

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1539

“Don't put on a grim expression. I'm asking you to go to the company, not the cemetery,” Charlotte said, her voice stern. She didn't forget to shoot him a frosty glare.

“I've agreed to come. What more do you want?” the fake Zachary demanded helplessly.

“Hmm?” Charlotte arched a brow without saying anything.

“All right. I was wrong. I'm sorry.” He caved in at once. “It's my responsibility to go to work. No matter what, I have to head to the company. But I feel too uncomfortable to smile.”

“No one told you to smile! Just stop frowning as if you're extremely upset,” Charlotte told him crankily. “Forget it. Let's not waste time. Get in the car.”

“Zachary” followed her into the car, obviously aggrieved.

The other subordinates got into their respective cars. Right then, Hanna ran out. “Mr. Zachary, you haven't had your breakfast yet!” she said, holding a bowl of oatmeal.

“Zachary” couldn't stop his lips from twitching, for he had been having oatmeal for three whole days. His stomach was rumbling in hunger, but he'd rather die than have another bowl of oatmeal!

Thus, “Zachary” scrambled into the car, leaving Hanna utterly confused.

After the car sped away, Charlotte handed the first document to him. “The journey takes around thirty-five minutes if the traffic is smooth. Use half an hour to finish reading the documents. I'll need to talk to you for the remaining five minutes,” she said.

“What? I have to finish reading all these documents in half an hour? I even have to—”

"It used to take you three minutes," Charlotte cut in icily. "If you aren't sick, I believe you'll memorize it at first sight."

"Zachary" was speechless. He would always be at a loss for words when Charlotte talked about his past self.

"You've wasted one minute." Glancing at her watch, Charlotte urged, "Hurry up."

Left with no choice, "Zachary" read the documents obediently. However, he was pretty restless. Even if he was given three days, he wouldn't remember any of the content.

Thus, he resorted to his ploy. "Ah, my head hurts. It hurts a lot..."

"What's wrong?" Charlotte frowned at him.

"My head is aching..." He covered his forehead, seemingly in anguish.

Charlotte had expected his action. She whipped out her acupuncture needles. "I've made preparations. As I've been suffering for a long time, I've learned acupuncture from Dr. Felch. If it hurts, one needle will do the trick."

She pulled out a needle and made to push it into the fake Zachary's head.

"No," he refused at once. "I can handle it. No need for acupuncture treatment. I'll read the documents now."

Having said that, "Zachary" flipped a file open and began reading.

A smirk appeared on Charlotte's lips. She began to type a message on her phone to remind Lucy, Rodney, and the others to get ready.

She then replied to Johann and Spencer's text to discuss today's plan and make some arrangements.

Thirty minutes passed in a flash. Charlotte took the document he was reading away from him. "Did you memorize it?"

"No. My headache is affecting me a lot. I can't even finish reading it," he replied, rubbing his temples. One could tell he was in pain, for his expression was all scrunched up.

"Never mind if you can't finish it." Charlotte didn't reprimand him. Instead, she held his chin to lift his head. "I have something to tell you. Listen carefully."

"What is it?" The fake Zachary was stunned.

"First of all, some journalists will interview you once we arrive at the company. You need to record a video to clarify the rumors between Michael and me and show that you have confidence in me. Next—"

"Wait!" he cut in with a displeased frown. "I'm not sure that you and Michael are innocent. Why would I need to clarify things?"