

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 131

Charlotte did not continue. She quietly tidied the documents and placed them on the desk.

Then, she cleaned up the bloodstains with a cloth.

With every wipe, she felt like she was wiping her own wound...

“Do you feel hurt because Hector got injured?” Zachary uttered.

Charlotte did not respond and continued to clean.

Losing his patience, Zachary frowned and seethed, “Are you a mute? Talk to me!”

With that, Charlotte finally stopped cleaning and looked up at him. “Why do you resort to violence? Why can’t you talk it out? Do you have to hurt others?”

Without a word, Zachary gazed at her with a complicated expression.

It took a while before he got up and slowly walked towards her.

Sunlight shone on his body. Although it gave his figure a warm hue, it somehow made him seem colder.

While he gradually approached her, Charlotte started to feel afraid. Unconsciously, she stepped back, and even the stubborn look in her eyes disappeared. Her eyes shifted, and she guiltily tried to explain, "Well, I just thought you shouldn't resort to violence..."

He continued to walk towards her while she continued to retreat. Although she was terrified, she still mustered up her courage and confronted, "Mr. Sterling wants to discuss a partnership with you. If you don't want to work with him, you can always turn him down. Why did you have to throw something at him?"

His black leather shoes appeared within her sight, and she drew a sharp breath. He is right in front of me.

Her voice trembled as she spoke, "If you act like that, everyone in the office would be afraid of you. Your existing and potential partners would be scared of you too..."

"Only you are not afraid of me," Zachary growled in a dangerously low voice.

He forced her to retreat until her back was against the wall and she had nowhere else to go.

Then, he placed one hand on her shoulder while his other hand pinched her cheek to force her to look into his fiery eyes.

"I..." Charlotte stammered.

She panicked and did not know what she could say to get out of the situation.

"Do you think you can attract my attention by resorting to such tricks?" Zachary mocked. "Or else, do you think I like you, so you have the right to act like a spoiled princess?"

"I never thought you were interested in me..." Charlotte blurted, "A person like you will never be interested in anyone else but yourself anyway."

"Good!" Zachary let out a burst of icy cold laughter, like a beast showing mercy before his prey.

It made Charlotte uneasy, and she realized that her words earlier only added fuel to the fire.

"I...have to go..."

She wanted to escape, but the man's tall and strong frame was like a cage around her. Therefore, she bent down and weaseled her way out beneath his arm.

Zachary did not stop her but snapped his fingers instead, and the infrared sensor on his door started to flash.

The door was locked and Charlotte could not open it.

She tried to twist the doorknob in several ways, but it would not budge. There was only an automated voice prompt. "The door is locked. Please use your fingerprint or enter the password."

At that moment, Charlotte was flustered, and she turned back. "What do you want? Let me out right now."

Silently, Zachary twirled his black leather chair and leisurely lit up his cigar.

"Mr. Nacht..." Out of ideas, Charlotte rushed to him and pleaded, "I apologize for whatever I said earlier. I should not have been so disrespectful. Please forgive me and let me go."

Still, her boss stayed quiet and took another puff from his cigar.

“This is an office. If you don’t let me out, what would others think?” She was desperate and tried to persuade him with another method, “Some people were already speculating about our unusual relationship. If you do this, others may think you are a boss that harasses his female employees...”

“Haha!” Zachary laughed. “Do I even need to harass female employees?”

“You...”

“There is something I’m curious about...” Zachary puffed out some smoke before he continued, “Who were the people that were talking about us? How did rumor that start?”

“They said...” Charlotte timidly asked, “Were you the one who saved me when something happened to me at Sultry Night?”