MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1365

Words failed Charlotte. She wanted to say she was afraid she would lose him. She wanted to tell him she thought he would really leave her.

She wanted to let him know that she would rather be the one who died, but ultimately, she remained silent.

"Seriously, Charlotte, you're such a cold-blooded person." Zachary was disappointed.

He dipped his head and bit her shoulder.

"Ouch!" Charlotte shrieked. She tried not to struggle for the fear of hurting him. She lay there without putting up a fight and let him have his way.

Zachary did not let go until he tasted blood in his mouth. "Is it painful?"

"Yes."

A satisfied smile curved on Zachary's lips. "Good. Then you'll remember me forever."

Charlotte looked up at him, her gaze complicated. Zachary had already lost some weight before this. His jaw and cheekbones became more prominent because of his sickness, but he looked more worn out now. She could even see the red veins in his eyes.

"Why did you save me?" Charlotte asked.

"I don't know. It's a knee-jerk reaction. I shouldn't have risked my life for a heartless woman like you," Zachary replied, ruffling her hair.

Charlotte laughed. A tear rolled down her cheek when her eyes curved into a crescent shape.

She did not want him to see her crying, so she buried her face on his chest and quickly collected herself, but none of her actions went unnoticed by Zachary.

He knew she cried. He knew she was moved, but actually, he did not do it on purpose to win her over. It was like a reflex for him to save her.

She had always been his and it was only natural for him to protect what was his, so there was no motivation or reason why he saved her, but Zachary did not tell her this.

He patted her on the shoulder. "You're hurting me," he said softly as if he were comforting a child.

Charlotte smiled and moved her head instantly as she wiped away her tears. She wanted to get off the bed but he pulled her into his embrace. "Stay here. I'm so tired."

"Alright." Charlotte did not move further but slept beside him. She felt safe beside him. His scent and his warmth felt like home to her.

All their grievances, painful past, and resentment melted away.

Charlotte simply wanted to stay by his side. She wanted time to stop so they could stay this way forever.

Zachary was still weak after the surgery and he fell back asleep in no time.

Charlotte, on the other hand, could not sleep a wink. he looked at her quietly as he slept, just like how a simple girl would admire her lover. That was how Charlotte used to be.

In his sleep, Zachary felt her gaze drilling through him and he opened his eyes. Their eyes met and he kissed her.

Charlotte was taken aback. She wanted to push him away, but her hands hesitated when she touched his chest. She did not want to hurt him.

The kiss was soft and loving. Charlotte could even taste the blood in his mouth from the bite earlier on, but she followed his lead and let him kiss her.

Zachary turned and pressed against her as their kiss intensified.

He started running his hands down her body but stopped immediately when he felt pain in his wounds.

He rested his forehead against hers and smacked his lips.

"Charlotte..." he called her name.

"Yes?" Charlotte let down her defense.

"You have to bear full responsibility for my injury," he said, grabbing her chin, "You have to take care of me until I get well again."