

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 444

“Why did you suddenly wanna move here?” Charlotte asked curiously.

“Because of you...” Zachary stopped the words at the tip of his tongue and quickly corrected, “Because you’re annoying. You woke me up so early and disrupted my sleep. I thought I might as well just move here so that I can sleep a little longer.”

Charlotte noticed the way he was feigning indifference and couldn’t help but giggle. “So, you wanna be closer to me and see me every day. Is that it?”

“Don’t flatter yourself.” Zachary wore a disdainful look on his face.

“Oh? I’ll leave then.” Charlotte turned toward the door, pretending to leave.

“Don’t you dare.” Zachary snagged her hand and pulled her into his embrace.

Due to the momentum, Charlotte fell on his lap, bringing their faces inches away from each other. She could even clearly see her reflection in his eyes.

Zachary cupped her cheek with one hand and gently rubbed her lips with his thumb. “Why is your face swollen?”

Only then did Charlotte recall that she had been slapped by Sharon earlier. Anger surged in her chest and she grumbled, “It’s no thanks to you.”

“Huh?” Zachary frowned. “Sharon hit you?”

“I slapped her back.” Charlotte proudly lifted her chin up.

“I see you’ve finally grown a pair.” The corner of Zachary’s lips tugged upward.

“Is that a compliment?” Surprise flashed across Charlotte’s eyes.

"Of course." Zachary grasped her chin and declared a serious tone, "My woman is no pushover. If someone hits you, you hit them back!"

Silence ensued.

Thinking she had heard it wrong at first, Charlotte was stunned for a good few seconds before snapping out of it. "But she's your fiancée."

"My grandfather is a willful man, but he doesn't speak for me," Zachary replied blandly.

"You don't want to marry Sharon?" Charlotte asked tentatively, "Then, why did you agree?"

"I didn't..." Zachary started, but continued with a question. "Didn't you want me to quickly get married so that you could get rid of me sooner?"

"No, I didn't..." Charlotte started to panic. "I just... I just..."

"Just what?" Zachary held his breath, anticipating her answer.

"If you really want to marry someone else, would I be able to stop you?" Charlotte spoke from her heart, "I can't change anything, so what else could I have said?"

"So, you don't want me to marry someone else?" Zachary's eyes glowed with an unusual light. "You like me, don't you?"

Charlotte bit her lower lip and pondered for a moment before answering earnestly, "When you're not violent, yes... but it's a no when you lose your temper."

Zachary was rendered inarticulate and his brows gradually drew together. "What the hell?"

"To put it simply, sometimes I like you and sometimes I don't." Charlotte held his face in her hands and took the opportunity to plead, "If you promise not to lose your temper again, I'll promise to always like you..."

"That depends on whether you behave or not." Zachary's hand reached into her skirt and slowly slid upward as his sexy lips pressed against her ear lobe. "Do you like me now?"

"No, I don't."

Charlotte's words were cut off when Zachary sealed her lips shut with a rough kiss.

As she was imprisoned in his arms, she was defenseless to his antics. He pried her legs open and placed her on his lap so that she was straddling him, then guided her on a whole new adventure.

It was yet another wild and passionate night. However, this night was a little different as both of them bared their souls to one another, becoming physically and emotionally entwined.

Throughout the night, the two of them enjoyed the pleasures of love, becoming closer than ever.

As they lay in each other's arms in the wee hours, Zachary caressed Charlotte's silky hair and gently kissed her forehead. "You're very cute when you're obedient..."

"You too." Charlotte nestled in his arms, rubbing her cheek against his neck. "You're very gentle when you're not angry."