

Perfect Match: Irresistible Desire For You – Chapter 30

Yasmin was struck speechless by her mother's dismissive words. Was she really her parents' daughter? Shouldn't they be more concerned about her safety instead of selling her out to their friends' son? Well, the question had been bothering her for years, yet she never got an answer. She had become used to facing the dreariness of her everyday life. Even so, the events of tonight were something outside of her control and her expectations. After the light dinner, her eyes felt leaden with drowsiness, and the idea of finding a room to settle down for the night was starting to sound appealing. Besides, Zachary might not have enough energy to drive and probably needed to rest, too. It would be best if they stayed here for the night.

Zachary was smart enough to read the underlying meaning in his mother's speech. In fact, he couldn't be happier that his own mother's plans seemed to coincide with his, and for the first time, he found her words pleasant to hear. When he saw the hesitant look on Yasmin's face Zachary guessed that she might have heard the same thing from her own mother. There was no reason for them to separate at that point, anyway. Everything was going according to his plan.

If asked why he wanted to be alone with Yasmin, Zachary wouldn't be able to give an answer, because he himself didn't know. Maybe he appreciated her carefree attitude, or maybe he was interested in her as a person. At this point, however, he did not intend to overanalyze his motives. After all, he had always followed his heart.

The two of them talked to each other and discussed their parents' opinions. Finally, they agreed to find a hotel to rest in for tonight and set out early tomorrow morning. They walked toward a small but brightly-lit hotel near the restaurant. However, it was already late at night, and the middle-aged woman behind the desk told them that they had only one room left. As she told them the hotel's situation, her eyes raked the two people and their outfits from head to toe.

For Zachary, it would be too much to expect things to go smoothly after that. Although he felt a fair bit of confidence, he still asked Yasmin for her opinion by looking at her with a question in his eyes. Yasmin read the question in his arched brows and considered their options. It would be too troublesome for them to find another hotel as they were both almost dead on their feet, and

there was no guarantee that the vacancy situation in other hotels fared any better. Besides, she thought he was gay. Finally, she nodded her head.

The woman led them to a very simple room with an area of about 15 square meters. There was a double bed, two nightstands, a TV, a kettle for water, and other basic amenities, which made the small room seem even more cramped. Yasmin stopped the woman just as she was on her way out and asked for a spare set of beddings, much to the woman's confusion. There was no room to put up a makeshift bed, so they had to share the double bed.

By the time everything was ready for them to rest, it was already nearing one o'clock in the morning. Yasmin and Zachary took turns in taking a shower in the room's tiny bathroom.

When he emerged from his shower, Zachary saw that Yasmin had wrapped a thin quilt around herself and was already asleep on her side of the bed. Only her head was visible outside of the quilt burrito, and her curls softly framed her fair, delicate face.

It seemed that Yasmin was completely at ease in his company. She did not seem like a delicate hothouse flower from a rich family, and she easily fell asleep under such simple sleeping arrangements. She must be exhausted. However, she was a woman staying in a small room with a man. Did she think he was too safe, or was she too bold? Zachary's mind seemed to have forgotten that he was gay in her eyes.

He quietly pressed the light switch, and the room was cast in darkness. After stretching out to his full height beside the sleeping Yasmin, he pulled the additional quilt Yasmin had requested earlier over his body. After all, it was already autumn, and the room was bound to get even colder later, so he needed something to ward off the cold.

The facilities in that village hotel under the highway were minimalist at best, so the double bed could barely accommodate two people. After Zachary lay down, the bed still seemed very crowded even though Yasmin was lying on her side.

Even through the quilt, Yasmin's body heat reached out to him as soon as he lay down beside her. He didn't dare to move for fear that the slightest movement would wake her up. Her heat felt scorching against his right arm. He stared blindly up at the dark ceiling, willing himself not to react. In the darkness and silence of the early morning, he felt engulfed by the smell the

shower gel emanating from the woman beside her. Even her soft breathing seemed unnaturally loud in his ears.

In order to distract himself from the disturbance in his heart so that he could fall asleep, Zachary began to count sheep to hypnotize himself. However, as he counted, memories of the pleasant time spent in Yasmin's company flashed in his mind. He remembered her lively, straightforward, and artless smile, as well as her beautiful, elegant figure. For the record, it was the first time that Zachary had become interested in a woman, which was why he was amenable to the dates with her and readily agreed to meet with her parents. The truth was, he felt lucky to have met such an extraordinary woman.

Now, for the first time in his life, a woman was lying beside him, but Zachary felt completely at ease despite the slight discomfort of desiring his bedmate for the night. His heart, which had been adrift so restlessly for so long, finally felt at peace.

Zachary became lost in his memories. Even without the heady rush of physical desire, he could say that not only was he attracted to Yasmin, but he also admired her. However, the innocent young woman sleeping beside him didn't seem to feel the same way toward him. The road leading to claiming Yasmin as his bride looked long and arduous, but with the help of the parents from both sides and his invincible charm, his desired outcome looked imminently possible.

Then, Zachary immersed himself in laying out his plans to woo Yasmin. He was thrilled at the thought of her snuggled up in his arms and her face being the first thing he would see when he woke up in the morning. Finally, he decided that he must completely captivate her both physically and mentally, no matter how long or difficult such an undertaking might be.

Therefore, it never occurred to him to seduce her as she slept beside him because he was, first and foremost, a gentleman. Even so, she was the only woman who had charmed him like this. He must have her.

Zachary had come across a lot of women, especially in recent years when his family constantly arranged for him to meet them in blind dates. He had no choice but to date several of them who seemed suitable. In the end, those women inevitably became excessively clingy, which turned him off. It might sound horrible, but he usually dumped the women he had dated because of this reason.

Or perhaps his lack of interest in women stemmed from his hectic job as Joseph's assistant in the last few years. He had been so focused on the business that it was impossible to spare time or interest in a woman or an actual relationship. Then again, maybe Joseph's indifference toward women and relationship had rubbed off on him, and he had unreasonably high expectations regarding them. Thus, he had never slept with any women even if he dated them. Now, at the ripe old age of 27, love finally made Zachary's heart beat for the first time. He was filled with elation and excitement. He was lucky to have found someone like her.

At last, Zachary stared at Yasmin's peaceful face and whispered in a soft, incredibly fond voice, "Good night." Then, he fell asleep by her side.