

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 273

Just as Charlotte was about to knock, the door suddenly opened. Ben walked out and couldn't help but feel awkward upon seeing her. "Char..."

Then, he quickly changed his words. "Is something the matter?"

"Ms. Wright told me to do some cleaning here."

Charlotte looked past Ben's shoulder and noticed what was happening inside the office.

With his back facing her, Zachary sat on the couch, and right next to him was Sharon leaning over to whisper something into his ear.

The two looked so intimate with each other.

Charlotte's chest instantly tightened as she averted her gaze and lowered her head. "If it's not convenient right now, I'll come back later."

Then, just as she was about to leave...

"Hold on!"

An enchanting female voice resonated across the room.

Ben shut his eyes with a frustrated look on his face.

"Hey, Ben! I accidentally spilled some wine here. Could you get her to come in and clean it up?"

Sharon spoke to Ben in an especially polite manner, but that was just so she could get Charlotte to do her bidding.

Ben cast Charlotte a troubled glance.

Charlotte waited for two seconds, but Zachary remained quiet.

Hence, she could only walk in with the cleaning tools.

By now, Sharon maintained a fixed distance from Zachary.

However, they still sat close to each other on the same couch.

The red wine had spilled on the coffee table and carpet right in front of them.

Charlotte walked over and knelt down, using a cloth to wipe the coffee table.

“Wow, Zachary. Your secretaries are getting prettier and prettier,” Sharon remarked, glancing at Charlotte from head to toe.

Despite her simple attire and lack of makeup, Charlotte had the ability to look extraordinarily charming just by standing in a corner.

Furthermore, she was a completely natural beauty and exhibited an indescribable presence.

“Well, yeah. They’re alright,” Zachary replied blandly.

Charlotte cursed internally. Me? Just alright?

Then, why can’t you keep your hands off me?

“It’s just a shame that they’re a little lacking in professionalism...”

Sharon’s extra words sounded light and nonchalant, but they were clearly full of hostility.

Charlotte’s movements jerked slightly, but she suppressed the rage within her and continued cleaning.

“You missed this spot.”

Sharon pointed toward the stain beneath her feet using her sharp heels, signaling Charlotte to clean that area too.

Charlotte stared at the spot but remained unmoving, for leaning over there would be no different from kneeling right before Sharon.

“What’s wrong?” Sharon raised an eyebrow and smirked. “Do you not see it, or do you not intend to clean it up?”

Charlotte tightened her grip on the cloth. In the name of work, she certainly couldn’t refute this woman. On a personal note, however, she refused to be humiliated this way.

Yet, Zachary kept mum, not showing any intention on helping Charlotte out.

This only made the woman even more upset.

“I’ll do it!” Ben hastily walked over.

“Oh, but I could never trouble you with such menial tasks, Ben!” Despite speaking to Ben, Sharon kept her gaze on Charlotte. “You’re a stubborn one, huh? I guess you won’t take orders from me.”

Taking a deep breath, Charlotte continued to fight her rage. She turned over with the cloth in her hand, only to accidentally drop the stained fabric on Sharon’s foot.

“Eww! That’s disgusting!” Sharon got up in a fit and proceeded to step on Charlotte’s hand.

“Ahhh!” Charlotte screamed in pain.

Like a nail, the sharp 8-cm heel instantly tore the skin on the back of Charlotte’s hand, causing it to start bleeding.

Unable to take it any longer, Zachary stood up, shoved Sharon aside, and helped Charlotte up.

“Zachary!” Collapsing on the sofa, Sharon stared at the man in disbelief.

“Do you not know how to even clean up?” Zachary growled at Charlotte. “Get out!”

Remaining silent, Charlotte lifted her gaze and glared at him, her eyes were brimmed with tears. Then, she picked up her tools and strode her way out of the room.