

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 79

Raina brought Charlotte to Princess Consort, a private boutique that was located in the heart of a shopping plaza.

The woman appeared to have booked the entire place just for Charlotte. More than ten staff members and a team of three internationally recognized makeup artists stood waiting to attend to Charlotte's needs.

Charlotte was stunned by the grandness of everything. Tugging Raina's sleeve nervously, she whispered, "Don't you think this is a bit of an overkill?"

"Don't worry! I have arranged everything for you."

Raina helped Charlotte into a private room and helped her to clean up her wounds and bandage them. Afterward, the former told the makeup artists to start working on the latter.

Charlotte had a vague memory of experiencing this sort of treatment before. Back in the day, her father had hired a professional makeup artist for her. During an important event, she would ring up the makeup artist and have her come over to do her makeup.

The makeup artists at Princess Consort, who were now attending to Charlotte, were extremely difficult to hire. They would only agree to be hired for someone's birthday, and even that appointment had to be booked six months in advance.

Today, however, Zachary had booked the entire boutique for her and ordered everyone to attend to her and her only.

This meant that the man's power and influence stretched much farther than she had imagined.

Here, she felt even nervier about the whole thing. She shouldn't get close to men like him—once she offended him, it would be over for her.

She spent the rest of the time entertaining her nonsensical worries...

An hour passed. The makeup artists were still crowding around her, touching up her makeup and fluffing up her hair. However, she had already dozed off on the sofa.

The makeup artists exchanged smiles with each other at the sight. They thought she looked rather cute.

“Be a little more gentle, would you? Ms. Windt has injuries on her neck and right shoulder,” Raina whispered urgently to them.

“Yes, got it!” The makeup artists immediately made sure to make their actions more much gentler.

Suddenly, one of them let out a gasp. “Oh, Mr. Nacht!”

Raina and the other makeup artists turned around in shock.

None of them had noticed Zachary when he walked into the boutique, but there he was, standing in a corner. He was wearing a black western suit that elongated his tall body; the dim lights of the boutique accentuated the sharp edges of his face, reflecting off his eyes and giving one the impression that flames were dancing in them.

He was watching the sleeping woman in the mirror quietly...

Charlotte had chosen an excellent time to doze off.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Nacht!” Everyone bowed, greeting him frantically.

Zachary raised his hand, signaling to everyone to remain quiet and not wake Charlotte up.

Everyone fell silent at once. The makeup artists resumed their job, working as quietly as possible.

The man walked over and sat down on the ottoman next to the sofa. He rested his elbow on the armrest and perched his head on his hands as he gazed at Charlotte, observing her quietly.

How strange. All these years, he never had a shortage of women who gawked openly at him and threw themselves into his arms. However, for some strange reason, it was this woman who had stirred something in him...

When she mistook him for a gigolo online, he had felt very amused and decided to continue playing along with her.

When she ordered him to entertain rich old ladies as a gigolo, he had flared up immediately—so much so that he wanted to strangle her to death.

When she tried to trick him out of his money, he had felt rather scornful of her.

But when he saw her being bullied by Wesley, he hadn't been able to contain his rage, exploding with anger. Consumed with murderous intent, he had decided to put the man to death.

When he heard that she had been humiliated by the Whites, there was only one thought in his mind—to make them pay for what they did by tenfold!

Hence, he had arranged for this setup tonight.

Meow...

Suddenly, a white ragdoll cat strolled out from another room. The sound was loud enough to wake Charlotte from her slumber.

She opened her eyes blearily. Feeling a little dazed, she mumbled, "Is it morning already?"

The makeup artists burst into laughter beside her. Immediately, however, they shot frightened looks at Zachary and fell back into silence.

"Ms. Windt, you've been asleep for half an hour," Raina said, smiling. "Your makeup is nearly done."

"Ah!" Charlotte finally recalled that Raina had dragged her to a boutique and that she was at Princess Consort. She stared at herself in the mirror and let out a gasp of amazement. "Is that really me? I look beautiful—Ah!"

Before she could even finish speaking, she noticed Zachary gazing at her in the mirror and let out a cry of shock.

He had a glass of wine in one hand, while his head was perched on the other. He looked at her with an expression of perfect calm and composure, his face completely empty of expression. However, his eyes were swirling with a complicated mix of emotions...

She looked really beautiful. It wasn't the sort of beauty that had been crafted out of layers of makeup, but the sort that seeped naturally out of one's skin. She looked quite like an angel that had fallen down from the heavens...