

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 16

Zachary's expression was icy as he brushed past her.

Charlotte stared at his back in a daze. Was he the one who bumped into me earlier?

This is such a wide space, and with four bodyguards by his side at all times, how could he have bumped into me?

Don't tell me... he did it on purpose?

"Don't you watch where you're going, Charlotte?" Wesley roared at her, getting all worked up.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" Charlotte pointed to the direction Zachary had disappeared and explained meekly, "It was the President who bumped into me, that's why I accidentally..."

"You're even pushing the blame onto..."

"Mr. Holt," Ben interrupted Wesley and asked coldly, "Are you saying that it's Mr. Nacht's fault?"

"No, no, no. I wouldn't dare..." Wesley hastily explained, "I meant her... no, I meant myself. I'm the one who's blind."

"That's more like it." Ben nodded with satisfaction, then solemnly reminded, "Watch where you're going next time, especially in a restaurant. It's not good to waste food!"

"Understood!" Wesley lowered his head in submission.

Seeing the look of embarrassment on Wesley's face, Charlotte cheered silently in her heart. This prick has finally run into a snag. He probably won't dare to harass me again from now on!

When Zachary spied the way Charlotte was secretly rejoicing, his lips formed into a faint smile.

His phone rang just when the elevator doors closed, and he picked it up immediately. "Speak."

"Mr. Nacht, we've caught Pardus, but he doesn't have the chip with him. He's probably hidden it somewhere else. I've used every method to force him into confessing, but he's remained tight-lipped thus far. We may have to resort to more extreme measures!"

"A man like him has undergone hellish training. Torture won't work on him." Zachary ordered, "Check the surveillance footage at the Grand Plaza and see if he passed it to his accomplices."

"Yes. I'll look into it immediately!"

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By the time Charlotte got home from work, a scrumptious meal had already been prepared by Mrs. Berry. Soon, the family of five enjoyed their dinner together.

Fifi flapped its wings and perched on Ellie's shoulder, rubbing its head against Ellie's chubby cheek.

Ellie fed it a melon seed, but it didn't happily eat it like it usually did. Instead, it shook its head, struggling through a round of hiccups.

Ellie looked at its food tray. Noticing that the food was completely untouched, she anxiously said, "Mommy, Fifi hasn't eaten anything since last night and keeps having hiccups. Is it sick?"

"What's wrong?"

Charlotte stroked Fifi's furry little head, but it looked completely listless.

"Maybe Fifi hasn't recovered from the shock it went through at the mall the other day?" Mrs. Berry suggested, "Bring it to see the doctor tonight."

"Mm, we'll do that." Charlotte nodded in agreement.

Jamie looked at Fifi and furrowed his brows, hesitating for a while. Finally, he couldn't take it anymore and blurted out, "Mommy, actually, Fifi ate a gold thingy. That's why it feels uncomfortable."

"Gold thingy?" Charlotte blinked in surprise.

"Yeah. It was this big..." Jamie indicated with his fingers. "About the same size as my pinky finger."

"I don't think we have a piece of gold like that in our house." Charlotte was puzzled.

"Not in our house. When we were at the mall, a masked man in black gave it to me..." Jamie explained.

"Have you been watching too much cartoon?" Robbie rolled his eyes at Jamie in an adult-like manner.

"It's true..."

Jamie quickly recounted the events of that day in detail. By the time he was done, everyone had dumbfounded looks on their faces.

"Hahaha..." Mrs. Berry cackled with laughter. "Jamie, your story is really entertaining."

"See? Too much cartoon." Robbie rolled his eyes again and continued eating.

"Why don't any of you believe me..." Jamie's cheeks were flushed red with anxiety. "Do you believe me, Mommy?"

"I do!" Charlotte filled his plate with more food. "We'll bring Fifi to see the doctor after we're done eating, okay?"

"Yeah, let's bring Fifi to see the doctor first." Ellie was only concerned about her parrot and not the truth.

Jamie pouted, feeling greatly aggrieved.

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After dinner, Charlotte and her three children brought Fifi to the vet. The doctor checked Fifi and said that it was indigestion, probably due to eating something wrong. Hence, the doctor prescribed some medicine to improve its bowel movement.

Jamie pouted and thought to himself, Hmph! When that gold thingy comes out of Fifi, all of you will know that I was telling the truth!

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Back at home, by the time Charlotte fed Fifi the medicine and tucked her children into bed, it was already past nine.

She lay on her bed after taking a shower and sent a text to Gigolo In Debt: How is business tonight? He replied: Not good. No one picked me.

Charlotte became worried and typed a long message, teaching him how to flirt with rich women and talk business.

Don't always wear a mask and pretend to look cool. Even though some rich women dig cold and aloof men, there are also some who like bright and bubbly men. You need to adapt and change your style according to the situation!

Also, when those rich women start choosing their guy, you should wow them with your charm! Take off your shirt so that your abs and chest muscles are on full display, then grind with your hips a little. Those rich women won't stand a chance, they'd be drooling all over themselves.

Then, you have to tell them that you have good stamina and can last for ages...

Good stamina and can last for ages... It seems like you remember that night very vividly!

Charlotte's face turned crimson red upon reading his reply, and she sent an angry emoji back to him.

I'm teaching you how to do business and make money, but you're talking about useless things instead. If you don't hit your target tonight, you have to make up for the difference tomorrow. I've told you before that you must pay me at least five thousand every day.

Gigolo In Debt replied to her with a sweating emoji.

Work a little harder, put in a little more effort. The night is still young. Who knows? Maybe business will come knocking on your door after midnight. Don't be picky. Who cares if those rich women are skinny or obese? As long as they take a liking to you, you shag 'em..."

Gigolo In Debt was speechless.

Forget it. I'll head over to Sultry Night right now and bring you some supplements, and maybe teach you some skills too while I'm there!

Being a boss meant spending effort winning over the workers instead of blindly squeezing them dry. A boss had to lead with virtue and sentiment, otherwise the workers would eventually leave.

Charlotte recalled the business lessons her father had taught her in the past and decided to treat this Gigolo In Debt better from then on.

After Charlotte informed Mrs. Berry where she was going, she had a change of clothes and went to the pharmacy near her neighborhood.

She kept her head low and scanned her surroundings first, before walking toward the counter to ask the salesperson, "May I know if you have supplements... for improving... sex drive?"

"For a man or a woman?" asked the salesperson.

"For a man," Charlotte lowered her voice to a whisper.

"These are what we have. Which one would you like?" The salesperson pointed at the row of glass cabinets behind the counter.

"I want the cheapest one," Charlotte answered without hesitation.

"This one then." The salesperson took out a bottle of supplements. "It's buy three get one free."

"How much is three bottles?"

"Three thousand three hundred and eighty!"

"It's too expensive. I'll take just the one!"

Rendered speechless, the salesperson checked out one bottle for her.

Charlotte stuffed it into her bag and left in a flurry.

The salesperson then sidled over to a colleague and gossiped, "That lady just now is quite pretty. It's too bad she doesn't have a conscience."

"Huh? How come?"

"Just think about it. She squeezed her husband dry, so she came here to buy him some supplements, but she ended up buying only one bottle. I mean c'mon, you can't have your cake and eat it too!"

"Hahaha! What a vicious wife!"

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After leaving the pharmacy, Charlotte took a cab to Sultry Night and searched for Gigolo In Debt. She directly went to the private room where the two of them previously met.

Sure enough, he was there.

As usual, his face was hidden behind that mysterious mask. Clad in all black, he took up a lofty posture as he leaned back against the sofa and sipped on his drink, emanating an insufferably arrogant and unapproachable aura.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. Look at that attitude. No wonder no one picked you." Charlotte chastised him as soon as she stepped into the room. "Those rich women come here to seek pleasure, not to be at the mercy of a masochist. Who do you think you'll seduce with that grim face of yours?"

"Well, it's take it or leave it!" Zachary swirled the glass in his hand and continued sipping on his drink.

"How can you be successful by just making do with what comes your way?" Charlotte was exasperated. "You need to think big and strive to create a better life for yourself!"

"Even a gigolo needs to think big?" Zachary questioned.

"Of course. You gigolos have different levels too, right?"

Charlotte continued educating him earnestly.

"If your performance is good, you can become the top gigolo here. Others may only earn ten thousand a night, but you'll earn a hundred thousand. When that happens, you'll be able to retire after just two years. You have to make the most out of your youth in this line of work. If you don't work hard now, how are you going to get by once you're old?"

"It makes sense!" Zachary nodded.

"So, you have to work hard to improve your performance." Charlotte took out the bottle of supplement from her bag. "Here, I bought this for you. Take it and close a big client later tonight..."

"There's no need for that. My sex drive is very good." Zachary glanced at the bottle and his lips arched into a wicked smile. "Didn't you experience it first-hand?"

"Well, it used to be good, but after doing it for so many years, you probably have some problems now, don't you?" Charlotte gazed at him with pity in her eyes. "Everything excessively used will wear out with time..."

Her gaze fell on his groin and she released a sigh.

Zachary narrowed his eyes dangerously and pinched her chin to level their gazes.

“Are you doubting my abilities?”

His eyes gleamed with an innate kind of dominance, making her heart flutter nervously for some reason.

Charlotte scooted back slightly and kept a distance from him. “I’m just worried about your physical condition. I even bought you some supplements. You should repay me for my effort...”

“How do you want me to repay you?”

Zachary abruptly closed in on her and exuded a dangerous aura, resembling a wild beast stalking its prey.

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“Well of course by earning more money and clearing your debt to me sooner...”

Charlotte’s mind was in shambles by then and she began to stammer, “A-A-And also...”

She pointed at the expensive bottle of red wine on the table, trying to diffuse the sexual tension in the air. “Don’t spend excessively! Don’t falsify bank statements!”

“This was paid by a client,” Zachary replied casually.

"Ah, I see. That makes more sense. I was wondering how you could afford to buy such an expensive bottle of wine." Charlotte continued shifting away. "Has that client placed an order with you?"

"I rejected her." Zachary deliberately teased her, "Fifty-eight years old and two hundred and eighty pounds. I'm too young to die in bed!"

A snort of laughter escaped Charlotte's lips at that, and she reached out to squeeze his arm. "You're strong and packed with muscles. There's no way you'd die that easily!"

Zachary caught her wandering little hand and jerked her into his arms. "Why don't you try me out first?"

"No..." Charlotte was so flabbergasted that she blurted out barely coherent words, "Don't try anything funny! If you touch me, I'll report you!"

"Go ahead..." Zachary gently bit her earlobe, which sent a ripple of electricity through her entire body, making her tingle all over. "If I get fired, I won't have money to pay you back anymore!"

"You..." Charlotte couldn't formulate a response to refute him.

Zachary's lips travelled downward before brushing a feather-light kiss on her collarbone. Then, he trapped the button on her shirt between his teeth and nuzzled her chest tantalizingly.

"Don't..." Charlotte thrashed against him in panic, but she couldn't break free from his hold no matter how hard she tried.

"You're really sensitive..."

Zachary was very satisfied with her reaction and planned to continue teasing her, but a woman's loud and pompous voice came from outside, interrupting the peace.

"I'm tired of those male escorts from earlier. Don't you have any new ones?"

"I want the best in Sultry Night. The best of the best!"

"That's right. We want the finest you have here. We can afford it!"

With that, the door burst open with a loud bang.

Three wealthy women with plump figures who reeked of alcohol barged in and were taken aback when they saw the unfamiliar private room. "Huh? Where are the eighteen escorts we ordered?"

"Why is it so quiet here? Did we come to the wrong room?"

"You went the wrong way. Your room is on the opposite side!"

Beyond the door, the bodyguard whom Zachary had sent away was about to come in and handle the situation.

However, he immediately backtracked when Zachary shot him a meaningful look.

Charlotte pushed off the sofa and tidied her clothes with her back to the door.

"Hey! There's one here!"

The three women spotted Zachary and gathered around him excitedly, undressing him with their eyes.

"His body and looks are top-notch! He's completely on a different level compared to the boring ones out there!"

"Domineering and ruthless. Just my cup of tea!"

"Hey handsome, you're also an escort here, right? Name your price. We have the money!"

Zachary nursed his drink and didn't spare them a glance.

His cold and domineering temperament made the three women hunger for him all the more.

Upon noticing this, Charlotte jumped at the opportunity to make a fortune and deliberately provoked the three of them. "Oh, do you now? You don't look like you can even afford a drink here!"

"Where did this bratty girl come from? How dare you speak to us like this?" The women shot hostile glares at Charlotte. "Don't you know who we are?"

"I don't give a crap about who you are." Charlotte clung onto Zachary's arm and warned, "I saw him first!"

Zachary's brows raised a little as he studied her with intrigue.

One of the women took out a stack of banknotes from her bag and threw it onto the table. "Little girl, there are tons of escorts out there. This money is more than enough for you to hire at least seven of them. Give this one to us!"

"No!"

Charlotte tilted Zachary's chin and smashed her lips onto his icy ones, then wrapped her arms around him and snapped, "I spent a hundred thousand today just to have this legendary gigolo god all to myself. I won't be giving him up to anyone. So get out! Go, go, go!"

Zachary's brows shot up to his hairline, then he pursed his lips, craving more than just a kiss from her.

But gigolo god? Seriously? Is this some sort of upgrade?

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"A hundred thousand? Look at your cheap clothes. How could you afford to spend so much money?" One of the rich women questioned.

Having her dignity get trampled on, Charlotte almost blew her cover, but she recovered quickly and kept up the act.

"I've been saving up for this for a long time. Just to have a passionate night with this gigolo god, I took out my entire annual salary!"

"Your annual salary is only one hundred thousand?" The women laughed mockingly. "You can barely scrap by in life, yet you came here and hired a gigolo. Aren't you embarrassed?"

"Why should I be? He's mine for tonight anyway." Charlotte caressed Zachary's chiseled pecs, purposely provoking them. "Look at this perfect body. One hundred thousand? Hah! I'd even spend one million if I had to!"

The three woman scanned Zachary's body from head to toe, practically salivating at the thought of what lay beneath his clothes.

Zachary stared at Charlotte as a dangerous glint flickered in his eyes.

Charlotte didn't dare to meet his gaze. In fact, she was flustered on the inside, but for the sake of money, she went all out.

"Fine. One million it is." One of the women filled out a cheque and threw it at Charlotte. "You can get lost now!"

"It's ten times the amount you spent." Another woman sneered. "For someone who lives at the bottom of society, I doubt you can make a million even if you were given a lifetime. Well, looks like you hit the jackpot today, so get lost."

"That's right. Take the money on the table too. Then hurry up and get lost!"

The three women urged her, wanting so badly for Charlotte to leave that very second so that they could get on with their night.

Charlotte examined the cheque and kept it once she confirmed its validity. Then, she opened her bag and quickly stuffed the banknotes on the table into it. "I'll go now, I'll go now. Have fun!"

With that, she got up and was about to leave.

However, the hem of her shirt was grabbed from behind, holding her in place. She looked back and saw that Gigolo In Debt was holding onto her shirt and glaring at her. "You're dead if you leave!"

"Be a good boy and work hard!"

Charlotte pried his fingers off her shirt. Hugging her bag that was full of money to her chest, she scurried away without looking back once.

As Zachary watched her flee, his eyes gradually darkened and his hand tightened around the glass wine.

After escaping from the private room, Charlotte leaned her back against the door as a hint of guilt rose in her heart. Those three rich women probably weigh about seven hundred pounds in total. Can Gigolo In Debt handle it?

I should've bought a few more bottles of those supplements for him!

Charlotte opened the door a crack to peek inside and saw the three women approaching Gigolo In Debt like hungry wolves.

Their fleshy backs were blocking Charlotte's line of sight, so she couldn't see Gigolo In Debt's expression.

She imagined him to be quaking on the sofa at the moment, begging in a fearful voice, Please, let me go!

She sighed softly, then closed the door and ignored her guilty conscience, quickening her steps to leave.

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"Here we come, gigolo god. Hahaha..."

The three women launched themselves at Zachary with excitement coursing through their veins.

Zachary showed no reaction, but when he lowered his gaze, the three of them collapsed to the ground at the same time.

Due to their heavy weight, the ground shook as if being hit by an earthquake, almost shattering the coffee table in the process.

The black-clothed bodyguard pushed open the door and entered the room, asking cautiously, "Are you okay, Mr. Nacht?"

"Clean this up." Zachary stepped on the coffee table to leave, not wanting the soles of his shoes to get dirtied by the three women on the ground.

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Charlotte stepped out of Sultry Night and hailed a cab.

On the ride home, she guiltily sent a text message to Gigolo In Debt. Are you okay?

There was no reply.

She sent another message. If you really can't handle them anymore, just run away. Don't foolishly force yourself to bear with it!

There was still no reply.

Charlotte called him, but no one answered.

She felt even more uneasy. Shit. Could something have happened to that guy?

Or maybe he's serving his clients and wants to keep things professional!

For some reason, Charlotte's chest constricted slightly at the thought of this.

After all, he was her first man. Now that he had ended up in this situation, she found it to be rather tragic.

But on second thought, this was his job. She had only happened to come across those ladies today. If she hadn't, he would have been serving rich women anyway.

Forget it. Being soft-hearted will get me nowhere. I'd be better off focusing on being a dutiful creditor!

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chapter 20

The next morning, Charlotte made sure her triplets safely boarded the bus before rushing to the company.

Because she was going to be late, she carried her heels and ran non-stop. Upon reaching the company's driveway, a Rolls-Royce Phantom abruptly sped toward her from the side, with no intention of slowing down.

Charlotte couldn't avoid the car in time, falling to the ground in fright.

The car, on the other hand, came to a screeching halt just an inch away from her.

A little further and Charlotte would have been meeting either God or Satan in person.

She was so scared that her heart threatened to fly out of her chest, but the people in the car looked completely unfazed.

The security guard came forward to help Charlotte up, but unexpectedly reproached her, "Don't run around like a mad hatter. You almost ran into the President's car."

"They were obviously the ones who almost ran into me."

Charlotte's anger spiked and she turned her head to glare at the people in the car.

The bodyguards were rocking their poker faces, not showing an ounce of remorse.

As for Zachary who was seated in the back, he was staring unblinkingly at Charlotte with a frosty gaze.

Charlotte was stunned. What's going on?

I'm obviously the victim here!

Zachary made a gesture, and the Rolls-Royce Phantom zoomed past Charlotte, just a hairsbreadth away from her.

Fury ignited in Charlotte, but she could only massaged her bruised wrists and sore bum before limping into the company.

In the elevator, she recalled the look in Zachary's eyes just now and became more perplexed than ever. When did I ever offend the Devil?

Since joining the company until now, I've been nothing but a diligent worker. I haven't done anything wrong.

The only time she had come in contact with him was when he bumped into her, causing her to get spaghetti all over Wesley's face.

She even thought that he had intentionally done it to teach Wesley a lesson. Now, it seemed like she had been overthinking it.

Just now, his driver had almost run her down, causing her to fall and bruise herself. She didn't even kick up a fuss, but he had glared at her with such a terrifying look in his eyes.

How strange!

Maybe he was just born a brooding devil and there's no reasonable explanation behind it!

Following this train of thought, Charlotte's nerves relaxed considerably. A few scrapes were nothing she couldn't handle. She was fine as long as she didn't offend that devil, otherwise, her life from then on would become a living hell.

Little did she know that her run of bad luck had only just begun.

On level 13, before Charlotte could settle down at her desk, Roy, the manager of the administration department immediately lambasted her, "You've only been here for a few days but you're already coming in late? Who do you think you are? The queen?"

"I..."

"The President came down to personally check the attendance in each department. We were severely criticized because of you. Our bonuses for this quarter have all been deducted!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Young, I was..."

"Don't give me excuses." Roy cut her off and roared angrily, "Put your work on hold and go clean the swimming pool on level 68 now!"

"Huh? Clean the swimming pool? Why?" Charlotte was dumbstruck.

"What do you mean 'why'?" Roy put on a stern face. "This is your punishment. Or do you want your salary to be deducted instead?"

"No, no, no. I don't want that." The moment Charlotte heard about a possible salary deduction, she immediately caved in. "I'll go clean the swimming pool right now."

On level 68, the highest floor of the building, was a luxurious infinity pool. The clear blue sky was reflected in the pool. Hence, swimming here would be like wading across the fluffy white clouds in the sky.

This is obviously for the Devil's personal use!

The place was spotless, without a speck of dust in sight. The tiles could even be used as mirrors. Charlotte couldn't understand why she had been ordered to clean it.

However, she would do it as long as her salary wasn't be deducted.

In the blink of an eye, she had worked for three hours. The floor was scrubbed clean and the pool water had been replaced.

Charlotte was about to gather her things and head downstairs. When she turned around, she was met with a man seated on an ivory-colored recliner chair, scaring the living daylights out of her. "Mr. Nacht, how long have you been here?"