

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 15

Monday was a busy day. The moment Charlotte arrived at the office, she buried herself in work and only got to stop when lunchtime arrived.

She followed her colleagues from the administration department to the company's cafeteria on the twenty-first floor. They had just exited from the elevator when they bumped into Zachary.

The man strode out of the elevator in an imposing manner, causing the air to solidify.

The rest of his employees retreated to one side and looked at the ground silently.

Charlotte peeked at him and met his icy glare without warning. She immediately looked down in a panic. Was Devil staring at me?

"Don't mind me. Carry on," uttered Zachary.

The employees were pleasantly surprised by their president's words. This was the first time they had heard him speak directly to them, so they were very much thrilled.

Zachary sat down at a seat by the window. Two bodyguards stood watch behind him as Ben left to order his meal.

Charlotte peeked at him once again. The sunlight reflected off his body, encasing him in a golden glow like a Greek god.

If only this man is the father of my triplets.

Just as the thought flashed across her mind, Charlotte brushed it off immediately. She took her tray of food and followed her colleagues to their usual table.

When she sat down, the annoying Wesley showed up. "Hello!"

Charlotte rolled her eyes and shifted sideways to keep a distance from him.

"How could you eat so little?" teased Wesley. "Eat up. Our company's cafeteria serves a luxurious buffet for free. It's better than the ones at five-star hotels."

Ignoring him, Charlotte lowered her head and focused on her food.

"Hey, why is Mr. Nacht eating in the cafeteria today?" Charlotte's colleague, Fiona, asked.

"I'm curious, too. He never comes to our cafeteria," said Lily, another colleague. She peeked at the table opposite theirs and lowered her voice. "Due to his presence, we're all tensed up. Look how silent the whole cafeteria is now."

"Yes, my hands are shaking." Yolanda dared not look up at all.

"Ah, don't be nervous." Wesley seemed unfazed. "He might seem cold, but he's actually quite friendly."

"Mr. Holt, you seem to know Mr. Nacht well." A male colleague voiced his curiosity. "I saw you greeting him last time."

“Of course. The president and I are close...” replied Wesley.

His voice trailed off, as if hinting at a deeper meaning to his words.

“No wonder you got promoted so quickly in six months. Turns out you’re friends with Mr. Nacht.” The male colleagues hurriedly buttered up to him. “Mr. Holt, please take care of us in the future.”

“Don’t worry. As long as you’re doing a good job, you’ll get a promotion in no time,” said Wesley smugly.

Charlotte couldn’t take it anymore. She took her tray and rose to her feet to leave.

Wesley went after her. “Charlotte, hold up!”

Annoyed, Charlotte’s footsteps quickened.

Wesley chased after her and stood in front of her. “Why are you in a hurry? Let’s walk together.”

“Mr. Holt, I don’t know you well—”

Before Charlotte could finish, someone bumped into her.

She lurched forward from the force while her unfinished Bolognese pasta splattered on Wesley’s face.

As the pasta streamed down his face, everyone gasped.

Wesley stiffened, utterly stunned. He promptly regained his senses and wiped at the Bolognese sauce on his face clumsily in anger.

Charlotte burst out laughing. It seemed like a rude reaction, so she immediately apologized. "I'm sorry. I didn't do that on purpose. Someone bumped into me and..."

When she whirled around to take a look, she realized that the person who had bumped into her was none other than Zachary!