

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 368

With panic welling up in her eyes, Charlotte trembled, but she denied, "As if. You're reading into it too much."

"Is that so?" He pulled her face closer to himself. "Then let's do that paternity test."

"Have you gone mad, you b*stard?" she cursed. "Get your hands off my children!"

"Looks like you have forgotten about your vow." He sneered. "You never seem to learn no matter how many times I punish you, so it must be done every day."

Zachary took off the janitor attire Charlotte was wearing, revealing her petite, naked body. It was as seductive as the bud of a flower, poised to blossom at a moment's notice. "What are you trying to do?" Charlotte started panicking. She was about to resist when Zachary pinned her against the wall again.

"You'd better not pull anything funny, Zachary. Someone could come in any minute." She was shivering from what he was about to do to her. "Please, don't," she begged.

"You started it." He took off her pants and tried to shove it in from behind.

"No..." Charlotte was going to cry.

"I can go in myself. Thanks, Mr. Spencer." They heard Robbie talking outside.

"Of course. I'll be waiting outside then," Spencer said.

Charlotte covered her mouth, fearing that she might let any sound out. In the meantime, Zachary stopped moving too. He frowned and waited for Robbie to leave, but instead of going to the men's, Robbie came to the ladies' and hissed, "Mommy? Mommy!"

Charlotte kept her mouth covered. She looked back at Zachary, begging him to let her go. At that moment, Zachary looked furious, but since he was left with no choice, he let her go. Then, Charlotte quickly clothed herself.

“Why aren’t you going in, Mr. Robbie?” Spencer came up to him.

“Oh, right away.” Robbie went into the men’s. He was young, but he knew his mother came in disguise so nobody could recognize her.

Charlotte heaved a sigh of relief when she heard the sounds outside.

“Dammit.” Zachary frowned.

Charlotte relented when she remembered the time her kids went missing. Thus, she begged, “Come at me if you want to vent, Zachary. Don’t hurt my kids.”

“Sure.” He opened his arms. “You sullied my clothes, so clean them.”

Charlotte gawked at him. Sh*t, his clothes are stained by the juice. “I can’t do that.” She looked at him fearfully. “Why don’t you change clothes? I’ll wash the one you’re wearing as compensation.”

“Where can you get a set of clothes for me then?” He arched his eyebrow.

“I-” Charlotte didn’t know how to answer that. She was the one who dirtied it, so she should get a new set for him. Can’t argue with the devil’s logic. “The mall’s right next door. I’ll get you a new set of clothes there,” she suggested.

“We’ll go together.” Zachary picked up his coat and tied it around his waist.

“You don’t have to.” She didn’t want to go with him. “You haven’t finished your dinner, and your grandfather’s still there.”

“Do you think I can continue with dinner looking like this?” He pointed at himself.

“Fine then.” Charlotte couldn’t do anything about it. “You go on ahead. I’ll be right there.”

“You’d better not dawdle.” He glared at her before leaving the restroom.

Charlotte picked up the janitor’s clothes and folded them before keeping them in the closet. After that, she washed her hands before wearing her mask and hat, then she left.

Robbie saw her leaving when he came out of the restroom. He wanted to go after her, but Spencer came before he could leave. Hence, all Robbie could do was pretend he never saw his mother.