

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

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"There are more to come," Zachary tempted with a grin. "After you leave this place today, you won't think that woman's any good anymore."

"You mean Charlotte?" When Charlotte's face appeared in Louis' mind, he suddenly felt as if he was making a mistake by coming here. "I still think she's great. If she finds out I've been here, I'm sure she'll be upset. Forget it. I'm going back."

With that, Louis spun around and was about to leave when a pretty woman in a sexy cat-themed attire crashed into his arms. She whispered, "Hey there, handsome. Where are you going?"

Louis' eyes widened instantly as his gaze trailed from her collarbone and downward. When he saw her bosoms, his eyes widened further, and blood began streaming down his nose.

"Pft!" The young woman giggled as she covered her mouth. "Oh my, maybe some wine will freeze that nosebleed of yours."

With that said, the young woman then motioned for the other women to lead Louis into Zachary's private room.

"Sir Louis reminds me of the first time I was here at Sultry Night," Ben sighed. "Like him, I was so shy and uncomfortable. But later on, you doomed me."

Glaring at Zachary gloomily, he complained, "Now I'm completely unfazed by everything."

"Isn't that good? You've developed an immunity to it." Zachary grinned. "Although you frequent this place, you're still a virgin. That must be tough."

"Mr. Nacht, h-how can you—" Ben blushed.

Zachary's grin widened before he walked into the room.

Marino, who was beside Ben, inquired, "Ben, are you really a virgin?"

"Shut it!" Ben glared daggers at him. "Out of everything you learn, why are you learning how to gossip?"

Marino stood transfixed as he watched Ben entered the room. When two girls dressed in bunny outfits came close to the latter, he skillfully maneuvered his way around them, completely unperturbed by their advances.

At the sight of that, Marino found his respect for the other man growing.

Now, Ben was his role model.

I have to be principled and incorruptible like him!

In the VVIP room was a sight of an indulgent lifestyle.

There were all kinds of hostesses—from bunny girls to mature, sexy women.

By now, Louis had already lost himself to this paradise. As a group of gorgeous women surrounded him on the couch and fed him wine and gapes, Ben averted his eyes away from him.

Louis was like a prisoner caught in between his desires and morals. His fingers sunk into the leather couch as he struggled with all his might in his heart.

"Don't... pin me down. Get down from me— Hey, don't unbuckle my belt! Stop touching my thigh! Ah! Don't sit on me! Zachary, save me!"

It was difficult for Louis to speak the local language, and he was struggling both mentally and physically.

As Zachary gazed at the pleading Louis, he realized the latter had teary eyes and a miserable look.

Restraining himself from laughing, Zachary then made a gesture.

Instantly, Ben and Marino got rid of the young women, who were swift to make themselves scarce. Within seconds, the room was quiet again.

Louis lay slumped on the couch as he wiped the sweat beading on his forehead. Even after minutes of taking deep breaths, he still could not recollect himself.

"Are you okay?" Zachary glanced at the other man's reaction before glancing at the bulge between his thighs.

"I-I'm fine." Louis hurriedly grabbed a pillow to cover his front. "Those girls are ferocious."

"You don't like it?" Zachary intentionally asked. "Then I won't ask them to enter anymore. Let's drink instead."

"No, no. That's not it," Louis hastily explained. "It's tough for them to work this job. We should support them as much as we can."

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"Then why did you cry for help earlier?" Zachary lifted a brow at him.

"I..." Once again, Louis found himself swaying back and forth between succumbing to his desires and listening to his rationality.

"Honestly, that was just the appetizer. It's nothing worth mentioning." Zachary patted his shoulder before revealing a mysterious smile. "The highlight is what comes after."

"What is the highlight?" Louis' eyes lit up in eagerness again.

"Hmm, maybe we should forget it," Zachary muttered abruptly before returning to his usual serious state. "You said people from F Nation are faithful people who stick to one. I can't taint you like this."

"Wait," Louis blurted out. "How can this be called as tainting me? I'm just curious; I want to experience this colorful, interesting world. Don't worry, I'll remain faithful on the inside."

"Is that so?" Zachary rubbed his temples, making it seem like he was trying to wrap his head around Louis' answer. "But you said you'll do Charlotte wrong by doing this. If she finds out about this, won't she blame me for being a bad influence?"

"Just don't let her find out about this, then," Louis quickly pointed out. "I won't do anything bad, I swear. I'm just curious. I won't go all out."

"I still think we should forget about it," Zachary rejected. "It's best that you continue this back in F Nation. If your father finds out about this, he'll blame me for being a bad influence."

"That's the problem. I've lived under his strict parenting, and I've never broken a single rule since I was a kid. That's why I don't know anything," Louis mumbled, feeling downhearted. "I only found out that there was such an exciting place on earth after coming here today."

"Exciting? You look like you were suffering," Zachary gazed at him, feeling amused. "It was as if those girls were demons and monsters who'll gobble you up."

"I-I was just nervous." Louis tugged at him, looking anxious. "Stop dilly-dallying and start the highlight!"

"All right, then. Since you're so anxious to see it, let me show you the world."

Zachary then clapped his hand, and exotic music began playing in the room. Next, a group of young women in veils and white dresses walked into the room while surrounding another young woman in red.

The girls in white parted before the girl in red began dancing Ibican dance.

As the music rhythm changed, her hips shook at a quicker pace as she cast her seductive gaze at Louis.

Her red dress was the perfect contrast against the surrounding young women who had white dresses on.

Moreover, their veils were thin, and Louis could vaguely see their nimble bodies moving under them.

The sight dumbfounded him as he froze in his spot. The entire time, his gaze kept following the girl in red's movements as his heart palpitated. It was as if his blood was heating up in excitement.

Right then, Zachary handed him a piece of tissue, signaling him to wipe his bloody nose.

However, Louis' eyes were fixed on that young woman, and he did not realize Zachary's action.

It was only when Zachary tapped his elbow that he came back to his senses. After taking the tissue to put it under his nose, he returned his focus back on the girl and continued staring.

Patting Louis' shoulder, Zachary smirked. "What do you think about this highlight?"

"I-It's great."

Louis nodded his head in a daze. This was the first time he had experienced such shock. As someone who had grown up under the rule of strict parenting, he had never seen a sight like this before today.

Enlightenment was instantly bestowed upon him to experience such an exciting show on his first time here.

"Why don't I make some arrangements?" Zachary tempted. "She's pure and skillful. I'm sure she'll serve you well."

"I-I don't think that'll work." The meager remnants of Louis' rationality were telling him not to do it. "I'll just have a look. I can't do anything serious."

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"Ah, that's true."

Zachary nodded without saying anything else. However, he leaned back on the couch and began sipping on his wine with an arrogant look on his face.

The girl in red slowly danced her way toward Louis. With a quick wave of her hand, her veil landed on Louis' face, and he could smell a faint fragrance from it.

Louis continued to stare at her, his heart thumping until it was about to beat out his chest.

He gulped.

After glancing at him, Zachary then gave a look to Ben.

Instantly, Ben retreated from the room silently.

The girl in red continued dancing and tempting Louis.

She slowly moved her way toward him before spinning around and falling into Louis' arms in a perfect arc.

Almost immediately, Louis shuddered. Then, he stiffened. When his gaze landed on her beautiful face, he could not tear his eyes away anymore.

Reaching out, the young woman hooked her hand around his neck and brushed her red lips past his cheeks. Once she was close to his ear, she gently nibbled his earlobe.

A shudder wracked through Louis' body before he began trembling in nervousness. Subconsciously, his hand reached out to hold her waist.

Her slender fingers softly brushed across his chest before moving down and coming to a stop at his vital parts. Then, after giving him a wink, she twirled away.

"Hey—" Louis subconsciously cried out, but she was already gone.

The group of girls in white followed her out. Like fluttering butterflies, they disappeared in a blink of an eye.

Louis stared at the doorway for a long time before he managed to return to his senses. Tugging Zachary toward him, he asked, "Why are they gone?"

"I said I'll make arrangements, but since you don't want them, it's only natural that they'll have to leave," Zachary replied with a helpless shrug. "After all, they have other missions to do."

"Missions? What missions?" Louis asked, looking anxious.

"There are more waiting to see her dance other than you," Zachary informed. "She's the top hit in Sultry Night recently."

"Ask her to come back. I'm getting her for the night," Louis blurted out.

"Hm? For the night?" Zachary raised a brow.

"I-I..." Louis stuttered as his face flushed red.

"Are you sure? I'll make the arrangements, then." Staring at him, Zachary then asked, "Looking at your shy demeanor... Don't tell me, are you a virgin?"

"Of course I'm not." Louis blushed a shade redder. "I have had relationships!"

"I see." Zachary nodded. "Then why are you so reluctant? A man's got to be decisive."

"I am decisive!" Louis panicked. "Ask her to come back."

With a gesture from Zachary, Marino instantly left to make the necessary arrangements. Soon, the girl in red was back.

"Enjoy yourself." Zachary put down his glass and rose to his feet, about to leave.

"Hey." Louis stopped him. "Are you leaving?"

"Am I supposed to be watching the show here?" Zachary grinned. "Don't worry. She's no monster, she won't gobble you up. Have fun."

With that said, he tugged his shirt away from Louis' grasp and strode out.

His subordinates followed behind him and left the room to Louis and the girl.

When the door closed, the girl tiptoed toward Louis before parting her lips to whisper, "Sir Louis, I'm Ember."

"H-Hello, E-Ember!" Louis' entire body began shaking again. "Y-Your dance was magnificent."

"Is that all? Just my dance?"

Pouncing onto him like a feral kitten, Ember sat on him.

By the doorway, when Zachary saw the scene, the corner of his lips lifted. He knew a rule-abiding nobleman like Louis would not be able to withstand a temptation like this.

"Mr. Nacht, Ms. Lindberg's here."

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"Mr. Nacht, Ms. Lindberg's here," Ben whispered behind him.

"Okay." Zachary nodded before leaving. "I finally realize how fun it is to do bad things."

"It is quite despicable," Ben mumbled under his breath.

"What's that?" Zachary frowned.

"I mean..." Ben hurriedly explained. "Mr. Nacht, you're breaking your back just to help your friend have a woman."

"That isn't right, is it?" Zachary pointed out. "Did you mean to say I stabbed my friend in the back just to have a woman?"

Ben fell silent, not daring to utter anything to that.

All he did was roll his eyes discreetly.

"However, this is a good thing," Zachary crowed. "Louis will grow up after this."

"Yes, he should thank you for this," Ben replied sullenly.

"Are you being sarcastic?" Zachary peeked at him.

"Absolutely not," Ben uttered as he promptly straightened his back. "I'll always be on Mr. Nacht's side. Everything Mr. Nacht does is right."

"That's right." Zachary nodded in satisfaction.



"Ms. Lindberg..." Seeing the familiar figure, Ben could not help but stop in his tracks. "Why is she here?"

It was then that Zachary raised his head. Not far from them, several female bodyguards were clearing the path in the crowd. The one who walked down the cleared path was none other than Charlotte.

Instantly, Zachary entered the private room by the side. Similarly, Ben and the others entered as well.

"Ms. Lindberg, this place is too noisy. Shall we go back?"

"She's right. This is paradise for men, not for us."

"The two of you talk too much," Charlotte voiced in a frigid tone.

Instantly, Lupine and Morgan zipped their mouths shut.

The group continued walking down the corridor until their gazes landed on the black and golden private room's mysterious label.

As Charlotte stared at the private room door, a strange image emerged in her mind. The image of a man in a mask flashed past, and his eyes seemed like they were trying to tell her something.

Charlotte closed her eyes. When she opened them again, the image was gone.

However, everything around her seemed oddly familiar.

As her steps faltered, she looked around and tried to recall when she had visited this place. However, her efforts were to no avail.

"Ms. Lindberg, that looks like Sir Louis' men."

Lupine pointed in front.

Outside the VVIP room were two F Nation bodyguards.

"Sir Louis is really here?" Morgan exclaimed. "I've always thought he's a noble and moral man. I never thought..."

"Maybe he's only here to meet a friend." It seemed like Charlotte was unperturbed by the new knowledge as she continued forward.

"Ms. Lindberg!" When the two F Nation bodyguards saw her, they flew into a panic. As their eyes flitted around, they nervously asked, "W-Why are you here?"

"Is Louis inside?"

Sweeping her eyes past them, Charlotte's gaze landed on the room's window.

With the dim lights, she could vaguely see Louis' stiff form on the couch and the girl in red on him.

It seemed like Louis wanted to push her away, but at the same time, he wanted to embrace her.

For a moment, it was as if Louis was a girl being forced by someone.

Lifting a brow, Charlotte raised her leg to kick the door open.

Bang! The loud noise frightened the living daylights out of the two in the room.

When Louis saw Charlotte, a shudder ran down his spine, and he swiftly pushed Ember away before crawling up from the couch. Then, he hurriedly took a cushion to cover up the bulge between his legs.

At that very moment, embarrassment overwhelmed him to the point he wished he could bury his head in the sands.

"Who are you?" Ember frowned as she looked at Charlotte.

Charlotte shot a sharp look at her, prompting the girl to jump in fright and quickly escaped after picking up the red veil on the ground to cover herself.

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"Charlotte, I-I..."

Louis wanted to explain, but droplets of sweat were rolling down his cheeks from his forehead, and he could not manage to speak a proper sentence.

"Who brought you here?"

Charlotte was not angry and her tone was calm. After her question, she began giving the place a once-over. That's strange. Why does this place look so familiar?

"About that..." Louis was about to reveal Zachary's name, but he realized that would mean he was a bad friend. Hence, he said instead, "Charlotte, I didn't do anything just now. I was holding my ground, and I've yet to... You know."

"Oh?"

Charlotte glanced at his pants. His belt was unbuckled, but his pants were still on.

So, despite all her efforts earlier, that pretty girl in red hasn't gotten her way yet.

How pitiful.

"Don't be angry." Louis moved forward, about to tug Charlotte's sleeve.

However, she took a step back and avoided his hands. "I'm not."

"Then why are you..." Louis trailed off, feeling hurt by her apathetic demeanor.

"You touched someone else earlier," Charlotte muttered as she maintained a distance from him. "I'm going to leave first. We'll meet another day."

"Charlotte—" Louis was about to speak, but Charlotte had already turned and left.

Looking at her retreating figure, Louis felt his heart sink in disappointment. At the same time, he felt remorseful for what he had done earlier.

Just then, two bodyguards entered and quietly consoled, "Sir, don't be upset. Ms. Lindberg's reaction means that she's concerned about you."

"Really?" Louis' eyes lit up with hope.

"Yes, that's right. She's clearly jealous," the other bodyguard added.

"Right. She's jealous." Recalling Charlotte's reaction from a moment ago, delight entered Louis' heart. "She must be jealous!"

"Maybe this is good news," the bodyguard continued. "She used to swing between being enthusiastic and aloof back then. That means she was unsure of her feelings toward you. After this incident, she's starting to think of her feelings for you as something important."

"So, I guess this is... How do you say this in C Nation's language? Something is disguise?"

"A blessing in disguise."

"Yes, yes. That's the one I was going for."

Hearing their reassurances, Louis' light blue eyes were bright with hope. He suddenly felt that he had managed to get on the right path despite all his wrong turns today.

Meanwhile, Charlotte had not left the place. Seconds after she walked out of the room, she instructed Lupine, "Find out who that room belongs to."

"Understood." Lupine instantly left to work on it.

"Ms. Lindberg, are we leaving now? Should I get someone to prep the car?" Morgan asked.

"No." Looking at her surroundings, Charlotte felt a wave of familiarity bombarding her. She was sure she had been here in the past. "Let's have fun in one of the private rooms."

"What?" Morgan was taken aback by her words.

At her reaction, Charlotte frowned.

Instantly, Morgan lowered her head and uttered, "Yes, I'll work on it right away."

She then left to look for Sultry Night's manager to get a private room.

Charlotte then brought the remaining six bodyguards out to the public area. Another wave of familiarity struck when she looked at the young women dancing on the stage and the young people swaying with the beat off the stage.

It seems like I used to frequent here.

Right then, Zachary, who had been watching Charlotte from a hidden corner, narrowed his eyes. He, too, would like to know what was going on.

Is she feeling nostalgic, or has she really lost her memories?

"Mr. Nacht, the manager said someone is trying to check the information of our room," Marino reported quietly. "I've instructed him not to let anyone know about it."

"Good job," Ben praised as he patted his shoulder.

"Has Louis left?" Zachary asked.

"He just did," came Marino's reply.

"My things are still in the room, right?"

After glancing at Charlotte's figure, he suddenly turned toward the area of the private rooms.

"Yes. I've kept it in your room's safe."

"Good."