

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 195

It was a wolf.

The hairs on Charlotte's arms stood as her legs shook.

Slowly and carefully, she started inching backward, ready to flee the scene.

However, the wolf quickened its step as it narrowed its eyes. She could sense the murderous aura from it.

"D-Don't eat me."

Charlotte choked out her words before she took several steps back. Then, she sprinted back the way she came from.

For a few seconds, there were no sounds coming from behind her. When Charlotte turned around to look, she saw that the wolf stood at its spot for a while before it slowly padded behind her.

Evidently, the wolf was looking down on a weak prey like her.

It was a game of cat and mouse. Once she was tired, it would pounce on her and eat her.

Charlotte ran as quickly as she could, all while trying to get her phone to work. She wanted to call for help, but the screen refused to work.

By now, her terror was at its peak, and she screamed, "Help! Help!"

Unfortunately, no one heard her.

Not far ahead of her was the Nachts' residence. She knew that the moment she entered the gates, she would be safe.

She was overwhelmed with regret.

Why did I have to anger Zachary?

Why did I have to come out here alone in the middle of the night?

Does being courageous bring me any benefit?

Can my dignity help me survive? No! Of course not!

Who the f*ck cares about that damn agreement? I'll sign that paper. As long as I can live, I'll do anything!

I still have three kids, Mrs. Berry, and Fifi. I even have a hundred thousand that I haven't spent yet.

I can't die now!

Awwo! The wolf had finally lost its patience and it was now loping at full speed toward her.

Her heart leaping to her throat, Charlotte sprinted.

The Nachts' residence was right in front of her, but no matter how quick she tried to run, it felt like she would never reach it.

On the other hand, the wolf was getting closer and closer.

Charlotte could hear the howling of the wind behind her, and she could sense the murderous aura of the wolf. Her legs gave out on her, and she collapsed on the ground with a loud thud.

At that moment, two words flashed into her mind. I'm screwed!

I'm done for...

Behind her, the wolf unhinged its jaw and pounced toward her.

Instinctively, Charlotte closed her eyes.

Right then, a silver glint flashed from the side and hit the wolf's neck.

Less than a meter away from Charlotte, the wolf slumped to the ground. It shook its weakening body before it swiftly escaped into the woods.

"Don't eat me. Don't eat me..."

Hunching on the ground like a shrank-up tortoise, Charlotte wailed in despair.

A pair of eyes watched her coldly from the woods, and in them was disdain.

After a long while, Charlotte finally came back to her senses. Stiffly, she turned to look behind her, only to realize the wolf was gone.

She clambered to her feet on her shaky legs and bolted toward the villa.

Awoo!

In the woods, the slender figure cupped his mouth and mimicked the howl of a wolf.

“Ah!” Charlotte screeched as she sped up. In a trembling voice, she cried out, “Help me! Help me!”

When she finally reached the entrance of the villa, she realized that the dark green steel gate was tightly shut, sealing Charlotte off from the safety of the house.

She slammed her palms onto the gate and screamed, “Open up! Hurry and open the door! There’s a wolf outside!”

No one answered her.

She could see a few guards just a distance away who remained as still as a statue. It was as if they had not heard her cries for help.

“Help! Help!” Charlotte stomped her feet as she continued to yell, “It’s me, Charlotte. Let me in!”

Still, no reactions came from the guards.

“What’s wrong with you all? Let me in!” Charlotte was close to tears by now. “Zachary, let me in! There’s a wolf outside about to eat me!”

“Weren’t you the one who wanted to leave in the first place?”

An apathetic voice entered her ears.

Turning in the direction of the voice, Charlotte noticed that Zachary was sitting on the wooden bench beside the flower bed. He was in his sleeping robe, holding onto a cigar in one hand and a wine glass in the other; he was the epitome of nonchalance.