

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 122

Just as the thought flashed across her mind, Charlotte brushed it off immediately.

No, Charlotte Windt! You shouldn't soften up!

Once a gigolo, always a gigolo!

It would be impossible for him to clear the stains on his name as someone who had been doing such a dirty job for years.

Even if she herself were to ignore his past, what about the kids?

If they were to become a family, what if they bump into a client who recognized him while on the streets? How would the kids feel?

Her children would become a laughing stock because of their biological father's identity. They would never be able to face society with their heads held high.

The more she thought about these, the more her fears tugged at her heart. She reminded herself again and again to never let her guard down, no matter how gentle this gigolo seemed to be...

Never!

"It's done!"

With a smooth flick, Zachary switched off the dryer. He ruffled her soft hair as if he were petting a little puppy.

"That's enough." She nudged his hand away and kept a distance from him. "You don't have to send me home. I'll take a taxi!"

"Are you sure about this?" There was no resistance in his tone this time. He reminded coldly, "Once you step out of here on your own, I'll never come to your aid anymore!"

“That’ll be the best!” she replied instantly. “Once I transferred the money back to you, we’ll cut ties. Let’s not meet again.”

He frowned as he stared at her quietly. After a brief moment, he nodded. “Alright!”

“Also, you have to delete that recording...”

“It’s already deleted earlier this morning, didn’t you see that?” His frown deepened as he spoke.

“That’s fine then. Goodbye.”

At that, she turned and scurried off.

He stood as he watched her back disappear into the distance. His face paled with anger, his fists clenched tight. This time, he would teach this woman a lesson... He would surely make her come back begging on her own accord!

Charlotte exited the lift and hailed a taxi as soon as she stepped out of the lobby.

She glanced back at the Aston Martin not far away through the car window. Her heart throbbed with a sudden twinge of sorrow.

She reminisced on the madness they went through the night before, and on his gentle and caring demeanor today. And how they’ve cut ties with each other just like that.

It felt like everything was gone with the wind in the blink of an eye.

It was like a dream, as if nothing had actually happened since last night.

Lost in her thoughts, the taxi arrived in front of her house before she knew it.

It was afternoon. The kids had left for kindergarten.

Mrs. Berry showed up at the door and hurried over to her. "Goodness me... Where have you been last night, Miss? I've tried calling you so many times but you didn't answer. I was so worried!"

"I went out with a colleague and drank too much, so I crashed at her place," Charlotte excused sluggishly. "I'm tired, Mrs. Berry. I need a nap."

"Alright. I'll make something to eat after you're rested."

"Okay."

She dragged her feet back into her room. Just as she attempted to make an online transfer to the gigolo, her fingers froze atop her phone screen. A sudden realization dawned on her – she didn't even know his bank account number!

Besides, there would only be seven hundred left in her credit card if she transfers the money back to him!

How many more days could she survive with only seven hundred?

Oh no... What do I do now?

She was racking her brain when her phone suddenly vibrated and rang. It was Hector who called.

At that name, she hung up immediately without answering. She couldn't be bothered about that man at a time like this.

Without further hesitation, she sent a text to the gigolo. Give me your account number. I'll transfer the money now!

She waited for a few minutes, but there was no reply.

Does he not want his money back?

She thought that she should return the money regardless, to avoid any trouble with him in the future. However, if he doesn't want the money back right away, she could at least wait until her next paycheck...

Just then, her phone vibrated with a new incoming message.

The "Gigolo In Debt" replied with his bank account number.

C National Union Bank, XXXXXXXX, Danny Grant.

"Heh... Men will be men after all!" she let out a mocking laugh as she read the name.

What an old-fashioned name for a gigolo. No wonder he never brought that up.

She sighed at the thought of transferring out a huge sum of money. It's alright... I guess it's better to sever ties as soon as possible.