

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 226

At the thought of that, Charlotte let her arms fall. She stopped resisting him and bit on Zachary's shoulder vengefully.

She mustered all her strength into the bite as if she wanted to tear off a piece of him.

However, Zachary appeared to have felt no pain. Not only did he not resist nor push her away, he even continued to let her bite him.

Only when she tasted the tangy scent of blood did Charlotte stop. Moving away from him, she shot him a defiant glare.

"Very well..."

That was the feral side of her that Zachary liked. Pinching her cheeks, he gently brushed his thumb across the corner of her lips where his blood was.

Lust stirred in his eyes like an impending storm. His Adam's apple bobbed and he hoarsely muttered, "I'll deal with you later tonight."

Then, he moved away from her.

After all, there were things to do, and he was not the kind to sidetrack from serious matters.

However, Charlotte would not let an opportunity like this slide past her. She quickly hooked her arms around his neck and leaned forward to kiss him.

Stunned by her actions, Zachary turned as still as a statue.

Charlotte's kiss was like fire as well as water, passionate and inexperienced at the same time.

She was doing her best to mimic the way he had kissed her, hoping to make him stay.

That way, she could stop him from interrogating them, and she would be able to keep the children a secret.

What Charlotte did not know was that she was playing with fire.

Soon, Charlotte awakened the lust that Zachary had been suppressing in him. Now out of control, he pinned her under him again. As he rained kisses on her, his hands got to work.

Although Charlotte was trembling from the dread, she continued to cooperate with him.

Soon, the two were entwined in a symphony of love and hate.

There were several times Charlotte tried to pull his shirt away to get a glimpse of his back, but he always caught her hand in time.

What always followed was his vicious punishment for her.

Eventually, she ran out of energy and stopped trying to check, but the fact that he was wary of her action was in itself an answer.

Marino was the bodyguard who was driving the MPV at the time. His face turned bright red upon hearing the commotion behind him in the car.

Ben in the front passenger seat spotted Marino's reddened face whispered to him, "Eyes on the road, and don't think too much about it."

"No. Of course not," Marino hastily said, "But Ben, are we still heading to the secret room?"

"That..." After pondering about it, Ben replied, "We can't go against Mr. Nacht's words, but with the stamina he has, I'd say this will go on for a while."

"So..."

"Let's park at a secluded place first."

"Understood."

It was already midnight when the tussle ended.

By then, Charlotte was totally exhausted. After a while of sprawling on the seat, she fell into a deep sleep.

Zachary put on his clothes again and started smoking next to her. When he stared at the sleeping Charlotte, complicated emotions swirled in his eyes.

Upon finishing his cigarette, Zachary opened a sliver of the car window and instructed, "Let's head back."

"Huh? You're not going to interrogate them?" Ben was surprised.

“No,” came Zachary’s flat reply. “Lock the couple up for a few days. Let them out when they’re about to die from starvation so that they’ll remember this lesson well.”

“Of course.” Ben then informed the other subordinates about Zachary’s decision while Marino returned to the car and drove off.

Zachary covered Charlotte with his suit jacket and quietly watched her from the side.

On their way back, Marino wondered, “Ben, why did Mr. Nacht suddenly change his mind?”

“It must be because Ms. Windt has a secret that she wants to keep from him. That’s why he’s not going to interrogate them. He did that so she won’t feel anxious.” Ben knew Zachary well.

“Oh,” Marino mumbled as he nodded, “But I still don’t get it.”

“You don’t need to get it. Focus on the road.” Ben smacked the back of his head.