

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 442

Is he going to mad again if I'm late?

With worry gnawing at her, Charlotte urged the taxi driver to go faster.

Finally, the taxi pulled up in front of the building in Happy Avenue at nine fifty-eight. However, Zachary's car was nowhere in sight.

Charlotte thought perhaps he would only arrive at ten sharp since every second counted for a businessman like him.

Hence, she waited by the roadside for two minutes, but there was still no sight of him.

Maybe he's caught in traffic?

Or something important cropped up?

Charlotte waited for a few more minutes, but when he still did not come, her head drooped with disappointment.

She speculated that he was probably angry because she didn't answer his call earlier and decided not to come.

Or perhaps he was busy placating Sharon and her father after what happened in the ward.

Whatever. Come or don't come, it doesn't matter to me!

In fact, I'd rather he never come again.

Charlotte took in a deep breath and marched into the residential estate, all the while giving herself a mental pep talk. Stop thinking about that b*stard. You're fine without him, Charlotte. He can do whatever the hell he wants...

As she was deep into her thoughts, the elevator door dinged open to show a familiar figure standing inside.

Charlotte gaped at him, thinking she was imagining this.

I must be seeing things after thinking about him too much.

Charlotte rubbed her eyes. What? It really is Zachary!

“Are you coming in or not?” Zachary peered at her coldly.

“What are you doing here?” Charlotte entered the elevator.

“What do you think?” Zachary answered her question with a question.

“Don’t tell me, you came upstairs to find me because you didn’t see me downstairs?” Charlotte asked anxiously, “Did you run into the kids?”

Zachary remained silent.

“Wait, that’s not right.” Charlotte gnawed on her lip nervously. “I came back at nine fifty-eight sharp and I waited for you downstairs, but you weren’t there. What’s going on? When did you get here?”

“You waited for me downstairs?” Zachary cocked a brow.

“Well, you said you’d pick me up at ten,” Charlotte answered without thinking.

“Oh?” Zachary reached out to pull her into his arms, gazing at her intimately. “So, you were also looking forward to seeing me, right?”

“N-No, I wasn’t.”

Charlotte refused to admit that she was indeed looking forward to seeing him, or rather, seeing him had turned into a habit.

“Liar.” Zachary lifted her chin and nibbled on her cherry lips.

“Stop it.” Charlotte frantically pushed him away. “There’s a CCTV here.”

“Then, we’ll go home and pick up where we left off.” Zachary pinched her cheek dotingly.

“What? You’re coming home with me?” Charlotte blanched in horror. “No, no, no. You can’t...”

“Why not?” Zachary toyed with her. “Are you that ashamed of me?”

“The kids will see you and that’s not good.” Charlotte started to panic. “You should hurry up and go back.”

Right then, the elevator doors slid open at the sixteenth floor.

Zachary was about to walk out, but Charlotte quickly stopped him and pressed for the close button at the same time, frantically saying, "Wait for me downstairs. I'll come down after seeing the kids."

A frown appeared on her face after a while. "That's weird. Why isn't it working?"

She kept pressing for the first floor, but it just wouldn't light up. That was when she noticed that the button for level 17 was lighted.

"Forget it. Come out first and use another elevator."

Charlotte was visibly flustered and Zachary found it greatly amusing.

"Alright, I won't scare you anymore."

Then, he pushed her out of the elevator. "You have half an hour with your kids. I'll be waiting for you upstairs."

"Huh?" Charlotte was stunned, unable to understand him. "Go upstairs? Why?"

"Idiot." Zachary couldn't be bothered to explain and closed the elevator directly.

Dumbfounded, Charlotte stood motionless and it took a while before she came back to her senses. Don't tell me... he moved in upstairs?

No way, right?