?” Michael walked over and asked.

“Nothing. Let’s go.”

Charlotte furrowed her brows, feeling heavy-hearted. I’m disappointed in you, Hector.

Back then, you said it was your parents who wanted to cancel our marriage and that whatever happened between you and Luna was a moment of drunken stupor.

So, what about now?

Just the day before yesterday, you swore to protect me. But look at you, cheating with Helena now.

You’re nothing but a scumbag!

“What’s wrong, Charlotte?” Michael asked, noticing how absent-minded she appeared. “Don’t worry about Luna. She’s always been a nutcase. I even told you back then not to hang around with someone as wicked as her.”

The woman let out a sigh and turned to him. “You’re the only one among all my friends who haven’t changed, Michael,” she lamented.

Yup. Hector, Helena, and Luna—they’re all different now.

You’re the only one who’s as pure-hearted and kind as before, Michael.

“But of course,” Michael remarked as he ruffled her hair gently. “You haven’t eaten much just now, have you? Let’s go grab a bite.”

“It’s fine. Let’s find a nice, quiet place to sit down.” Charlotte felt physically and mentally drained.

“Okay. Let’s go get some fresh air at the beach.”

The man drove them to the seaside and wound down the window. Then, while gazing into the night sky full of stars, he opened up to Charlotte.

He had been traveling the world on his own for the past four years, admiring every view and recreating them in his sketchbook.

Four years of living a simple and stain-free life felt like just one day to Michael.

Charlotte, on the other hand, had long turned into a white sheet full of blemishes.

On top of her many dark pasts and ugly rumors, the woman was now being oppressed by others; she couldn’t live freely.

Yet, she couldn’t bring herself to tell Michael anything.

She refused to be selfish and use him as a shield.

It simply wasn’t fair to him.

“Charlotte, I feel like you have a lot on your mind that you’re not willing to talk to me about,” Michael said as he held her hand. “I don’t care what you’ve been through. All I want is to be your shelter and take care of you.”

Charlotte’s heart skipped a beat upon hearing the man’s confession. But instead of giving in, she hugged him and put on a relaxed expression. “Why would you need to be my shelter? I’m doing pretty well on my own now.”

“Charlotte...”

“I think we’ve done enough for the day. Let’s go home.”

She would have wanted to live happily ever after with Michael—if it weren’t for Zachary and the three children. Unfortunately, there were no ifs in this world.

Her life was destined to be complicated.

The man didn’t try to pursue the matter, for he knew she needed time.

Late into the night, he dropped Charlotte back home and watched her walk into her residential area until she disappeared completely. He kept his eyes on her the entire time while remaining in the car, slowly watching her leave.

Charlotte immediately sent Mrs. Berry a text upon arriving home: How’s Ellie, Mrs. Berry? Has she gotten better?

Upon receiving that text, Mrs. Berry gave her a call, sounding particularly fatigued. “We just got back from the hospital, Miss. Ellie’s asleep now. Robbie and Jamie were waiting for us the whole time. They’re now watching over Ellie while I cook up some noodles.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Berry.”

Charlotte felt extremely guilty. She knew how difficult it was for her housekeeper to look after three children, especially when Ellie was such a sickly child. Whenever Charlotte thought of that, her blood pressure would spike because she felt anxious and worried.

She wouldn't have gotten this far if Mrs. Berry hadn't been by her side all these years.

On top of that, her three children had to put up with the cold gazes of others and could never live normal lives.

She truly felt remorseful.

“Robbie is calling for me, Miss. I'll be hanging up now. Get some rest, and don't worry too much!”

After hanging up, Charlotte stared at her phone in doubt. If Michael really doesn't mind, maybe... just maybe...