

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 373

Nevertheless, Zachary ignored Charlotte and quietly stared outside the window. It was as though what she thought meant nothing to him.

His disinterest in what she said made Charlotte even more agitated. Her brows knitted as she figured that it was a bad idea to get into an all-out argument with the man in front of her.

Charlotte took a deep breath. "A lot has happened in my family," she explained in a calm and gentle manner. "The kids lack a sense of security. It is imperative that I be home right now. I'll keep you company when Mrs. Berry comes back, okay?"

"And when will that be?" Zachary finally said something. Even though he sounded cold, he was still giving Charlotte a chance to communicate with him.

"It won't be long. I'll have to ask Dr. Langhan for the specifics." Charlotte was observing Zachary's reaction. "Besides, I'm finally working tomorrow. We can still see each other at the office."

"The office?" Zachary slowly eased closer to her, his hand slipping under the dress to explore about. "That sounds like a good idea," he spoke while his lips touched her earlobe.

Charlotte knew what he was thinking about and quickly explained, "I said see each other. Not, that..."

"Don't lie." Zachary bit her earlobe. His warm breath was fanning the smoldering fire within her. "Your body is more honest than your mouth."

"Zachary... "

Before Charlotte could say anything, Zachary stopped her.

His cold lips exerted full dominance as they pried her lips apart, infiltrating and invading every available space there was between her lips.

Charlotte was helpless against his kiss. She could do nothing but let him have his ways with her. Because of her nerves, Charlotte's petite body was shivering in Zachary's arms.

Sitting at the front of the car, Ben could sense that something was going on at the back, so he quietly pulled the curtains shut.

The bodyguard that was driving was Marino, which was the same as last time. Like what happened last time, his hands were trembling on the steering wheel, and his face was flushed.

"Ahem!" Ben cleared his throat and quietly scolded. "Focus on driving."

"Yes!" Marino responded and quietly said, "Mr. Nacht seems to like to do this in the car."

"It's exciting I guess." Ben answered casually.

"Huh?" Marino did not get it.

"Don't ask. Just keep your eyes on the road," Ben replied coldly.

"Okay!"

"Fine. I'll let you off the hook this time."

Zachary did not go any further, reluctantly letting Charlotte go at the crucial moment. He placed his forehead on hers and held her face with one hand, quietly calming himself down.

Meanwhile, Charlotte panted heavily like a fish out of water.

“You need to follow orders. Got it?” Zachary bit her ear.

“Got it.” Charlotte nodded obediently. She knew that she needed to listen to everything Zachary said so that she and the kids could live peacefully.

With his personality, he’ll get bored soon enough. When that time comes, I’ll bring Mrs. Berry and the kids to another city and start over.

“Head over to Happy Avenue!” Zachary demanded all of a sudden.

“Yes, sir.” The two men in the front looked at each other and let out a sigh of relief.

Marino immediately turned the car around and headed to Happy Avenue.

The two locations were not that far apart. It only took a little over ten minutes before they reached Happy Avenue.

Ben then got out of the car and opened the door for Charlotte while Marino opened the trunk and took out all the shopping bags. “Ms. Windt!” He handed it to her respectfully.

“Do you need me to go up with you?” Ben asked.

“It’s fine. I can take it from here.” Charlotte turned towards Zachary. “Thank you for sending me home. Good night!”

Somehow, Zachary was caught off guard by Charlotte’s courtesy as he looked at her. “Sure. Get going now!” He replied casually.

Charlotte immediately hurried away as though she just received an order, quickening into a run shortly after. She was eager to see her children.

At the same time, Zachary kept his eyes on her through the rearview mirror. When will she act the same way and run towards me this way...