

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 251

Charlotte searched with the GPS of her phone. The mausoleum was approximately less than eighty kilometers from her home.

“You’re paying Mr. Windt a visit? Today is neither All Souls’ Day nor his death anniversary.” Mrs. Berry asked with a grim look on her face, “Did something happen?”

“Don’t worry, nothing happened. I just miss him so much, that’s why I’m thinking of paying him a visit.” Charlotte was sorrowful. “I’m a bit lost as too many incidents have occurred recently. After visiting him later, I might just be inspired to walk a new path.”

“It sounds fine.” Mrs. Berry’s eyes started to well up as she nodded and said, “Help me send my regards to Mr. Windt.”

Charlotte forced a smile; she then choked up and could barely utter any words.

Charlotte bought a small pot of her father’s favorite Alocasia and took a cab to Oakhill Mausoleum.

By the time she reached the mausoleum, it was already nightfall. The drizzle formed a veil of desolation and melancholy over the serene mausoleum.

Standing in front of her father’s grave and gazing longingly at his picture, Charlotte’s heart was filled with grief...

In her memory, her father was a kind and easy-going person who could mingle well with people of all ages. His warm smile was contagious and soothing.

Throughout his lifetime, he treated everyone with kindness and tolerance. He was an honest businessman with high moral character. Instead of being manipulative and taking advantage of others, he would rather sustain a loss and forgive those who caused him trouble.

In everyone's eyes, he was a charitable person with a noble heart!

Yet, such a great person did not get to live long. He met his tragic end unexpectedly...

He was now lying here, enduring the everlasting loneliness and harsh weather conditions.

Charlotte had a throbbing pain in her chest thinking about how an upright man like her father could be treated so unfairly in life...

She placed the pot of Alocasia in front of her father's grave. After bowing at him to pay her respect, she went to the storage room of the mausoleum.

Once her father's safe was located, she opened it with the passcode—her mother's date of birth. As expected, her father's red wooden box was in the safe!

Charlotte became very emotional. She reminisced the moments spent with her father as snippets of the unforgettable memory flashed across her mind like a series of waves, warming her heart...

Taking a deep breath, she took the red wooden box out of the safe and unlocked it with a key.

An envelope, a photo album, and a silver document file came into view.

Charlotte opened up the envelope carefully. Her heart skipped a beat at the sight of the familiar handwriting.

Her father's neat and beautiful handwriting reflected his upright personality. He was the best example of a respectable and down-to-earth man.

She could sense haste amid his well-written lines.

Charlotte could roughly guess that her father was desperate as he wrote his letter to her. Apparently, he felt that he was at risk and could foresee his tragic end, so he struggled to have the letter written before he breathed his last breath.

Every single word reflected her father's affection for her, along with anxiety and extreme reluctance to part with her...

Charlotte's eyes started to well up with tears. She read word by word slowly, as if she was stroking her beloved father's face.

Lottie, when you read this letter, I might have left this world forever. Do not be sad. I will continue to be your guiding star and protect you in heaven. I wish that my dear Lottie will live a healthy and happy life!

Throughout my life, I have sailed through all sorts of obstacles and have no doubt embraced glory once. I do not blame anyone but myself for ending up in this miserable state now. I have tried my very best and spent my whole life fighting against that family, but I did not succeed...

My only remorse now is that I am still unable to look for your mom and apologize to her. To protect you and our family, I had no choice but to resort to a cowardly method of forcing her to leave us in despair.

If you have a chance to meet her in the future, you must convey my message to her: love her very much! She's my only love this whole lifetime. If there is a next life, I will beg her to give me a chance to be with her again!

It's too bad that I do not even know whether she is still alive. Perhaps she has left this world already and is waiting for me in another world...

I'd better stop talking about this. It sounds funny to you, doesn't it?

Every time I get drunk, I mumble about your mom repeatedly. I bet you can memorize my words and mimic my tone by now. You won't have a chance to hear me nag about that anymore.

How I wish I will never part with you. I cannot help but worry about you. In these nineteen years, I have showered you with my fullest love, but I have forgotten to train you with self-protection skills.