

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 380

At the same time, Charlotte was getting ready to head down for lunch, but Lucy appeared with a document. "Send this to the president's office." She handed the document to Charlotte.

Charlotte knitted her brows as she took the document. She knew it was because Zachary wanted to see her. Otherwise, Lucy would have sent it to him personally since the document was important.

"Make it quick," Lucy said mindfully. "There's a crucial press conference on Level 66 at one o'clock. Ms. Blackwood is dining in level 17 and will come up at any moment."

"Alright."

Right then, Charlotte figured that Lucy found out about her relationship with Zachary, and Lucy despised her for that. That was why her attitude changed so much.

With a heavy heart, Charlotte headed to Zachary's office as she was told. She met Ben, who was standing outside when she got there.

"Ms. Windt, what's this?" Ben pointed at the documents Charlotte had with her.

"Ms. Wright wanted me to send it here," Charlotte spoke softly.

"Okay." Ben answered and let her pass.

The door opened on its own after Charlotte knocked on it a few times.

The security camera was linked to Zachary's computer, so he knew who was at the door.

Charlotte went in and placed the document in front of Zachary. "Your documents, Mr. Nacht."

"Sit," Zachary said while lighting up a cigar.

“We’re in the office,” Charlotte reminded.

But Zachary ignored her and smoked the cigar once it was lit, puffing out a cloud of smoke at her.

Charlotte frowned and immediately covered her nose. “What happened? Is there something wrong with the press conference?”

Charlotte knew that Zachary rarely smoked cigars. Every time he did, it would be because he was in a bad mood.

“In my world, nothing can go wrong.” He sounded extremely prideful.

“And?”

“Grandpa is forcing a marriage on me.”

While Zachary was smoking, he was also quietly observing Charlotte’s reaction through the thick smoke.

Charlotte was slightly shocked, and there was a flash of panic in her eyes. However, she quickly calmed down and asked, “With Ms. Blackwood?”

“Is that important?” Zachary responded curtly. “Either way, it’s not going to be you!”

“Okay!” Charlotte nodded and attempted to probe further. “In that case, since you’re getting married, you won’t be needing me anymore, right?”

Zachary knitted his brows in response and shot her an icy glare. "Is this your answer?"

Charlotte was stumped for a bit. "What else could I say?"

Truth be told, Charlotte actually had no idea how she should react. Should I cry? Beg him not to get married and let him continue torturing and manipulating me? I'm not insane just yet!

"So, do you want me to get married?" Zachary questioned.

"This isn't about what I want." Charlotte gave it some thought and figured out the best way to answer him. "This is not something I have control over."

Hearing what she said, Zachary lowered his gaze in disappointment. It looked like he was calm as the sea, but the cigar in his hand was already snapped in two.

The tip of the cigar fell on his palm, burning it.

"Oh my God! What the hell are you doing?"

Charlotte immediately opened up Zachary's palm, wanting to take the burning tip away.

Out of nowhere, Zachary grabbed her hand with the burning tip in his, making her feel the pain that he felt. "Charlotte Windt, remember this. You'll never be able to get away from me. Never!" He exclaimed with a sinister grin.

"Let me go! It hurts!"

Tears started welling up as Charlotte was getting burned.

Nevertheless, not only did Zachary not let go, he even pressed her onto the desk and angrily covered her mouth. His other hand slipped under her dress and pulled off her underwear, having his way with her, invading her.

“Zachary Nacht! You pervert!” Charlotte kept slamming her fist furiously on Zachary’s chest, but she was too weak.

Their shadows were elongated by the sunlight outside. The intertwining silhouette looked as though they were vines that twisted around each other and could not be untangled.

Tears blurred Charlotte’s eyes as she stared at Zachary. His infuriated expression had quickly turned into that of lust as he indulged in the magnificence of her body.

Charlotte hated him while the morbid relationship they had terrified her. The only thing she wanted to do right then was escape.