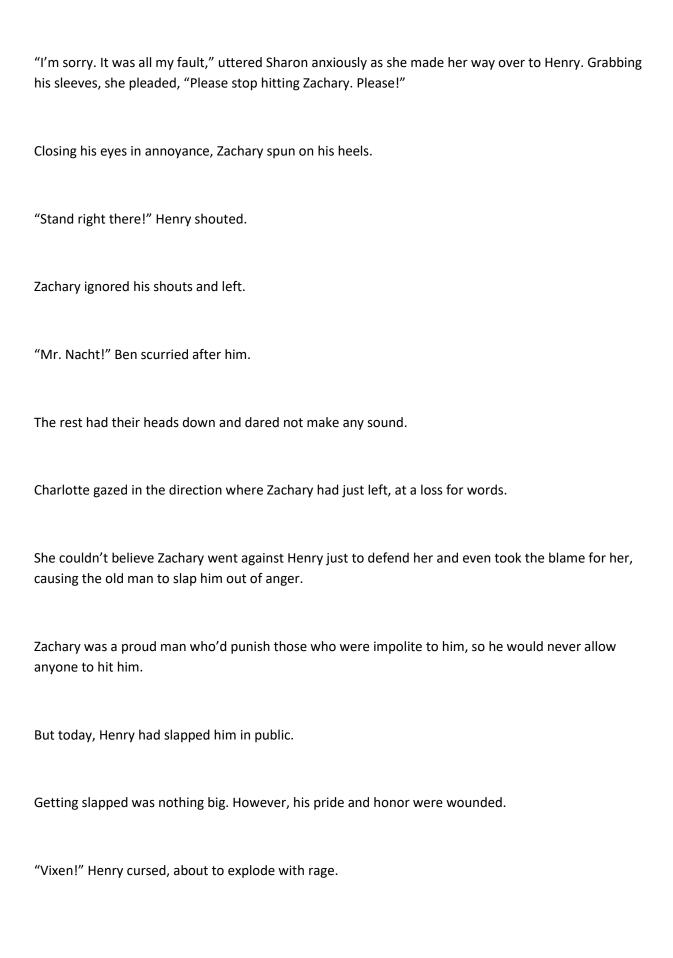
Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 392

Charlotte froze, appalled at the sight.
Zachary turned his head to one side and knitted his brows silently.
Soon, a red mark appeared on his cheek.
"I've never slapped you before," said Henry in a menacing voice. "You were smart, obedient, and neve disappointed me. But $today$ —"
"I'm not your puppet!" Zachary interrupted rudely. "You can't use me to reverse your mistake!"
"What do you mean?" Henry's voice wobbled.
"Am I wrong?" Zachary sneered. "Back then, my father was troubled in love and died in an accident later. Hence, you placed all your hopes on me and exercised total control over my life. I must gain your approval before I date or marry anyone. You even interfered when I tried to make friends!"
"Zachary Nacht!" Henry roared.
"What's wrong? Is one slap not enough?" Zachary raised his chin defiantly. "Go on. Slap me more. I'll think of it as repaying you for bringing me up."
"Y-You rascal!" Henry was shaking in anger as he raised his hand, about to give him another slap.
"Mr. Nacht!" Taylor rushed over to stop him. "Please calm down, calm down."



Charlotte looked down silently.
"Mr. Nacht, forget it," advised Taylor. "You heard what Zachary said. I don't think she was involved in the poisoning incident. There must be a misunderstanding. Please do me a favor, and forget about this."
Taylor then signaled at Sharon.
At once, Sharon burst out crying. "I won't pursue this matter. Please don't let this come between you and Zachary. I don't want him to hate me. Please!"
"You would've been dead meat if they didn't ask me to let you off," threatened Henry as he pointed at Charlotte. "Get lost! Don't let me see you again!"
Charlotte scrambled up and left with her head down.
Raina signaled one of her medical staff, who immediately went after Charlotte and helped her out.
"Mr. Nacht, don't be mad." Taylor consoled him. "We can't stay for long in Zachary's company. I'll leave with Sharon now."
"Okay." Henry patted the back of his hand to comfort him. "That brat needs some discipline. I'm sorry for what you had to go through today. I promise I'll punish him back home."
"Please don't say that." Taylor might be in his fifties, but he was still a mild-mannered man. "The kids are grown up and have their own ideas. That's normal. Don't be mad at him. I'll find time to talk to him in private."
"Mm."