

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 387

Indeed, soon after Charlotte returned to level 68, Spencer arrived with the bodyguards in two. "Please come with us!"

"Huh?" Charlotte was puzzled.

Spencer made a gesture with his hand, and the bodyguards immediately dragged her out as instructed.

"What are you doing?" Charlotte demanded. "Let me go! Let me go!"

Soon enough, she was brought to the conference hall on the sixty-sixth floor.

Henry was seated on the president's chair with his cane in one hand while staring daggers at her.

"Why did you take me here?" Charlotte demanded angrily.

"Never mind if you were born in a lowly family. I can't believe you're this wicked!" Henry uttered icily.

"How dare you poison Sharon?"

Charlotte's eyes widened in shock.

It took her a while to regain her composure. "I don't know what you're talking about!" she exclaimed. "I never did that!"

"Stop trying to defend yourself." Henry didn't want to waste time. "If you come clean, I might consider letting you off!"

"I didn't do that!" Charlotte panicked instantly. "Do you have evidence pointing it at me? Don't frame me for something I didn't do."

Henry's brows puckered up in annoyance.

Spencer replied on his behalf. "Ms. Blackwood ate nothing else except for the coffee you prepared for her earlier. Half an hour ago, she collapsed and is now unconscious."

Charlotte froze in her tracks. Yes, I should've known it when Sharon told me to prepare a cup of coffee for her today. She didn't make things difficult on purpose and even thanked me.

I was wondering why she was being nice today. Turns out she had set up a trap for me.

"You have nothing else to say?" Spencer asked.

"Are you pinning the blame on me just because she drank the cup of coffee I prepared for her?" Charlotte retaliated in a state of panic. "Any excuse will serve a tyrant. No one is sure whether she ate something else after that. Besides, she went to the seventeenth floor at noon for lunch."

"We won't arrest you without reason."

Spencer snapped his fingers. The bodyguards whipped out a coffee mug wrapped in a sealed package with the remains of the coffee.

"I sent someone to pick up this coffee mug from Mr. Zachary's office and ran a test. The coffee was indeed poisoned," he announced, pointing at the sealed package.

Charlotte's eyes went round at the shocking piece of news. Did Sharon seriously poison her own coffee to frame me?

"Let's stop wasting our time with her," ordered Henry. "Call the police and hand her along with the evidence to them."

“Yes!” Spencer nodded and proceeded to carry out his order.

“I didn’t do it!” Charlotte pleaded. “Think about it. If it was me, why didn’t I dispose of the mug after she finished it? Why would I leave it there for you to discover it?”

Refusing to hear her explanation, Henry dismissed her with a wave.

The bodyguards took a step forward, about to drag her out.

“Wait a minute!” Right then, Zachary rushed in. He had taken his blazer off, leaving his shirt on. There were bloodstains on his shirt which he hadn’t managed to wipe away.

“Grandpa, since it happened in my company, let me investigate the incident,” he suggested.

“Spencer has found out everything,” declared Henry coolly. “Why? Isn’t the evidence enough to pin her to the incident?”

“The evidence proves nothing.” Zachary glanced at Charlotte. “I know her. She’s foolish and cowardly. There’s no way she’ll poison someone.”

“Then, pray tell. What about this cup of coffee?” Henry pointed at the coffee mug with his cane. “Did someone try to frame her?”