

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 433

Charlotte grabbed a chicken wing and prepared to head downstairs to meet Zachary.

The moment she opened the door, she came face to face with Zachary, whose slender figure exuded a mysterious and unapproachable aura under the dim lights.

Charlotte almost jumped out of her skin and looked over her shoulder in panic. Fortunately, Robbie had gone to the bathroom, so there was no one in the living room.

“Why did you come up?” Charlotte hissed as she pushed Zachary away from the door.

“It’s ten!” He pinned her with a cold stare.

“The kids aren’t asleep yet.”

Charlotte motioned at the house, but upon realizing that she was still holding the chicken wing in her hand, she hid it awkwardly behind her back.

Zachary’s brows knitted into a frown as he glowered at her.

“Either you go downstairs and wait for me, or we take a raincheck,” Charlotte said tentatively. “Don’t get mad. Just try to think from my point of view. As a mother, I can’t just leave my kids and go on a date, right? We have to be responsible.”

“Twenty minutes.” Zachary looked at his watch, then turned and walked into the elevator.

Charlotte was speechless and had no choice but to comply. Done taking their baths, the triplets were singing happily as they prepared to go to bed.

Charlotte cleared the leftover food and washed her hands before going to see her children.

Ellie was lying on her bed in her cute strawberry pajamas, holding a milk bottle in one hand and her stuffed alpaca in the other while enjoying the music playing in the background.

Charlotte went in and kissed her forehead, telling her to go to sleep after finishing her milk.

Ellie nodded obediently. Shortly after, her eyes began to droop.

Meanwhile, Robbie was lying on his bed and reading a book.

Jamie was sitting on the wheelchair, allowing the nurses to clean his wound while he played with a Rubik's Cube, his eyes gradually losing focus.

"What is it, Mommy?" Robbie immediately put down his book and looked up at Charlotte.

"Mommy has to go out for a while but will come back and make breakfast for the three of you tomorrow morning. What do you kids feel like eating?"

Charlotte felt that she had been too busy recently and did not spend enough time with her children. Hence, she couldn't help but feel a little bit guilty toward them.

But bailing on Zachary would be even worse as he would no doubt kick up a fuss.

At the mention of food, Jamie woke up in a daze and mumbled sleepily, "I want hot cross bunnies."

"I'm okay with anything as long as Mommy makes it." Robbie offered his mother an understanding smile and urged, "You can go now, Mommy. Don't worry about us."

"Yes, we'll be here to watch them," the nurses reassured.

"Alright, then. Sleep tight."

Charlotte bid her children goodnight and went back to her room to have a change of clothes. However, upon realizing that more than ten minutes had passed, she ditched the idea and rushed downstairs without even changing her slippers.

The residential estate was huge, so after coming out of the elevator, Charlotte still had to run a long way before arriving at the gate. In her haste, she was almost hit by a car, falling to the ground in fright.

The car driver poked his head out and lambasted her. "Are you crazy? Running like a madwoman!"

Before she could regain her bearings, the car had already driven off.

Charlotte sat on the ground as she tried to catch her breath. It took her a while to calm her raging heartbeat. After pushing herself off the ground, she spotted Zachary standing beside his car while looking at her with a cold gaze.

She trudged toward him even as her muscles screamed in protest. Then, she said to him while panting softly, "Let's go."

With that, she got into his car and slumped into the seat, gasping for air.

"You should watch where you're going," Zachary chided as he started the car.

"Well, I'm sorry, but I was in a hurry," Charlotte retorted sarcastically. "With that temper of yours, I'd probably be strangled to death if I got here late."

Zachary kept mum and continued driving.

“Gosh, I’m so tired...” Charlotte fanned herself. She tried opening a bottle of water, but her hands refused to cooperate, trembling from exhaustion.

“Is your body that weak? You only ran a short distance, but you’re panting like it was marathon.”

Zachary frowned at her in annoyance, but still reached out to unscrew the cap for her.