

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1327

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Charlotte's injured hand hit the sofa, and she sucked in an audible gasp of pain.

Zachary frowned, and there was apparently upset in his eyes, but still, his features were schooled into a cold look.

Charlotte then took her phone and ended the call.

"Be mindful of what you're doing," Zachary uttered. "Sir Robert came to my office to look for me earlier today. As for why they were there... I'm sure you know."

"I do," Charlotte replied.

The tense atmosphere had no traces of the passionate moment from a while ago.

With an acrid taste on his tongue, Zachary stood up and left.

Charlotte watched as he went. Again, she saw nothing amiss with him. Am I really overthinking it?

No. Something is amiss.

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Zachary's hand was on the handle. Right before he opened it, Charlotte yelled, "Zachary Nacht!"

Zachary halted in his tracks. He did not turn around, but his heart was thumping loudly.

Does she want to keep me here?

"Look down," Charlotte said as she pointed at his pants. "Are you going to leave like this?"

It was only then Zachary recalled that he had spilled a cup of tea on his pants earlier. It would be an embarrassing moment if he were to walk out immediately. Thus, he called Ben to grab some new clothes for him.

"Take a shower." Charlotte handed him a bathrobe.

After taking it from her, he went into the bathroom.

Charlotte still had attentive eyes on him. That's strange. He seems completely fine now.

In the meantime, after Zachary closed the bathroom door, he squinted and looked at himself in the mirror.

Perhaps his optic nerve was pressed on again, for his vision had gone blurry and flickered earlier. That was why he had come up with whatever he could think of while telling the children their bedtime story earlier.

Yet, after kissing Charlotte, his vision had returned to normal. Therefore, he had not knocked into anything else after that.

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Thinking about the kiss made his throat dry.

Then, when he thought about Louis, his mood turned foul.

He wanted to leave the place as soon as possible, but unfortunately, his pants were stained. Hence, he had no choice but to stay for a while longer.

He knew that Charlotte had to have sensed something odd about his behavior. Otherwise, she would not have set up a trap for him in an attempt to find out what was going on.

That woman was indeed much smarter than she used to be two years ago.

Nevertheless, she was of no match for him; her witty little tricks were nothing to him.

After a hot shower, he walked out with the bathrobe wrapped around him.

For reasons he could not think of, his vision was blurring again. All that was left was a sight of foggy white.

"Are you done?" came Charlotte's voice.

Zachary turned to her, but he could only see her silhouette, not her face.

She hunched over to put something on the coffee table before saying to him, "I've asked the kitchen staff to make some oatmeal, so come and have a taste."

Zachary could only rely on his memory as he avoided the furniture in the room before reaching the sofa.

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He dared not look at her. If he did, and if she were to look closely, she would realize there was indeed something wrong with him as she had suspected.

Thus, he kept his head hung and made it seem like he was in a bad mood.

"Why do you have a sour face on?" Charlotte hissed. "You make it seem like I've owed you something."

"Don't contact Louis anymore," he demanded.

"I'm not contacting him," Charlotte explained. "He's the one looking for me, and it's not like I can stop him, can I? Moreover, you have no right to demand that from me."

"Just be firm in your stance. You can leave the rest to me," he blurted out. After a beat, he added, "Don't misunderstand my words. I just don't want the kids to be affected by this."

"I know. No misunderstandings," Charlotte snapped before handing him the oatmeal."

"No, thank you." Zachary could only hear her voice; he could not even see where her hands were, so he could only utter the first excuse he could think of, "Who knows if you've poisoned it or not."

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