

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 80

“When did you arrive here? Why didn’t you inform me earlier? You nearly scared me to death!”

Charlotte patted her chest as it heaved up and down. Her heart still felt like it was racing a mile a minute.

Before he could help himself, Zachary’s gaze shifted to her chest. Her breasts, which were creamy-white under the dim lighting, looked round and firm... What a lovely sight!

He was completely captivated by them. However, the next moment, his brows knitted into a frown, and he snapped, “Go and change into another dress!”

“Huh? Why should I?”

She gazed at herself in the mirror. She was wearing a luxury gown that was completely white in color, making her look like as pure as an angel.

“Yes, sir. I’ll get another dress ready immediately.” One of the makeup artists turned and instructed her assistant to bring more gowns to the room.

“Why do I need to change out of this? I think this dress is perfectly fine!” Charlotte looked in the mirror again. “It looks alright, doesn’t it? It just shows a little cleavage, that’s all...”

Zachary signaled with his hand that everyone should leave; all of them obeyed immediately.

A few seconds later, only he and Charlotte remained in the large room.

The woman hadn’t realized it yet. She was still seated on the sofa, preening in front of the mirror.

He got up from his seat and walked towards her. Although he hadn't done anything yet, she felt her skin prickle with a sudden sense of danger. Her head snapped up immediately as she gazed at him.

"What... What do you think you're doing?"

She resembled a cat that had been injured as she curled herself up on the sofa and crossed her arms over her chest, her eyes full of fear.

Zachary reached down and gave her chin a little pinch. Lifting her head up so she was looking directly into his eyes, he said in a low voice, "Remember this—I'm the only person who can see your body!"

"Um..."

Charlotte felt her heartrate speed up again. A bunch of exclamation marks appeared in her mind, but she was too afraid to make a sound.

He ran a thumb over her plush lips, his eyes quivering a little with desire.

However, she never found out what he was about to do because he released her at that moment and called to the person behind the folding screen, "We're leaving in ten minutes."

"Yes, sir."

The man then left the room. Instantly, the tension in the room dissipated, and she could finally heave a sigh of relief.

A horde of female staff members crowded around Charlotte as they helped her into her new gown, praising her shapely body as they did so.

She went along with them quietly, all the while trying to calm her beating heart.

What the devil did Zachary mean by that?

Has he really fallen in love with me?

I have to corner him tonight and make sure he knows I have no intention of ever getting together with him. When he finds out I have three children, he might strangle me to death...

After changing into a luxury Hepburn-style black dress, the makeup artists tied a lace ribbon around her neck to hide her injuries. After that, they slid a few diamond rings onto her fingers, transforming her into a princess instantaneously.

Charlotte gazed at herself in the mirror. She had never tried this style before, but it seemed to complement her features very nicely.

"Ms. Windt, let's go! Mr. Nacht is waiting for us outside," Raina said in a soft voice.

"Oh, right." Charlotte lifted her dress by the hem and walked carefully out of the room.

Ben, who was standing by the car, gawked when he saw her. He couldn't shift his eyes from this beautiful angel in front of him, much less reconcile her with that lowly security guard at Divine Corporation. Were they really the same person?

"Look at her again, and I'll gouge your eyes out and feed them to the pigeons," Zachary warned him darkly.

“Yes, sir.” Ben quickly shifted his gaze away from Charlotte. He looked down at the floor, too afraid to look at her again. “Here, Ms. Windt!”

Raina helped the woman into the car. After that, she removed herself from the scene tactfully and got into the car behind them.

The car finally started to move.

Zachary and Charlotte were alone in that space.

The atmosphere started getting a little tense again.

Since the man refused to speak, Charlotte didn’t dare to open her mouth either. She sat primly and quietly in her seat, trying not to move as much as she could.

However, as she glanced at the platter of fruits and snacks that had been laid out before them, she couldn’t help but swallow a little.

She shot a look at him and carefully popped a grape into her mouth.

It was nearly six in the evening, so she felt quite peckish.

He looked at her and shoved the plate of cake towards her with a look of contempt on his face. After that, he leaned back against his seat and promptly fell asleep.

Seeing that he was knocked out, she grabbed a slice of cake and stuffed it into her mouth. She was so famished that she nearly choked in her attempt to swallow it. After scarfing down the cake, she rounded everything off with a long sip from a glass of juice.

Zachary opened his eyes slightly. As he watched her wolf down the food through the reflection in the mirror, his lips curved into a devilish smile.