

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 423

Just when he was taking a bath, a silhouette made its way into the bathroom. It seemed like it was looking for some water to drink...

Zachary turned around and the woman bumped right into him. She lifted her head, opened her mouth, and just drank the water that came trickling down.

Like a person lost in a desert, she was looking for just any water to quench her thirst.

Charlotte was already wet all over from the water. Her skin was smooth as a pearl.

Zachary was dumbstruck at the sight of her sultry gaze and the way she smacked her lips. This alluring little minx can really do things to me.

He could feel the beast within him struggling to break free. Zachary could not hold it any longer as he circled her into his embrace as he kissed her forcefully.

“Mmm...”

Charlotte let out a soft moan like a helpless kitten. Her weak body trembled in the man’s embrace but she made no attempts to resist his touch.

Charlotte’s body seemed to have accustomed to the man’s touch.

He kissed her fervently all over as she moaned begrudgingly. The man could no longer hold it in as he claimed the woman.

She circled her hands tightly around the man’s neck as she shuddered and wept.

Perhaps Zachary had been holding it in for too long, he went all out on Charlotte mercilessly as he ravaged her over and over again.

From the bathroom to the sofa and finally on the bed. Her pleas fell on deaf ears.

He had only stopped at the break of dawn. Zachary hugged her onto the bed as he circled the woman in his arms and fell into a deep slumber.

Charlotte was tucked out from the rendezvous. She edged herself closer to the man and fell asleep listening to his steady heartbeat.

Zachary's coat was strewn across the carpet. His phone inside the coat buzzed repeatedly and woke him up. He narrowed his eyes at the buzzing distraction. Edging Charlotte closer to himself, the man fell asleep again.

"Water..." Charlotte was mumbling. She had too much to drink, and hence was yearning for water to quench her thirst.

Zachary turned to a side and reached out to fetch a water bottle for her.

She leaned against his chest and chugged the bottle of water.

The woman seemed like a baby on her milk bottle, and Zachary could not help but find her adorable.

The man's lips curled into a smile as he observed the woman intently without a word.

Charlotte burped aloud and handed the bottle back to him.

He threw the bottle onto the floor, turned around, and pinned her beneath his body.

“Again?” Charlotte knitted her brows helplessly. “I’m dog-tired.”

“I’ll be gentler this time...”

Zachary planted a kiss on her lips, reeling in the last drop of water on her lips. Then, he pulled the blanket over their heads and pinned her down, claiming her once again.

Charlotte cupped his face as she watched the man lost himself in passion.

She noticed the yearning and obsession in his eyes, and noticed herself in his gaze...

I... like this.

As he climaxed, Zachary bit her earlobes and grunted her name, “Charlotte...”

She hugged him tight and closed her eyes as she moaned, “Yes...”

“Do you love me?” Zachary blurted out.

Stumped, Charlotte widened her eyes in disbelief as she zoned out at the ceiling. She was at a loss for words.

The man’s face fell at the lack of a response. He felt a rock weighing down on his chest and a sense of remorse washed over him. I shouldn’t have asked such a stupid question.

He wished he could retract his words right then.

Feigning indifference, he removed himself from her and got off the bed.

Looking at his back, Charlotte asked abruptly, "Zachary, have you... fallen in love with me?"

She felt it this time. For real.

There was no mistaking it. The passionate yet loving gestures when they were making love; the way he stared into her eyes; the way he would be roused even at her slightest movements; the way he hugged her tight throughout the night; the way he patted her on the back ever so gently, and the way he planted kisses on her forehead...

These... are what people do when they're in love.