

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 100

Zachary was tongue-tied.

He didn't know what was running in her mind all day.

"That's it, it's been decided. I'll call you when I need your help. Don't worry, if you be my fake boyfriend for a day, you can be exempted from paying me that day."

"Shut up. Give me your address!"

"32 Happy Avenue..."

Charlotte felt that she had been disdained by him. He was stern and paid no attention to her since then.

When she reached home, Mrs. Berry was watching the television quietly and waiting for her in the living room. As soon as she saw that Charlotte was back, she served a bowl of kale soup to her.

Charlotte had a bowlful and reached out her uninjured right hand to hug Mrs. Berry. Then, she went back to her room and turned in after removing her makeup.

It's Monday tomorrow and I have to work in the office.

Charlotte had been keeping her mission in mind. She had to find a way to return the chip this week.

Charlotte had a good sleep that night so she woke up early the next morning. After kissing her three children, she went downstairs carrying her breakfast bag and took the bus to go to work.

After recuperating for so many days, returning to her normal routine made Charlotte feel more at ease and secure.

Only life made up of concrete realities is real!

There are no such things as a glamorous auction, a hundred million worth of ruby necklace, and a detached and domineering Devil president...

All those were only some unrealistic dreams. You have to get back to reality after waking up from dreams.

Charlotte arrived ten minutes earlier to change her clothes at the security department but the manager of the security department informed her, "Charlotte, you've been reassigned. Go get your transfer letter from the HR department and report yourself to the new department."

"What?"

Charlotte was astonished. What a familiar scene! Not long ago, she was transferred from the administration department to the security department. It was just the same as what's happening now.

However, at that time, I was implicated by Wesley and was punished together. What is it for now?

Is it because I've turned down the president? What?

She should have been mentally prepared for this...

That cruel and ruthless Devil must have never had a taste of rejection before!

With such impudence from me, how can he ever let me go?

Charlotte was paled. A scene from the tragic play flashed across her mind. She could roughly guess the department that she had been transferred to.

The janitorial department!

The Devil, no, the jackass has been threatening me with this.

He has finally found the reason to do it!

What's the big deal?

Worst come to worst, I can just leave. Even if I have to wash the dishes at some bistro, I can still raise my kids. Why should I suffer through being bullied by the jackass?

"Charlotte, Charlotte..." David's calling interrupted Charlotte's thoughts.

Coming to her senses, Charlotte took in a long breath and answered rather sadly, "David, Mr. Collins, thank you for taking care of me all this while. Goodbye!"

With that, she bowed to them, and soon, she left with tears in her eyes...

"Huh..." Both Mr. Collins and David were puzzled. What's happening here? Why is she making it like a separation by death?

Coming out of the security room, Charlotte was very dispirited at the thought of cleaning up the place, including the washroom, after she was transferred to the janitorial department and worked as a janitor.

She was cursing at Zachary in her mind. He's taking revenge on me just because he was rejected. What a jackass, jackass!

Achoo, achoo!

Zachary sneezed twice in the elevator. Hence, he covered his mouth and nose with his black and gold handkerchief. Is someone cursing me?

Ding! The door of the elevator opened.

Zachary stepped out of the elevator and happened to bump into Charlotte who was walking into the elevator next to him.

He glanced over her indifferently and found that she was staring at him with animosity in her eyes.

He almost couldn't believe his own eyes.

The door closed *lento* and he turned around to ask Ben, "I didn't misinterpret anything, right? Was she staring at me just now?"

"Cough..." Ben cleared his throat and replied carefully, "It seems that... you're right!"

Zachary frowned and his eyes were lit with a fiery glint. "So I've been sneezing because she was cursing at me!"