

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1538

After hanging up, Charlotte couldn't help but beam in delight. She was certain that the buyer was Francesco now.

Perhaps she saved Zachary that night and ended up hiding at the restaurant, as they couldn't go far. As long as it's her, Zachary will be safe.

Charlotte couldn't help but get excited at the thought of Zachary being alive.

Just then, Lucy gave her a call. "Ms. Lindberg, we're ready. Mr. Sterk has arrived. When will you arrive? I'll meet you at the entrance."

"Mr. Sterk has arrived? It's still early," Charlotte remarked after glancing at her watch. After all, it was barely eight in the morning.

"Yes. He's worried that something will happen at the meeting today and showed up earlier than usual," Lucy explained. "I heard that the other board members have already departed. They should be arriving earlier than expected."

"All right." Charlotte put her utensil down. "I'll get prepared and head over at once."

"Got it. I'll wait for you at the entrance."

After ending the call, Charlotte got up and went to "Zachary."

"Zachary" was still lying in bed, gazing at the ceiling aimlessly.

"Get changed. We're heading to the company now," Charlotte ordered. "You have ten minutes. I'll wait for you downstairs."

“My entire being hurts. I can't move.”

“Zachary” shut his eyes, refusing to move an inch.

Clearly, he was upset at the treatment that he was forced to endure.

“Mm, all right.” Instead of wasting time trying to persuade him, Charlotte opened the door and commanded, “Get a wheelchair and push Mr. Nacht out.”

“Understood.”

The bodyguards leaped into action. Two left to prepare the wheelchair, and two came to lift “Zachary” up.

“Hey! What are you doing? Don't touch me!” The fake Zachary struggled helplessly. “Charlotte Lindberg, don't cross the line!”

“I'm crossing the line?” Charlotte replied with an icy grin. “This is your family's company, your own responsibility. After leaving the mess in my hand, you're accusing me of crossing the line?”

Her tirade rendered Zachary speechless.

After a pause, he said, “The treatment is too painful, so I merely want some rest.”

“Johann is seventy-nine, but he's already at the company. You're whining after a simple treatment? It's painful for you but easy for the others? Everyone is waiting for you at the company. How dare you demand to rest?” she retorted.

“All right, stop it.” The man raised his arms and gave in. “I'll get up and change my clothes to head to work with you, okay?”

“You're making it seem as if I'm forcing you...”

“No, you didn't force me.” The fake Zachary took a deep breath and stated firmly, “I'm doing it willingly. No, it's my responsibility. I need to get to work urgently!”

“That's right.”

Charlotte dismissed her subordinates with a wave.

“You have ten minutes. I'll be waiting downstairs!”

After giving him a cold look, Charlotte turned and left his room. She even closed the door behind her in a thoughtful manner.

Staring at the door, “Zachary” managed between gritted teeth, “No matter how perfect a woman is, she'll turn into a devil after getting married!”

He meant what he said.

“Zachary” couldn't help but pity the real Zachary.

After changing her shoes, Charlotte sat in the hall and sipped on her coffee nonchalantly. Staring at her watch, she waited for Zachary to come down.

A minute passed.

Two minutes passed.

Three minutes...

“Zachary” came down right before ten minutes was up. He was decked in a black suit that made him look handsome. However, there was a frown marring his brows.