

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 62

The door to the room opened and a cold draft rushed into the room. A tall figure walked in, its shadow spilling across the bed menacingly.

Charlotte could feel her heartbeat speeding up as she stared at him like a startled kitten.

“Welcome back, Mr. Nacht!” Raina greeted.

Zachary waved his hand and Raina left the room with her eyes on the ground.

The moment the door closed, Zachary began to close in on Charlotte, making her flinch and burrow into her sheets. “W-What do you want?”

“Are you scared of me?” he asked, sitting down on the couch by the window.

Charlotte resisted the urge to roll her eyes. Who isn’t?

“Why did you bring me here?” she asked in the end, trying her best to look calm and collected.

“You were injured during work hours, so I am obliged to make sure that you’re recovering well,” Zachary said. His voice was frigid and emotionless, but his gentle gaze gave away his true feelings. “How are you doing? You’re not dying, are you?”

“Shut up!” Charlotte yelled impulsively, only to regret it immediately. “I won’t be sitting here talking to you if I had died, Sir!”

She emphasized the word ‘sir’, as though she had resigned herself to fate.

“Wesley Holt has been detained by the police,” Zachary said as he poured himself a cup of wine. He swirled the wine around as he continued, “So, what rewards would you like to have for your heroic acts?”

“Money!” Charlotte said without hesitating. “Just give me some money.”

“That’s all you care about?” Zachary asked disdainfully.

“I have my elders and...pets to take care of, and my salary isn’t enough,” Charlotte protested. “Besides, I don’t suppose you’re going to deduct that from my salary? You’re not going to force me to pay for my own medical bills, right?”

Zachary glared at her and stood up to leave.

“Thanks for visiting me, Mr. Nacht! Have a nice day!” she chirped after him as he walked out of the room.

She heaved a huge sigh of relief when the door closed behind him. I don’t think he has found the chip yet!

I can’t give him the chip yet...he’ll think that I’m the culprit...

I have to leave this place before anything bad happens!

She glanced at the little black box that contained the chip. Was it actually untouched?

Charlotte buried herself in the sheets and opened the box. Phew! It’s still inside.

She glanced at her phone and realized that the battery was flat.

Stuffing the chip under her pillow, she called, "Hey! Anyone here?"

Raina walked into the room just seconds later. "Yes, Ms. Windt?"

"I want to go home. Can you get a cab for me?" Charlotte asked.

"Apologies, Ms. Windt, but Mr. Nacht has requested that you stay until your injuries have healed," Raina said with a slight bow of her head. "Do you need anything? I can help you get it."

"My family is waiting for me. They'll be worried if I don't return soon," she said.

It was getting late, and Charlotte's phone could not be turned on. Mrs. Berry and the kids must be worried sick...

"Would you like to make a call first?" Raina suggested. "I presume that there isn't anyone around at home to take care of you?"

Charlotte nodded slowly in agreement. Mrs. Berry must be exhausted from taking care of the kids. I can't become yet another burden on her shoulders!

Besides, I don't want to scare the kids...

She asked for a phone charger from Raina so that she could give Mrs. Berry a call.

"Hello? Mrs. Berry?"

“Miss, where did you go? I couldn’t get in contact with you...” Mrs. Berry’s panicked voice came through.

“My phone ran out of battery just now,” she explained. “I’ll be busy for the next few days, so I won’t be home.”

She did not want to lie, but neither did she want Mrs. Berry to worry for her.

“What’s going on?” Mrs. Berry asked. “Just tell me. The kids aren’t around.”

“I got injured, so I need some time to recover...”

“What? What happened? How bad are your injuries?”

“I’m fine,” Charlotte said hurriedly. “It’s just a few scratches.”

“Which hospital are you staying at? I’ll go and visit you.”

“My boss assign a private doctor to me, so I can’t go home for the moment. Sorry for burdening you...”

“It’s fine. I’ll take care of the kids, and you should take care of yourself. Just give me a call if you need help,” Mrs. Berry said.

“Thank you, Mrs. Berry.”