

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 21

Zachary was wearing a pair of shades and clad in an off-white casual suit, looking cold and overbearing.

He did not answer Charlotte's question, but took off the black-gold ring on his index finger instead, before throwing it into the pool. With that same overbearing aura around him, he commanded, "Retrieve it!"

"Huh?" Charlotte was stunned, unable to fathom why Zachary was doing this.

"Mm?" Zachary cocked an arrogant brow.

"Mr. Nacht, have... have I offended you in any way?" Charlotte asked nervously, "If I have done something wrong, I apologize to you!"

"Are you going to retrieve it or not?" Zachary kept things straight and concise.

"I..."

Charlotte wanted to say something, but she was afraid she might lose her job. Thus, she had no choice but to suppress all her grievances and take off her leather shoes to retrieve his ring from the pool.

The moment she entered the pool, her teeth began chattering from the cold.

It was earlier winter, so the water in the pool was freezing, especially when the wind blew past.

Charlotte shivered, but could only steel herself and lower her head into the water in search for his ring.

On the recliner, Zachary's lips tugged into a smug smile upon seeing this.

Finding such a small item in a huge swimming pool was basically looking for a needle in a haystack.

Charlotte hugged her arms as she shivered violently. After more than half an hour, she finally caught sight of the ring.

She frantically dived below to retrieve it. By the time she stood back up, her whole body was soaked.

She tossed her long hair over her shoulder and wiped the water off her face, yelling with joy, "I found it!"

The sunlight reflected off the ring, making it dazzle beautifully, and her smile looked especially bright as well.

Zachary's lips curved into a frosty smile as he beckoned her with a finger.

Charlotte hastily got out of the pool and handed the ring back to him. "Here's your ring, Mr. Nacht!"

Zachary lifted his eyes to look at her, and burning desire gradually filled his gaze.

Even though Charlotte had no makeup on, her pure and natural beauty, as well as her inherent noble temperament was more than enough to make up for it.

Because she was completely drenched, her white blouse and black skirt hugged her body, displaying her perfect curvy figure, making her look as alluring as ever beneath the brilliant sun.

“Mr. Nacht!”

Charlotte was still trembling from the cold and failed to notice the change in Zachary’s expression.

Zachary withdrew his gaze and took the ring from her. Before walking away at an unhurried pace, he left her with a single instruction. “Change the water again, then clean up before leaving.”

Charlotte watched his retreating back and gnashed her teeth in anger.

What the hell is wrong with this Devil?

He purposely threw his ring in and had me retrieve it all just to torment me?

What did I ever do to him?

Achoo... achoo...

A gust of wind blew past, causing Charlotte to shiver in her clothes and sneeze several times in a row.

Left with no choice, she repeated the process of cleaning up the place and changing the pool water.

After she was done, she picked up a bathrobe from the recliner and wrapped it around her almost-frozen body before hurrying back downstairs.

She was dripping with water and sneezing continuously in the elevator. All she wanted to do was hurry to the locker room to dry her clothes as soon as possible.

Unfortunately, she ran into Wesley just as the elevator doors opened.

Wesley was waiting for the elevator with a document in hand. Upon seeing Charlotte look as if she had just come out of the shower, his eyes immediately lit up. "Well, what do we have here?"

Charlotte ignored him and fast-walked to the washroom.

Meanwhile, Wesley trailed after her without a second thought.

The washroom in the changing room was small and rarely used by anyone.

Just when Charlotte was going to close the door, Wesley barged in and even locked the door behind him.

"What the hell are you doing?" Charlotte shouted in alarm.

"Well, well, well, Charlotte." Wesley looked at her bathrobe and jeered, "I never knew you were this ambitious. You even set your sights on Mr. Nacht!"

"What?" Charlotte was baffled.

"You came down from level 68 and you're wearing Mr. Nacht's bathrobe. Not to mention, you have the look of a licentious woman set free, so don't deny that you went up there to seduce Mr. Nacht."

Wesley's sharp eyes roamed across Charlotte's body, burning bright with lust.