

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 64

Zachary did not know what to say.

“Oh no...what do I do now?” Charlotte said, panicking. “Would he barge in in the middle of the night?”

“Who knows?” Zachary said with a chuckle.

“Hey! Can’t you come and help me?” Charlotte pleaded. “You’re the only person who can help me now...”

“You sound like your boss is going to devour you or something...” Zachary said. “Shouldn’t you be grateful for his attention?”

“Hey! Don’t forget who your boss is!” Charlotte growled.

“Enough. Rest well.”

Zachary hung up and smirked as he thought about the idiot lying next door.

It won’t hurt to prank her for once!

He stood up from the bathtub and walked out barefoot, wrapping a bathrobe around his body on the way.

Next door, Charlotte was drowning in her own thoughts when the door opened all of a sudden.

Zachary's tall figure cast a long, invasive shadow on the bed, and his hair was still dripping wet. The white robe on his body failed to hide his well-defined muscles and domineering aura.

Charlotte stared at him in confusion and swallowed. "W-Why didn't you knock?" she questioned as she looked away.

"This is my house," Zachary answered as he approached her, making it difficult for her to breathe.

Charlotte tensed up and continued to avoid his gaze. "W-What do you want?"

Without another word, Zachary walked over to her bedside and leaned over to look at her.

"Hey! What are you doing?" Charlotte whispered, shivering in fear.

Squinting, Zachary stared into her eyes intently and pressed his body against hers.

He was like a feral beast that could melt her with his mere presence.

She tried to wriggle out of his grasp, but her wounds made her entire body stiff like a stick.

I'm really in danger.

Zachary's handsome, smirking face inched closer to her. "Are you scared of me?"

"H-Hey! Get away from me!" Charlotte pleaded, her voice shaking. "You may be the boss, but that doesn't mean that you can have your way with me..."

She cut herself off when she noticed that Zachary's lips were just a few millimeters away from making contact with her own.

Her eyes widened and every muscle in her body seized up, rendering her immobile.

God help me, I am done for...

She could feel Zachary's lips brushing against her cheeks and her earlobe as his hands moved over to grab her...

Charlotte closed her eyes and waited for the inevitable with bated breath.

However, instead of advancing any further, Zachary simply grinned and took a book from the bedside table before standing up to leave.

Charlotte felt him disappear from her side, prompting her to open her eyes tentatively. A strange sense of disappointment washed over her the moment she confirmed his absence.

He's just here for the book...

How dare he mess with my feelings!

Charlotte glared at him, only to notice something eerily familiar.

I've seen that figure somewhere...

It looks so familiar!

The four-year-old memory of that gigolo changing his clothes with his back turned flashed across her mind.

Zachary was covered in a robe rather than the towel that the gigolo used, but everything else felt exactly the same to Charlotte.

Could he be...

No...no way!

It can't be him!

Charlotte stared at Zachary's back. Didn't that gigolo have a wolf head tattoo on his back?