

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1517

Standing outside the bathroom, Charlotte kept an eye on her watch. She listened to the sound of flowing water while waiting for the opportune time to open the door.

As time ticked by, she finally reached the five-minute mark. She figured “Zachary” would have undressed by then.

With a towel in hand, she entered the bathroom.

Amid the mist inside, the man looked even more towering and attractive.

As for the wolf head tattoo on his waist, it could clearly be seen despite being partly blocked by the mist.

It's really Zachary!

Charlotte was bewildered.

How can this be? How can the tattoo be the same? Is he really Zachary?

“Wifey...”

Suddenly, “Zachary” turned around and reached out to hug her.

Charlotte, who was on alert, avoided him and slipped away at once. “Continue with your shower. I'll go check if the vegetable soup is ready.”

“Wifey...”

“Zachary” grabbed her and refused to let go. He even pinned her against the wall and leaned in to kiss her.

Averse to his advances, Charlotte turned her head to avoid the kiss. She thundered, “Let go of me!”

“You're my wife. I can kiss you whenever I want.”

With a brazen attitude, the man continued to approach while restraining both her wrists.

Failing to struggle free, Charlotte lifted her knee in desperation.

“Argh!”

“Zachary” curled up on the ground while holding his crotch. He was in so much pain that his face was devoid of color.

“You deserved it!” After pushing him aside, Charlotte stormed out.

When she came out of the room and saw Hanna pacing around nervously, she quickly recollected herself and greeted, “Mrs. Rawlston, what's wrong?”

“I was about to come up with the vegetable soup when I heard Mr. Nacht's cry. A-Are both of you fighting?”

Hanna felt awkward and worried at the same time.

“We're not fighting.” Charlotte received the soup. “All right now, I'll take this in. Mrs. Rawlston, you can get back to work.”

“Sure, sure.” Hanna dared not probe further and left quickly.

When Charlotte returned to the room, she put the bowl of vegetable soup on the coffee table and declared, “Once you're done showering, come over and drink your soup. You will only have vegetable soup three times a day and a bowl for every meal from today onward. It will be served with some side dishes. Once you've done this for two months, you won't get a stomachache anymore.”

“Zachary” walked out of the bathroom with only a towel wrapped around his waist. He asked anxiously, “Do you have to be so cruel?”

“This was what you did previously.” Charlotte was firm and decisive. “Before this, you had soup for almost three months and didn't even have any side dishes.”

“Hey, you—”

She ignored him and gave Hanna a call right away. “Mrs. Rawlston, from today onward, Mr. Nacht will have nothing but vegetable soup. By the way, don't serve him any wine or any other drinks. He is only allowed to have plain water. Furthermore, please get someone to clear the mini-bar in the room later. Remove all the alcoholic drinks, and only leave the bottles of mineral water behind.”

“Yes, Mrs. Nacht,” Hanna agreed at once. “What's a good time for me to come?”

“About an hour.” Charlotte checked her watch. “You can come once he's done with his vegetable soup.”

“All right, Mrs. Nacht.” After ending the call, Charlotte smiled faintly at “Zachary” and suggested solemnly, “For the sake of your health, you have to be self-disciplined. Since you have done it before, I'm sure you can do it again!”

“Finish your soup quickly, and get yourself dressed. Mrs. Rawlston will be coming up with one of the maids to clear the mini-bar,” she then urged. “I'm going to do some work now. Once Hayley is here, I'll accompany you for the treatment.”

With that, she headed out of the room.

Meanwhile, “Zachary” stared at the vegetable soup with a pained expression. The thought of going through the treatment later only served to add salt to his wounds. Nevertheless, for the sake of their plan, he had no choice but to endure.