

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 159

Charlotte listened and stayed still.

After the rollercoaster of events that occurred that day, Charlotte was exhausted, and it did not take long before she fell sound asleep, curled up like a kitten in his arms.

On the other hand, Zachary's head was still in overdrive, and he was not in the mood to sleep. He frowned as he looked at the woman in his arms.

She had a great physique. Every part of her body seemed to be perfect, and every inch of her skin was silky smooth.

And at that particular moment, her body was pressing onto his.

Of course, he was turned on.

However, he would not let himself do anything to her.

Quietly and carefully, he got off the bed and went to the bathroom. It took him one cold shower and a hundred push-ups to calm his inner beast down. Then, in his bathrobe, he slumped on the sofa and finally fell asleep.

It wouldn't feel as tough if I keep my distance...

That night, Charlotte slept really well despite the scary episode that had occurred. Perhaps, Zachary's presence gave her the sense of security that she needed.

The next day, Charlotte woke up to the sunlight seeping through the curtains by the window.

She instinctively reached out for the pillow on her side. However, no one was there.

Where is he?

He's gone.

She quickly sat up and yelled, "Gigolo! Gigolo!"

There was no response.

Charlotte wrapped herself in his bathrobe and searched all around the hotel room, but he was nowhere to be found.

Stopping by the mirror by the bed, she found a sticky note.

I'm going first. There are some clothes in the closet for you to wear. For breakfast, you can call for room service, and they'll send it here. After breakfast, the hotel manager will make the preparations to send you off to work!

He signed off the note with a doodle of a pair of boxers.

Charlotte burst out in laughter. The messy handwriting and his doodle made her feel oddly touched.

In her head, she could not help but lament how perfect that man would be if he worked a different job.

But...

Charlotte shook her head and decided that she should stop daydreaming.

She had a more troublesome issue to deal with. Oh my god. What is that Zachary guy thinking? He was forcing me to sign that contract to repay my debts. A billion? Is he trying to make me his slave now?

Facepalming, Charlotte was starting to feel distressed.

What a devil! He's totally extorting me!

However, her situation felt somewhat familiar. Thinking back, she did the same to Gigolo – she made him give half of his salary to her for three whole months...

Charlotte froze.

Hold on. If Chris is not Gigolo, then that means that Zachary is!

But that day, I saw Zachary get in his car before Gigolo came to pick me up in another car...

Recalling the events of the past, she concluded that Chris was the one who picked her up that day.

Has he been pretending to be Gigolo since that day?

But if Zachary is the real Gigolo, then why would he let Chris pretend to be him?

Charlotte's head was in a complete mess. Things simply did not add up.

However, her intuition told her that Zachary was the real Gigolo.

Not only were the two of them similar in appearance, their eyes, the way they talked, and many little details in the way they behave were very much the same.

She knew that she had to figure out Gigolo's true identity soon, or he would continue to mess around with her.

However, getting back her precious ruby necklace was a more urgent matter.

Or I'll have to sign that slave contract and never live to see the sun again!

Charlotte quickly got changed and got ready to set off for work.

Ring! Ring! Her phone started ringing. It was Mrs. Berry. "Miss, I found the bracelet!"

"Really? Where?"

"Well, about that. You'll see when you come back."

Charlotte glanced at the clock. Six thirty. I'll make it.

The moment she stepped into her home, Ellie came running into her arms. "Mommy... " She cried, pointing to the balcony. "Fifi is the... the worst!"

Ellie looked so emotional that her face was completely red. Her big eyes were all serious as she pouted, and she seemed to be on the brink of tears.