

Mysterious Male Escort Is a Mogul Chapter 19

Chapter 19

“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.

“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.

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 massage 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?"