

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 950

When Charlotte followed Zachary into a room, a strong sense of familiarity overwhelmed her the moment she opened the door.

Stopping in her tracks, she scrutinized the room and suddenly saw the wedding photo hung on the wall.

In it was Zachary and her, the children, Mrs. Berry, and Fifi.

It was a picture the seven of them had taken by the beach.

All of them were smiling cheerfully in it.

With the sun shining on their faces, it felt as if they were showered with love and warmth.

Charlotte was stunned to see the picture. She felt as if her head was being torn open as memories of the past flooded into her mind.

“Call me Hubby.”

“Pfft... it makes me cringe!”

“After me, Hub-by!”

“Hub-by”

“Hubby!”

“Hubby!”

“Sheesh!”

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“Why aren't coming over to help me shower. If you treat me well, you will be generously rewarded!”

“Coming...”

“We're already married. Why are you still unhappy?”

“I'm happy, Wifey!”

“Hubby!”

“Good girl! Look, I have put on the ring. From now onwards, we are husband and wife!”

“Charlotte, don't be afraid. No matter what happens, I won't let go of your hand!”

As the blissful memories floated through her mind, she felt as if they had just happened yesterday.

With her heart jolted, Charlotte could feel the emotions from the past swelling up within her. Lifting her gaze at Zachary, she was suddenly filled with tears.

“Do you remember now?” Holding onto her shoulders, he asked anxiously, “We used to love each other. Do you remember?”

Looking at him teary-eyed, her mind was looping through the beautiful memories that were playing like a reel.

She believed that once upon a time, they had truly loved each other.

The love and hate she felt seemed to meld together.

However...

A sudden pain in her head jolted her back to her senses. Closing her eyes, she held her head desperately as horrifying scenes filled her mind.

The wedding dress, blood, Mrs. Berry, thunder, and the storm...

One by one, the images flashed through her mind like lightning. To her, the shock felt as if someone had whipped her in her brain. Regaining her senses at once, she opened her eyes to reveal a murderous gaze.

Taken aback by the look she had, Zachary recoiled and looked at her in shock.

“Stop trying to rejig my memory. It will only make me hate you more.” Gritting her teeth, she warned, “I’m sparing you now on the account of the children. However, it doesn't mean that I have forgiven you!”

“There has been a big misunderstanding...” Zachary wanted to explain. “Of course, if you don't want to listen to it now, we can talk about it some other time. But now...”

“I will look for Olivia and ask her about Dr. Felch's whereabouts.” Charlotte knew what he was going to say. “Ellie is my daughter, and I will not let any harm come to her. At the same time, I will find out who the perpetrator is and kill her no matter who she is!”

Just as she spoke, Charlotte turned and left. Right when she was at the door, she turned around to look at the family photo.

She sneered, “What's the use of leaving something like that around? The Charlotte Windt of old is dead!”

Those words shook Zachary to his core.

He had thought that there was a chance to turn things around.

Unfortunately, the hatred had already taken root within Charlotte and spread throughout her entire being.

Just reminding her of the wonderful memories alone wasn't enough.

However, he remained defiant and refused to give up.

If the beautiful memories of the past couldn't extinguish the hatred in her, what about the children? Perhaps, the children are the key. There has to be a way.