

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 372

Out of nowhere, the warmth a moment ago immediately subsided.

Logically speaking, no men ever let women carry the shopping bags, but Zachary was an exception. All his life, he had never carried even a single thing. In his eyes, this was just how it had always been.

While Zachary's request rendered Charlotte speechless, she still went ahead and took the bags before following Zachary out.

“Excuse me, sir.” The attendant chased after them. “The suit that you came with has also been packed.”

“Throw it away,” Zachary responded without even looking.

“Huh?” The attendant was stumped. That suit was worth more than all the clothes he bought combined, so the idea of dumping it made no sense to her.

Isn't that just a waste?

“Don't listen to him. Here, just give it to me.” Charlotte hurried over to grab the shirt. “Thank you!”

“My pleasure.”

While they were going down the elevator, Zachary only had his gift with him in one hand, and the other hand was tucked in his pocket.

Meanwhile, Charlotte was carrying all the bags behind him like an assistant.

All of a sudden, her phone rang. So she placed the bags down before she took out her phone. "Hello? Robbie, have you guys reached home? I'm fine, and I'll be back soon."

Right then, the elevator opened, and Charlotte needed to get out. She quickly clenched the phone between her cheeks and her shoulder, picking up the bags on the floor as fast as she could.

Zachary turned around to look at her, but no assistance was offered.

This made Charlotte fumed deep down inside. Where's the chivalry in the man!

"I'm doing some shopping at the mall right now. Don't worry..." She continued the conversation with Robbie for a bit.

"I need to go now, okay? I'll be back in half an hour. Are the nurses taking good care of you guys? All of you should go take a shower. I will be back for storytime..."

When the call ended, the phone slipped from her grasp, and it dropped onto the floor. She gasped and squat to down to pick it up.

At that moment, Zachary stopped and looked back at her.

A few young men came walking by. Their eyes widened when they saw Charlotte.

That made Zachary realize that Charlotte was wearing the dress he just bought, and it was a tad too short. Unknowingly, she had accidentally flashed the crowd while squatting down.

Therefore, he immediately headed over and stood behind Charlotte, blocking off the angle to prevent the men from taking a peep. He even gave them a death stare.

The men were intimidated, so they quickly turned their heads and walked away.

“Couldn't you have helped me out a bit?” Charlotte was frustrated. “Great! Now my screen's cracked!

“If you needed help, why didn't you say anything?” Zachary replied, picking up the bags with ease. He also pulled Charlotte back up. “You can't even walk properly. Is there anything you can actually do?”

“You...” Charlotte was at a loss for words. Is he actually blaming me for not asking for his help? Shouldn't he have initiated instead of waiting for me to ask?

“Mr. Nacht!” Right then, Ben came hurrying along with some bodyguards.

“Just in time,” Zachary remarked as he handed all the bags over to the men. All except his gift, which he still held in his hand.

The bodyguard took the bags and proceeded to follow him.

At the entrance of the mall, the cars were waiting for them when they exited.

One bodyguard went and opened the door for Zachary, bowing as he waited before Zachary got in.

“I'll just get a cab, thank you.” Charlotte wanted to head home early.

“Just get in,” Zachary ordered.

It was another order that cannot be denied, and Charlotte knew that. Thus, she reluctantly got in the car.

The bodyguards put the shopping bags in the trunk and got in another car before all the cars moved out.

In the car, Charlotte was looking at the time on her phone. The only thing she wanted to do was go home as soon as possible. However, she soon found out that the car was not heading towards Happy Avenue. It was going straight towards the Nachts' residence instead.

“Where are we going?” Charlotte asked in a hurry.

“My place.” Zachary was fiddling his phone around.

“I need to go home.” Charlotte panicked. “The kids are still waiting for me.”