

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 271

“Really?” Sharon chuckled in amusement. “You’re way too serious, Zachary.”

Zachary smiled faintly at her. “I’m definitely never as friendly as you are.”

“That’s for sure.” Sharon raised an eyebrow and laughed.

The two seemed so close and intimate, and it was evident that they shared a great mutual understanding.

Everyone gazed at them profoundly, for this was indeed a sight to behold.

After all, the two were childhood sweethearts, and their families were perfect for one another. If they were to join in marriage, both sides would only benefit each other greatly.

The Blackwoods especially looked forward to this.

Watching the scene before her, Charlotte felt as though an infinite number of cats were scratching at her heart. It felt agonizing.

Stay calm, Charlotte. Stay calm. Stay calm!

Then, along with the other secretaries, she carefully and politely placed the documents in front of everyone before preparing to take her leave.

Then, Mr. Sterk noticed her. “Charlotte? You’re back,” he remarked amicably.

“Yes, Mr. Sterk.” Charlotte smiled and nodded lightly.

“That’s good to know.” Mr. Sterk seemed pleased. “Do your best.”

“I will!” Charlotte put the documents down and subconsciously glanced at Zachary, only to notice the man gazing at Sharon. The two seemed to have excellent chemistry as they communicated with their eyes.

With a tremble of her hand, Charlotte accidentally knocked Mr. Sterk’s teacup out of its place.

Clang! The teacup fell over on the table, spilling its contents over Mr. Sterk and Charlotte’s thigh.

Charlotte’s thigh instantly burned in pain.

“Ahhh!” Mr. Sterk jumped to his feet and inhaled sharply.

“I’m so sorry!”

Disregarding the pain on her thigh, Charlotte immediately apologized to Mr. Sterk and began to clean up the mess.

“Are you alright, Mr. Sterk?” Lucy rushed over and growled at Charlotte. “What is wrong with you? Get out!”

“It’s fine! Don’t blame her.”

Mr. Sterk quickly tried to ease the situation for Charlotte. In truth, he was wearing trousers, so the tea hadn’t scalded him in any way.

“I’m sorry...” Charlotte apologized once more before lowering her head and leaving the room.

This time, Zachary finally spared her a glance, but not before quickly looking away.

Sharon, too, gazed at Charlotte briefly before immediately turning to Mr. Sterk. "Are you okay, Mr. Sterk? Are you injured? Do you want to visit the hospital?"

"I'm fine. It's just that my clothes are wet."

"Go back to your office and get changed then," Zachary instructed.

"Alright." Then, Mr. Sterk left with his assistant.

"We'll start the meeting without him," Zachary announced.

Upon arriving in the bathroom, Charlotte used a disposable towel soaked in cold water and pressed it against the area that was scalded by the hot tea.

It didn't look too serious, but her skin had turned red, and it stung.

It should be fine after a while. With that thought, Charlotte didn't pay too much attention to her thigh.

"Charlotte!" Lucy briskly walked in with a tube of burn-aid cream. "Use this."

"Thanks, Ms. Wright." Charlotte felt extremely guilty.

Lucy was a great leader. Despite harshly reprimanding Charlotte every time she messed up, the former would still always help solve her problems at the end of the day.

“What’s up with you today? You look so unsettled,” Lucy remarked with concern. “Did something happen at home, or are you not feeling well?”

“Maybe it’s because it’s my time of the month, so I’m not in my best performance.” Charlotte quickly came up with an excuse. “I’m really sorry about what happened back there. Is Mr. Sterk okay?”

“I just came over from Mr. Sterk’s office. He’s not injured, but his clothes got wet.” Then, Lucy frowned. “You’re lucky it was him. You’d be in huge trouble if it were another shareholder or a guest.”

“Yes, Ma’am...” Charlotte lowered her head in shame.

“Since you’re not doing too well today, you shouldn’t work at the front desk. Go do some back-office work,” Lucy instructed. “Give the pantry a tidy, then go collect the documents in the meeting room at eleven.”

“Okay!”