

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 279

Charlotte took a peek at Jackson and felt greatly humiliated. Judging by Jackson's wrinkled face and flabby stomach, Charlotte thought he should be around her father's age.

Sharon has such a brilliant plan, but does she really think she can get rid of me by setting me up for a blind date with this old man?

Is it even necessary for her to go to great lengths to get rid of me when I haven't made any move or gotten in her way with Zachary's relationship?

Why is she sending this disgusting old man my way again when I have forgiven her for stepping on my hand and giving me a hard time? She should stay away from me because I have returned the check through Lucy's help!

"Charlotte, you seem to be pretty young. How old are you?"

On one hand, Jackson's eyes gleamed in excitement and looked at Charlotte differently.

On the other hand, Charlotte remained silent throughout the conversation because she could barely keep a straight face in front of the old man anymore.

Lucy stepped in to get Charlotte out of the nasty situation. "Ms. Blackwood, I'm sure you're kidding! I don't think Charlotte deserves Mr. White when she's just a rookie in the corporate world."

"What do you mean she doesn't deserve—"

"Aren't you hungry? Why don't you hurry up and finish your meal?" Zachary broke the silence, stating indifferently before Sharon could finish her sentence.

Sharon winced at Zachary's words because it was evident the man was trying to protect Charlotte.

"Oh! You're right! I believe most of us are hungry since we have been out for the entire morning!" Jackson was an observant man. He immediately summoned the waiter and instructed, "Please serve us our meal at once!"

"Ms. Wright, Mr. Ben, have a seat and join us!"

Jackson invited everyone that was present to join him at the table and started engaging himself in a conversation with Ben and Lucy to get himself out of the awkward situation.

Ben and Lucy played along with him to ease up the tension that was built up over the past few minutes.

Meanwhile, Zachary indulged himself and took a sip of the red wine.

Sharon's face puckered because she felt embarrassed after Zachary reprimanded her in front of others. She secretly held a grudge against Charlotte and finished her glass of wine in an attempt to calm herself down.

In spite of being on pins and needles, Charlotte couldn't bring herself away—she had no choice but to join the crowd and brace herself through the meal.

"Mr. Nacht, this is a wine from my precious collection. Please give it a try."

Jackson served Zachary and Sharon each a glass of drink. "Ms. Blackwood, why don't you give it a try as well? The president has complimented it after savoring it when we were out for a meal last time."

Zachary took a sip as suggested and stated, "Mmm... It's not half bad at all..."

“Mr. Ben, Ms. Wright, Charlotte, you guys should give it a try too!”

Jackson served everyone their glass of drink. When it was Charlotte’s turn, a leg showed up at the bottom of the table, causing him to trip over.

As a result, he staggered and spilled the remaining wine that was in the decanter on Charlotte.

“Ah!” Charlotte shrieked and got up from her seat immediately.

The red wine streamed all the way down from her collar, soaking her white shirt crimson red, exposing her supple yet busty figure in front of everyone.

Immediately, Jackson apologized, “I-I’m so sorry!”

After he grabbed the napkin that was nearby, he reached over in an attempt to wipe Charlotte’s shirt dry on her behalf.

Zachary’s expression turned gloomy because Jackson’s hand was merely a few inches away from Charlotte’s breast.

Charlotte took a step back and denoted, “I-It’s fine... I-I can clean it up myself.”

“Are you okay?” Sharon expressed her concerns and reprimanded Jackson, “Mr. White, how could you be so careless?”

“I-I...” Jackson was at a loss for words. Truth be told, he was aware of the identity of the culprit, yet he couldn’t expose the truth in front of them.

“Since you’re completely drenched, you should head over to my room and get yourself changed.” Sharon beckoned the waitress over and instructed, “Show her the way to my room!”

The waitress walked over and said, “Please follow me, Ms. Windt.”

“I-It’s fine...” Charlotte didn’t want to put on Sharon’s clothes—she was afraid it was one of Sharon’s many tricks to get the better of her.

Sharon asked rhetorically with a grin, “Aren’t you afraid of embarrassing yourself in front of others? Ever since a few minutes ago, Mr. White has a hard time moving his eyes away from that busty figure of yours. If you don’t get yourself changed, do you want to show it to others when we’re done with our meal?”

“I-I...” Jackson responded with an awkward smile.

“You...” Charlotte couldn’t stand it anymore.

Thankfully, Zachary broke the silence and instructed, “Check her into another room and get her another set of outfits.”