MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 455

In the taxi, Charlotte called Zachary, but there was no response. She recalled that he told her he would return home late tonight.

Maybe he is busy.

After she hung up, she looked out of the window and recounted what happened today. She could not seem to process it.

Who the hell ordered the attack on Luna?

Was it Helena?

It is probably her.

Well, does Hector really not know about it then?

Did Owen really save Luna at that time?

Otherwise, did he participate in it too?

Charlotte's head started to hurt as she pondered over it. Taking a deep breath, she blocked it out.

It had nothing to do with her, and she did not wish to interfere.

By the time she reached home, it was past midnight. All her children were asleep. Changing into a new set of clothes, she headed upstairs.

Zachary had yet to return, and the house seemed empty and lonely.

It made Charlotte feel depressed. Since she could not sleep, she decided to wash her dress and hang it up to dry.

Then, she stood on the balcony and watched the traffic go by, hoping to spot Zachary's car.

At that moment, she missed him very much.

She only felt safe with him.

It was close to two in the morning, but Zachary was still nowhere in sight.

As Charlotte was too tired to wait any longer, she took a bath and slept first.

Probably because today's events were too shocking for her, she had a nightmare. She dreamt of Luna being covered in blood while questioning her for not saving her.

In her dream, Charlotte eagerly tried to explain but could not seem to make a sound...

Before she knew it, Luna pounced on her and squeezed her neck.

Charlotte jolted awake from the nightmare, sweating profusely while trembling in fear.

It took a long time before she finally managed to calm herself down. Getting out of bed, she headed out for a glass of water.

Looking back at what happened today, she felt guilty. If only she did not blindly believe that Owen would save Luna and called the police; this probably would not happen...

Ring! Her phone rang all of a sudden.

When she looked at her phone screen, Charlotte saw Amanda's name. She answered the call instantly.

Amanda roared, "Charlotte, you bi*ch! Why didn't you help her? If you hate me, you can take it out on me in any way you like. You can even take my life. However, how can you do this to my daughter? Why?"

In her final sentence, she broke down.

Hearing Amanda's cries, she felt the mother's despair and empathised with her.

After a short pause, Charlotte explained, "I have explained everything to the police. You can ask them about what happened, and I will not explain anymore. I know that you probably won't believe what I say anyway."

Amanda was still wailing on the other end.

"Just so you know, I am sad about what happened too!"

After the abrupt line, Charlotte ended the call.

She did not know how to console the other party nor explain herself. Furthermore, she did not want any more misunderstandings to occur. Perhaps, her silence was the best way out of it.

Hopefully, Amanda would collect her emotions and stop blaming her.

While she was contemplating the matter, she heard the door opened. Immediately, she jumped to her feet.

Entering the house, Zachary casually threw his jacket aside and was unbuttoning his shirt while heading for the bedroom. When he saw Charlotte, he opened his arms automatically.

Without hesitation, the woman rushed into his embrace, tightly wrapping her arms around his waist.

"It's late. Why are you still up?" He gently ruffled her hair. "Were you waiting for me?"

"What took you so long to come back?" Charlotte whined.

She was hugging him very tightly. What happened today made her scared and felt insecure. However, being back in his embrace made her feel at ease again.

"I had something to deal with," Zachary replied. He raised the woman's chin and pushed the loose strands of hair on her face aside. Then, he gently kissed her eyelids. "Did you miss me?"

"Yes." Charlotte tiptoed and took the initiative to kiss him.