

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 284

Charlotte had no saying at all because Sharon would get to make the call on the former's behalf as long as Zachary wasn't against the idea.

After Charlotte returned to her room, she took things out on the pillows, throwing everything that was on the bed—including the linen—to the ground.

She felt as though she had turned into a loser after she got into a relationship with Zachary. Occasionally, she thought she was a mistress that would have to deal with the wrath of Sharon—Zachary's legal spouse.

Nevertheless, she wasn't his mistress because Zachary wasn't married, and he had never publicly announced his relationship with Sharon.

As a matter of fact, she was not aware of Sharon's presence.

Suddenly, Lucy's voice could be heard, asking gently, "Charlotte? Are you in there? Your room isn't locked. Can I come in?"

"Lucy! Are you going back? Can I tag along with you?" Charlotte brought up her request immediately because she couldn't wait to leave the resort.

"I will be staying back because there are a few things that require my attention. I'll be staying next door. We'll spend a night here and return to the company tomorrow."

"I guess we'll have to do that..."

Lucy pointed in the direction of the entrance and said, "Ms. Blackwood has instructed someone to deliver you an evening gown."

“Come in.” Charlotte had no intention to put the person in charge in a tight spot.

Two stylists brought the evening gown into the room, whereas the make-up artist that was behind them had a few delicate-looking boxes with her—including a few accessories and a pair of shoes to go along with the dress.

One of the trio asked cordially, “Ms. Windt, Ms. Blackwood has instructed us to bring this over to you. Are you free? Can we proceed with the make-up session?”

Charlotte glanced at the evening gown as she tried to make something up to turn down their request because she had no intention to be part of the so-called banquet.

Lucy whispered, “A lot of guests from the upper echelon and the corporate world will be joining us tonight. I don’t think Ms. Blackwood will try anything silly in front of them.”

“Since the ones involved are beyond my realm, I don’t think I have to be part of it.” Charlotte told the stylists and make-up artist, “Please express my utmost gratitude to her, but do tell Ms. Blackwood I won’t turn up at the banquet tonight.”

“Ms. Blackwood said if you don’t turn up at the banquet, we don’t have to return to her anymore.” The trio put on a pitiable front and stated in an aggrieved manner, “Ms. Windt, please have mercy on us because it is not easy to get a job these days...”

Charlotte gave in to their request again when she heard their words. “Fine...”

“I’ll have you doll yourself up while I head over and discuss something with Mr. Ben.” As soon as Lucy told Charlotte her upcoming agenda, she departed.

Charlotte was left behind with the trio, sitting in front of the dressing table, allowing them to work wonders with her look.

As she had just taken her shower a few hours ago, they wouldn't have to wash her hair anymore. In order to get her hair styled, a simple blow dry was sufficient. Since she had flawless skin, they merely had to apply light make-up to highlight her ethereal facial features.

After they were done with her look, they helped her to get changed into the evening gown they had brought along for her.

As soon as Charlotte put it on, she stared at herself in the mirror wide-eyed. "What the heck is wrong with this exposing gown?"

The gown had a huge opening in the chest area, exposing her busty figure and her cleavage, covering only the most important parts of her body.

Although it was a gown with a train, it had a high split that was all the way up to her inner thigh. Should she fail to exercise caution, her undergarment would be exposed in front of others.

With that being said, it was a milky white gown, made out of velvety silk that felt great on the skin.

No ordinary woman could put on such a stunning piece because several criteria had to be fulfilled, including a busty figure, a curvy bottom, a skinny waist, and a porcelain-like skin.

Nevertheless, Charlotte fulfilled all the pre-condition for the stunning evening gown.

"Goodness gracious! Ms. Windt, this dress is perfect for you! To be honest, only a mere few on this planet fulfill the conditions to put on this dress, yet it seemed to have been custom made for you when you put it on!"

“She’s right, Ms. Windt! You’re so gorgeous!”

“You should stop wasting your time on the dull-looking formal wears when you have such great figures! Once you doll yourself up, I’m pretty sure you can charm any man you encounter in the banquet.”

The stylists wouldn’t stop complimenting Charlotte after she put on the evening gown.

Charlotte exclaimed in an acerbic tone, “Oh? Has Ms. Blackwood bestowed such a delicate piece on me when she’s aware of the fact not many people fulfill the condition to put on this gown? She’s such a generous woman!”

She looked at herself in the mirror and found herself embarrassing—she could merely cover the most important parts with her hair while most of her skin was exposed.

As someone who had always put on an ordinary set of outfits, she seemed to have morphed into the female protagonist of an adult movie. She could easily drive a man to the verge of losing control over their lust with her current look.