

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1529

“Zachary” was furious to the point his face was purple and his knuckles were cracking.

Bruce instantly arranged for his subordinates to get rid of those journalists, but that hoard of journalists refused to leave.

Unfortunately, Bruce could not force them to, for he only brought two men with him when he came out in a rush.

Meanwhile, Nancy stood at the side of the corridor with her subordinate, trying to analyze the scene.

“Someone is clearly trying to set us up, but why is that person trying to involve me?”

“Could it be that they want to spread rumors about you and Mr. Nacht?” her subordinate quietly suggested.

Nancy did not answer her; she only raised her head to look at “Zachary.” Nevertheless, she was clearly agreeing with her subordinate.

However, there was one thing that came along with that answer.

Other than her father, Jesse, who else would want rumors to spread between Zachary and her?

Are things really just like what Charlotte has said?

With those thoughts in her mind, Nancy furrowed her brows.

“Here! Right here!”

The excited voices of the journalists traveled into her ears again, and when she lifted her head, she saw a group of people trying to barge into the room. Bruce was trying to stop them, but “Zachary” was only standing a distance away, silently watching without any expressions on his face.

“Mr. Nacht must be in shock,” Nancy said wistfully as she stared at the fake Zachary's back.

While the group was pushing against each other outside of the room, the elevator doors opened again. A pretty figure stepped out of the elevator and asked loudly, “Why are there so many people here? Is there some event going on?”

Upon hearing the familiar voice, “Zachary” stiffened and whipped his head around to look behind him. Then his eyes went wide. “You—”

“Hubby? What are you doing here?” Charlotte walked over with a puzzled look on her face. “Are you here to take me home?”

“I...” The fake Zachary continued to stare at her, unable to reel in from the shock for a long time.

“Mrs. Nacht?” Bruce hurried over and whispered, “What's going on? They all said that...”

While they were speaking, the door to the presidential suite opened. Two bodyguards then stepped out. “What are you all doing here?”

Instantly, everyone was dumbfounded. They stared at the room for a second before turning to look at Charlotte.

Michael was the only one in the room, sleeping. Meanwhile, Charlotte had walked out of the elevator, completely dressed. Now, she was standing beside “Zachary.”

The scoop they all thought they had was evidently just a misunderstanding.

“Mr. Brown is resting in his room after a drinking session. What are all of you trying to do outside his room?” the Brown family's bodyguards angrily questioned before informing the hotel's security guards to chase the journalists away.

However, those journalists were not going to give up so soon. They quickly crowded around Charlotte and asked, “Ms. Lindberg, we've received news that you're meeting Mr. Brown here. Is this true?”

“Don't you have eyes? Can't you look at it yourself?”

“I...”

“You were all here earlier than me. Shouldn't I be the one to ask you what's going on here?”

Realizing that they would not be able to get anything from her, the journalists turned to the fake Zachary. “Mr. Nacht, why don't you say something? Why have you appeared in the hotel with Ms. Gold? Did the two of you promise to meet here? Are you here to meet Ms. Lindberg, or are the two of you out on a date?”

“Zachary” panicked. He was supposed to be there to catch Charlotte in the act of cheating, but now, he was the target of the journalists' relentless questions.

“I...”

For a moment, “Zachary” was speechless. He did not know how to reply to them.

“I was the one who invited them to come,” Charlotte said. “Ms. Gold helped me out a while ago, so I invited her here to thank her. At the same time, I invited my husband to join us.”

At that, she turned to Nancy and said, “Right, Ms. Gold?”

“That's right.” Nancy's reaction was equally swift. “You're simply too kind, Ms. Lindberg.”