

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 29

He was still wearing the silver-rimmed glasses and had a faint smile on his face. Anyone who saw it would be mesmerized.

However, he looked to have lost some weight.

Charlotte wondered how he had been over the last few years.

As the past came rushing back, the beautiful and innocent memories from that time flooded her mind.

Feeling the burn in her nose, Charlotte's eyes turned red. I used to be so madly in love with him...

She had given him all the passion in her youth while he had promised to marry her and protect her unconditionally. He had given her the world...

Alas, people change.

As if he felt something, Hector turned around to look. Charlotte quickly hid behind the pillar with her heart pounding rapidly.

Did he see me?

Behind her, she could hear footsteps approaching.

She was extremely nervous as she didn't want him to see her under such dire circumstances.

The closer the footsteps got, the faster her heart pounded. When they were right behind her, she panicked and started running.

“Hey, why are you running?” David called out to her from behind.

Stopping in her tracks to check, Charlotte realized it was just David.

Hector had entered the elevator and was headed to the sixty-sixth floor, where the president’s office meeting room was located.

Only then did Charlotte heave a sigh of relief. However, a wave of disappointment set upon her.

He didn’t recognize me. It seems he has truly forgotten me.

“Don’t worry, I felt the same way when I first met someone important. In fact, I was even more nervous than you. You will get used to it after some time.”

David assumed Charlotte was scared because of her lack of exposure to the world.

“Thank you.”

Charlotte was grateful and felt her colleagues at the security department were generally friendly.

“Let’s patrol over there.”

As David led Charlotte on their rounds, he also explained what she needed to look out for when doing patrol.

Just as they were chatting, a Rolls-Royce Phantom drove towards them.

"It's the president's car." David approached it and yelled at Charlotte to do the same. "Quick, follow me."

Knowing that the Devil was the reason she fell into such undignified circumstances, anger swelled up within her. All she wanted to do was to tear him apart.

However, since they were going to see each other, she wanted to question him as to what she had done to offend him.

Or else, working as a security guard just wasn't right.

Holding that thought, Charlotte followed him.

"Good morning, Mr. Nacht!" David greeted the president respectfully as he opened the door.

Good morning his ass, it's already ten thirty.

Charlotte cursed in her heart.

As Zachary stepped out of the car, his black suit made him look mysterious and dashing. Together with his handsome yet frosty face...

He really looks annoying.

"It seems working as a security guard doesn't suit you."

When Zachary saw Charlotte's resentful expression, he rubbed salt into her wounds. "Perhaps, being a cleaner would be a better fit?"

"Err..." Charlotte was briefly stunned before quickly standing at attention.

"Good morning Mr. Nacht! It's wonderful to see you here... have you had your breakfast? Do you need me to get you some?"

"Sure, why not." Zachary smiled smugly as he shot Ben a glance.

Ben walked up to Charlotte and instructed, "Get him the pizza from Mario's, the beef sandwiches from Le Cordon Bleu, the hand-brewed coffee from St. Laurent's... That should do for today, it's a lot lesser than usual."

"Err..." Charlotte widened her eyes in shock.

"Thank you for the trouble."

Visibly holding back his laughter, Zachary shot her a glance before leaving with his bodyguards behind him.

"Send them to the meeting room on the sixty-sixth floor in half an hour."

After instructing Charlotte, Ben caught up with Zachary.

Charlotte stood there stupefied. She offered to buy breakfast out of courtesy and didn't expect the Devil to take her up on it, let alone making such demand.