

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 23

“Arrange him to be a guard at the parking lot!”

After taking his phone, Zachary turned and left.

“Yes, sir.”

Ben patted Wesley’s face. “You should be grateful that Mr. Nacht is a kind and generous person. Getting an annual salary of a million by being a guard? You won’t be able to find such an opportunity anywhere else!”

“Yes, yes, yes. Thank you, Mr. Nacht. Thank you, Ben. Thank you so much.”

Wesley’s mouth was bleeding profusely, but he still forced a smile onto his face and nodded incessantly.

Disgust washed over Charlotte as she looked at Wesley. At the same time, she sighed inwardly. This punishment is absolutely ingenious!

From this moment on, Wesley will never be able to lift his head up high!

This is the way of the Devil!

Charlotte made a silent note to stay as far away as possible from this dangerous Devil.

Now that she thought about it, she felt that her Gigolo In Debt was still the best. He was obedient and good-natured, and had even earned her more than one million in just two nights.

With this thought in mind, Charlotte quickly dried her clothes and made her way to the bank.

Since time was of the essence, she ran all the way there and made it there before they got off work for the day, rushing in to cash in the cheque for money.

To her dismay, the bank clerk told her that the cheque had been stopped early this morning!

Charlotte was flummoxed. Those three rich women bought Gigolo In Debt from me with one million, but once they got him, they revoked the cheque?

Are rich women nowadays so unprincipled?

Charlotte immediately dialed for Gigolo In Debt, but he didn't answer even after she called him three times in a row.

Thrown into a frenzy, she sent him a text: Call me back ASAP. It's urgent!

There was no reply.

Charlotte held her phone as she turned everything over in her head. Could something have happened last night?

Could it be that Gigolo In Debt couldn't stand their wild tastes and escaped at the last minute? So the women got mad and canceled the cheque?

That seems possible!

Yeah, that must be it!

Coming to this conclusion, Charlotte immediately got into a cab and headed straight for Sultry Night.

On the way there, she started sneezing violently with snot running down her nostrils. It was clear that she caught a cold while cleaning the pool this afternoon.

That was the least of her worries now though. All she cared about now was finding that gigolo.

Soon, she arrived at Sultry Night. Because it was still early, they were not open for business yet, so outsiders were barred from entering.

Charlotte slipped in through the back door and went to the same private room.

Oddly, the room was empty. The sofa, coffee table, wine cabinets, and even the carpet were all gone.

Several waiters were meticulously cleaning the place, while the manager was taking some measurements, mentioning about getting newly customized furniture.

Charlotte grabbed a waitress and asked in a hushed tone, "What happened here? Everything was still fine yesterday."

"I'm not really sure either. The manager instructed me to clean the place up, so I'm just following orders." The waitress then impatiently said, "How did you get in? Get out now..."

"I'm just a curious passerby. I won't interfere with your work, I promise."

Charlotte took out three hundred in cash and stuffed it into her hand.

The waitress immediately took the money and stuffed it into her pocket. Then, she checked their surroundings before cupping her mouth to whisper into Charlotte's ear, "When I came in today, there was a lot of blood on the carpet. I think someone died here. Stuff like this, I'm sure you know what I mean..."

"What?"

Charlotte's eyes had gone wide, her body stiffening entirely.

The words 'someone died here' was on playback in her mind.

She recalled what Gigolo In Debt had said to her yesterday. Fifty-eight years old and two hundred and eighty pounds. I'm too young to die in bed!

He had rejected a two-hundred-and-eighty-pound rich woman who wanted to book him for a whole night. And last night, there were three of them. He couldn't possibly have vomited blood and died from over-exertion, right?

If a life was really lost here, it's entirely possible that the women canceled their cheque in order to dissociate themselves from this incident...

Charlotte's heart clenched hard in her chest. She silently blamed herself for being greedy, which cost the gigolo his life in the end.

Besides, he was also the father of her children.

A scene emerged in her mind. It was fast-forwarded to a decade in the future, where her children would pester her about their father's identity.

With tears of repentance in her eyes, she would say... Your father was a gigolo. I sold him to three rich women who weighed about seven hundred pounds in total for one million... After that, he went missing, and I have no idea if he's dead or alive!