

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 155

“Just a bottle of beer.” Chris also thought he was a little strange tonight. “It’s weird, I usually don’t feel anything even after drinking a dozen bottles.”

“You’d better pull over and call for a driver,” Charlotte hurriedly reminded, “You can’t violate traffic rules.”

“If we stop now, they will catch up soon.” He cautiously stared at the rearview mirror.

“Why do I feel that you are more afraid of my boss than I am?” she asked casually.

His eyes flickered, but he soon justified himself. “Aren’t you afraid of running into him? I don’t want to cause you trouble.”

“Don’t talk about this for now. Let’s call a driver,” she urged.

“Don’t worry, I know myself.”

Seizing every opportunity, Chris drove the car to the suburbs at breakneck speed as if he were in a race.

“What are you doing? You can’t speed in the city. Stop now.”

Charlotte turned to look at him.

He’s flushed and sweaty. Something must be wrong with him.

“You were like me that day...” She suddenly came to a realization and widened her eyes in astonishment. “Did someone drug you?”

“No way...”

He recalled carefully. The three girls clung to me. A girl kissed me but I quickly pushed her away. I then took a large glass of beer in front of me and drank it.

Could I have been drugged at that time?

“Stop the car.” Charlotte panicked; she could feel his restlessness.

“Don’t be afraid, baby...” Chris held her hand and kissed the back of it as he panted. “I will be responsible to you.”

“You...” She became more nervous when she heard it. “Don’t mess around. Let’s go to the hospital.”

“You little fool, what’s the use of going to the hospital for this kind of thing...” He looked at her tenderly. “I need an antidote; you are my antidote...”

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Bar DTT.

Zachary sat on the silver leather chair and spun the rhodium ring on his finger.

Although his face was still cold and frosty, his slightly frowning brows had exposed his thoughts...

After Ben made a round of inspections, he came forward and reported, “Ms. Windt indeed comes here as a singer and Mr. Broid also comes often. Fifteen minutes ago, the two left through the back door.”

Zachary lifted his gaze and stared at Peter coldly.

Peter lowered his head and said in fear, "Mr. Nacht, I didn't know Charlotte is yours, I-I thought..."

"You thought? Do you know how many people died of these two words!"

Zachary's tone was murderous.

"Mr. Nacht, please don't be angry!" Peter knelt on the ground with a bang.

Zachary did not do anything to him but got up and left. Without turning his head back, he ordered, "Stop running the bar; it only harms people!"

"Yes, Sir." Peter lowered his head and held his breath.

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Chris parked his car in the suburbs next to a lake.

When he opened the convertible, the cool breeze blew comfortably.

However, Charlotte did not feel comfortable. She was distraught seeing the way Chris was acting. "I-I'll go find a doctor for you..."

With that said, she wanted to push open the car door and run away, but he grabbed her hand...

"Baby, don't go." He pressed a button on her seat.

Charlotte's body slowly reclined. She struggled to get up, but he turned over and put his weight on her...

"Don't touch me!" She screamed in horror.

"Why do you resist me so much? You are mine..."

He gently stroked her hair, trying to restrain his desire and to be gentler so he would not scare her off...

"No..." Charlotte shook her head in a panic. Although she and gigolo had been together a long time ago and even had three children, for some reason she did not like his closeness and was instinctively resisting it.