

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 20

The next morning, Charlotte made sure her triplets safely boarded the bus before rushing to the company.

Because she was going to be late, she carried her heels and ran non-stop. Upon reaching the company's driveway, a Rolls-Royce Phantom abruptly sped toward her from the side, with no intention of slowing down.

Charlotte couldn't avoid the car in time, falling to the ground in fright.

The car, on the other hand, came to a screeching halt just an inch away from her.

A little further and Charlotte would have been meeting either God or Satan in person.

She was so scared that her heart threatened to fly out of her chest, but the people in the car looked completely unfazed.

The security guard came forward to help Charlotte up, but unexpectedly reproached her, "Don't run around like a mad hatter. You almost ran into the President's car."

"They were obviously the ones who almost ran into me."

Charlotte's anger spiked and she turned her head to glare at the people in the car.

The bodyguards were rocking their poker faces, not showing an ounce of remorse.

As for Zachary who was seated in the back, he was staring unblinkingly at Charlotte with a frosty gaze.

Charlotte was stunned. What's going on?

I'm obviously the victim here!

Zachary made a gesture, and the Rolls-Royce Phantom zoomed past Charlotte, just a hairsbreadth away from her.

Fury ignited in Charlotte, but she could only massaged her bruised wrists and sore bum before limping into the company.

In the elevator, she recalled the look in Zachary's eyes just now and became more perplexed than ever. When did I ever offend the Devil?

Since joining the company until now, I've been nothing but a diligent worker. I haven't done anything wrong.

The only time she had come in contact with him was when he bumped into her, causing her to get spaghetti all over Wesley's face.

She even thought that he had intentionally done it to teach Wesley a lesson. Now, it seemed like she had been overthinking it.

Just now, his driver had almost run her down, causing her to fall and bruise herself. She didn't even kick up a fuss, but he had glared at her with such a terrifying look in his eyes.

How strange!

Maybe he was just born a brooding devil and there's no reasonable explanation behind it!

Following this train of thought, Charlotte's nerves relaxed considerably. A few scrapes were nothing she couldn't handle. She was fine as long as she didn't offend that devil, otherwise, her life from then on would become a living hell.

Little did she know that her run of bad luck had only just begun.

On level 13, before Charlotte could settle down at her desk, Roy, the manager of the administration department immediately lambasted her, "You've only been here for a few days but you're already coming in late? Who do you think you are? The queen?"

"I..."

"The President came down to personally check the attendance in each department. We were severely criticized because of you. Our bonuses for this quarter have all been deducted!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Young, I was..."

"Don't give me excuses." Roy cut her off and roared angrily, "Put your work on hold and go clean the swimming pool on level 68 now!"

"Huh? Clean the swimming pool? Why?" Charlotte was dumbstruck.

"What do you mean 'why'?" Roy put on a stern face. "This is your punishment. Or do you want your salary to be deducted instead?"

"No, no, no. I don't want that." The moment Charlotte heard about a possible salary deduction, she immediately caved in. "I'll go clean the swimming pool right now."

On level 68, the highest floor of the building, was a luxurious infinity pool. The clear blue sky was reflected in the pool. Hence, swimming here would be like wading across the fluffy white clouds in the sky.

This is obviously for the Devil's personal use!

The place was spotless, without a speck of dust in sight. The tiles could even be used as mirrors. Charlotte couldn't understand why she had been ordered to clean it.

However, she would do it as long as her salary wasn't be deducted.

In the blink of an eye, she had worked for three hours. The floor was scrubbed clean and the pool water had been replaced.

Charlotte was about to gather her things and head downstairs. When she turned around, she was met with a man seated on an ivory-colored recliner chair, scaring the living daylights out of her. "Mr. Nacht, how long have you been here?"