

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 808

Cynthia stared at him lovingly, but she stiffened up when Zachary uttered the name of another woman. She felt conflicted, but instead of pushing him away, she held his face and went in for a kiss. Just then, a sudden knock on the door stopped her.

Zachary shook his head and sobered up a little. When he saw the person before him was Cynthia instead of Charlotte, he quickly backed off in horror.

He could see Cynthia looking equally shocked for different reasons, but all he could do was muster a curt apology before darting into the bathroom to splash some cold water on his face to sober up. Cynthia was still in the room when he came out. She was gripping her collar, staring at him with a panicked look. He frowned. "Why are you still here?"

She gestured. "Someone locked the door from outside."

Zachary frowned and went to open the door, but it was unlocked, though what he saw made him wish it was.

"Hey, Zachary! Have a drink with us!" Louis was hollering happily outside, and Charlotte was beside him, but everything went dead silent when they saw Cynthia in the room.

"Um, am I bothering you?" Louis was awkward.

"Obviously."

Charlotte was smiling mirthlessly, the gaze in her eyes cold. Even though she hated Zachary, she was still furious when she saw him in the same room with another woman. She even felt a sense of bitterness in her heart.

"Right... Sorry about that. We'll be off right away." Louis was about to drag Charlotte away, but Zachary held his shoulder and invited him to the study.

“Nah. We’re just going to bother you.” Louis wanted to refuse, but he couldn’t.

Just then, Cynthia came out in a hurry and bumped into Charlotte. She stiffened as she stared at Charlotte in bewilderment. She had seen Charlotte before in the Nacht residence. There were photos of her in Zachary’s and the children’s room. That’s her. She’s the one in the photos with Zachary and the kids. But I thought she’s dead...

“You seem to know me.” Cynthia’s reaction didn’t escape Charlotte, and she narrowed her eyes at the former.

Cynthia shook her head nervously and ran down the stairs in a hurry, almost tripping on the way. Luckily, one of the medical staff managed to catch her in time.

As she watched Cynthia leave, Charlotte squinted at her. For some reason, all she could feel toward Cynthia was a fiery hatred.

“This way, Ms. Lindberg.” Zachary invited her to his study and gave a look to Ben, who was downstairs.

Ben gestured at him, saying that he had dealt with Cain and Kyle. He was also keeping an eye on Cynthia and her henchmen to keep them from telling anyone about Charlotte’s existence.

Zachary nodded and led Charlotte to his study.

“We’re just here to have a drink with you, Zachary.” Louis was like a cat on hot bricks; all he wanted to do at that moment was to leave. “But I think we should leave now. We wouldn’t want to bother you and Ms. Blackwood now.”

“Yeah. We don’t want to be a bother.” Charlotte’s tone was icy and she didn’t even bother to glance at Zachary.

“She was just there to give me my meds,” Zachary explained.

“Giving you meds in the middle of the night in disheveled clothes?” Charlotte sneered. “You seem to take us for fools.”

“Don’t be shy, Zachary. We’re all adults here.” Louis smiled. “But that’s the Blackwoods’ young miss, isn’t she? Why did Mrs. Morgana and Mrs. Lorenzo say she’s your wife? I thought your wife is a commoner.”

“She’s not my wife. We aren’t in that kind of relationship.” Zachary was getting tired of explaining the same thing over and over. “Whether you believe it or not, that’s the truth.”