

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 256

Another woman with red lips instantly figured it out. She spat the words out through her clenched teeth, "Well, apparently you're on the same team! You swindled money from us and knocked us out. This time, you're out of luck!"

"What are you waiting for? Take them down!"

The other woman in a mini-skirt waved her hand and gestured to the bodyguards. A few big guys strode towards Zachary and Charlotte, spoiling for a fight.

Panicked, Charlotte yelled in panic, "Hey, what are you doing? How dare you cause a scene here!"

"Either Mr. Gigolo serves us well tonight, or you two leave here on a stretcher. It's your choice!" The woman in curly hair gazed at Zachary with a wicked smile. A flint of lust flashed across her eyes.

"Yes. If he can satisfy three of us tonight, I'll let you two go," the other two chimed in.

"Pfft..."

Upon hearing their words, Charlotte nearly collapsed. If she didn't know his true identity, perhaps she would just run off and leave him here.

But now that she had known, she wouldn't dare...

Zachary held her chin up and looked into her eyes. "They're waiting for your answer. Say something."

"Of course not!"

Charlotte had never been so righteous in her life. She stood determinedly in front of Zachary, with hands on her hips. "He's my man. Keep your hands off him!" she said with a ringing voice.

Zachary knew she was putting on an act, yet he found her words satisfying.

With a smug smile on his face, his heart leaped with joy.

Flushed with anger, the woman with curly hair glared at Charlotte. "You wretch! You're digging your own grave. I guess we have to do it the hard way then. Take them down now!" she scowled while pointing at the couple.

"Yes, Madam!" Two muscular bodyguards lunged at them.

Charlotte was scared and immediately took cover in Zachary's embrace.

Zachary pursed his lips with a smirk. He clenched his fists and was about to make a move.

"Stop!"

Right then, a voice rang out.

Charlotte looked up and saw Helena walking towards them.

"What a coincidence! I didn't expect to see three of you here. How magnificent you look. Do your husbands know that you ladies picked up a fight in Sultry Night over a gigolo?" Helena gave a scornful sneer as she said.

Stunned by her words, the three women froze in their positions. "Ms. Brown, what... what brings you here?"

“This is definitely a misunderstanding.”

“Yes. The woman bumped into me, so we...”

Helena took a glance at Charlotte, then uttered, “Ms. Windt is my friend. Are you ladies trying to piss me off?”

Three of them were dumbfounded for a few seconds before they found their voices. “I’m so sorry, Ms. Brown. We made a terrible mistake. We’ll leave now.”

They quickly stood up and fled with their bodyguards.

Charlotte frowned and her face darkened. She didn’t want to owe Helena a favor.

Zachary could’ve settled it himself. To him, it was child’s play. They were there to chill out and the trivial disturbance was merely an add-on.

Helena didn’t recognize Zachary and thought she saved them from a tight spot. She did that only to belittle Charlotte.

“Charlotte, I didn’t know you have such a hobby.”

As expected, Helena got the wrong idea.

Sizing Zachary up from head to toe, Helena chuckled mockingly.

“Mind your own business,” Charlotte sneered. Without waiting for Helena’s response, she grabbed hold of Zachary and headed out.

Unexpectedly, Helena said, “Hector wants to see you.”

Charlotte’s heart dropped upon hearing that. Oh no! She put it that way. Will Zachary misunderstand her words?

Helena approached them and gave a warm invitation. “He’s in the private room. We’re all old friends. It’s just a quick meetup. What are you afraid of?”

“We have nothing to talk about,” Charlotte replied coldly.

“Are you feeling guilty? Or is there something you’d like to keep hidden from this man?” Helena continued provoking her.