

# Mysterious Male Escort Is a Mogul

## Chapter 1

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*It's hot. Why does it feel like I'm burning up?* Charlotte Windt felt like she had been aimlessly walking in the desert for a very long time. All she wanted was to quench her thirst. A man's icy lips covered hers as he devoured her, giving her temporary respite from the heat. She reached out and flung her arms around his neck, sucking his lips greedily. Loud moans and pants soon resounded around the room. Their shadows on the wall opposite overlapped with a burning passion. As the light was dim, Charlotte couldn't see the man's face clearly. The only thing that occurred to her was how beastly he was in bed. He savagely took her until dawn. When dawn broke, he left. Charlotte opened her eyes in a daze. She saw a blurry image of a man's back and the vicious wolf head tattoo on the small of his back. It was a tattoo of a howling wolf with its jaw wide opened, like it was going to devour its prey anytime. She felt her heart racing in fear at the sight of that tattoo. ... Charlotte had a dream. In it, she had turned into a vine that was entwined around a colossal tree, unable to break free. When she regained consciousness, her body was aching terribly. Charlotte sat up in bed with one hand on her head, trying to soothe her splitting headache. She saw the mess on the bed and a torn men's shirt on the ground. Freezing in shock, she racked her brains trying to remember last night's events. At her engagement party, her fiancé had betrayed her. She was on the verge of breaking down when her cousin, Luna White, brought her to Sultry Night to drink her sorrows away. Utterly wasted, she announced she wanted to take revenge on her fiancé. Luna immediately arranged a male escort for her. As last night's events hit her, Charlotte clutched her chest in shock. *Oh God!! lost my virginity to a stranger!* She grabbed her hair in frustration. After a long time, she finally snapped out of her trance and hurriedly put on her clothes. When she rushed out of the hotel, a bunch of reporters clamored around her. Accompanied by the blinding camera flashes were the reporters' harsh questions. "Ms. Windt, is it true you spent the night with a male escort from Sultry Night because the Sterlings called off the engagement?" "Ms. Windt, are you aware that the male escort is a transvestite?" "Ms. Windt, did you know your father has gone bankrupt?" "Ms. Windt, we've just received news that your father had committed suicide. He jumped off his company's building." Charlotte's mind went blank as if she had just been struck by lightning. At once, she ran out but was knocked out cold by a car. The next morning, the headlines were ablaze with the news of Charlotte and her father. *Richest Man in H City Richard Windt Goes Bankrupt and Commits Suicide. Hector Sterling Dumps Daughter of Richard Windt – Charlotte Windt Spends Night at Club With Transvestite Male Escort.* Both pieces of breaking news immediately made it to the headlines. Once a wealthy heiress, Charlotte became a despicable and immoral b\*tch overnight. She had lost everything from her family to her reputation. ... Ten months later, loud cries from babies could be heard in an unremarkable clinic in the countryside. Mrs. Berry held a baby in her arms as she rushed up to Charlotte elatedly. "Miss, congratulations. You gave birth to triplets. Two boys and a girl!" ... Four years later, at H City's Train Station. Charlotte arrived in the city with her kids and Mrs. Berry. The plump Mrs. Berry was holding two big pieces of luggage, heaving as she walked. Charlotte had a

denim backpack slung on her shoulder as she squeezed out of the busy train station with her three kids. To others, they looked like a poor family from the countryside coming to the city to depend on their relatives. "Out of my way, country bumpkin!" A woman wearing a fur coat shoved Mrs. Berry away harshly and insulted her. Charlotte was about to reprimand that woman when a fleet of luxury cars came to a stop beside her. Before anyone could react, dozens of bodyguards alighted their vehicles and formed two neat rows. Giving a deep bow, they called out in unison, "Welcome back, Mrs. Sterling!"