

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 30

Those few restaurants are among H City's most famous and one has to make a reservation half a month in advance. How is it possible to get all those items within just half an hour?

He is obviously messing with me.

"By the way..." Ben turned around to add, "If you don't get them within half an hour, please be prepared to be transferred to the janitorial department."

Charlotte felt the urge to clench her fists and scream, "I quit!"

Just when her lips moved, the words were stuck in her throat.

At that moment, Zachary had entered the elevator. When he turned around, he smiled deviously at her.

"I..."

Before she could say anything, the elevator door closed.

Shutting her eyes tightly and gritting her teeth, she screamed at herself for being useless.

"Charlotte, Charlotte!" David's voice broke her train of thought. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine." Charlotte felt like crying. "I should have just shut up. Why did I offer to buy the Devil breakfast?"

“The Devil? Do you mean Mr. Nacht?” David became nervous at once. “Don’t let anyone catch you saying that or you will be finished. Next time, you shouldn’t call him that.”

“Now what do I do?” Charlotte was on the brink of tears. “To buy all those items in half an hour is just impossible.”

“I haven’t even heard about those things before.” David gave her a sympathetic look. “I have not been to such high-end places before. Usually, we eat at the restaurant on the seventh floor.”

“Is there a canteen on the seventh floor?” Charlotte was surprised. “Before this, I only ate at the one on the twenty-first floor.”

“The restaurant on the seventh floor serves local food while the one on the twenty-first floor serves international cuisine. Most of the white-collared staff like you flock to the twenty-first floor while blue-collared workers like us go to the seventh floor...”

“I know what to do.”

Charlotte rushed into the elevator as she knew there was no time to waste. After all, she only had half an hour.

When she arrived at the restaurant on the seventh floor, she got the chef to prepare pizzas, beef sandwiches, and a few other items.

After that, she went to the twenty first floor to get coffee.

After all, she got the food according to the items listed by Ben. Since they were similar, she didn’t believe that the Devil could taste the difference.

As of then, she had used up twenty-one minutes and only had nine minutes left.

As Charlotte dashed into the elevator with the food, she realized her security guard badge wasn't granted access to the sixty-sixth floor.

Only then did she recall that it was Roy of the administration department who granted her access to the sixty-eight floor with his card. She was there to clean the swimming pool yesterday.

What am I going to do now?

She had started out with enough time, but now she had been delayed.

Charlotte did consider asking for Roy's help. But when she recalled how he was avoiding her, she felt it would be a waste of time.

As she tried to press the other buttons, she realized the card granted her access to the forty-eight floor.

Once she arrived, she continued going up by using the stairs.

It was an eighteen story climb from the forty-eight floor to the sixty-sixth.

Still having a cold, Charlotte struggled up the steps with her legs trembling and head covered in sweat. Nevertheless, she persevered and reached the sixty-sixth floor at the very last minute.

When she exited the stairwell, her knees buckled and she almost fell down at the entrance of the meeting room.

At the crucial moment, a pair of hands grabbed onto her.

“Thank you...”

When she turned around panting, she saw a familiar face.

Her body froze in shock.

The moment Hector saw Charlotte, he too was stunned. The chivalrous smile on him turned awkward.

“Mr. Sterling!” The bodyguard beside him reminded softly.

Having heard the bodyguard, Hector regained his senses. He quickly let go and retreated half a step.

His actions devastated Charlotte.

She could feel her heart in turmoil and tears welling up in her eyes.

Realizing that Hector was looking at her, she was at a loss with what to do with her hands. One hand was holding tight to the food while the other was wiping the sweat off her brow and tidying up her messy hair.