

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 756

“That’s good!”

Zachary smiled. At least his identity as a gigolo had made a positive impression on her.

“Let’s go.” Charlotte pushed his hand away lightly.

“I can make you feel even better,” Zachary said quietly as he wrapped a hand around the back of Charlotte’s head and inched closer to her.

“What-” Charlotte got cut off by Zachary’s lips landing on her own.

Zachary’s kisses were as gentle as dewdrops landing on flower petals, showering her with love and affection.

Charlotte was reluctant at first and pushed him away feebly, but she soon melted into his embrace.

She felt strangely familiar with his touch. It was as if her body had already gotten used to him, like her instincts were already tuned in with his.

Thus, she didn’t feel repulsed at all. On the contrary, she wanted even more.

However, Zachary didn’t keep going. He pulled away quickly and caressed her cheek with his large, warm palm. He used his thumb to wipe away the stains next to her mouth, looking at her with a gaze full of tenderness.

Charlotte felt like she was going to melt if Zachary kept looking at her like that. “We must have really been in love back then.”

“We sure were,” Zachary said softly as he pressed his forehead to hers.

“What happened to us?” Charlotte asked in confusion.

"It's a long story." Zachary didn't know how to begin explaining their messy past to her. All he could do was change the subject for now. "I want to take you somewhere."

"Okay." Charlotte nodded.

"Aren't you going to ask me where I'm taking you?" Zachary smirked. "What if I was going to sell you off or something?"

"No one would dare to buy me anyway," Charlotte rebutted with a cocky raised eyebrow.

"True."

Zachary started driving.

At the same time, Charlotte could quietly enjoy the nighttime scenery since they were on the highway.

For some odd reason, the bright neon lights and hustle and bustle of the city all seemed so familiar to Charlotte.

Soon enough, they arrived at a pretty, green street.

The street was encased by two rows of tall green trees. Behind them stood two red brick walls which seemed comforting and homely.

That familiar feeling started becoming stronger and stronger in Charlotte's gut. She looked around and noticed a tall green sign that said "Happy Avenue."

Charlotte's heart started feeling warm and cozy at the sight of that name.

"Where are we?" Charlotte asked.

"This is Happy Avenue," Zachary introduced as he slowed down. "We used to live here."

"The two of us?" Charlotte said in surprise. She hadn't expected the two of them to have had that serious of a relationship.

"And also—"

Zachary quickly cut himself off before he could say, "...our three children."

"What?" Charlotte asked halfheartedly. She was paying too much attention to the scenery around them to notice anything else.

"Do you remember anything?" Zachary quickly changed the topic.

"I feel like I've been here before, but nothing concrete yet."

Charlotte frowned as she looked around at her surroundings.

Right then, Zachary stopped his car in front of the first building on Happy Avenue and pointed toward a window on the sixteenth floor. "Look. That's where we used to live."

Charlotte lifted her head and looked toward the window that was lit brightly, giving her a sense of warmth.

She suddenly felt some fragments of memories flashing past her eyes. It looked like a large family having dinner cheerfully and noisily, but she couldn't make out anyone's features.

All she could gather was that she once had a family.

Charlotte tried her best to piece together the fragments, but her head started aching sharply. She held her head in her hands, trying her best not to think about it so much.

"What's wrong?" Zachary immediately hugged her.

"My head hurts," Charlotte groaned in pain.

"It's alright. Don't think about it anymore." Zachary immediately drove off.

As Happy Avenue disappeared behind them, so did the familiar sensation that Charlotte was feeling. Her headache was slowly dissipating as well, but a strange subtle sadness started to take its place.