

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 344

"I noticed." Michael smiled gently. "I met the kindergarten teachers downstairs and chatted with them. Seems like there's another side to the story, huh?"

"Yeah." Charlotte frowned. "I'm confused too..."

"It doesn't matter." Michael changed the topic. "Everything's fine as long as you and your children are safe."

"That's right." She did not want to mull over it excessively either. Regardless of what the truth was, she was in no position to resist. Her priority was to protect her children and leave everything else aside first.

"I'm leaving now. Stay safe." Michael gazed at her deeply and left. When he reached the lift lobby, he suddenly stopped in his tracks and turned around. "Charlotte, it's not necessarily the case that you have no other paths to take!"

"What?" She did not quite understand what he was saying.

"If you can't take it anymore, someone can protect you," said Michael, his words concealing a deeper meaning. "Think about it..."

With that, he stepped into the lift.

Charlotte frowned, feeling puzzled. When she closed the door and turned around, she suddenly remembered her father's letter...

He said that if she was ever at her wit's ends, she could call a number that belonged to M Nation.

No matter what happened, that person would definitely solve it for her!

Yeah, why have I forgotten about it?

It might be of help if I encounter another crisis in the future.

But...

Charlotte remembered her father's constant reminder in the letter that she must not contact that person unless she was left with no other options. Once she contacted the person, it would mean that her life would take a drastic turn...

Earlier, Michael was probably hinting at this person.

It seemed like he had already read the contents of the letter.

As she pondered over it, Charlotte's heart sank again. She shook her head and tried to dispel those thoughts from her mind. It was more important to solve the current problem first.

Hence, she returned to her room and changed into her pajamas. While lying on the bed, she sent a message to Mrs. Berry: Mrs. Berry, the kids are already safely at home. Don't worry, we'll visit you tomorrow!

Then, with her phone still in her hands and overwhelmed by exhaustion, she fell into a deep slumber.

At the Nachts' residence, Zachary was sitting on the balcony in his robe. Gazing at the starry expanse of the sky, he silently sipped on his wine.

Ben reported at the side, “Ms. Windt has already returned home. Ms. Longman and Ms. Cheney from the kindergarten have already left too. At your instructions, the medical staff stayed to take care of them. And...”

After a slight pause, he continued carefully, “Michael went upstairs to pass Fifi to her. However, he left after chatting for two minutes without entering the house. I think that he clearly understands the consequences now and will not harass her anymore.”

“Okay,” Zachary grunted an acknowledgment and continued sipping on his wine silently. When he finished an entire glass, he instructed, “Don't let Grandpa know about the children's true identity.”

“Understood.” Ben nodded before adding, “But if the children contact him on their own accord, I can't prevent that either. He bought a smartwatch for them and even left his number...”

“You don't need to bother about that,” replied Zachary coldly. “Charlotte is even more reluctant than me to let Grandpa find out. After all, she's their mother.”

“You're right.” Ben heaved a sigh of relief. “It's getting late, so you should rest earlier.”

When Zachary waved his hands dismissively, Ben bowed and left.

Although he continued drinking the wine, his eyes were fixed on his phone.

There was nothing—not even a single text or call.

Even though that woman has met her children and learned the truth from the teachers, she still didn't call me. I expected her to be in tears by now, sobbing and apologizing to me guiltily.

Where the heck is her conscience?

Or is she still suspecting that this is part of a plot?

At that thought, Zachary's expression turned grim and he could not help but lament silently. I can't believe how ungrateful Charlotte is!