

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 120

“Mr. Na—” the hotel manager blurted, but immediately held his tongue at a sharp, warning look from Zachary. Realizing that he had almost spilled the name “Mr. Nacht”, the manager let out a brisk cough before continuing, “Everything you asked for is ready, sir! Please have a good rest. Let me know anytime if there’s anything else you need.”

At this, the manager retreated and even closed the door behind him.

“Why did you bring me here?” Charlotte demanded as her eyes darted around in a panic. “What are you still trying to do... Ahh!”

Before she could finish, her feet were swept off the ground abruptly. With a rough haul, Zachary threw her into the round bathtub filled with water.

Splash! She flailed around for a moment as she struggled to sit up, and coughed out some water which she had choked on.

Wiping water off her face with a hand, she grabbed onto the edge of the bathtub with the other. She panted heavily for some time before finally steadying herself, glaring at him and yelling, “You darned gigolo! How dare you...”

“Shut up!” he interrupted fiercely and pointed at her. “From this minute on, you better clean yourself up quietly. I’m gonna do you again if I hear another word from you!”

A suppressing atmosphere filled the bathroom at his menacing glare and authoritative voice. Charlotte felt subdued by the air of dominance emitting off him.

Frightened, she immediately held a hand over her mouth and stared quietly with widened eyes.

“Bathe!” he commanded as he chucked a bathrobe at her, then walked out of the bathroom.

She pursed her lips tightly, not daring to make another sound.

Nevertheless, she really did want to clean herself up.

Last night had been a long tiring one. She couldn't help feeling grungy and filthy all over. She slowly eased herself into the bath, letting her body unwind in the warm water...

The bath was relaxing as she immersed herself in it. However, she flinched when the wounds on her shoulder and neck started to sting as they came into contact with the water.

Meanwhile, Zachary had taken a shower in the other bathroom. With only a towel wrapped underneath his torso, he hastily rubbed his hair as he came out and called Raina on his phone. "Send a female doctor over to the Storm Hotel, now! One whose face is fresh to the public!" he ordered.

Not wasting a millisecond, he hung up and reached out a hand towards his mask. In that instant, Charlotte emerged from the bathroom.

He quickly turned away.

He cursed in his mind. The mask was still lying on the bed, where he'd have to turn around and walk over a distance before he could reach it.

Of all times, that Ungrateful Wretch now stood right behind him.

"You're done so quickly?" he asked purposefully.

He had to figure out something to say to direct her away.

“Mmhm,” she murmured. She was about to say more, but immediately covered her mouth at the thought of his threats earlier.

This gigolo had sounded so scary just now. What if he really were to act on his threats?

Her entire body still felt sore and her legs had barely recovered enough strength to support her own weight. After an excruciating night, receiving more “punishments” from this man would be the last thing she wished for.

“That’s not clean enough. Go bathe one more time!” he forced a demanding tone, hiding his desperation as much as possible.

“I...” she resisted, and then held her tongue again just before more words could spill out of her mouth. Not wanting to get herself into more trouble, she begrudgingly turned back towards the bathroom.

Now is the time! Zachary made a dive towards the mask on the bed. His fingers were barely an inch away from reaching it when Charlotte came back to the room all of a sudden.

He withdrew and turned away in a split second. The towel wrapped around his lower body almost slipped from the impulsive movement.

“I’m not bathing anymore!” she grimaced as she held a hand over her painful, swollen neck. “I think the wound on my neck’s starting to ooze pus. It hurts! I’m going home...”

She then proceeded towards the door as she spoke.

Now or never! Zachary made a lightning-speed dash and grabbed hold of the mask. Just as he prepared to put it on...

“Oh, right!” Charlotte made a sudden turn and faced him. “You know, I think it’s better if we don’t see each other anymore...”

Her voice trailed off slightly as she looked down on the floor. She mustered up her courage again after a second.

She finally looked up as she continued, “Let’s put an end to that contract between us. From this day on, you don’t have to pay your compensation anymore. Go and live your own life in peace...”

At this time, Zachary had finally slid his mask on. He could feel his heart palpitating. It felt as if it had almost leaped out of his chest just now.

If she hadn’t lowered her head the whole time in guilt and abashment, he could’ve blown his cover just a second ago.

“I’ll burn that piece of agreement and delete your number once I go back. Let’s not trouble each other anymore from now on.”

At that, she reached for the door handle and began to make her leave.

“You’ve slept with me from the start, and now you’re thinking of leaving just like that?” his cold voice rang from behind. “You wench!”