

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 424

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.