

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 807

Louis took his coat off and draped it over Charlotte, putting an arm around her in the process.

Charlotte did not look uncomfortable at all. As she turned her body slightly, she looked out from the balcony casually.

Somehow, she was able to lock gazes with Zachary.

Zachary was staring at her with a pained expression while Charlotte kept an aloof stance. She quickly looked away, continuing her conversation with Louis.

Frowning and not saying a single word, Zachary got into his car.

“How about we try contacting Ms. Lindberg using another identity?” Ben suggested hesitantly.

“If she really has feelings for Louis, nothing will change her mind.”

Zachary sounded oddly emotionless, but his troubled eyes gave him away.

Ben dared not speak another word and silently sat by his side.

Soon, they returned to the hot spring resort.

Zachary was about to head back to his room to rest when he came across Cynthia in the living room on the first floor.

She was sitting on the sofa, leaning on a cushion as she stole anxious glances of him.

Upon seeing him return, she stood up and began gesturing to him. “Zachary, I need to talk to you.”

“Hmm?” Zachary stopped in his tracks, looking at her with a frown on his face.

“I know that I must have caused you trouble today, but I really didn’t mean it.”

Tears were welling up in her eyes as she desperately tried to explain herself to Zachary.

“I’ve stayed in my room the entire day and simply wanted to go out and get some fresh air in the evening. When I saw a bodyguard bringing your clothes out and was told that he’s sending them to the banquet hall, I wanted to follow along and deliver them to you... That’s all I wanted to do.”

“I understand. You should rest soon. Good night,” Zachary replied dispassionately.

With that, he strode off and went upstairs.

As Cynthia watched him leave, her expression turned solemn. Looking down at the floor, tears of sorrow trickled down her cheeks.

“Ms. Blackwood, please don’t be too upset. Mr. Nacht definitely trusts you. You should go rest now and don’t overthink it, okay?” Her medical staff tried to comfort her.

When Zachary returned to his room, he took off his jacket, loosened up his shirt, and poured himself a glass of wine. Slouching on the sofa, he gulped down a glass.

Just then, his phone rang. It was Henry.

He exhaled deeply in annoyance, put his phone on mute, and ignored the call completely.

Scenes of Charlotte being intimate with Louis from the banquet replayed again and again in his head. The possibility of those two going a step further in their relationship was driving him crazy.

He downed glass after glass of the wine.

Under the dim lights, the alluring purple smoke from the aroma lamp enveloped his body, stirring up something heated and passionate within him.

He opened a few more buttons and continued to drink.

All of a sudden, a knocking sound interrupted his drinking.

“What is it?” Zachary growled.

He did not get a response. Instead, the door to his room swung right open, and Cynthia entered the room, dragging her injured leg. She had a tray in hand containing a bowl of hot soup.

She closed the door and knelt before Zachary. Placing the hot soup on the table, she pulled on his shirt. “You’re terribly drunk. It’s not good for your health. I made you some hot soup. Have some.” She gestured.

Zachary’s brows were furrowed. Giving her the cold shoulder, he said, “I got it. You should leave now.”

After picking up his blazer from the floor and hanging it up, Cynthia pushed on the door.

To her surprise, the door did not bulge and seemed locked.

She hurried over to Zachary and gestured frantically. "Zachary, the door has been locked from the other side!"

Wobbling from side to side, Zachary stood up and staggered toward the door. However, a nauseating feeling suddenly hit him, and he collapsed.

Cynthia immediately ran up to support him, but she was not strong enough. In the end, the two of them landed together on the bed.

As Zachary looked at the blurry face of a woman under his body, he sank into the hallucination that she was Charlotte. Running his fingers through her hair, he moaned, "Charlotte..."