

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 95

An extended Rolls-Royce crawled away from the building.

Charlotte sat in the backseat, admiring the ruby necklace. It was almost the same as the one she sold, except for the gemstone color.

“Aren’t you sick of staring at that?” Zachary looked at her while swirling the wine in the glass elegantly.

He couldn’t take his eyes off her. His gaze traveled from her porcelain skin, up her flawless face and rosy lips that would make a grown man lose his mind.

He teased the hem of her dress with his leg. When she lifted her head and their eyes met, he asked her to sit closer.

Zachary’s casual seduction pulled Charlotte’s mind away from what had occurred at the auction. She blinked at him and mustered her courage to speak her mind. “Mr. Nacht...”

Her words stuck in her throat. After witnessing how he ruthless he was when dealing with those who had offended him, Charlotte began to hesitate.

I guess no woman has ever rejected the advances from a man of such a high social status. What if he chokes me to death on the spot just because I turn him down?

She trembled at the thought of what might happen to her if she said no.

“Yes?” Zachary teased her again with his leg.

“This... Take it back.” She handed the necklace to him.

His eyes narrowed slightly as he saw the accessory. The excitement gradually wore off and his expression turned cold. "What are you doing?"

"Mr. Nacht, I'm just a mere security guard at your company. I can't accept this; it's too valuable," she said cautiously.

"Why didn't you say anything when you jumped into my arms?" He looked pissed.

"If I rejected your gift earlier, I would be dishonoring you in front of your peers." Charlotte a smile on her face. "Mr. Nacht, I don't deserve you. You are too good for me." The words finally escaped her mouth. She made herself clear.

He leaned back and glared at her. "What do you mean?"

Gosh! Why can't he read the situation? Do I have to spell it out?

His response really irked her, but she put a bright smile on her face and said, "Well, you are very kind to me. You sent me home to treat my injuries, gave me precious gifts and even stood up for me. I really appreciate it and I will surely repay your kindness. But I just can't accept your love, because..."

He was listening carefully and patiently.

"Because I am not worthy of your love," she continued. "I'm not from a prominent family; I have no money, no status... Nothing. All I have is the past that was too unbearable to even mention."

"That doesn't matter. Is that all?"

She was stunned for a moment. He didn't even flinch. What do I do? Should I tell him I have three kids? Wait, that would probably put me in trouble. What if he gets angry and harms my kids? He is so unpredictable that nothing is impossible. What should I say?

"Yes?" He started to lose his patience.

"And I... I slept with a-a gigolo!" she blurted out those words in a panic. Her intelligent response surprised her. "Are you fine with that?"

"How many times?" He furrowed his brows and gave her a serious face.

She raised her index finger and said carefully, "One. Just once. And it was on the news. I bet everyone saw that."

"That was all in the past now. You can stop doing it from now on." He squeezed the last bit of his patience. "Anything else?"