

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 422

Charlotte was whimpering in pain over her eyes. She scratched on Zachary's arms hard, leaving bloodied lines all over.

However, the man seemed unfazed by the pain as she scratched on. He wiped off the lipstick on her lips and gritted through his teeth, "Look at yourself right now! You look like a whore!"

"What does it have to do with you? Let me go..."

Charlotte wrestled the man furiously.

However, the man opened another bottle of wine and poured it all over her face and body.

It seemed like he was trying to cleanse her sins off of her.

Charlotte finally fell silent when the man poured another bottle of wine over her. She slumped against the sofa, shifting uneasily from the heat, and panted lightly.

Her chest heaved up and down from the panting as she tried to catch her breath. The woman's porcelain-fair skin was accentuated by the ruby red liquid and the dim lighting, alluring and inviting.

Zachary's eyes burned with lust, but he did not lay a finger on her. He took off his coat and wrapped it around her half-naked body. Then, he carried her and exited the private room.

The woman leaned her head against his chest silently, drained from her previous attempt to free herself.

Zachary carried her all the way to his car and drove away.

His bodyguards knew better than to trail behind their boss.

Sultry Night was only a stone's throw away from Storm Hotel. They reached there in just a few minutes.

As usual, Zachary parked his car at the back of the hotel. The manager was already waiting to greet his guests.

He carried Charlotte upstairs and dumped her into a tub full of water.

Then, he turned around and headed to another bathroom to take a shower. However, he rushed back to the tub when he noticed sounds of water splashing.

He was greeted by the sight of Charlotte struggling in the bathtub as if she was about to drown.

“Idiot!”

Zachary was rendered speechless. I guess she will be breaking a world record as the first person who drowns herself in a bathtub.

However, he knew that the woman was drunk beyond her wits because of him. At that point, there was no way she could take care of herself.

He had no other choice but to bathe the woman himself.

The man removed the last piece of clothing still on the woman and cleaned her meticulously.

Her skin was velvety smooth and a pleasure to behold. However, there were a few scratches here and there from her struggles earlier.

His Adam’s apple bobbed up and down from the enticing sensation. Despite the burning lust in his eyes, Zachary tried his best to hold the beast in himself in.

He had wanted to wash her hair but realized that it was not an easy endeavor. After fumbling with it for some time, he still had no idea where to start. Besides, it did not help when her hair was circling her neck, almost strangling her.

On top of the woman drifting in and out of consciousness, he had to steady her shoulders with his one hand, lest she fell into the tub and choked on the water.

Damn it, I never knew bathing a woman would be such an arduous task.

Zachary proceeded to struggle for another one hour before he was finally done.

He scooped her out of the tub and wrapped a towel around her body. Then, he placed her on the sofa and blow-dried the woman's hair.

She lay motionlessly against the sofa. Her cheeks pink from being intoxicated as she mumbled, "Thirsty... water..."

Zachary took a bottle of water and fed the woman.

She grabbed onto the bottle of water like a lost traveler in the desert who had found an oasis. It did not take her long to finish the whole bottle.

Then, he continued to dry her hair as he ran his fingers through the strands. He raised a brow at the sight before him. Why do women have so much hair, and why are they so long? It's such a hassle to wash and dry their hair.

After what seemed like an eternity, her hair was finally dry. He kept the hairdryer and turned around to make way to the bathroom.

His clothes were soiled by the woman, and he had been dying to get out of it. Well, thanks to that woman, I'm only able to take these off now.

Yet another first, Ms. Windt. Zachary had never taken care of another soul his whole life. It seemed as if the woman had been defying every single one of his rules.

Thud! A sound could be heard outside.

Zachary dashed out of the bathroom to have a look. It was Charlotte. The woman had fallen off the sofa.

He furrowed his brows at the frustrating woman, and decided to just let her be as he continued to take a shower.