

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 117

Zachary carried Charlotte out from the back exit.

Chris was anxiously waiting on the car. When he saw them he immediately approached Zachary and apologized, "I'm so sorry man. I would have never known..."

Thump!

Zachary kicked him aside. "If you weren't my aunt's son, I would have crushed your throat by now!"

Chris face turned pale from the pain, but did not say anything about it. On the contrary, he apologized, "It was all my fault. Is she okay?"

Zachary paid him no heed and carried Charlotte into the Aston Martin.

At the moment, Charlotte had totally succumbed to the effects of the drug Yolanda gave her. She entangled herself on Zachary's body and buried her face into his neck, indulging herself with the familiar smell.

"It's you..." Charlotte murmured. She wrapped her hands around his neck and gave him an endearing kiss.

"Goddammit!" Zachary's forehead creased. "So, you've been drugged."

No wonder you just laid there like a fool without even resisting.

Charlotte continued to shift about in Zachary's arms, like a ball of fire trying to light up his desire.

At the moment, Zachary had one hand on the steering wheel and the other holding on to her. He had no choice but to let Charlotte have her way with his body as he suppressed his sexual urges. He needed to focus on driving.

However, as Charlotte got even more audacious, her movements were wilder than ever before.

Unable to calm himself down, Zachary drove the car into a forest near Southcastle Shore where he proceeded to lay her on the seat. "You asked for it," he rasped as he bit her earlobe.

He kissed her savagely, like how predators enjoyed their prey.

Charlotte was burning with passion and played along, making it even more irresistible for Zachary.

Under the alluring moonlight that sipped through the windows, their silhouettes intertwined.

It was a passionate night filled with ecstasy.

In the morning, Charlotte was awakened by the sunlight in her eyes. She was still a bit woozy when she opened her eyes and saw a familiar figure.

Zachary was sitting on the bonnet of the car with a cigarette in hand. His hair shifted as the wind blew. His white shirt was unbuttoned and danced in the wind, revealing his wolf head tattoo on the waist from time to time.

Charlotte looked at him in shock and looked at herself. She was naked with only Zachary's long coat covering her. Moreover, she felt an intense soreness in the groin area.

Her mind went blank for quite a while before realizing what happened and her heart rate skyrocketed.

“Ahhh!”

Charlotte’s terrified scream pierced through the calm of morn.

Zachary knitted his brows and put out the cigarette. He went and got two bottles of water from the trunk, uncapped one and passed it to Charlotte.

“What’s all this?” Charlotte grabbed his arm as she was at a loss for words. “What happened last night? We, you and me... What did you do to me?”

“What do you mean by that? You’re the one that kept latching on to me,” Zachary spoke in a stern manner. “Be grateful that I had the decency to help you out.”

“You’re lying! You filthy scum!” Charlotte raised her hand to hit him, but Zachary caught it. “So you’re attacking people now after the enjoyment? That’s not right!”

“Don’t you mock me with your slander, I’m not that type of person!” Charlotte roared in rage, her chest heaving from the heavy breathing, a seductive sight to behold.

Zachary stared at her smooth and perky breasts, his body showing some reaction. However, he did not do anything besides turning on the onboard recorder’s monitor.

“Take a look for yourself!”

“Take me...” A moan came from the screen. The resolution was not good, but Charlotte was able to recognize herself, riding on Zachary while kissing and hugging his face. It was even more intense than the movies!

“I...” Charlotte was flabbergasted. She could not believe what she was seeing. How? Why? How did I become like this? This isn't like me at all!