

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 60

The sound of someone being dragged across the floor roughly reached Charlotte's ears just seconds later as Ben hauled Wesley out of the office.

Wesley refused to give up. "Mr. Nacht...please...I'm your most loyal worker!"

Charlotte panicked when the footsteps approached the door, and Yolanda swooped in to save her at that very moment. "Charlotte! What are you doing here?"

Charlotte grabbed Yolanda by the arm and tried to make a run for it, only to freeze in place when the door to the office opened behind her.

"What are you doing here?" Ben asked, surprised.

Charlotte turned around to see Wesley, clad in the security guard uniform, kneeling on the ground with Ben yanking on his collar. Wesley's hair was in a mess, and he looked like a shaggy, abused dog.

"Charlotte Windt!" Wesley screeched. "Are you here to watch me suffer after ruining my life?"

"Mr. Holt?" Yolanda said, taken aback by the scene. "What are you doing, Mr. Ben?"

"That's none of your business! Get out of the way!" Ben barked, dragging Wesley along with him.

Ben grimaced and tugged at Wesley's collar to drag him away.

"Charlotte Windt! I'm going to kill you!" Wesley suddenly yelled, pulling a dagger out of nowhere and charging towards Charlotte.

Charlotte tried to sidestep his attack, but someone pushed her from behind, making her fall to the ground.

Wesley took this chance to pin her down and drive the blade of his dagger into her shoulder, making her scream out loud.

Blood began to pour from her wound onto the ground as Ben rushed forward to subdue Wesley.

“Go away!” Wesley yelled, locking Charlotte in a chokehold and pointing his dagger at Ben. “Come any nearer and I’ll turn her into a corpse!”

“Calm down, Wesley!” Ben said. “You don’t have to do this. You’ll just get yourself into even more trouble!”

“Yeah, Mr. Holt! Put down your dagger, and everything will be fine,” Yolanda added.

“What trouble?” Wesley snapped. “She’s nothing but a slut! You’re the ones beating me up, sending me to guard some forgotten place and making me suffer! All I wanted was revenge, and you’re handing me off to the police for that? Why? Just why?”

“You deserved it!” a loud voice boomed from behind, dousing the flames of Wesley’s anger.

Zachary’s backlit figure emerged from the office, as though he was a deity descending from the heavens.

Wesley fell to his knees and pleaded, “Mr. Nacht, please don’t hand me over to the police...I’ll make sure to stay out of your way from now on!”

“Just agree to his requests, Mr. Nacht,” Yolanda said. “Charlotte’s already injured. She’ll die if this drags on!”

Zachary narrowed his eyes as he gazed at Charlotte.

By then, Charlotte was already shaking like a leaf. Her face was as pale as a sheet, but she forced herself to stay quiet by biting down hard on her lip.

The blood from her wound had long since soaked through her black uniform, and Wesley's dagger had already carved a bloody streak into her snowy-white neck.

"Haha! I think I know why you're treating me like this. It's because of her, isn't it?" Wesley scoffed. "Rest assured that I haven't touched her yet. If you let me go, she'll be yours forever."

Charlotte looked up to meet Zachary in the eyes with a start. No way...

"You have no right to threaten me like that!" Zachary snapped, his voice colder than ice. "No one does!"

No one expected him to say that, and an eerie silence settled over the corridor.

"So you want her to die?" Wesley growled, pressing the dagger deeper into Charlotte's skin.

She kept her chin up and forced herself to stay still, though the scent of death had already filled her nostrils.