

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 189

Still dripping with water, Zachary's tanned skin was a sight to behold under the blue light. There was a long scar slanted across his waist that gave off the illusion of cutting his waist in half.

Under the scar was a tattoo.

Right as Charlotte was about to find out what the tattoo looked like, Zachary grabbed her by the hair and forced her to look at his enraged face.

"You-"

Before Charlotte could say anything, Zachary bit down on her cold, red lips.

Like a beast that was gnawing on its prey, he nibbled on her lips like he was giving her a vindictive punishment. His bite made Charlotte's lips numb, and she was close to suffocating.

In her panic, Charlotte struggled, but she was trapped in his arms, unable to defend herself.

His kisses engulfed her just like how a thunderstorm would, and the movements of his hands were getting wilder and wilder.

Just as he was about to break through the last of her defenses, she widened her eyes, full-blown panicking.

"Mr. Nacht, we have news from Mr. Bruce-"

A voice reported from behind him, but it stopped halfway.

Evidently, the man was stunned by the scene in front of him, and he promptly shut his mouth.

Reluctantly, Zachary let go of Charlotte before he cupped her cheek with one hand and glide his thumb past her swollen lips. "Remember never to infuriate me again."

Charlotte panted, panic evident in her eyes. Like a frightened doe, she trembled.

With a quick jump, Zachary easily left the pool and covered himself with his bathrobe.

Meanwhile, Charlotte clambered ashore and scurried off.

"We have an hour before it's nine," Zachary muttered his reminder in a gloomy tone.

Charlotte shuddered as she recalled the promise she made to him.

It was already eight now. She wondered if Luna had reached H City in time.

She quickly searched for her phone, only to realize her phone was by the edge of the pool, soaked in water.

In a hurry, she grabbed the phone and fled the scene.

Zachary stared at her panicked movements as his lips curled into a smirk.

He only averted his gaze long after Charlotte had disappeared from his view. In a deep voice, he queried, "How's Bruce doing?"

"It was a failure," the subordinate carefully replied. "Ms. Summers is hoping that you'll go..."

The man then trailed off, fearing to continue.

“Tell Bruce to come back.” Zachary seemed to have no reaction to the news.

“Yes, Mr. Nacht.”

After returning to her room with her phone, Charlotte realized she had two missed calls from Hector.

She tried calling him back only to find out that her phone was malfunctioning; she could not make any calls.

Alarmed, she quickly wiped the phone dry before trying again. However, her efforts were to no avail.

Anxious, she was about to borrow a phone to call Hector when her phone rang with the caller ID showing her that it was none other than Hector.

Charlotte tried multiple times to accept the call, and finally, right before the call ended, she succeeded. It had been a tough task, so by the time she answered the call, her hands were trembling from agitation.

“Hector.”

“Lottie, I’ve gotten the necklace, and it’s on its way. I’m just worried that the Nacht family’s guards won’t let me in.”

“That’s great news. I’ll tell Zachary right away to let you in.”

“All right. Wait for me.”

After ending the call, Charlotte clenched her phone, thrilled, and was about to look for Zachary.

Right then, Zachary walked by her room, barefoot and wrapped in a bathrobe.

Charlotte darted to him. "I need to talk to you."

"It's the middle of the night, you're soaked, and you've rushed into a man's room. What are you planning to talk about?"

With a burning gaze, Zachary swept his eyes up and down her body.

Droplets of water were still dripping from her soaked clothes, and the fabric was sticking to her skin, displaying her perfect figure. Her flawless, fair skin seemed to shine under the artificial lights, and it tempted him.

"We've gotten the ruby necklace, and Hector is on his way to deliver it here. As long as the guards let him pass, he'll be able to deliver it before nine..."

"Isn't he a capable man?" Zachary interrupted as he turned and sat on the couch. "Let him think of a way to enter this place then."

"You-" Charlotte's face flushed with rage. "You're deliberately making this difficult for us."