

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 292

“I have something else to tend to!”

“Ten minutes! No! Five minutes! Wait! Three minutes! Three minutes is all it takes! Please?”

“Fine. I’ll spare you three minutes”

As Zachary gave in to Sharon’s demand, he opened the door and walked into the room.

Charlotte tried to push Michael away from her, but it was too late—the duo that was at the entrance had caught them red-handed.

Sharon and Zachary paused due to Michael and Charlotte’s odd position.

Michael had his arms straightened on the couch while he was on top of Charlotte. Her exposing and messed-up gown caused others to misperceive they were in the middle of an intimate session.

The moment Zachary opened the door, a gentle breeze whizzed into the pitch-black room, causing Charlotte’s already exposing dress to billow, exposing her inner thighs and her busty figure.

The air went dead silent as things had gotten unexpectedly awkward between the parties that were present.

Charlotte could feel the murderous intent through the glint in Zachary’s eyes, although they were a few feet away.

Her heart sank because she thought the furious man would kill her for real. Immediately, she sat upright and adjusted her wrinkled gown.

“I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean to get in your way! We have no idea this room is occupied, but please pay no heed to us and go on with the session that has been started!”

When things seemed to have settled down, Sharon broke the silence and stirred things up between them once more.

Literally, Charlotte could feel Zachary's wrath because it was written all over his puckered face.

Sharon grinned and suggested, "Zachary, let's go and leave them alone! We should stop getting in their way!"

Zachary shrugged Sharon off and made his way into the room.

Charlotte felt as if a cannibal was on his way to her. She got up from the couch but staggered due to the height of her pair of heels.

"Careful!" She almost fell, but Michael stopped her and supported her in the nick of time.

"W-We... I-I..." Sharon stuttered after she moved away from Michael.

"Hey, we're merely having a talk, okay? Stop misunderstanding Charlotte!"

Albeit reluctantly, Michael explained the reason they were in the room when he spotted the anxious look on Charlotte and he felt bad for her.

Zachary glared at Charlotte and ran his fingers through the silky-smooth gown of hers. "Really? You're telling me she's merely having a talk with you when she's dressed up as such?"

"This gown..." Charlotte was about to rebuke Zachary's rhetorical question, yet Sharon sashayed her way into the room and chimed in, "Why can't you have a talk with her at the banquet hall? What sort of confidential conversation is it for you to have it in such a confined space?"

Once she reached the trio' side, she wondered out loud, "Are you sure both of you are merely here for a conversation?"

Charlotte glared at Sharon and confronted, "Aren't you the one who has prepared this freaking gown?"

Although she wanted to play along with the vicious scheme of Sharon, she didn't want to get Michael involved.

"Indeed! But have I forced you to put it on? Why didn't you turn me down when you have the chance to do so?" Sharon responded with a contemptuous look and shifted the responsibilities to Charlotte.

"Y-You—"

Zachary stopped Charlotte and squeezed her cheek with his gigantic palm. "She's right! You should stop blaming others when you're the one who's filthy deep down!"

Her eyes widened in shock because she didn't expect such a harsh remark from him.

I'm a filthy woman? How dare he sees me as a filthy woman when he's the one who refuses to leave me alone?

"Move away from her!"

Michael reached over in an attempt to push Zachary away from Charlotte, yet the moment he inched over, he was punched in the face and fell to the ground as a result.

“A-Argh—M-Michael—” Charlotte screeched and tried to rush over to Michael’s side, but Zachary wouldn’t unfasten his grip.

In fact, she thought her wrist would be cracked by the man’s powerful grip should he refused to move away from her soon.

The infuriated Charlotte retaliated against Zachary and demanded, “Let go of me!”

Due to the intense punch, blood gushed out of Michael’s nostrils and streamed all the way down to his neck.

Lucy and Sharon’s faces turned pale because they were horrified by Zachary’s response. They stood aside in silence, afraid of offending the furious man further.

Ben, who had been on the lookout at the entrance, closed the door and made his way into the pitch-black room.

“Zachary, have you lost your mind? Come at me with everything you have if you’re holding a grudge against me! Why the hell do you have to beat him up?” Charlotte yelled hysterically.

Zachary lunged her over and directed a rhetorical question at her when she was right in front of his face. “Are you heartbroken because of him? Have you forgotten the things you promised me?”