

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 228

“Do you like it?”

Charlotte kissed his ear as she started pulling his shirt.

Why is he wearing a f*cking robe? His back is completely covered, and I can't take it off easily!

“I do...”

Zachary turned around to cup her face as he passionately kissed her. He then pinned her on the bed.

“Mm...” Charlotte twisted her body uneasily as her weak hands tried to remove his clothes. She wanted to peek at his back, but no matter what she did, she could not take off that robe on him.

How annoying!

“I'll do it myself.”

With that said, Zachary took off his bathrobe and threw it aside before his body pressed on hers again.

Just as Charlotte was craning her neck to catch a glimpse of his back, he turned off the lights.

“Why did you turn off the lights?” Charlotte exclaimed.

“We can be more immersed in the moment when it's dark.” Zachary bit her ears and locked his fingers with hers. “Look at me.”

Her head subconsciously turned upon hearing his words. In the dark, he was a ferocious beast with glowing eyes and overwhelming lust.

At that very second, she suddenly thought about the night four years ago as well as that time in the car by the seaside.

Back then, this was how Gigolo looked at her, too.

Those eyes were exactly the same.

Charlotte was sure that it must be him.

“Stop thinking about other things.” Zachary's heated breath crept into her heart. “Focus.”

Closing her eyes, she started to immerse herself in his world.

It was a night of ecstasy. The moon seeped through the window and cast a shadow of the entangled bodies by the side of the bed.

Their bodily warmth and heavy breathing melded together to form a beautiful sonnet.

Soon, Zachary wiped the worries and thoughts away from Charlotte's mind.

His intensity and mania made her mind turn blank; all she could do was lean on him weakly.

As she reached her peak, Charlotte subconsciously murmured, “Gigolo.”

A shudder took over Zachary's body; he frowned. He bit her lips as if was punishing her and did not allow her to say anything else.

There must be something wrong with this woman's mind.

She doesn't want an almighty and domineering corporate leader. Instead, she longs for a gigolo...

However, as that was his other identity, he figured it was pointless to be jealous of himself.

In the morning, Charlotte lay sprawled on the bed, deep in dreamland. She only started moving when the sunlight filtered through the paneled windows to shine on her face.

She rubbed her eyes, turned around, and continued sleeping.

After another bout of rest, she finally crawled out of the bed when the sunlight became too bright.

It was only then that she realized the curtains were not drawn last night.

Oh, no! Anyone who was outside would have seen everything!

In her panic, she hurriedly grabbed the bathrobe on the floor to cover herself up before drawing the curtains.

It was then that she realized Zachary was already dressed. He was now drinking a cup of tea as he sat in the garden downstairs.

Meanwhile, Ben had his head lowered; he was reporting to Zachary.

A rare leisurely and happy look was on Zachary's face. He looked like he had won a battle.

As though he sensed someone was watching him, he turned around to look toward the bedroom.

Promptly, Charlotte drew the curtains and moved away from the window.

They already slept with each other last night, but she was still shy and nervous; in fact, she did not know how to face him.

The other problems were already solved, and Zachary did not seem like he was going to dig deeper into the news or interrogate Amanda.

However, she still did not dare to bring the children over.

What if he's not Gigolo? What then?

She could feel her head pounding just by those mere thoughts.

There was a knock on the door, followed by Raina's voice. "Ms. Windt, may I come in?"

"Please do." Charlotte quickly tidied up her messy bed, which was truly a chaotic sight to behold.

After Raina entered, the maid behind her pushed in a serving cart while another maid brought in a birdcage.

In the cage was Fifi, almost curled into a ball.