

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 6

All of a sudden, it felt like the surrounding temperature had dropped a few degrees.

The man was tall and looked like a Greek god. He stood behind her imposingly and exuded an intimidating aura.

Charlotte bit her lip hard. She was subconsciously holding her breath. Through the reflection of the mirror in the elevator, she saw the man gazing at her sharply.

He looks like a lion staring at its prey.

Hurry, hurry!

Charlotte gazed at the number flashing on the elevator screen, hoping to quickly escape this suffocating place.

Thirteen, twelve, eleven, ten...

She counted the numbers silently, her heart thumping furiously. Unbeknownst to her, Zachary was inching nearer to her.

Ding! Finally, the elevator reached the ground floor.

Once the doors opened, she scurried out. She was in such a hurry that she tripped and fell down.

Splat! She collapsed face down like a frog.

Everyone outside gasped in shock. A few employees who had just exited the normal elevator covered their mouths and sniggered.

Charlotte was so ashamed that she wanted to dig a hole and hide in it. She scrambled to her feet clumsily and ran out, covering her face.

Behind her, the man looked at her retreating figure as a smirk flitted across his lips.

Charlotte thought the welcome party would be a dinner in a restaurant, but it turned out to be a drinking session at Sultry Night. To her surprise, Wesley was also there.

This is the administration department's gathering. Why is someone from the HR department here?

Charlotte wasn't happy about it, but her colleagues were present, so she wasn't about to chase him out rudely.

Wesley had already introduced himself to her colleagues. He also ordered bottles of expensive liquor, which were currently placed around the table.

A male colleague spoke up. "Mr. Holt, this liquor costs over eight thousand. We shouldn't be doing this to our new colleague."

"You don't know?" Wesley grinned. "Charlotte is an heiress. She's rich. Back then, she could pay for everyone's drinks here in Sultry Night. These are nothing to her."

"Oh? Seriously?" A few female colleagues got curious. They surrounded Charlotte and bombarded her with questions. "Charlotte, you're an heiress? How unexpected!"

“No—”

“Of course, you are.” Wesley cut her off rudely and snickered. “The only daughter of the richest man in H City, Richard Windt. You’ve heard of him, right?”

“Richard Windt? The one who jumped off a building four years ago?” a man uttered. “No wonder the surname Windt sounded really familiar to me.”

“I think I read the news. The Sterlings called off their son’s engagement to Ms. Windt, and then she came to Sultry Night and spent the night with a transvestite gigolo. Uh, was that true?”

Her colleagues were staring at her, their gazes a mixture of curiosity, excitement and amazement as they waited for her reply.

Charlotte felt suffocated by them. Refusing to take it anymore, she stood up to leave.

The manager of the administration department, Roy Young, stopped her and chided the rest. “What are you all doing? Is this how you treat our new colleague? We are going to work together in the future, so please stop teasing her.”

“Okay, sorry.”

They apologized to Charlotte at once.

The moment Charlotte met Wesley’s amused gaze, she escaped from the private room without a word.

She wanted to escape the past and start her life anew, but the past kept haunting her. I can never get rid of it, can I?

Charlotte took a deep breath to calm down.

“What’s wrong? Was that so unbearable?” Wesley came after her and sneered. “How would you survive, huh?”

“You did it on purpose.” Charlotte glowered at him. “You deliberately hired me and made me treat my colleagues to dinner so I’d be humiliated. You’re doing this to take revenge on me!”

“That’s right,” Wesley answered, nodding with a grin. “I ordered food and drinks worth a few hundred thousand just for you.”