

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 302

Charlotte lowered her head in apprehension and dared not make a sound.

She didn't dare to tell him that it was Wesley who made an exception and recruited her. Neither was she bold enough to disclose that Wesley used to be her father's subordinate and that he only recruited her because he had some ill intentions toward her.

"I recruited her myself," Zachary blurted out placidly.

"Shut up!" Old Mr. Nacht glowered at him ferociously. He was purple with rage.

"Fine!" Zachary resorted to silence. Nevertheless, he pulled out the chair next to him and beckoned for Charlotte to come over and sit down.

Charlotte took a gander at old Mr. Nacht and didn't dare to sit.

Seeing as Zachary was so protective of Charlotte, Sharon was green with jealousy.

"Sit." Old Mr. Nacht gestured to her graciously.

It was only upon hearing it that Charlotte finally sat down. However, her head was lowered all the while, and she couldn't pluck up her courage to say anything.

The maid served breakfast for her together with some new tableware. In response, Charlotte started softly, "It's okay. I have to go."

"Did I allow you to leave?" Old Mr. Nacht demanded with arrogance.

Charlotte froze and looked up at him.

“Everyone should know their place.” Old Mr. Nacht simply took a slice of bread from the table and threw it in front of Charlotte. “It's just like this slice of bread. It can only be an appetizer to tantalize your taste buds but can never be the main dish!”

“Well said.” Sharon was beaming with delight and turned to Charlotte provocatively. “Then, of course, for those impoverished at the slum, slices of bread alone can serve as the main sustenance.”

Zachary frowned but remained silent.

Finally, after taking in a long breath, Charlotte looked up at Sharon and snickered, “So what do you regard yourself as? The main course on the dining table of the well-off? Isn't that just some beef steak waiting to be cut and sliced as well?”

“You...” Sharon wasn't able to produce a rebuttal against Charlotte.

“Mr. Nacht,” Charlotte turned around and looked at old Mr. Nacht as she said *lento* and dignified, “The bread didn't even want to appear on your dining table in the first place. All it did was stay quietly in the bakery, and people who like it would naturally cherish it. But it's a shame that some people took it away forcibly and brought it here to become the appetizer. I don't think you should blame the bread. The man who insisted on bringing it here should be held liable instead.”

Zachary squinted with a dangerous and shrewd glint in his eyes while he turned around to look at Charlotte.

“How dare you!” old Mr. Nacht bellowed, “Are you implying that Zachary is the one pestering you?”

“Shameless!” Sharon didn't manage to retain her composure. She couldn't bear to acknowledge the fact that the man she so ardently coveted was pestering another woman.

“The thing is, I've never hounded him,” Charlotte grabbed the chance to state her stance. “If you don't like me, you can always ask him not to find me anymore in the future.”

She had had enough from Sharon who made everything difficult for her, insulted and bullied her time and again.

And here comes another Mr. Nacht. When will this nightmare end?

Hence, she resorted to being frank.

She had already made herself very clear, so if Zachary continued to harass her, she would never have to take the blame anymore.

“Did you hear that?” Old Mr. Nacht stared at Zachary.

“Yes.” Zachary nodded as he took the wine glass from the table and quaffed all the wine in it. Then, he started imperturbably, “Indeed, it was me who dominated, pestered, and controlled her.”

The three terms were used consecutively. Together, they sounded rhythmic and even formed a vivid picture.

His words stunned everyone who was present.

Charlotte goggled at him in total disbelief.

Did I hear it correctly? He actually admitted to pestering me in front of his grandfather, Sharon, and all the subordinates?

Has he no sense of decency? Charlotte was at a loss.

Meanwhile, Sharon was utterly baffled. She couldn't believe what she just heard.

“You...” Old Mr. Nacht's face darkened instantly. He clutched his chest and pointed at Zachary. “Do you have any idea what you're talking about?”

“Relax, Grandpa.” Sitting in his chair, Zachary smiled at his grandfather. “Isn't it common for men to have seven to eight lovers outside? It's fine as long as my actual wife is someone you're pleased with.”