

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1285

Zachary lowered his sad gaze to the green marks on his wrist. I probably need to start preparing.

“No... No!”

Charlotte suddenly opened her eyes wide in terror as she shrieked herself awake. She was soaked in sweat from her nightmare.

Zachary dashed over and patted her in the back to comfort her. “Hey, it's okay. It's just a dream.”

“It's Danrique...” she mumbled as she shook her head.

It did not take long before her wavering gaze fixed steadily on the man beside her.

“What... Why are you here? Am I still dreaming?”

She rubbed her eyes and blinked hard to make sure she was not seeing things. When it finally registered in her mind that Zachary was really there in person, she jumped from the bed and grabbed a cardigan.

She would only wear a white silk dress without anything underneath when she slept. She felt embarrassed that Zachary was seeing everything.

“It's not like I've never seen it before.”

Zachary rolled his eyes at her and went back to the couch, lighting up a cigarette.

Charlotte quickly wore her cardigan and tied up her hair before going into the bathroom to wash up.
“What brings you here?”

“The children miss you,” Zachary said briefly.

“The kids are here?” Charlotte was elated at the news. “Where are they?”

She ran to the door without even waiting for an answer.

“Are you going out in this?” Zachary's voice rang loud behind her. “There is a whole group of male bodyguards outside.”

“Right.” Charlotte turned back and quickly get a change.

She grabbed some clothes and was about to go into the bathroom again when she saw the floor was all wet. She looked back at the room awkwardly, not knowing what to do.

“Just change here,” Zachary said, going over to the window to get a smoke.

Charlotte took a quick glance at him and turned around to change. “I'm done.”

Zachary looked back at her, puffing smoke from his mouth.

Charlotte stood in front of the mirror, combing her hair and putting on some makeup. She wanted her children to see her in her best. After all, she had not seen them for a while.

Zachary leaned against the window as he looked at her quietly, squinting his eyes.

The smoke spread before him, but his complicated gaze was still locked on her.

“Since when did you start smoking?”

Charlotte looked at him from the corner of her eyes. She felt Zachary looked a bit downcast.

“And since when did you wear sleeping gowns?” Zachary asked back.

Charlotte instantly evaded his gaze. A hue of pink flushed on her cheeks.

Zachary looked at her intently and finally walked over. He caught her chin and lifted her face so she could look at him in the eyes.

His longing for her was laid bare before her gaze—his tenderness and his love. For a moment, Charlotte felt they were still the same couple who was madly in love.

It was as if nothing had changed between them.

Zachary drew closer to her, his lips brushing lightly against her forehead, her eyes, her cheeks, and her lips.

He just wanted to feel close to her.

He did not kiss her because he was afraid she would reject him.

Zachary held on to her like she was a precious morning dew that would evaporate anytime under the sun.

This intimacy was what they had been craving for, but now that they were so close, it broke their hearts.

They were once so happy together and they could want each other without holding back, but not anymore.

Zachary could not help but think of her and Louis being together every time he saw her. It pained him to think that she belonged to another man.

He did not want to remember any of it, but it kept replaying in his mind.

Knock!

A noise from the door pulled them back to reality. Charlotte stepped back and turned around, collecting her disconcerted thoughts.