

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 156

“Do you remember the last time when we did it here in the car? You were so into it, weren’t you... “
Chris whispered in Charlotte’s ears with the last shred of his rationality. “Don’t be afraid. I’ll be gentle... “

“No!” Charlotte tried pushing him away, but to no avail.

With the effect of the drug completely taking over him, Chris felt as if he was burning, with all the blood in his body surging toward his groins.

He took off his clothes, grabbed Charlotte’s hands, and leaned in for a kiss.

As Charlotte turned her head away by reflex, she noticed something odd about his lower back.

The wolf head tattoo that was supposed to be there was nowhere to be seen.

Her eyes widened in shock. It’s not him! It’s not!

How can this be?

“Babe, I want it. Give it to me... “ Chris growled, his lips closing up onto her red lips.

“You liar!” Charlotte slapped him. “You freaking liar!”

“What?” Chris blurted out, coming to his senses from the pain.

“You’re not him! You don’t have the wolf head tattoo on your back!” Charlotte yelled. “Who are you? Why are you pretending to be him? What are you trying to do?”

“Does that really matter?”

Chris could not even think straight. All that his body was telling him to do was to make love to the woman before him.

“I love you, Charlotte. I want you. You’re mine... “

Grabbing both of her wrists, he restrained them with a hand and began stripping her clothes off with the other.

“No!” Charlotte thrashed against him.

Screech! At that very moment, a Rolls-Royce collided violently with the Lamborghini that she was in.

The impact was so severe that Chris fell over, freeing Charlotte from his grasp.

Rushing to open the car door, Charlotte tripped, landing on the hard pavement and rolling into the bushes as she got out.

A stinging pain immediately shot up her shoulders and neck.

She tried to get up, but her arms felt weak and gave way, slamming her back onto the ground.

A pair of black leather shoes suddenly appeared in her sight. Panicking, she instinctively retreated.

However, after taking a closer look at the person in front of her, her jaw dropped.

The towering silhouette of a man seemed to sparkle in the darkness of the night. Through his mysterious mask, a pair of eyes burning with anger could be seen.

It's him! He's here!

"Gigolo..." She called out his name by instinct.

At that moment, Charlotte was certain that the man she had been waiting for had finally come.

Zachary bent down and carried her into an embrace, his deep voice sounding in her ear, "Why didn't you listen to me?" He was trying his best to sound gentle and calm.

"Oh, it's really you!" Charlotte could no longer hold back her tears. She put her arms around his neck and cried, "I thought that I would never see you again!"

"Babe..." Chris mumbled as he finally got himself out of the car to go after Charlotte.

However, what greeted his eyes was a masked man in black, who was carrying Charlotte and walking toward him.

It was as if he were the god of the underworld guarding his lover.

Meeting his death glare, Chris felt as if he was looking at the devil himself.

"Hey... I..." Chris was speaking so softly that he could not even hear himself clearly.

Though the effects of the drug had not worn off completely, Chris was still well aware that Zachary could end his life with just a snap of his fingers.

Just as he had expected, Zachary began choking him with one hand, and the strength of his grip was suffocating.

“Urgh... “

Chris’s pupils dilated as his face turned a grotesque purple color. Struggling helplessly, his voice cracked and trailed off.

“Go to hell!” Zachary swore, overwhelmed by rage.

“Zac... ach... “

Chris rasped with his hoarse voice in the last attempt to save himself.

Zachary’s grip, however, only got tighter and tighter.