

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 392

Charlotte froze, appalled at the sight.

Zachary turned his head to one side and knitted his brows silently.

Soon, a red mark appeared on his cheek.

“I’ve never slapped you before,” said Henry in a menacing voice. “You were smart, obedient, and never disappointed me. But today—”

“I’m not your puppet!” Zachary interrupted rudely. “You can’t use me to reverse your mistake!”

“What do you mean?” Henry’s voice wobbled.

“Am I wrong?” Zachary sneered. “Back then, my father was troubled in love and died in an accident later. Hence, you placed all your hopes on me and exercised total control over my life. I must gain your approval before I date or marry anyone. You even interfered when I tried to make friends!”

“Zachary Nacht!” Henry roared.

“What’s wrong? Is one slap not enough?” Zachary raised his chin defiantly. “Go on. Slap me more. I’ll think of it as repaying you for bringing me up.”

“Y-You rascal!” Henry was shaking in anger as he raised his hand, about to give him another slap.

“Mr. Nacht!” Taylor rushed over to stop him. “Please calm down, calm down.”

"I'm sorry. It was all my fault," uttered Sharon anxiously as she made her way over to Henry. Grabbing his sleeves, she pleaded, "Please stop hitting Zachary. Please!"

Closing his eyes in annoyance, Zachary spun on his heels.

"Stand right there!" Henry shouted.

Zachary ignored his shouts and left.

"Mr. Nacht!" Ben scurried after him.

The rest had their heads down and dared not make any sound.

Charlotte gazed in the direction where Zachary had just left, at a loss for words.

She couldn't believe Zachary went against Henry just to defend her and even took the blame for her, causing the old man to slap him out of anger.

Zachary was a proud man who'd punish those who were impolite to him, so he would never allow anyone to hit him.

But today, Henry had slapped him in public.

Getting slapped was nothing big. However, his pride and honor were wounded.

"Vixen!" Henry cursed, about to explode with rage.

Charlotte looked down silently.

“Mr. Nacht, forget it,” advised Taylor. “You heard what Zachary said. I don’t think she was involved in the poisoning incident. There must be a misunderstanding. Please do me a favor, and forget about this.”

Taylor then signaled at Sharon.

At once, Sharon burst out crying. “I won’t pursue this matter. Please don’t let this come between you and Zachary. I don’t want him to hate me. Please!”

“You would’ve been dead meat if they didn’t ask me to let you off,” threatened Henry as he pointed at Charlotte. “Get lost! Don’t let me see you again!”

Charlotte scrambled up and left with her head down.

Raina signaled one of her medical staff, who immediately went after Charlotte and helped her out.

“Mr. Nacht, don’t be mad.” Taylor consoled him. “We can’t stay for long in Zachary’s company. I’ll leave with Sharon now.”

“Okay.” Henry patted the back of his hand to comfort him. “That brat needs some discipline. I’m sorry for what you had to go through today. I promise I’ll punish him back home.”

“Please don’t say that.” Taylor might be in his fifties, but he was still a mild-mannered man. “The kids are grown up and have their own ideas. That’s normal. Don’t be mad at him. I’ll find time to talk to him in private.”

“Mm.”