

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 386

“That’s right!” Taylor let out a hearty laugh.

Henry guffawed along with him. He secretly squeezed Zachary’s hand under the table to remind the latter to smile.

Zachary couldn’t bring himself to smile. His silence was an act of consent.

Delighted, Sharon planted a kiss on Zachary’s cheek before she hugged his arm and leaned onto his shoulder intimately.

She was clearly overjoyed.

The crowd broke out in loud cheers and thunderous applause. Cameras flashed around the hall as everyone recorded the announcement of the grand wedding.

Charlotte gazed at Zachary blankly as her heart shattered into pieces before sinking into a deep abyss.

Isn’t this what I have always wanted?

Why does it hurt so much to see Sharon leaning into his arms?

She stared at the ground and told herself to smile.

Yes, I should be laughing out loud to show Zachary I never cared about him. I should be congratulating him so he’d get disgusted with me and let me off.

Alas, she couldn’t make herself smile.

“You can leave now,” declared Spencer before he left with his men.

Charlotte knew she was safe now. After all, she was of no use to them.

They wouldn't use her to threaten Zachary anymore.

Right now, they had discarded her like trash.

Standing up, Charlotte made her way backstage to leave this noisy hall. It was so noisy as everyone gave their blessing to the couple. I should give them my blessing, too.

When Zachary's gaze landed on Charlotte, she was halfway to the exit, like this had nothing to do with her.

Yes, she doesn't care at all. She can't be bothered!

His expression clouded over as fury rose in his heart. He stood up, ready to leave.

"Zachary!" Sharon reached out to grab him, but she was no match for the man. He had barely taken a few steps when a loud thud sounded from behind.

Turning at his shoulder instinctively, the sight of Sharon lying limply on the ground greeted his sight. She was spitting out blood and moaning, "It hurts..."

"Sharon! Sharon..." Taylor rushed over to carry her. "What happened? Why are you acting this way?"

"Hurry, summon the doctor," ordered Henry.

“Yes!” Spencer immediately left to arrange for a doctor.

Ben and Bruce dismissed the surrounding reporters and deleted the photos of Sharon fainting earlier. They warned the reporters not to report about this incident.

Zachary dashed over and picked her up before striding toward the lounge.

Charlotte was walking to the stairs in a daze when someone suddenly bumped into her. Losing her balance, she toppled onto the ground.

Looking up, she noticed Zachary rushing into the lounge with Sharon in his arms.

Shocked, her heart clenched tightly at the sight.

“Move!” A group of people ran up to her, nearly knocking her down again.

Luckily, someone pulled her away in time. It was Lucy.

“We’re in trouble. Don’t stay here. Go upstairs,” Lucy commanded, her brows furrowed up.

“Oh,” came Charlotte’s weak reply. She didn’t know what was going on, so she limped slowly toward the stairway.

Meanwhile, the hall was in an uproar. The reporters were asking around about Sharon’s condition. “Why did Ms. Blackwood faint suddenly? It doesn’t seem like she’s sick. Was she poisoned?” one reporter inquired.

“Which media outlet are you from?” Bruce roared. “Do you want to get fired?”

“Yes, I’m sorry.”

At once, everyone promised they wouldn’t report about the incident or take photos.

Charlotte felt uneasy at the sight. Something happened to Sharon. Why would she be poisoned out of a sudden?

It had nothing to do with her, but she had an ominous feeling.