Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 811

"Mr. Nacht!" Marino trotted in. "They just parked their car."

"Got it." Zachary waved and they quickly left. He cleaned his wound and went to the bar counter around the dance floor for some drinks.

Just then, Charlotte came in with her bodyguards, attracting everyone's attention wherever they went. She thought she heard someone calling her from the crowd, but she didn't see anyone she knew when she looked around, so she ignored it and went to her room.

Just when she was going to call Gigolo, someone wrapped an arm around her shoulder. She looked back and saw that it was none other than Gigolo standing behind her.

"You're late." Zachary rubbed her head. He could only do that to her when he was Gigolo.

"I got stuck on the way." Charlotte looked up at him and her gaze fell upon the wound on his neck. "What happened?" she asked on purpose.

"A dog bit me." Zachary arched his eyebrow and grinned.

"Are you messing with me?" Charlotte narrowed her eyes at him, but Zachary only smiled in silence before he took her back to his room.

"Let me take a look at that," Charlotte sat down on the sofa and commanded imperiously.

"Help yourself." Zachary showed her his neck.

Charlotte unraveled the bandage and was surprised to see that it was a slash mark instead of a bite mark. "What happened?" She frowned.

"Got into a fight and someone cut me." Zachary bandaged his wound again. "Good thing I jumped away fast, or you'd be mourning for me right now."

"Be careful next time." Charlotte chose to trust him and scolded herself for being paranoid. "Tell me if you run into anything you can't settle. I can help you."

"As a matter of fact, I am facing something that's hard to settle by myself right now." He leaned back on the sofa and swirled his glass around elegantly.

"What is it?" Charlotte looked at him.

Zachary took a sip of the wine and beckoned her. She reflexively huddled closer. Before she knew what was going on, Zachary kissed her and fed her the wine, forcing her to drink all of it.

Lupine and Morgan looked away and backed out of the room, leaving their employer and her lover locked in a passionate kiss.

Charlotte pound at his chest and tried to push him away in frustration, but she couldn't. In the end, she was force-fed the wine and goaded into a passionate kiss. Zachary's kiss was feral but also loving, and it lit a flame within Charlotte.

She leaned against him, letting him do anything he wanted with her. The heat in the room was rising. Zachary slowly slid his hand higher up her thigh, closing in on her nether region and teasing her sensitive spot.

He finally stopped the kiss when she was about to suffocate. He brushed his lips across her cheek and he whispered, "You're mine, and you always will be. Remember that." He wanted to leave a mark on her before she left.

Charlotte looked at him with clouded eyes. That sounds familiar. I think someone told me the same thing once…

He kissed her again, this time more passionate and wilder. He was desperate to claim her for himself once more, for that was the only way he could keep her from leaving him for someone else.

Charlotte, shocked by the passion he showed that night. She pushed against him weakly but to no avail. It was as if he was an impenetrable iron wall. Damn, I'm giving in to him. My body's not doing what I'm telling it to.

It didn't take long for Zachary to pin her down on the sofa and take her pants off so he could enter her, but then someone hollered, "Let me in! I'm Olivia, Charlotte's friend! I know she still remembers me!"