

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 227

Charlotte groggily woke up after a long sleep.

When she did, she realized she was on her bed back at the Nachts' residence; every part of her body was aching.

She tried to return to her sleep, but many questions flitted across her mind instead—the interrogation, the truth, and the secret.

Those thoughts sobered her up, making her search for her phone in a panic.

“What are you looking for?”

A familiar voice traveled into her ears before the man walked out of the darkness. The mere sight of him made her shudder in apprehension.

“I-I’m looking for my phone.”

Charlotte nervously looked at him as she groaned in a silent regret. How can I fall into such deep sleep?

Has he already interrogated them and found out about the children during these few hours?

“It’s over there.” He pointed to her pillow.

She picked up the pillow and spotted her phone underneath it. However, her phone was switched off—it was out of battery.

Instantly, her heart started racing. She had just changed her phone a while ago. When they were in the car earlier, her phone still had plenty of battery power left. She could not help but think: Did the battery go flat because someone has been using the phone?

“You had some calls; I picked up for you,” Zachary confessed. “Luna won’t harass you anymore. You can sleep peacefully now.”

With that said, he turned and was about to leave.

“Wait,” Charlotte cried out before tentatively asking, “Ha-Have you interrogated Amanda?”

“What do you think?” Zachary turned back to face her with his unfathomable gaze. “What secret do you have that you want to keep from me?”

“I-” For a moment, Charlotte could not form words; all she could do was tremble in worry.

He must have spoken to her. He’s not the kind that anyone can fool; he has the habit of getting to the bottom of everything.

When Zachary saw her uneasy demeanor, he lowered her gaze and muttered, “Someone unimportant like her isn’t worth my time.”

“You mean... You didn’t see her?” Charlotte carefully inquired.

Zachary then slowly walked toward her as he lowered his voice, “You were so passionate and refused to let me go. How am I supposed to have interrogated her?”

“I... I...”

His words made her blush a bright red as the images of what happened earlier flashed past her mind. To stop him from interrogating Amanda, she had taken initiative.

Oh, my goodness!

Ashamed, Charlotte covered her face, wishing the ground would swallow her there and then.

“Ha!” A laugh escaped Zachary’s lips upon finding her silly look adorable.

“You were much braver this afternoon than you are now,” Zachary teased, “You weren’t drunk nor drugged, but you’re rigorous and enthusiastic.”

“I-” Just as Charlotte was about to reply to him, she realized what he had just said. “You’ve seen me drugged?”

The previous two times she had sex with a man, she had been drugged.

Both times, it was with Gigolo.

If he’s not Gigolo, then wouldn’t I be...

Zachary tensed up as he cursed at himself in his heart. I slipped up!

Nevertheless, he was swift to recollect himself as he muttered, “I saw you the last time at Sultry Night. Don’t you remember?”

“Oh!” Charlotte had nearly forgotten she was once drugged by Yolanda at Sultry Night and he had saved her.

So there’s nothing suspicious about what he said.

But how should I confirm that he's Gigolo?

"Take a shower and sleep for a little longer. It's still early." At that, Zachary stood up and started to walk away.

"Don't go." Charlotte suddenly hugged him from behind as she leaned her face onto her back. Softly, she whined, "Stay with me."

She had thrown away her dignity by now. After all, she had already slept with him. I might as well do it all the way.

"You're... very different today."

Zachary had to admit this was a side of her that he liked as well. The moment she initiated anything intimate, his heart would race and he could not resist her.

Regardless, he knew what her real aim was, and there was no way he would let her have her way.