

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 381

“Where’s Zachary?”

Suddenly, Sharon’s voice came from the outside.

“Umm, Mr. Nacht is handling some important documents right now.” Ben intercepted her. “He should be done soon. He’ll meet you at the conference room.”

“He didn’t even have lunch.” Sharon presented a sandwich in her hand and smiled. “I made this myself in the restaurant’s kitchen. I wanted him to try it.”

“How thoughtful of you, Ms. Blackwood.” Ben smiled awkwardly. “You can hand it to me, and I’ll pass it to him in a bit. You should get some rest.”

“Can’t I go in?”

Right then, Sharon’s smile slowly subsided as she stared at the door. It felt as though she could see through it and saw what was happening inside.

“Is Charlotte inside?”

When Sharon asked that, she still had a smile on her face, but her eyes were oddly cold.

“Umm...” Ben was panicking deep down as he clearly did not know how to hold a lie.

“It’s okay. Men will always have to put on a show. Am I right? I understand.” Sharon grinned and gave the sandwich to Ben. “Remember to tell him I made that myself.”

“Okay. I got it.” Ben nodded.

“I’ll head over to the conference room first. He can take his time.”

Sharon smiled, gracefully turning around and left.

Ben let out his breath and wiped the sweat off his forehead. This woman is too good!

After a long while, Zachary finally stopped his rampage and turned around to tidy up his outfit.

Charlotte got dressed and was about to leave.

“You plan on going out like that?” Zachary called out with an icy tone. “Go freshen up in the washroom.”

Hearing that, Charlotte gave him a death stare before walking into the washroom.

She drenched her body in warm water while noticing all the red markings on her pale skin. Those were an indication of how much force Zachary had used earlier.

Charlotte looked into the mirror. Her reflection seemed like a stranger to her. At that moment, she was fed up with it and did not want any more of what was going on.

Zachary would always go on a rampage without warning, having his way with her ruthlessly while showing no respect whatsoever. He could not care less about her feelings.

Charlotte felt like she was just a tool.

But what can I do?

There was no way I can escape from him.

Maybe it'll all be done once he gets married. She let out a deep sigh and tidied up herself before walking out.

Outside, Zachary sat quietly on the sofa with a glass of wine.

On the coffee table, there was a med kit.

"Treat yourself." Zachary knew Charlotte was out of the washroom without even looking.

Hence, Charlotte went and sat on the sofa, applying disinfectant to her hand. Her expression twisted in pain.

Zachary stared at her hand and spoke all of a sudden, "My father and grandfather looked very similar."

Without uttering a single word, Charlotte looked at him with a cold stare and continued treating her wound.

Her mind, however, worried about how Zachary had not treated his wound.

"I look like them too. My aunt, Chris, we all look alike. One glimpse, and you could tell we're from the Nacht family."

Zachary took a sip from his glass and continued, "We have really dominant genes. As long as one's an offspring of the Nacht family, they'll all look very similar!"

His words got Charlotte thinking. Right then, she suddenly realized what he was going towards. He's talking about Ellie! Ellie doesn't look like him!

This was the reason why Charlotte could deceive him – the reason Zachary never bothered investigating their background.

All along, he had already determined that Ellie was not his child.

After all, Ellie should look like him if she was.

Truth be told, Ellie looked more like Charlotte. Hence, Charlotte figured that her genes might be even more dominant since her father once told her that she looked exactly like her mother.

Maybe my mom's genes are amazing too.

"I've had suspicions about those three kids being mine. But when I saw them, I gave up on that idea." Zachary sneered at himself. "Grandpa did say they looked like me. I even once thought that there might be something wrong with the genetic inheritance."

"What are you trying to say?" Charlotte felt tense.

"Let me ask you one last time." Zachary gave Charlotte a profound look. "Are they my children?"