

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 434

After Charlotte chugged the water down in one breath, she burped and panted slightly, but finally felt much better.

Just then, Zachary's phone rang and he picked up the call. "Speak.

"Didn't I give the orders already? Do I need to repeat myself?

"Hold a press conference tomorrow and get Johann to go.

"That's right...

"I'll solve the other problems. Leave those public appearances to Johann.

"Just do as I say."

With that, Zachary hung up the call, but another call came in immediately after. This time, he used the Bluetooth hands-free in his car to answer it. "Speak."

"Mr. Nacht, I've looked into the matter. Ms. Nacht probably wasn't the one behind this. Based on the skills of her technical personnel, there is no way they could have hacked into our system."

"Look into Lindberg Corporation."

"Lindberg Corporation?" Bruce was slightly taken aback. "It won't be easy, but I'll try my best."

"Keep me posted."

"Understood."

After he ended this call, his phone lighted up with another one from Sharon. Too lazy to entertain her, he immediately declined the call before switching off his phone.

“Why did you insist on seeing me even when you’re so busy?” Charlotte asked softly.

Zachary pretended not to hear her, keeping his eyes on the road.

Since he was ignoring her, she stopped talking altogether and reclined against her seat to rest her eyes, drifting off to sleep shortly after.

Zachary drove straight to Storm Hotel’s basement parking. The manager, who was already waiting here, informed him that all the necessary arrangements had been made.

Zachary carried Charlotte and made his way upstairs. In the elevator, Charlotte opened her eyes in a daze to glance briefly at him. Then, she wrapped her arms around his neck and buried her face into his neck before going back to sleep.

Once in the room, Zachary placed her on the bed and noticed the slippers on her feet. Slightly exasperated, he took them off for her and threw them into the trash, then pulled the blanket over her.

After making sure she was snugly tucked in, he went to take a shower. By the time he emerged from the bathroom, Charlotte was sound asleep, curled up on the bed like a kitten with the blanket wrapped around her body.

Zachary sat on the sofa beside the bed, holding a glass of red wine the hotel had prepared in advance. As he sipped on the wine, he watched Charlotte sleeping with conflicting emotions swirling in his eyes, asking himself the same question she had asked him.

Why did I insist on seeing her even when I’m so busy?

He did not know either.

All he knew was that he couldn't eat or sleep well if he didn't see her. His heart would feel as though something was missing, and only after seeing her could that void be filled.

Even if he didn't do anything besides quietly watching her, his heart would be content.

Charlotte was probably dog-tired, sleeping so deeply that she failed to sense Zachary's presence beside her and paid him no attention whatsoever.

Soon, there was only a little bit of wine left in the bottle. Zachary put down his wine glass, stood up and climbed into bed.

He slipped his arm under Charlotte's neck and pulled her into his arms, gently pressing her face against his chest before closing his eyes with a content sigh.

Like a sleeping baby, Charlotte nuzzled against his chest habitually, arching her neck upward to greedily breathe in his scent.

Zachary was stirred by her subconscious actions and leaned in to kiss her. However, she shook her head in her sleep and buried her face into his chest, preventing him from kissing her.

Sighing with fond exasperation, he gave up and caressed her back instead, then closed his eyes to sleep.

Even though his body felt restless and his desires threatened to take over, he held himself back.

That night, although both of them did nothing but hug each other, they slept soundly.

In the middle of the night, Charlotte jolted awake and turned to her side, fumbling for her phone beside the pillow to check the time.

When she saw that it was still early, she sighed in relief. Peering at Zachary who was fast asleep, she surrendered to the urge to gently kiss his eyes. Then, she gingerly took his arm off her body so that she could get up from bed.

“Where are you going?” Zachary pulled her back and hugged her tighter in his arms.