

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 193

“Very good.” Zachary gave him a satisfied smile. “A man who knows and submits to his own circumstances is a wise man.”

“Mr. Nacht, can you-”

“Send him off.” Zachary gave no opportunity for Hector to speak.

The security guard entered the room to escort Hector out of the villa.

The entire time, Hector’s guilt-filled eyes were fixed on Charlotte, but the latter never lifted her head to look at him.

What happened four years ago had been fate’s cruel trick, but everything that happened now was his choice.

No matter how stumped he was about the options, he still made the same decision he made back then—to give up on her in order to protect his family’s century-old company.

Four years ago, they were engaged when he abandoned her. She could feel aggrieved by his actions back then, but now, they barely had a relationship. She could not possibly hold a grudge against him for making a choice like this.

Nonetheless, his action was like a knife to her heart that could never be removed from now on.

This was the very end of their long love and regretful past.

“How do you feel?” Zachary nudged Charlotte’s leg with his toe as he crowed, “Have you finally given up on him?”

“Are you happy now?” Charlotte glared at him with eyes filled with hatred. “You’ve destroyed my last hope. Do you feel elated?”

“Have your mind not cleared up yet?” Zachary looked at her as if she was a fool. “The one who destroyed your hope was Hector, not me.”

Not wanting to continue speaking to him, Charlotte turned to leave. However, he tugged on her shirt, and she fell into his arms.

She tried to break free from him, but his mighty arms locked her in place.

“Let me go,” Charlotte snarled as she struggled.

“I dare you to move again,” Zachary growled after lifting a brow.

Charlotte was furious, but she had no choice other than to tamp down her anger. The only action she could do to convey her wrath was to glare at him.

“Sign it.”

Zachary shoved the debt repayment agreement to her.

“Why should I?” Charlotte argued. “You’ve already gotten back the necklace. You were the one who gave it up, using it to threaten Hector with it. What makes you think I’ll sign it?”

“Are you arguing with me?” Zachary sneered. “Let me make this clear for you, you’re the one who lost the necklace in the beginning. As such, it’s only natural that I’ll look for you as the one being responsible. Now, Hector is the one who took the necklace away. You can sue him for theft and scam, but it doesn’t change the fact that you still owe me.”

“You-”

There was no way Charlotte could win against him in the argument. He was always the one to decide the right and the wrong.

All she could do was to yield to his words.

“Be good now, and sign it.” Zachary slotted a pen into her hand.

Looking at the debt repayment agreement, fury surged from within her, and she tore the paper into pieces. “Don’t ever think of controlling me! If you want to sue me, go ahead! I won’t do what you’re trying to trick me into.”

With that, she flung the torn pieces of paper at him before storming off.

Zachary’s face fell as a grim look entered his eyes.

However, this time, he did not punish her with violence. Instead, he simply let her leave.

Seems like I need to teach her a lesson so that she’ll know what it feels like to be hopeless and in despair...

“Mr. Nacht, Ms. Windt...”

“Let her leave.”

Zachary walked to the windowsill and looked down at her moving figure.

He saw that the woman had changed back into the clothes she came in and she left the villa without taking anything with her.

After receiving Zachary's instructions, none of the maids dared to stop her. They parted when she walked past them.

As she strode out of his residence, she felt as if she was walking out of his world. There was a spring to her steps and she held her head high, looking like a battle-worn warrior who had achieved freedom.

Having the feeling that he was probably watching her from afar, she waved her hand without turning around, seemingly bidding him farewell.

A taunting sneer grew on Zachary's lips as he retreated back to his bedroom and drew the curtains close. He then leaned back on his couch and returned to his drink.

He was sure that in less than an hour, she would be back to plead for mercy.