

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 157

“Oh god, you’re going to kill him at this rate!” A sudden realization struck Charlotte, and she began pulling on Zachary’s arm. “Let him go!”

Chris’s eyes had already rolled back, and his hands were drooping down like two lifeless sticks.

At last, Zachary came to his senses and loosened the grip on his right hand.

Chris immediately fell to the ground, half paralyzed with fear.

Sighing, Zachary carried Charlotte into his car and took off.

As they left the scene, Ben appeared with his subordinates. As they cleaned the place up, he said, “Send Mr. Broid to the hospital.”

“Yes sir.”

...

In the car, Zachary covered his jacket over Charlotte to keep her warm. His brows were still furrowed, and the fury in his eyes were not entirely gone.

Charlotte’s dress was torn in pieces - half of her chest was exposed, and so were her thighs. She was in a complete mess, but there was a striking sexual appeal to it.

Biting her lower lip, Charlotte was looking down, all quiet. All that she felt at that moment was shame.

How could I not have recognized that he's a different person? Am I blind?

Their car came to a halt at the Storm Hotel.

"Why are we here?" Charlotte glanced at the hotel entrance, then at Zachary, feeling a little panicked.  
"Don't tell me you want to..."

"Shut up!" Zachary got off the car first.

The manager promptly came by to greet them, "Your room is ready. We have also made preparations according to your instructions."

Zachary carried Charlotte out of the car and made his way toward the lift.

"I want to go home!" She protested under her breath.

Zachary simply replied with a cold glare.

The room prepared for them was the presidential suite they had stayed in four years ago.

Splash! And once again, Zachary dumped her into the bathtub.

Gasping for air as she sat back up, Charlotte wiped away the water on her face.

"Clean yourself up," he said emotionlessly as he left the bathroom.

Charlotte's eyes drooped down like a sad puppy as she stared blankly at the bathwater. Why is he treating me like this? Feeling upset, she began cleaning herself.

For some reason, she felt obliged to listen to everything he said.

After all, disregarding his words always turned out to be a bad decision. It's not like he'll hurt me anyway. He's just really mean.

As she got out of the bathroom after the shower, she realized that the hotel room was in complete darkness. The only hue of light was the faint glow from the emergency lights.

Even when she tried turning on the lights, the switches did not seem to work. Feeling scared, she called out in a shaky voice, "Gigolo... "

"I'm here." His deep voice sounded from the French windows behind her.

Charlotte jumped. As she turned around to face him, she found him sitting on the sofa in a bathrobe, sipping on his wine.

"What happened to the lights? Is there a malfunction?" She asked, making her way toward him.

The next thing she knew, she was bumping straight into a table. Ouch! My knees.

"Are you stupid?" Zachary growled.

Pouting and whining from the pain in her knees, Charlotte slowly nudged toward him.

He was not wearing his mask. In the dim lighting, she could make out the outlines of his face. He looks kind of familiar...

Zachary pressed a button on the remote, and the emergency lights were also turned off.

Now that all the lighting in the room was gone, all that Charlotte could make out was his pair of sparkly eyes.

The uneasiness in her heart swelled, and she unconsciously tried to move closer to him but immediately tripped on the sofa. Then, losing her balance, she fell over him, her face landing on his chest.

His skin felt like fire to her touch. She almost felt as if she was getting scalded.

She tried to get up, but she could not see what she was grabbing onto and thus, fell back down. This time, her forehead knocked onto his jaw, and the numbing pain instantly brought tears to her eyes.

Feeling her squirm around on his body, Zachary could not bear it any longer as he pinned her down with his arms and said coldly, "Stop it!"

"O-okay..." She replied softly, looking up at him.

In the darkness, she could not see his face clearly, but she could still feel that striking sense of familiarity.

Even the scent on his body was calming and reassuring.

She instinctively leaned even closer.