

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 190

Instead of denying it, Zachary shrugged. He then poured himself half a glass of wine and savored it slowly.

“Why are you doing this?” Charlotte was close to exploding in fury. “Do you have a grudge against my father? Is that why you’re toying with me?”

Hearing those words, Zachary paused and looked at her. “Did someone say something to you?”

“Why? Are you feeling guilty?” Charlotte questioned. “Does my father’s company’s bankruptcy have something to do with you?”

That was the question she wanted the answer to the most. Although it was risky to voice it out, she had no other options.

After all, she lacked the ability to investigate him. So she might as well be direct with him.

“Who told you that?” Zachary narrowed his eyes dangerously.

“Seeing that you’re not denying it, does that mean it’s true?”

Charlotte did not want to accept this as her reality, but with how he reacted, it seemed like that was the truth.

Instead of answering her questions, Zachary asked, “Was it Hector?”

“He has nothing to do with this,” Charlotte hurriedly drew the line between Hector and the matter. “Tell me. Did you acquire my father’s company with malicious intents and caused the bankruptcy of Windt Corporation?”

“Very well.” Zachary swirled the wine in his glass. “When he pleaded for mercy earlier, I’ve decided to let him off. But, since he’s pulling dirty tricks on me now, I guess all that’s left for him is to perish.”

With that, he took out his phone and made a call. “Cease Sterling Group’s project.”

“Don’t-” Charlotte tried to stop him, but Zachary had already ended the call. She anxiously explained, “This has nothing to do with him!”

“Do you feel bad for him?” The corner of Zachary’s lips curled upward as he cast a mocking gaze on her. “Why don’t we make a bet then?”

“What do you mean? What are you trying to do?”

Panic had overtaken Charlotte’s mind. All she knew then was that the man in front of her was terrifying.

Leisurely, Zachary lit his cigar. Right then, a call came in. “Mr. Nacht, Hector Sterling’s car is parked at the greenway. He says he’s here to deliver something to you.”

“Let him in,” Zachary ordered.

“Yes, Sir.”

After ending the call, he looked up at her, and she could see an evil glint in his eyes. “So? Will you bet with me?”

“What are you trying to do?” A sense of foreboding rose in Charlotte’s heart.

“Give it a second, and you’ll find out.” Zachary glanced at her translucent, soaked clothes before ordering, “Tidy yourself up in the bathroom.”

It was only then that Charlotte realized she was soaked and dripping all over the floor. She was about to return to her room when she heard the noises of a car outside. Hector had arrived.

In her panic, she entered Zachary’s bathroom instead.

While she was tidying herself up, Hector’s meek voice came from the outside. “Mr. Nacht, here’s your ruby necklace. My deepest apologies. My wife is not the most sensible woman. I apologize to you on behalf of her for offending you.”

“Why are you still standing outside? Come in and have a seat.” Zachary sounded polite.

“Thank you.” Hector walked into the room.

It was then Zachary ordered in the direction of the bathroom, “Come out.”

Charlotte shuddered in fear, but she steeled herself and walked out.

Her hair was still damp, and she was wrapped in a bathrobe too large to be hers.

Hector halted in his tracks. Emotions flashed across his eyes when he looked at her, including shock, sadness, and disappointment.

“He delivered this here for you. Why aren’t you thanking him yet?”

Zachary pointed at Hector with the cigar between his fingers.

Charlotte furrowed her brows but remained silent. At that moment, she knew Hector had misunderstood the scene.

With the way things were between them, even though she had no need to explain to Hector anything she was doing, it still did not sit well with her to have stepped into a trap.

“Mr. Nacht, please take a look at the necklace. If there are no problems, I’ll be taking my leave.”

Right as Hector was speaking, he received a message on his phone. When he read the message, his face ashen, and he cried out, “Mr. Nacht, why did you stop my project?”