

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 435

"I should go home now." Charlotte explained softly, "I promised the kids I'd make breakfast for them."

"What about my breakfast?" Zachary gazed at her through half-lidded eyes.

"Should I get the manager to send something up?"

Charlotte kissed his forehead, finding him cute in his groggy state.

"No." Zachary pinned her arms above her head and pressed down on her. "I want you for breakfast."

"No-"

Charlotte's protests were muffled by Zachary's lips.

He had suppressed his desires for the whole night. Now that she was awake, he wasn't about to let the opportunity slip through his fingers.

Writhing slightly beneath him, Charlotte's body gradually went limp and she finally closed her eyes, accepting his kiss.

Her body refused to obey her as though it had fallen under his spell. Every time he teased her, all trace of resistance would fly out the window and she would become his slave.

His heavy pants and her sweet moans filled the room, forming a harmonious melody.

They clung to each other, succumbing to their desires and losing themselves in a haze of passion.

Their lovemaking session lasted a long time. Only when the first rays of dawn streamed in through the French windows and illuminated their entangled bodies was Zachary finally sated. He collapsed on top of Charlotte and falling asleep.

Charlotte took out her phone to check the time. Upon seeing that it was half past five in the morning, she carefully pushed him away and rolled out of bed.

“Where are you going?” came Zachary’s voice as he lay sprawled on the bed, even though he was clearly asleep just moments ago.

“To take a shower.” Charlotte went to the bathroom to clean herself up before hurriedly putting on her clothes. Then, she walked over and pecked Zachary on his forehead. “I’ve gotta go now. I promised to make the kids breakfast. Go back to sleep.”

With that, she straightened and was about to leave.

Her arm was grabbed by Zachary all of a sudden. “I’ll send you home.”

“It’s fine. Go back to sleep. I’ll take a taxi home.”

“Give me ten minutes!”

Zachary rolled off the bed and strode into the bathroom.

Charlotte let out a helpless sigh. Even so, there was a warm tingly feeling spreading through her chest.

He’s clearly exhausted, but insists on sending me home.

What is this, if not love?

Charlotte went into the bathroom while waiting for him, thinking she might as well apply her skin care.

Zachary coincidentally reemerged right after she was done, looking all freshened up. He grabbed his car keys before striding toward her. "Let's go."

"Aren't you sleepy?" Charlotte peered at him, perceiving his bloodshot eyes and surmised that he probably hadn't been sleeping well lately.

"I'm fine." Zachary nudged her out of the room and conveniently draped an arm over her shoulders, ruffling her hair affectionately while snickering. "Shorty."

Charlotte rolled her eyes at him, but snuggled up to him anyway.

Zachary's lips arched into a charming smile. He liked this feeling very much as they resembled an ordinary young couple. This feels... nice.

When the car pulled up at the entrance of Happy Avenue's residential estate, it was only six in the morning.

Zachary rubbed the space between his brows and yawned. "Did you really have to come back this early?"

Charlotte paused and drank the sight of him in. How can a guy look this good while yawning? How is that possible?

"I'm gonna make hot cross bunnies and mac and cheese for the kids, then cook some soup for Mrs. Berry, so all of this will take some time. Go home and get some sleep. You look tired."

"I'm hungry." Zachary leaned closer to caress her face. "You've never cooked anything for me."

Charlotte giggled and dodged his touch. "Maybe next time."

Zachary's mouth turned downward, but he didn't argue.

"I'll get going then." Charlotte unbuckled her seatbelt.

Before Zachary could kiss her goodbye, she had already gotten out of the car.

Zachary stiffened with a speechless look on his face.

Charlotte, on the other hand, was completely oblivious, even waving at him before running into the residential estate.

Zachary stared after her until the lights on the sixteenth floor came on, driving away only after making sure she was safely home. Then, he switched on his phone and called Ben.