

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 811

"Mr. Nacht!" Marino trotted in. "They just parked their car."

"Got it." Zachary waved and they quickly left. He cleaned his wound and went to the bar counter around the dance floor for some drinks.

Just then, Charlotte came in with her bodyguards, attracting everyone's attention wherever they went. She thought she heard someone calling her from the crowd, but she didn't see anyone she knew when she looked around, so she ignored it and went to her room.

Just when she was going to call Gigolo, someone wrapped an arm around her shoulder. She looked back and saw that it was none other than Gigolo standing behind her.

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"You're late." Zachary rubbed her head. He could only do that to her when he was Gigolo.

"I got stuck on the way." Charlotte looked up at him and her gaze fell upon the wound on his neck. "What happened?" she asked on purpose.

"A dog bit me." Zachary arched his eyebrow and grinned.

"Are you messing with me?" Charlotte narrowed her eyes at him, but Zachary only smiled in silence before he took her back to his room.

"Let me take a look at that," Charlotte sat down on the sofa and commanded imperiously.

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"Help yourself." Zachary showed her his neck.

Charlotte unraveled the bandage and was surprised to see that it was a slash mark instead of a bite mark. "What happened?" She frowned.

“Got into a fight and someone cut me.” Zachary bandaged his wound again. “Good thing I jumped away fast, or you’d be mourning for me right now.”

“Be careful next time.” Charlotte chose to trust him and scolded herself for being paranoid. “Tell me if you run into anything you can’t settle. I can help you.”

“As a matter of fact, I am facing something that’s hard to settle by myself right now.” He leaned back on the sofa and swirled his glass around elegantly.

“What is it?” Charlotte looked at him.

Zachary took a sip of the wine and beckoned her. She reflexively huddled closer. Before she knew what was going on, Zachary kissed her and fed her the wine, forcing her to drink all of it.

Lupine and Morgan looked away and backed out of the room, leaving their employer and her lover locked in a passionate kiss.

Charlotte pounded at his chest and tried to push him away in frustration, but she couldn’t. In the end, she was force-fed the wine and goaded into a passionate kiss. Zachary’s kiss was feral but also loving, and it lit a flame within Charlotte.

She leaned against him, letting him do anything he wanted with her. The heat in the room was rising. Zachary slowly slid his hand higher up her thigh, closing in on her nether region and teasing her sensitive spot.

He finally stopped the kiss when she was about to suffocate. He brushed his lips across her cheek and he whispered, “You’re mine, and you always will be. Remember that.” He wanted to leave a mark on her before she left.

Charlotte looked at him with clouded eyes. That sounds familiar. I think someone told me the same thing once...

He kissed her again, this time more passionate and wilder. He was desperate to claim her for himself once more, for that was the only way he could keep her from leaving him for someone else.

Charlotte, shocked by the passion he showed that night. She pushed against him weakly but to no avail. It was as if he was an impenetrable iron wall. Damn, I'm giving in to him. My body's not doing what I'm telling it to.

It didn't take long for Zachary to pin her down on the sofa and take her pants off so he could enter her, but then someone hollered, "Let me in! I'm Olivia, Charlotte's friend! I know she still remembers me!"

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The couple was shocked about Olivia's arrival. Zachary frowned. Olivia's her best friend and knows a lot about us. Charlotte's going to take it the wrong way if she blabs about anything from the past.

"I need to use the restroom." Zachary went to the restroom in the room and texted Ben.

Charlotte straightened her clothes and went to see what was happening. "What's going on?"

"She says she's your friend, Ms. Lindberg."

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"Charlotte!" Olivia cried tears of joy at the sight of Charlotte. "It really is you! I'm not dreaming, am I?"

Charlotte fell into a trance the moment she saw Olivia. She thought Olivia looked and felt familiar, but she couldn't remember who Olivia was.

"Did you forget about me, Charlotte?" Olivia held her hands and cried. "Where have you and Mrs. Berry been these couple of years? I was searching all over for you guys."

"Mrs. Berry?" Charlotte froze. "You know who Mrs. Berry is?"

"What? Why wouldn't I? What happened to you, Charlotte?" Olivia was agitated. "Don't you recognize me? I'm your best friend, Olivia. My mother was your family's servant, and your father sponsored my studies. The Windt family has helped us a ton."

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"You even know about the Windts?" Charlotte was sure the lady before her was indeed her best friend.

"Why wouldn't I?" Olivia looked at her in disbelief. "Your father's Richard Windt, and he used to be the richest man in H City until someone plotted his death. You told me that, remember?"

"My father was killed?" Charlotte's eyes widened in shock. Shards of memory popped up in her head, trying to drill their way back into her mind. She clutched her head in pain, her face turning pale.

"What's wrong, Charlotte? Are you sick?" Olivia panicked and helped her up.

"What else do you know?" Charlotte grabbed her hand.

"I-I know you're married, and your husband is—" The door swung open before she could finish, and Zachary came out, still wearing his mask and emanating an icy cold aura. The moment Olivia's eyes fell upon him, she froze, her gaze filled with terror.

"What's wrong?" Zachary reached out and pulled Charlotte into his embrace. Charlotte leaned against him without any resistance.

Olivia staggered backward in horror. She couldn't understand why Charlotte had forgotten about her, and why she went back to the devil's arms.

"Olivia!" Just then, Peter came up and dragged her away. "So this is where you ran off to! Come with me right now! Kristi is looking for you everywhere!" He bowed to Zachary and Charlotte. "We're very sorry for bothering you, Mr. Nacht, Ms. Lindberg."

"What?" Olivia gripped Peter in confusion. "What did you call Charlotte, Peter?"

"That's not Charlotte, Olivia. That's Ms. Lindberg, the boss of Lindberg Corporation," he explained. "That's the company that can rival Nacht Group, the richest family in Erihal."

“What are you talking about? That’s Charlotte right there!”

“Alright, enough. You got the wrong person. Kristi’s such a loudmouth. I told her to keep it a secret, but I see she told you anyway. And she even brought you back. God...” Peter dragged Olivia away.

Standing in a dark corner, Ben was observing him. He went to ask Peter to take Olivia away the moment Zachary texted him. I wonder if he got there in time. I hope Olivia didn’t say anything unnecessary to Charlotte.

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“Don’t leave...” Charlotte wanted Olivia to stay, but her head was throbbing in pain. It took all she had to mumble, “Don’t let her leave...”

“What did you say, Ms. Lindberg?” Lupine didn’t hear it.

“It’s rowdy here. I’ll take her in so she can rest up.” Zachary took Charlotte and left. Lupine and Morgan tried to follow him, but he disappeared from their sights a short while later, much to their shock. They went around frantically trying to look for their employer.

Meanwhile, Zachary left with Charlotte from the back. She was already groggy from the pain. Marino was standing quite some distance away with the Pagani beside him. He tossed the key to Zachary, and Zachary took it. He went into the car with Charlotte and covered her with his suit before driving away into the night.

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After Marino saw him off, he asked, “I thought Mr. Nacht said he can’t drive the Pagani now because a normal gigolo can’t afford even a tire change?”

“Ms. Lindberg is suspecting him now. She probably sent someone to keep an eye on us when we came out earlier. Driving another car would only make her suspicions worse,” Ben whispered. “Enough of this talk. Keep those women busy for now. I’ll meet up with Peter.”

"What? Why me?"

"Who else is there? Make sure you aren't recognized." Ben handed Marino a black fox's mask. "All Sultry Night hosts use this."

"What..."

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Charlotte's headache subsided after half an hour, and she looked around groggily. When she noticed she was in a Pagani, the first thing she asked was, "Where did you get the money for the tire change?"

"I sold my Benz," he answered seriously.

"I thought I gave you the money for the repairs." She massaged her temple.

"I was worried you might want it back, so I didn't spend it," Zachary joked.

"I see." Charlotte smiled and looked into the rear-view mirror. Lupine and Morgan didn't follow us? She tried to call Lupine, but her phone was dead.

"Wanna use my phone?" Zachary handed her his phone.

"It's fine." Charlotte didn't take it. "Take me to Rokan Hill."

"You're not going back to Ashenville Garden?" Zachary looked at her.

"No. I have to go back tomorrow." Charlotte stared at her watch, looking conflicted. "Did my bodyguards follow you when you took me out?"

"They did, but they lost us halfway through," Zachary answered easily. He had to admit that Charlotte was a lot more alert compared to how she was two years ago. She would notice something was wrong no matter how perfect his cover was.

"Useless," Charlotte muttered under her breath.

"Ooh, fierce." He pinched her cheek. "I can keep you safe too, you know."

As he spoke, a few jeeps tried to catch up to them. Zachary wanted to speed up and lose them, but Charlotte said, "Slow down."

"What?" Zachary was surprised, but Charlotte held the steering wheel and led the car to the roadside. Left with no choice, Zachary slowed down and stopped the car.

The five jeeps quickly surrounded the Pagani before a group of young armed thugs alighted from the jeeps, looking ready to fight. Zachary knew they weren't Zara's henchmen or any of his powerful foes' lackeys. Could they be...

"Get out, you b*tch!" the leader of the group roared, but instead of getting out of the car, Charlotte lowered the convertible top.

As the Pagani's roof was slowly retracted back, the silvery moonlight shone coldly on Charlotte. She raised her chin and stared at the men coolly. "Who sent you guys?"

"Think long and hard about it, b*tch." The men came closer with their weapons in hand. "But you ain't getting a chance, because I'm beating you to a pulp tonight!"

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Charlotte sneered, but she didn't look like she would accept the challenge, as if thinking that the thugs were beneath her.

"Do you want them dead or alive?" Zachary unbuckled his seatbelt and got out of the car.

"Somewhere in between." Charlotte scanned the thugs and looked at the time. "There are twenty of them. Can you finish them in twenty minutes?"

"That's more than enough." Zachary stood in front of the car and beckoned the thugs. "Alright, come at me then, you b*stards."

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“You arrogant f*cker!” the leader roared, and his lackeys charged toward Zachary, swinging their bats.

Zachary aimed a kick at one of the lackeys, sending him flying backward before crashing into his comrades along the way. The other lackeys were shocked, and they halted their steps, afraid that they would get hurt next.

“Don’t just stand there! Get him!” their leader bellowed. “There’s twenty of us against him! It’s impossible to lose!”

The thugs armed with knives took two steps forward, but they backed off when they locked eyes with Zachary.

“F*cking cowards. Do you want the money or not?” The leader charged toward Zachary himself, and his lackeys followed his lead.

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Zachary looked at the time. Seeing that not much time was left, he ramped up the speed of the fight, downing each and every one of the thugs with alarming speed.

The Pagani’s headlights shone on him as if he was the only star of the fight. Charlotte leaned back languidly and rested her eyes. Her head was still throbbing, and she was getting tired.

The sound of weapons clashing, the curses, and the screams that were coming from the chaotic scene didn’t perturb her the least bit. She was immersed in her own world of silence.

“Get that woman right now!” The leader and a dozen of his lackeys surrounded Zachary, while another two went ahead to capture Charlotte.

Charlotte slowly opened her eyes when she felt the murderous intent coming for her, and she noticed a gleaming blade coming for her neck, but someone snatched it from the lackey before it could hit her.

A scream pierced the night, and blood was splattered on her face. She frowned unhappily, but a moment later, she realized Zachary was already done with his fight, for the group of lackeys was now lying on the ground before the car, moaning in pain.

She looked at the time. Thirteen minutes. He defeated twenty armed men without any weapon in thirteen minutes. That's decent.

Zachary dusted his hands off and frowned when he saw the blood on the bonnet. "Time for a car wash."

"And a change of clothes." Charlotte raised her chin.

He looked at his shirt and realized it was drenched in blood. He didn't kill anyone. He only taught the lackeys who tried to lay their hands on Charlotte a lesson, though it still spilled some blood.

"Get in," she urged. Zachary turned around and saw the silver Rolls-Royce closing in on them when he got into the car. Lupine, Morgan, and a few others got out of the car and cleaned up after their employer.

"I want to know who's behind this. You have one hour," she commanded.

"Yes, Ms. Lindberg." Her bodyguards obliged. Charlotte raised the roof, and Zachary drove away.

It was a silent night.

Zachary handed her a few tissue papers, and she wiped the blood off her face. She then blurted, "Who are you anyway?"

Zachary paused, and he looked at her. "Who do you think I am then?"

"Not a normal gigolo for sure." Charlotte didn't beat about the bush. "I trust that you won't hurt me, but I want to know why you came to me."

"Because I want you to come back to me," Zachary blurted without thinking, for that was what he truly felt.

Charlotte was stupefied. She had a lot of guesses about his reason, but she never expected him to give that answer.