

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 301

When she woke up in the morning, the man beside her was already gone.

Charlotte was a little edgy. Today's an unusual day. Sharon has moved in, and even Old Mr. Nacht is here...

As a secret lover, she was clueless as to how she should deal with such a situation.

Just as she was deep in her thoughts, Raina knocked on the door and came in.

Charlotte was about to tidy up the messy bed, but Raina was already entering the room with a medical trolley. Apart from that, two maids and two female paramedics were also coming in after her.

Charlotte was extremely embarrassed, but they had long gotten used to it.

Raina checked on her injury and asked the maid to help her take a bath. When Charlotte came out, Raina changed her bandages.

Charlotte had been longing for a bath as her body felt sweaty and sticky, which made her uncomfortable.

The maids helped her as she went for a bath and changed into a snugly cotton dress.

When she came out, another maid had already cleaned the room and changed a new bedsheet.

Raina applied the medication for her and prepared to take her to the hospital for physiotherapy.

Seeing as such, Charlotte asked in a low voice, "Is Old Mr. Nacht and Ms. Blackwood still around?"

"They're having breakfast downstairs," Raina replied with a smile. "Don't worry, Mr. Nacht is there too."

His existence is exactly the reason why I should be worried.

Charlotte was restless and agitated. But what can I do? I can't be staying in this bedroom all day, right?

Besides, this relationship is the result of his constant pestering and had nothing to do with me.

If Old Mr. Nacht hits the roof seeing me around and decides to boot me out and warn Zachary never to see me again, it would be a liberation for me.

Thinking of this, Charlotte drew in a long breath and walked out of the room.

"Ms. Windt, slow down. Let me help you."

A young paramedic hurriedly held Charlotte in fear that she would stumble.

Treading on the spiral staircase, Charlotte saw the happy family in the dining room.

Sharon was sparing no effort in pleasing old Mr. Nacht and teasing Zachary every now and then.

Zachary lifted the corner of his lips slightly in response to her while reading Fortune attentively.

"Take your breakfast first and read that later." Old Mr. Nacht knocked softly on the table. "Sharon is talking to you. Are you deaf?"

Zachary had to put down the magazine and glanced at Sharon. "What?"

"I was saying, shall we go for site inspection together in the afternoon?" Sharon shot him a sweet smile as she replied.

"It's a jumbled mess at the site. It's better for you to stay away from that place and ask someone else to go."

When Zachary said that, he was eyeing Charlotte who was walking down the stairs.

In a white cotton dress and with her beautiful hair hanging loose over her shoulders, she looked pleasant and refreshing. The only minor imperfection was the uneasiness glowing dimly in her eyes.

Raina helped her over to the dining table since she seemed a little nervous.

"Charlotte is awake?" Sharon looked up with a broad smile and called out to her graciously, "Come and have breakfast."

"Thank you. It's okay. I'm not hungry," Charlotte answered politely. "I—"

"There's no need for formalities here." Sharon walked over and held her hand with a smile before she continued, "Zachary lost his temper and hurt you last night. As your boss, he's just doing his part by taking you in temporarily and letting you recuperate here. So, don't worry. Just make yourself at home."

This decorous remark left Charlotte speechless...

She had no idea if it was an excuse given by Zachary or one that Sharon came up with.

It was crystal clear to everyone what her identity was, but still, a righteous reason had to be offered. Is she trying to play dumb?

An even more ludicrous fact was that such a poorly disguised explanation was accepted by everyone.

Old Mr. Nacht eyeballed Charlotte from head to toe and started dispassionately, "What's your name?"

"Char... Charlotte!" She was noticeably anxious.

"How old are you?" It was as if old Mr. Nacht was interrogating a criminal.

"Twenty-three," answered Charlotte softly.

"I heard that you're a secretary at Divine Corporation. Is that true?" Old Mr. Nacht continued questioning.

"That's right." Charlotte nodded.

"I've studied your resume. You haven't graduated from university and have no particular strengths." Old Mr. Nacht threw a pile of documents on the table, sounding all high and mighty. "With such qualifications, you're not even fit to be a janitor at Divine Corporation. How did you worm your way in?"