

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 132

Zachary did not reply and stared at her coldly while the corner of his lips curled up.

His attitude only scared Charlotte even more.

“You were really the one who saved me?” She asked him carefully.

“You didn’t even know who saved you?” Zachary retorted.

“I...”

Charlotte wanted to tell him that she did not know what happened then because she was drugged and was in a semi-conscious state, but she stopped herself.

It was not something glorious after all. If he was not the one that saved her, she was just going to be setting herself up.

“Forget it. I’ll never get an answer from you.” She tried to change the topic and complained, “Mr. Nacht, please let me out. I still have to work.”

“I saved you,” Zachary suddenly returned to the previous topic. “How do you want to repay me?”

“It can’t be you...” Charlotte was alarmed. “If you are the one who saved me...how is that possible?”

“I was out for a drink, and coincidentally, I was there.” Zachary let out another puff of smoke then glanced at her arrogantly. “Even if someone bullied my dog, I will step in to help. It is an act of charity to me.”

“How is that possible...” Charlotte was confused. “The one who saved me was...”

She thought she saw the “Gigolo In Debt”. What on earth is going on?

“You were drugged and clearly very thirsty. Also, you kept moving in my arms...” Zachary teased. “You even wanted me to...”

“That’s not possible...” Charlotte fervently denied. There were a ton of questions at the back of her head. “The man who saved me was my boyfriend. After it happened, I woke up to him. How can it be you...”

Before she could finish, Zachary pulled her into his arms.

She wanted to resist but was locked in his arms without the space to move at all.

“What are you trying to do? Let go of me right now.”

Charlotte struggled as much as she could. However, the more she did that, the more it aroused Zachary’s desire for her.

“That day, you were not like that...” The man slurred.

He lifted her chin to look at her flawless face and beautiful eyes. The sight sent his blood pumping and his body burning with desire for her...

“That day, you took the initiative to kiss me. It was like this...”

He whispered huskily and nibbled on her earlobe. Instantly, the fiery touch threw Charlotte’s sanity out of the window.

She froze and stood nervously. Her voice sounded like a moan as she croaked, “No...”

“You also did this...”

He slowly moved towards her cheek, pressing his lips against it before he moved to her neck, chin and rosy, red lips.

The moment Zachary’s lips touched hers, Charlotte felt a wave of warmth rise within her body. She was slowly losing control.

“No...mmm...”

She seemed like a helpless kitten, shaking uncontrollably.

Her previously stiff body seemed to slump over, melting into his arms.

Regardless, there was a voice in her head reminding her repeatedly. No, no, no...

Meanwhile, Zachary was enjoying this side of her, fragile and delicate. His movements became more intense, and his hand moved to the bottom of her skirt.

“Oh...” Charlotte shuddered and instantly snapped to her senses. She pushed him away in panic.

However, she did not manage to push him away. As she used too much strength, the wound on her shoulder split open again. The pain was so intense that her face turned pale, and she started to sweat.

Reluctantly, Zachary loosened his grip on her. He licked his lips longingly, with desire still burning in his eyes.

Charlotte took the chance to back away and straighten her clothes.

Looking at her pained expression, he knew that she aggravated her wound again, so he went over to check on her.

Instead, Charlotte warned, "Don't come over here."

Zachary frowned but compromised, "Okay."

Following that, he snapped his fingers again, and the lock on the door opened again.

Charlotte ran as fast as her legs could carry her, like she was running away from the devil.