

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 386

"That's right!" Taylor let out a hearty laugh.

Henry guffawed along with him. He secretly squeezed Zachary's hand under the table to remind the latter to smile.

Zachary couldn't bring himself to smile. His silence was an act of consent.

Delighted, Sharon planted a kiss on Zachary's cheek before she hugged his arm and leaned onto his shoulder intimately.

She was clearly overjoyed.

The crowd broke out in loud cheers and thunderous applause. Cameras flashed around the hall as everyone recorded the announcement of the grand wedding.

Charlotte gazed at Zachary blankly as her heart shattered into pieces before sinking into a deep abyss.

Isn't this what I have always wanted?

Why does it hurt so much to see Sharon leaning into his arms?

She stared at the ground and told herself to smile.

Yes, I should be laughing out loud to show Zachary I never cared about him. I should be congratulating him so he'd get disgusted with me and let me off.

Alas, she couldn't make herself smile.

"You can leave now," declared Spencer before he left with his men.

Charlotte knew she was safe now. After all, she was of no use to them.

They wouldn't use her to threaten Zachary anymore.

Right now, they had discarded her like trash.

Standing up, Charlotte made her way backstage to leave this noisy hall. It was so noisy as everyone gave their blessing to the couple. I should give them my blessing, too.

When Zachary's gaze landed on Charlotte, she was halfway to the exit, like this had nothing to do with her.

Yes, she doesn't care at all. She can't be bothered!

His expression clouded over as fury rose in his heart. He stood up, ready to leave.

"Zachary!" Sharon reached out to grab him, but she was no match for the man. He had barely taken a few steps when a loud thud sounded from behind.

Turning at his shoulder instinctively, the sight of Sharon lying limply on the ground greeted his sight. She was spitting out blood and moaning, "It hurts..."

"Sharon! Sharon..." Taylor rushed over to carry her. "What happened? Why are you acting this way?"

"Hurry, summon the doctor," ordered Henry.

"Yes!" Spencer immediately left to arrange for a doctor.

Ben and Bruce dismissed the surrounding reporters and deleted the photos of Sharon fainting earlier. They warned the reporters not to report about this incident.

Zachary dashed over and picked her up before striding toward the lounge.

Charlotte was walking to the stairs in a daze when someone suddenly bumped into her. Losing her balance, she toppled onto the ground.

Looking up, she noticed Zachary rushing into the lounge with Sharon in his arms.

Shocked, her heart clenched tightly at the sight.

"Move!" A group of people ran up to her, nearly knocking her down again.

Luckily, someone pulled her away in time. It was Lucy.

"We're in trouble. Don't stay here. Go upstairs," Lucy commanded, her brows furrowed up.

"Oh," came Charlotte's weak reply. She didn't know what was going on, so she limped slowly toward the stairway.

Meanwhile, the hall was in an uproar. The reporters were asking around about Sharon's condition. "Why did Ms. Blackwood faint suddenly? It doesn't seem like she's sick. Was she poisoned?" one reporter inquired.

"Which media outlet are you from?" Bruce roared. "Do you want to get fired?"

"Yes, I'm sorry."

At once, everyone promised they wouldn't report about the incident or take photos.

Charlotte felt uneasy at the sight. Something happened to Sharon. Why would she be poisoned out of a sudden?

It had nothing to do with her, but she had an ominous feeling.

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Indeed, soon after Charlotte returned to level 68, Spencer arrived with the bodyguards in two. "Please come with us!"

"Huh?" Charlotte was puzzled.

Spencer made a gesture with his hand, and the bodyguards immediately dragged her out as instructed.

“What are you doing?” Charlotte demanded. “Let me go! Let me go!”

Soon enough, she was brought to the conference hall on the sixty-sixth floor.

Henry was seated on the president’s chair with his cane in one hand while staring daggers at her.

“Why did you take me here?” Charlotte demanded angrily.

“Never mind if you were born in a lowly family. I can’t believe you’re this wicked!” Henry uttered icily. “How dare you poison Sharon?”

Charlotte’s eyes widened in shock.

It took her a while to regain her composure. “I don’t know what you’re talking about!” she exclaimed. “I never did that!”

“Stop trying to defend yourself.” Henry didn’t want to waste time. “If you come clean, I might consider letting you off!”

“I didn’t do that!” Charlotte panicked instantly. “Do you have evidence pointing it at me? Don’t frame me for something I didn’t do.”

Henry’s brows puckered up in annoyance.

Spencer replied on his behalf. “Ms. Blackwood ate nothing else except for the coffee you prepared for her earlier. Half an hour ago, she collapsed and is now unconscious.”

Charlotte froze in her tracks. Yes, I should’ve known it when Sharon told me to prepare a cup of coffee for her today. She didn’t make things difficult on purpose and even thanked me.

I was wondering why she was being nice today. Turns out she had set up a trap for me.

“You have nothing else to say?” Spencer asked.

"Are you pinning the blame on me just because she drank the cup of coffee I prepared for her?" Charlotte retaliated in a state of panic. "Any excuse will serve a tyrant. No one is sure whether she ate something else after that. Besides, she went to the seventeenth floor at noon for lunch."

"We won't arrest you without reason."

Spencer snapped his fingers. The bodyguards whipped out a coffee mug wrapped in a sealed package with the remains of the coffee.

"I sent someone to pick up this coffee mug from Mr. Zachary's office and ran a test. The coffee was indeed poisoned," he announced, pointing at the sealed package.

Charlotte's eyes went round at the shocking piece of news. Did Sharon seriously poison her own coffee to frame me?

"Let's stop wasting our time with her," ordered Henry. "Call the police and hand her along with the evidence to them."

"Yes!" Spencer nodded and proceeded to carry out his order.

"I didn't do it!" Charlotte pleaded. "Think about it. If it was me, why didn't I dispose of the mug after she finished it? Why would I leave it there for you to discover it?"

Refusing to hear her explanation, Henry dismissed her with a wave.

The bodyguards took a step forward, about to drag her out.

"Wait a minute!" Right then, Zachary rushed in. He had taken his blazer off, leaving his shirt on. There were bloodstains on his shirt which he hadn't managed to wipe away.

"Grandpa, since it happened in my company, let me investigate the incident," he suggested.

"Spencer has found out everything," declared Henry coolly. "Why? Isn't the evidence enough to pin her to the incident?"

"The evidence proves nothing." Zachary glanced at Charlotte. "I know her. She's foolish and cowardly. There's no way she'll poison someone."

"Then, pray tell. What about this cup of coffee?" Henry pointed at the coffee mug with his cane. "Did someone try to frame her?"

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"That might be a possibility." Zachary narrowed his gaze.

"Tell me who tried to frame her then?" Henry arched a brow in question. "Spencer went over the surveillance cameras. She was the one who ground the coffee beans, brewed the coffee, and brought it to your office. No one else was involved in the process."

After a pause, something occurred to him.

"Oh, right. She bumped into Ben in front of your office," he sneered. "Are you saying Ben poisoned the coffee and framed it on her?"

"Oh!" Ben exclaimed in shock. "I did nothing."

"After taking the coffee from her, Ben entered your office. We don't have access to the surveillance cameras inside your office," explained Spencer as he gave Zachary a polite bow.

"Of course, Ben should be a suspect as well. If you think my decision isn't fair enough, I can send both Ben and Charlotte to the police so the police can decide for themselves."

Ben glanced at Zachary sheepishly and said nothing.

"Otherwise, you can give us access to the surveillance cameras in your office to see whether Ben was the culprit," suggested Spencer.

"No need," Zachary sat down on a chair and declared. "There isn't any surveillance camera in my office!"

“Then—”

“It wasn’t Ben.” Zachary was sure about it. “He has worked with me for ten years. I have total control over him, so he wouldn’t have done something that silly.”

Spencer immediately gazed at Charlotte. “So—”

“It wasn’t her, too.” Zachary cut him off. “She went to my office again after the incident. If it was her, she would’ve retrieved the cup and destroy the evidence. She might be a fool, but there’s no way she’d be foolish enough to leave the evidence there.”

“You’re defending her!” Henry roared. “Sharon is your fiancée! Someone poisoned her, and she’s unconscious. Her life is in danger. How dare you defend another woman right now?”

“I am only stating the facts,” Zachary insisted.

Charlotte gazed at him. Luckily, he trusts me. I’m glad he’s still trying to defend me.

“That’s enough!” Henry was impatient by now. “I need to give Taylor an explanation.”

“What are you doing? Take her away!”

“Yes!” Spencer moved to carry out his order.

“No!” Charlotte was flustered.

“How dare you?” Zachary bellowed.

Spencer immediately came to a stop.

“Are you trying to go against me?”

Henry hit the ground with his cane in fury.

Fed up, Zachary made a gesture.

Bruce and his men surrounded Spencer and the rest promptly.

"Sorry, sir," he spoke meekly.

Frowning, Spencer glanced at Henry.

"Y-You!" Henry shook in anger. His hand gripping the cane was trembling slightly. "How rude of you to..."

"Mr. Nacht, please calm down," Spencer hurriedly consoled him. "Mr. Zachary isn't going against you. He just wants to investigate the matter himself."

"Spencer is right." Zachary nodded. "Grandpa, I'll investigate the matter thoroughly. Don't you worry. But now, I won't allow you to take them away."

"I insist on punishing her right now." Henry refused to give in. "Otherwise, she might do something worse in the future!"

"Grandpa—"

"Calm down, Mr. Nacht!" Right then, Taylor hurried over to them. "Sharon has regained consciousness. Dr. Langan said she's in a stable condition now."

"Sharon is awake? Good, good." Henry heaved a sigh of relief. "Let's go and visit her."

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"I'll come along with you," said Zachary while hinting for Ben to leave with Charlotte.

"She can't leave." Henry wasn't foolish enough to forget about Charlotte. He ordered Spencer, "Carry out my order now!"

"Well..." Spencer trailed off hesitantly as he turned to look at Zachary.

"Ignore him!" Henry declared furiously. "I'm still alive. I call the shots in the Nacht family!"

"You're old and hot-tempered," uttered Zachary helplessly. "Am I right, Mr. Blackwood?"

Zachary was an arrogant man. He had always been polite but distant to Taylor.

Oh, he wants me to help persuade his grandfather.

Taylor hurriedly chimed in. "Mr. Nacht, please calm down. You should give Zachary some time to figure things out."

"Taylor, you don't understand," said Henry with a frown. "I will never blame someone wrongfully. After the incident, I told Spencer to find out what happened. The evidence showed that woman was the culprit, so I brought her here. She tried to weasel her way out. Obviously, I need to hand her to the police."

"You're right." Taylor nodded vehemently. He turned to Charlotte and questioned, "What did Sharon do to make you poison her..."

He trailed off in shock the moment he saw Charlotte's face.

It was as though he was staring at a monster.

"I didn't poison her," Charlotte reiterated. "If you don't trust me, I'll confront Ms. Blackwood."

"Okay, you can confront her." Henry waved. "Bring her with us!"

With that, he strode to the lounge next door with his cane in hand.

Taylor was still gazing at Charlotte in disbelief.

"Mr. Blackwood. Mr. Blackwood?" Spencer patted his shoulder.

Snapping back to reality, Taylor demanded anxiously, "Who is that girl?"

"Charlotte Windt. She's an employee at Divine Corporation," answered Spencer.

"A Windt?" Taylor murmured. "How old is she?"

"Well," Spencer paused. "I think she's in her twenties. What is wrong?"

"Nothing." Taylor looked away and caught up to Henry. "Mr. Nacht, mind your step."

Spencer ignored his strange actions and signaled for Charlotte to come along. "Ms. Windt, this way please."

His subordinates released their grips on her.

Charlotte followed Spencer to the lounge. When she walked past Zachary, she cast him a troubled glance.

Zachary frowned in disappointment.

What a fool. I've already gained Taylor's support earlier. She could've left if I insisted. Then, I'll play things down and dismiss the matter.

But she wants to confront Sharon instead.

Does she have a death wish?

Sharon hates her. It doesn't matter whether she was the culprit, because Sharon will pin this matter on her.

Besides, Sharon is lying on the bed weakly. Everyone will side with her.

I can't even defend her now.

There's no way she'll get to clear her name.

"Mr. Nacht, what shall we do?" asked Ben in a soft voice.

"Just ignore her!" Zachary growled. "I tried to save her, but she insisted on seeking death!"

Ben sighed. He couldn't help but worry for Charlotte as the young lady was too innocent to believe justice would prevail.

In fact, if someone wanted her dead, it didn't matter whether she was the culprit.

After all, the winner would get to decide the truth.

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There were over twenty medical staff waiting in the lounge—Raina and her team, the medical superintendent of Serene Hospital, and his specialists.

Startled, Charlotte thought Sharon was about to die.

When she came closer, she saw Sharon lying on the bed weakly. The latter was awake and clear-headed. She doesn't look that pale.

Well, she's different. As an heiress, her life is more valuable.

When my father was alive, I used to enjoy such privileges.

As he's no longer alive, my life is utterly worthless!

At that thought, sorrow filled her heart.

"Mr. Nacht!" the medical staff greeted him with a polite bow.

"How is she doing?"

"We've examined Ms. Blackwood thoroughly. She suffered from food poisoning. As she received treatment in time, her condition is currently stable," reported Raina. "We've pumped her stomach. She's still weak but recuperating well."

"I'm glad to hear that." Henry heaved a sigh of relief and informed the other medical staff. "Leave us alone. Raina can stay."

"Yes."

The medical personnel filed out of the room. Soon, the room quieten down.

"Sharon, how are you feeling?" Henry came to her bed and inquired in concern.

"I feel a little unwell, but it's fine," came Sharon's weak reply. "Thank you. You must've been so worried for me."

"What a fool." Henry berated himself. "I didn't protect you well. But don't worry, I'll make sure to give you and your father an explanation!"

He yelled furiously, "Bring her here!"

A bodyguard dragged Charlotte over and shoved her onto the bed. She tried to straighten her back, but he pinned her to the bed by her shoulder.

"What are you doing?" Charlotte demanded in fury. "I'm not a criminal. Why are you doing this to me?"

"Shut up!" Henry glared at her before turning to Sharon. "Sharon, tell me." His voice softened. "What did you eat today?"

"After my arrival at the airport, I went to Divine Corporation immediately. I've been busy preparing for the press conference since then. The only thing I drank was the cup of coffee..."

Suddenly, something clicked. Glaring at Charlotte, Sharon demanded, "Did you do something to the coffee?"

"Mm," Henry nodded. "We've run a test. The coffee was poisoned."

"W-Why did you poison me?" Sharon pointed at Charlotte, totally enraged. "I might be hot-tempered, but I've never harmed you. Why are you so ruthless?"

"Seriously? Look into my eyes and answer me. What did your conscience tell you? Did I poison you for real?" Charlotte refuted in disbelief. "You were the one who forced me to make you a cup of coffee. How would I get the poison to poison you?"

"Stop coming up with excuses!" Sharon was infuriated. "Just because I exposed your relationship with Michael, causing Zachary to take action, you held a grudge against me and tried to poison me!"

"That's not it!"

"Shut up!" Henry thundered angrily. "I can't believe something like that happened behind my back. How many more secrets are you keeping from me?"

"I—"

"She has done this before." Sharon glowered at Charlotte. "Previously, she put something in Mr. Sterk's coffee and he nearly choked to his death. Everyone in the company knows about it."

"Yes, you're right." Spencer inclined his head. "I've heard of that."

"Good," Henry sneered. "Hurry, take her away!"

"Hold on!"

Both Zachary, who had just walked into the lounge, and Taylor, yelled out simultaneously.