

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 158

“What’s in that head of yours? Do you even have a brain?” Zachary said, giving her head a light knock.

Feeling embarrassed about her actions, Charlotte explained hastily, “That man looked almost identical to you! And... and he was driving your car, and he even wore the same mask as you, so I thought...”

She paused for a moment and then began bombarding him with questions, “Why is he driving your car? Even the license plates are the same! What is going on? Even if he made a replica of your mask, how could he have...”

“And that’s why you got the wrong person?” Zachary replied crudely. “You were going to let him f*ck you, weren’t you?”

“No... I wasn’t...” Charlotte shook her head frantically. “He didn’t even touch me! I-”

“If I hadn’t arrived in time...”

Zachary inhaled deeply. Just thinking about it was infuriating for him. He roughly grabbed her face and kissed her...

“Mmph...” Charlotte tried pushing him away, but her heart was telling her to give in.

His kiss was intense, like a harsh storm. It felt more like a punishment than a sweet kiss, as if he were trying to claw away all traces of other people from her body, replacing them with his own bitemarks.

Charlotte felt like she was suffocating from the kiss. She lay weakly in his arms, giving him the authority to do whatever he pleased.

As they entwined, she felt his breaths become heavy, and she could feel his boner pressing onto her body.

Feeling startled, her heart rate soared.

Even as she tried to push him away, he seemed unwilling to let go. Caressing her cheek, he stroked her swollen lips with his thumb, his gaze darkening with desire.

“Promise me that this is the last time. I won’t be there to save you if you ever do something like this again!” His voice was raspy.

“Yes, yes!” Charlotte nodded and said, “I’ll never do that again!”

It was only then that she realized that even with the same appearance, he had a unique scent on his body different from anyone else. Even his gaze and tone had distinct qualities.

He’s my one and only.

“Little idiot,” he said lovingly as he ran his fingers through her hair, pulling her closer.

In his head, he was beginning to doubt his feelings for her. She’s just a troublesome woman who disgusts me, but why am I worrying and thinking about her more and more?

What’s the matter with me?

Charlotte leaned against his body like a puppy trying to keep warm. The sound of his strong, steady heartbeat was oddly reassuring to her ears.

The atmosphere of the room became warm and fuzzy, stirring up something in their hearts.

Stroking her smooth shoulder lightly, Zachary could feel his desire burning from within.

“Gigolo... “ Charlotte whispered. “Are you really Gigolo?”

Zachary’s fingers stiffened a little. Frowning, he said, “What the f*ck are you on about?”

“Oh, how I wish that you’re not Gigolo... “

Charlotte sighed inwardly. If only he weren’t Gigolo, if he likes kids too, then we can be a happy family of seven.

“Who would you wish for me to be then?” It was a question that he had never discussed with her.

“Anyone. Just someone with a regular job, I guess,” she replied. “Even if you are a taxi driver, security guard, or some company’s employee, I’d be fine with it... “

Zachary was rendered speechless.

His brows furrowed deeper. It seems like she hasn’t joined the dots yet, about his true identity.

But is that really a bad thing? At least I can still keep up the act...

“Alright then, let’s sleep,” he said suddenly.

Zachary sat up and carried Charlotte to the bed.

While pulling for her blanket, Charlotte ended up tugging on the bathrobe wrapped around Zachary instead. Upon realizing that he was not wearing anything inside, her face turned red as a tomato as she flipped to the other side.

Zachary calmly pulled her into his embrace. His long, muscular arms were locked around her. “Stop moving around so much. Else, I don’t know if I can control myself.”