

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 163

Charlotte was feeling more sure about her suspicions by the second. However, there was another question that was bugging her. If Zachary really is Gigolo, then why would he be doing all of this to me?

All of a sudden, the words that Chris had told her came to mind.

“Have you ever thought about the possibility that maybe I’m no Gigolo at all and you’ve just misunderstood me? Four years ago, I walked into the wrong hotel room. Maybe it’s just a mistake, but I think that it’s fate, in a way... I’ve gotten used to living a smooth life. Though there have been no challenges or problems, nothing feels refreshing anymore. Having someone treat me as a gigolo and extorting money from me feels exhilarating!”

Oh no. What if he was telling the truth all along?

But Chris isn’t Gigolo, is he?

Without conclusive evidence, she was still feeling rather unsure about the situation. What if it’s just a coincidence? Am I thinking too much?

Maybe the Chris that Ben had said was not the Chris that I knew?

I mean, Zachary probably wouldn’t act as a gigolo in front of me, would he? Would his ego allow for that?

Furthermore, thinking back on the times they had spent together, Charlotte’s attitude toward Gigolo was nowhere close to nice. If he were really Zachary, he would have beat me up over and over!

Thinking about that, Charlotte felt more doubtful than ever. Her head was in a complete mess. Shaking her head, she decided that she should shift her focus away to something else.

However, yet another question began bugging her. I'll be able to tell if Zachary is really Gigolo by the tattoo on his lower back!

Even if everything else has been purely coincidental, there is no way that they can have the same tattoo for no good reason, is there?

Finally coming up with a plan that she was satisfied with, Charlotte was in high spirits. Taking a deep breath, she carried the bucket of ice to the president's office.

The atmosphere in the office was tense. Zachary was doing work on his computer as he formulated his response strategies.

"Get Team Razor to pick up Mr. Sterk. We need him back at the Divine Corporation safe and sound. We need to get all of our security guards to guard our entrances and exits with utmost caution. Arrest any suspicious personnel. Tell Bruce to do a thorough check on what the media corporations are doing."

"Yes, sir!" Ben immediately sprang into action. However, after a few moments, he turned to Zachary and asked, "Mr. Nacht, if we get all eighteen of our people to safeguard Mr. Sterk, you won't have anyone around you to..." "

"What are you here for then?" Zachary said crudely.

"Ok, I understand." Ben dared not ask more questions and got back to work.

Feeling somewhat uncomfortable in the tense atmosphere in the office, Charlotte put down the ice bucket and was about to make her way out quietly.

"Ms. Windt..." Ben talked to her softly. "There are some puddles on the floor from all the ice cubes earlier on. Please clean it up."

“Okay,” Charlotte replied, getting a rag to clean up.

“What are you doing?”

Zachary looked up from his computer screen and stared at her intently.

Charlotte found herself stumped momentarily and then replied, “Wi-wiping the floor.”

“Who asked you to do that?” Zachary said, raising an eyebrow.

Charlotte turned to look at Ben, still shaking a little.

“I got her to do it... “ Ben explained. “Because of the... “

“Why can’t you do it yourself?” Zachary gave him a glare.

Ben blinked. He quickly stood up and did a ninety-degree bow to Charlotte, saying, “Ms. Windt, I’m terribly sorry... “

The next thing she knew, Ben was grabbing the rag from her hands and wiping the floor.

Charlotte was at a loss for words. What? What is going on?

“Get out,” Zachary ordered.

“Okay.” Charlotte left the office, feeling jittery.

Just as she got out, she realized that she left the tray for the ice bucket in the office. Walking back, she overheard Zachary’s yells. “Who gave you the courage to order her around?”

“I’m sorry. I was terribly mistaken. Please forgive me!” Ben apologized profusely.

“Don’t let it happen again,” Zachary warned.

“Yes, yes! It’ll never happen again!” Ben’s voice was cracking.

Listening to them by the door, Charlotte had mixed feelings.