

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 421

Charlotte trembled as she stole a glance at Zachary apprehensively.

Zachary narrowed his eyes at her as he made his way to her slowly.

“Mr. Nacht, I thought...”

“What?” Zachary snapped before Peter could finish. “You thought I didn’t want her anymore, so you let her serve other men here?”

“No, that’s not what I meant...”

Zachary was already grabbing Peter by his neck before the latter could explain further.

The force he exerted almost crushed his windpipes.

Peter widened his mouth as he rolled his eyes back, veins popping on his forehead. He reached out as an attempt to free himself but to no avail. His hands slumped to his side.

“No...” Olivia lurched forward. “Let him go!”

Zachary’s bodyguard stopped her in her tracks. She did not even get close to his side.

“This has nothing to do with him. Please let him go,” Charlotte pleaded.

Her pleas fell on deaf ears as Zachary tightened his grip. It seemed as if he wanted to take Peter’s life right then and there.

“Zachary Nacht!” Charlotte could not hold it in any longer and growl at him. “You’re the one who got engaged with someone else, and you’re the one who fired me. Who are you to act like you’re the saint?”

It worked like a charm.

Zachary slowly loosened his grip and turned around to gauge the woman with an icy cold gaze. "What did you say?"

"I..." Charlotte widened her mouth and said nothing further. She was just trying to divert his attention. There was no way she was truly putting the blame on him.

"Charlotte Windt!" Zachary enunciated her name and grabbed her by the back of her head, edging her close to himself as he glared at the woman. "You really pissed me off this time!"

Then, he proceeded to drag the woman by her hair, making his way to his private room.

"What are you doing? Let her go." Olivia wanted to stop the man but was blocked by Ben. "Don't worry, miss. It's just lover's spat."

"How can a lover's spat be this violent?" Olivia could not bring herself to believe what Ben was saying. "You guys can't do this. Let her go or I'll call the police."

"Why would we bother to save her if she's not my boss' lover?" Ben explained patiently to her. "Lady, our time is much too precious to waste."

"But..." Before Olivia wanted to say anything, she was stopped by Peter.

He was soothing his neck with one hand, and clutching Olivia's hand with the other. In a croaky voice, he said, "Mr. Nacht is Charlotte's boyfriend."

Olivia had only stopped going after her friend after listening to Peter. She turned around and noticed that Charlotte had already been dragged inside the private room by the formidable man.

"Ah, it hurts..."

Charlotte felt as if her scalp was going to be torn off her head. She reached out to grab Zachary's arm, struggling to break free.

The man threw her on the sofa. He took a bottle of wine from the coffee table and started to pour it on the woman's face.

"Ugh..." Charlotte shook her head furiously, trying to dodge the wine from dribbling on her face. However, Zachary pinched her by the cheeks, essentially pinning her down and immobilized her.

It did not take long to finish the entire bottle.

Charlotte coughed repeatedly, choking from the wine pouring down on her face. Her face went red from suffocation.

Zachary hurled the bottle and distanced himself from the woman. He lit a cigarette and took a puff, all the while regarding the woman with an impassive face.

A fire was burning in his chest but he had no idea how to vent it all.

He would go all out to save her every time she was in danger.

When he knew that she had actually given birth to a set of triplets for another man, he burned with fury and jealousy, but still he could not bring himself to reprimand her.

He had even thrown his dignity out the window when he absolved her of any blame; getting into an argument with his grandfather, which resulted in him getting slapped across the face.

It was his first time getting struck by anyone, ever.

And yet this woman has the audacity to say that I'm acting like a saint?

With the thoughts running wild in his head, Zachary even had the intention of choking the woman to her death...

He tossed his cigar away and pounced on the girl like a beast, tearing off her clothes.

"No, let me go..." Charlotte struggled to break free but to no avail.

Soon, the only piece left was her white bra.

However, leaving her almost naked could not seem to pacify the man. Still boiling with fury, the man pinched the woman's cheeks and gouged out her contact lens...

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Charlotte was whimpering in pain over her eyes. She scratched on Zachary's arms hard, leaving bloodied lines all over.

However, the man seemed unfazed by the pain as she scratched on. He wiped off the lipstick on her lips and gritted through his teeth, "Look at yourself right now! You look like a whore!"

"What does it have to do with you? Let me go..."

Charlotte wrestled the man furiously.

However, the man opened another bottle of wine and poured it all over her face and body.

It seemed like he was trying to cleanse her sins off of her.

Charlotte finally fell silent when the man poured another bottle of wine over her. She slumped against the sofa, shifting uneasily from the heat, and panted lightly.

Her chest heaved up and down from the panting as she tried to catch her breath. The woman's porcelain-fair skin was accentuated by the ruby red liquid and the dim lighting, alluring and inviting.

Zachary's eyes burned with lust, but he did not lay a finger on her. He took off his coat and wrapped it around her half-naked body. Then, he carried her and exited the private room.

The woman leaned her head against his chest silently, drained from her previous attempt to free herself.

Zachary carried her all the way to his car and drove away.

His bodyguards knew better than to trail behind their boss.

Sultry Night was only a stone's throw away from Storm Hotel. They reached there in just a few minutes.

As usual, Zachary parked his car at the back of the hotel. The manager was already waiting to greet his guests.

He carried Charlotte upstairs and dumped her into a tub full of water.

Then, he turned around and headed to another bathroom to take a shower. However, he rushed back to the tub when he noticed sounds of water splashing.

He was greeted by the sight of Charlotte struggling in the bathtub as if she was about to drown.

"Idiot!"

Zachary was rendered speechless. I guess she will be breaking a world record as the first person who drowns herself in a bathtub.

However, he knew that the woman was drunk beyond her wits because of him. At that point, there was no way she could take care of herself.

He had no other choice but to bathe the woman himself.

The man removed the last piece of clothing still on the woman and cleaned her meticulously.

Her skin was velvety smooth and a pleasure to behold. However, there were a few scratches here and there from her struggles earlier.

His Adam's apple bobbed up and down from the enticing sensation. Despite the burning lust in his eyes, Zachary tried his best to hold the beast in himself in.

He had wanted to wash her hair but realized that it was not an easy endeavor. After fumbling with it for some time, he still had no idea where to start. Besides, it did not help when her hair was circling her neck, almost strangling her.

On top of the woman drifting in and out of consciousness, he had to steady her shoulders with his one hand, lest she fell into the tub and choked on the water.

Damn it, I never knew bathing a woman would be such an arduous task.

Zachary proceeded to struggle for another one hour before he was finally done.

He scooped her out of the tub and wrapped a towel around her body. Then, he placed her on the sofa and blow-dried the woman's hair.

She lay motionlessly against the sofa. Her cheeks pink from being intoxicated as she mumbled, "Thirsty... water..."

Zachary took a bottle of water and fed the woman.

She grabbed onto the bottle of water like a lost traveler in the desert who had found an oasis. It did not take her long to finish the whole bottle.

Then, he continued to dry her hair as he ran his fingers through the strands. He raised a brow at the sight before him. Why do women have so much hair, and why are they so long? It's such a hassle to wash and dry their hair.

After what seemed like an eternity, her hair was finally dry. He kept the hairdryer and turned around to make way to the bathroom.

His clothes were soiled by the woman, and he had been dying to get out of it. Well, thanks to that woman, I'm only able to take these off now.

Yet another first, Ms. Windt. Zachary had never taken care of another soul his whole life. It seemed as if the woman had been defying every single one of his rules.

Thud! A sound could be heard outside.

Zachary dashed out of the bathroom to have a look. It was Charlotte. The woman had fallen off the sofa.

He furrowed his brows at the frustrating woman, and decided to just let her be as he continued to take a shower.

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Just when he was taking a bath, a silhouette made its way into the bathroom. It seemed like it was looking for some water to drink...

Zachary turned around and the woman bumped right into him. She lifted her head, opened her mouth, and just drank the water that came trickling down.

Like a person lost in a desert, she was looking for just any water to quench her thirst.

Charlotte was already wet all over from the water. Her skin was smooth as a pearl.

Zachary was dumbstruck at the sight of her sultry gaze and the way she smacked her lips. This alluring little minx can really do things to me.

He could feel the beast within him struggling to break free. Zachary could not hold it any longer as he circled her into his embrace as he kissed her forcefully.

“Mmm...”

Charlotte let out a soft moan like a helpless kitten. Her weak body trembled in the man’s embrace but she made no attempts to resist his touch.

Charlotte’s body seemed to have accustomed to the man’s touch.

He kissed her fervently all over as she moaned begrudgingly. The man could no longer hold it in as he claimed the woman.

She circled her hands tightly around the man’s neck as she shuddered and wept.

Perhaps Zachary had been holding it in for too long, he went all out on Charlotte mercilessly as he ravaged her over and over again.

From the bathroom to the sofa and finally on the bed. Her pleas fell on deaf ears.

He had only stopped at the break of dawn. Zachary hugged her onto the bed as he circled the woman in his arms and fell into a deep slumber.

Charlotte was tucked out from the rendezvous. She edged herself closer to the man and fell asleep listening to his steady heartbeat.

Zachary's coat was strewn across the carpet. His phone inside the coat buzzed repeatedly and woke him up. He narrowed his eyes at the buzzing distraction. Edging Charlotte closer to himself, the man fell asleep again.

"Water..." Charlotte was mumbling. She had too much to drink, and hence was yearning for water to quench her thirst.

Zachary turned to a side and reached out to fetch a water bottle for her.

She leaned against his chest and chugged the bottle of water.

The woman seemed like a baby on her milk bottle, and Zachary could not help but find her adorable.

The man's lips curled into a smile as he observed the woman intently without a word.

Charlotte burped aloud and handed the bottle back to him.

He threw the bottle onto the floor, turned around, and pinned her beneath his body.

"Again?" Charlotte knitted her brows helplessly. "I'm dog-tired."

"I'll be gentler this time..."

Zachary planted a kiss on her lips, reeling in the last drop of water on her lips. Then, he pulled the blanket over their heads and pinned her down, claiming her once again.

Charlotte cupped his face as she watched the man lost himself in passion.

She noticed the yearning and obsession in his eyes, and noticed herself in his gaze...

I... like this.

As he climaxed, Zachary bit her earlobes and grunted her name, "Charlotte..."

She hugged him tight and closed her eyes as she moaned, "Yes..."

"Do you love me?" Zachary blurted out.

Stumped, Charlotte widened her eyes in disbelief as she zoned out at the ceiling. She was at a loss for words.

The man's face fell at the lack of a response. He felt a rock weighing down on his chest and a sense of remorse washed over him. I shouldn't have asked such a stupid question.

He wished he could retract his words right then.

Feigning indifference, he removed himself from her and got off the bed.

Looking at his back, Charlotte asked abruptly, "Zachary, have you... fallen in love with me?"

She felt it this time. For real.

There was no mistaking it. The passionate yet loving gestures when they were making love; the way he stared into her eyes; the way he would be roused even at her slightest movements; the way he hugged her tight throughout the night; the way he patted her on the back ever so gently, and the way he planted kisses on her forehead...

These... are what people do when they're in love.

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Zachary had his back against her and did not answer her question. He froze for a few seconds before getting up and heading to the bathroom.

Charlotte pouted at the lack of response. She slumped back onto her pillow and continued to sleep.

She was completely depleted of her energy. The soreness in her body made her feel as if she was about to break apart.

Charlotte had lost count of the times they made love last night. She wanted to just stay in bed right then.

Zachary finally came out of the shower. His lower body was still wrapped in a towel as he dried his hair with another one. Picking up his phone from the floor, he noticed three missed calls from Sharon.

There were a couple of texts from Ben as well. He did not even look at the texts before casting his phone aside.

He averted his gaze to the woman deep in her slumber on the bed and was furious at the sight.

She couldn't even answer me properly when I asked her whether she loved me or not.

And yet she's sleeping so well right now?

Zachary walked over to the bed and removed the blanket. Then, he slapped Charlotte's butt, hard.

"Ouch!" Charlotte let out a shriek. She turned around looked indignantly at the man. "What are you doing?"

"You are one heartless woman," Zachary pinched her cheeks.

"I'm a tired woman..." She pushed his hands away and hugged her pillow. "I need some more sleep."

"No more sleeping!" Zachary retracted her pillow, grabbed her arms, and put it over her head. In a domineering manner, he ordered, "You are not allowed to work at Sultry Night anymore. Do you understand?"

"Hey man, I gotta make a living..." Charlotte narrowed her eyes wearily. "I can't find a job outside, and I need to bear Mrs. Berry's treatment costs. Plus, I have three kids to feed, remember?"

"Didn't I give you two million already?" Zachary demanded. "Have you spent it all already?"

"I spent it..." Charlotte bit her tongue right before she was going to blurt it all out. "All. Yes, I spent it all."

"Why didn't you come and look for me then?" Zachary grasped her chin, forcing her to look him right in his eyes. "Twenty-one days. Miss, you went twenty-one days without a text or call. Is your phone for show or what?"

"News flash, mister. I have dignity," Charlotte pursed her lips in a displeased manner. "Plus, you're going to be engaged to another woman soon. And don't forget the fact that you're the one who chased me away. I cannot bear to shamelessly go looking for you, alright?"

"Are you jealous? Hmm?" Zachary paid no heed to her explanation and tried hard to search for even a flicker of evidence that the woman actually reciprocated his feelings.

"This has nothing to do with me being jealous. We are talking about my dignity here."

Zachary felt bitterness creeping up within himself at her answer. He pushed her away and turned around to put on his clothes.

"Are you leaving already?" Charlotte was at a loss yet again. She did not understand how she had offended the man and felt helpless.

The man continued to button his shirt slowly, paying no heed to her.

"Alright, I'd better get up too then."

Charlotte got up from the bed and hunted for some clothes in the wardrobe as usual. There was an array of clothes fit for her, and a couple of fresh innerwear as well.

Nonchalantly, she picked out a set and changed into it. Then, she searched high and low for her phone. "Have you seen my phone?"

Still, Zachary did not care to respond.

Charlotte was starting to get exasperated and searched the bathroom. In the end, she found her phone beside the bathtub.

Her phone was soaking wet. Luckily though, her phone was water-resistant. She wiped her phone dry and unlocked it. There were a few missed calls. Two were from Olivia while a couple more were from her triplets.

After looking at the time, she realized that it was already eleven in the morning. She promised that she would spend the weekend with her children.

Charlotte hurriedly washed up. As she was putting her shoes on, she said to Zachary, "I have to leave now for some family stuff."

"Let me send you home," Zachary said as he put on his coat.

"Um.. I think it's fine." Charlotte was about to decline the man's offer when he had his hands on the back of her head, pushing her out of the room.

"Could you be gentler?" Charlotte complained in a low voice.

"Shut up!" Zachary wrapped his arms around her shoulders and into his embrace. Their height difference made them a cute couple.

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Charlotte lost the will to struggle herself free. She snuggled in his embrace.

The cold made her circled her arms around his waist as she buried her face in his chest. She closed her eyes and let him bring her wherever they were headed.

Their intimate demeanor resembled an adorable couple and would warm the hearts of any onlooker.

A pair of mother-daughter duo entered the elevator. The little girl looked about four or five. Innocently, she pointed at Charlotte and asked her mother in a low voice, "Mommy, why is that woman sleeping while standing?"

"She's too tired, sweetie." The mother crouched down and told her daughter, "Let's be quiet so that we don't disturb her."

"I thought only kids could fall asleep while being hugged. So big sisters could do it too," the little girl commented naively.

The mother could not help but chuckle at her daughter's innocent remarks. She cast an envious look at the cute couple and smiled. "That big brother protects her like she's a little kid. That's why."

Charlotte subconsciously lifted her head and met Zachary's gaze. She noticed the loving look in his eyes.

Moved by his affectionate look, she tiptoed and gave him a kiss on the lips.

His body stiffened for a moment as he looked at her with a blank expression. Then, his lips slowly curled into an enticing smile.

This is the first time she's hugging and kissing me in the public.

And she's not doing it because she's forced to. It's because she can't hold it in...

That was the reason he was smitten with the woman.

Ding! The elevator's door sprung open, and the mother-daughter duo left.

Zachary pressed her head against his chest and carried her out of the elevator.

"Let me down. People are watching!" Charlotte was hot from embarrassment.

"I carried you upstairs like this too yesterday, and I recalled that there was no objection."

Zachary carried her all the way to his car and placed her in the passenger seat. Then, he walked over to the other side and climbed into the driver's seat.

Just after he started the car, Charlotte's phone rang. She hurriedly answered the call, "Hello, Robbie? Mommy will be back soon, say about half an hour."

"Don't worry, Mommy. You're just too tired from overtime work and slept at your friend's place."

"Mommy is not canceling our plans today. I'll get home and make lunch for you guys. Then, we'll head to the hospital and visit Mrs. Berry together. Be good, and wait for mommy at home."

After hanging up the phone, she cast a meek look at Zachary. She was afraid that the man might throw tantrums like he used to, especially since he thought the triplets' father was Michael.

He would imagine her body getting intertwined with Michael whenever the latter's name came up, and in turn getting all worked up...

However, things seemed different this time. Not only did he not get angry, but he asked rather calmly, "Don't you have nurses taking care of them? I can arrange for nannies if they're still shorthanded."

"No, no. It's more than enough," she hurriedly added. "It's just that the kids love my cooking. Besides, I've promised to make them lunch today."

"I've never had a taste of your cooking," Zachary raised his brow in a displeased manner.

"I will be sure to cook for you in the future," she said with a sweet smile. "Although I'm not sure if you'll enjoy my cooking since you're already used to having gourmet meals."

"Well, I'll give it a try." Zachary glanced at his buzzing phone. However, he had no intention of picking it up.

"Why aren't you picking it up..."

She swallowed her words at the sight of the caller ID. It was Sharon Blackwood.

The flickering name on the screen reminded her of a painful fact. Sharon was now his fiancée. Who am I then, exactly?

The warm atmosphere turned cold.

Charlotte lowered her head, saying nothing.

"I want to see you tonight." Zachary did not notice the change in her demeanor. Instead, he ordered, "I will pick you up at ten tonight."

"Why? So that you can f*ck me?" Charlotte asked icily. "What are we, exactly? Am I your secret lover? Your mistress?"