

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 367

“Thank you, Mr. Henry!” the children thanked him.

At the same time, Charlotte had already gotten up. The manager chided her quietly, and she quickly left the place with her mop in hand. Zachary suddenly stood up and followed her, but not before tying his coat around him.

Robbie frowned. He was worried that Zachary might do something bad to his mother, so he got down from his chair. “I’ll need to use the restroom, Mr. Henry.”

“I’ll come with you, Mr. Robbie.” Spencer held his hand.

Charlotte was going to leave after putting the cleaning implements in the restroom. She came to the restaurant that night just to keep the children safe, and Henry’s hospitality towards them made her feel at ease.

Since they were going back soon, there was no need for her to stay there anymore. Besides, she could feel that Zachary was starting to suspect her. If she didn’t leave soon, he might find her out.

Thus, Charlotte quickly kept the cleaning implement in the restroom’s store closet, then she took off the gloves and prepared to leave. However, when she turned around, one familiar man was in her way.

“Ahhh!” Charlotte exclaimed in shock. It was the first time seeing him again after the escape from the hospital, and the first time being so close to him.

She had an emotional roller coaster over the last few days. Too many events had happened, and she almost broke down a few times. Charlotte could feel that he was in control of her life. Even though she had escaped him, he could still keep her in check.

Although it had been a few days, meeting him again still cast fear into her heart. She took a deep breath and stared down, pretending not to know him. “This is the ladies. You got the wrong place, sir.”

Zachary didn't answer. Instead, he looked at her coldly. Then, Charlotte tried to go around him, but the moment she got close, he grabbed her wrist and pinned her against the wall.

"W-What are you trying to do?" she growled. "You're going to lay your hands on even a janitor?" She knew how grotesque she must look. And she was in a janitor's attire that smelled of nothing but disinfectants.

"Are you a janitor? Really?" He brushed her hair, cupping her chin and raising it so he could look into her eyes. "I know those eyes no matter where." He sneered. Then Zachary tore her face mask away, revealing her beautiful face that was laced with anger, her eyes filled with the flames of fury.

"You know who I am back there, didn't you?" She glared at him. "You were doing that on purpose. You harassed my kids so you can get to me."

"Harass?" He sneered. "I was nice enough to them."

Charlotte said nothing. She didn't expect him to treat the kids that way – at least he wasn't too mean.

"They don't know who their father is?" Zachary gripped her chin, forcing her to look at him. "Michael gets along with them, doesn't he? Didn't he tell them?"

"Does that have anything to do with you?" Charlotte frowned.

"Is Michael really the kids' father?" Zachary stared deep into her eyes.

"Of course." Charlotte looked away as she couldn't bring herself to look back into his eyes.

“You know...” A wicked smile curved his lips. “I can always get my hands on Michael and the kids, and then I can perform a paternity test on them,” he threatened.

“You...” Charlotte panicked. “Are you out of your mind?” she hissed. “Why do you want to know who the children’s father is? It has nothing to do with you.”

“Oh, but it does.” He whispered into her ear, “What if I am their father?”