

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 370

Zachary frowned at Charlotte, but she was busy picking out clothes so she failed to notice his expression.

Feeling like he was being ignored, Zachary was unhappy. "Charlotte Windt!"

"Why... What... What happened?" His voice gave Charlotte a shock, and she quickly came over.

"Change my clothes for me," Zachary said as he walked straight into the fitting room.

Without a choice, Charlotte took the clothes from the attendant and followed him inside.

On the way, she remembered that there was still a white shirt that was left behind. So, Charlotte went back to grab it while accidentally overhearing the female attendant talking to the cashier. "That man was so handsome and charming, but the woman with him looked poor and pathetic. I really wonder what he sees in her."

"Shhh!" The cashier shushed when she noticed Charlotte, stopping the attendant from going any further.

The attendant turned around instinctively and saw Charlotte. Her expression immediately froze as the atmosphere became awkward.

Nonetheless, Charlotte did not say a word and picked up the shirt before returning to the fitting room.

However, before that could happen, Zachary came out. He grabbed the shirt in Charlotte's hand and tossed it aside. He then pulled Charlotte out and left the place

“Sir, are the shirts not to your liking?” The attendant chased after them and asked.

“Your poor and pathetic look was not to my liking,” Zachary replied coldly.

His reply caused the attendant to freeze in place. The colors drained from her face as she was devastated.

Right then, Charlotte raised her head and gazed at Zachary. Well, he does look cute whenever he stands up for me.

“Are you stupid?” He pinched her face, clearly annoyed. “Don't you know how to fight back when people insult you?”

“She was just ranting.” Charlotte smiled awkwardly. “Besides, she was right. Compared to you, I do look a bit ragged.”

“Didn't I give you two million to spend? You didn't even use it on the house. Can you be anymore cheaper than that?” Zachary knitted his brows. “This is what... 99 after discount? You might be the only person that would want that.”

“We should be thinking far in advance and save up whatever we can. This price is good enough.” Charlotte pulled on her own shirt. “I got this t-shirt online for only nine ninety. I could've bought ten of these and wear them interchangeably.”

Zachary was rendered speechless as he dragged Charlotte to the digital information center. He searched up some brands and took her to the third floor, where all the major brands were.

“No way! I can't afford the clothes here,” Charlotte refused as she wrapped her arms around a pillar.

"I'll pay for them," Zachary proclaimed and walked in.

"You're paying? Alright then." Charlotte immediately changed her mind and followed behind. "Hmm, since you're buying your own clothes. I'll give you a pair of socks then!"

"Sure." Zachary walked into the store. The moment he stepped foot inside, a few attendants immediately came to greet them passionately. "Welcome!"

"Bring me all the new products of the latest season you have here. For male and female." Zachary demanded after he sat down on the sofa provided. He then patted the space beside him. "What are you standing there for? Come sit!"

Charlotte quickly went and sat beside him. Soon after, each of them was served a cup of freshly ground coffee and some snacks. There were even attendants that helped them change into slippers.

Back then, Charlotte had experienced such treatments too. But it had been four years since she last visited, so the place was unfamiliar to her. At that moment, she felt quite perturbed, not knowing how she should react.

After the attendants put the slippers on Zachary and Charlotte, they went to get the clothes.

While waiting, Charlotte leaned towards Zachary and whispered, "You sure you're the one paying?"

The response she got, however, was an intense stare from Zachary as he looked irritated.

"Alright. Fine. I'll stop talking." Charlotte knew he was getting impatient, so she immediately changed the topic. "So! Like I said, I'll buy you a pair of socks as compensation."

"I want white ones," Zachary said without even hesitating.

“No problem.” Charlotte got up and went to look for socks. Having said that, her face turned green when she saw the price. One thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight! For a pair of men's socks! Are you kidding me!