

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 415

Zachary narrowed his eyes at Charlotte's wrist.

"Aren't you going to let her go?" Ben bellowed at the guy, "Are you tired of having your hands attached to your body?"

The man hurriedly let go of Charlotte and retracted a few steps and slumped to the sofa behind. He asked in an apprehensive manner, "Who- who are you guys?"

The other men at the sofa were scared to their wits and dared not make a sound.

"Make him lose the hand that was gripping her wrist just now!"

Zachary barked the orders before turning around to leave.

Stumped, Charlotte froze on the ground, widening her eyes in disbelief at the turn of events. Before she could even figure out what just transpired, the sounds of the man wailing in pain filled the private room.

As she traced the sounds of the man screaming in pain, she was greeted by the sight of Ben stepping the man's hands against the wall. The crisp sounds of the man's bones cracking rang in her ears.

The man's face grimaced with the excruciating pain. He tried hard to struggle himself free but to no avail.

The other people in the private room paled at the sight as they retreated themselves to a corner, not daring to utter even a single word.

The hostesses had never seen anything like it and shuddered in fear as they covered their eyes.

"You have a death wish!" Ben scowled at the man and retracted his foot.

The man slumped to the floor and fainted from the agonizing pain.

Charlotte was stumped and froze on the ground. Moments passed and she still could not regain her composure.

“What are you waiting for? Come right this way!” Ben said.

Up until then, Ben was still not certain that the tacky woman standing before him was Charlotte Windt.

Charlotte forced herself to snap out of her thoughts and trailed behind Ben.

A sense of trepidation washed over her as they made their way over to Zachary’s private room. Has he recognized me? How is he going to punish me if he has recognized me?

Before long, they had already reached Zachary’s private room. He was enjoying his drink quietly on the sofa. He looked calm and composed, his eyes downcast.

Charlotte stood at the entrance as she did not dare to enter the room.

“This way, please,” Ben gestured for her to enter.

She had no choice but to enter the private room, making her way to the center, and looked apprehensively at Zachary.

However, Zachary paid no heed to her as he silently sipped on his drink.

After he finished the drink in his hand, Zachary put down the drink in his hand, and finally parted his lips to order her, “Go wash your hand.”

Charlotte was stumped, but she relented and went over to the back and washed her hands.

Ben, on the other hand, was flabbergasted.

"I'm done," Charlotte said in a small voice after she was done. She had no idea what Zachary was going to do next.

"Decant another bottle," Zachary gestured at her with his chin.

Charlotte crouched down and opened another bottle of red wine to decant it.

All the while, Zachary had not once averted his gaze from her wrist.

Charlotte was well aware of the reasons that he demanded her to wash hands. Firstly, he deemed her wrist dirty after some guy gripped it. Second of all, he was trying to identify her by spotting the wound on her hand.

Despite feeling nervous, she was actually glad that the wound on the back of her hand had actually healed and did not leave any scar behind.

However, the scar on her palms from being scalded by the cigar was still clear and visible.

As long as he did not turn over her hand to check, her palm was actually concealed from sight when decanting the wine.

After she was done decanting, Charlotte poured a half a glass for him.

Then, she stood up and retracted a few steps back, keeping quiet all the while as she kept her head low, waiting for his next instruction.

She had not once lifted her head and looked him in the eyes.

Charlotte was cool as a cucumber throughout the whole exchange.

Zachary said nothing. He merely took the glass and sipped on the wine quietly.

Meanwhile, Ben was furrowing his brows, perplexed at the sight before him.

What is Mr. Nacht trying to do?

Is this woman really Ms. Windt?

It did not take Zachary long to finish his wine.

Nonchalantly, he said, "You may leave now."

"Huh?" Charlotte was stumped yet again. So did he recognize me, or not?

Why isn't he exposing me if he has recognized me?

Why would he waste all that effort to find me if he's not even sure?

And, why did he break the man's hand then?

"Get lost!" Zachary snapped.

Ben hurriedly gestured for her to leave, "This way please!"

Charlotte bowed to him and turned around to leave...

When she reached the door, Ben took out a few stacks of cash and handed it over to her. "Thank you for your hard work."

There should be about fifty thousand here. If Ben has larger hands, I seriously think that he'll give me more.