

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 18

“Well of course by earning more money and clearing your debt to me sooner...”

Charlotte’s mind was in shambles by then and she began to stammer, “A-A-And also...”

She pointed at the expensive bottle of red wine on the table, trying to diffuse the sexual tension in the air. “Don’t spend excessively! Don’t falsify bank statements!”

“This was paid by a client,” Zachary replied casually.

“Ah, I see. That makes more sense. I was wondering how you could afford to buy such an expensive bottle of wine.” Charlotte continued shifting away. “Has that client placed an order with you?”

“I rejected her.” Zachary deliberately teased her, “Fifty-eight years old and two hundred and eighty pounds. I’m too young to die in bed!”

A snort of laughter escaped Charlotte’s lips at that, and she reached out to squeeze his arm. “You’re strong and packed with muscles. There’s no way you’d die that easily!”

Zachary caught her wandering little hand and jerked her into his arms. “Why don’t you try me out first?”

“No...” Charlotte was so flabbergasted that she blurted out barely coherent words, “Don’t try anything funny! If you touch me, I’ll report you!”

“Go ahead...” Zachary gently bit her earlobe, which sent a ripple of electricity through her entire body, making her tingle all over. “If I get fired, I won’t have money to pay you back anymore!”

“You...” Charlotte couldn’t formulate a response to refute him.

Zachary's lips travelled downward before brushing a feather-light kiss on her collarbone. Then, he trapped the button on her shirt between his teeth and nuzzled her chest tantalizingly.

"Don't..." Charlotte thrashed against him in panic, but she couldn't break free from his hold no matter how hard she tried.

"You're really sensitive..."

Zachary was very satisfied with her reaction and planned to continue teasing her, but a woman's loud and pompous voice came from outside, interrupting the peace.

"I'm tired of those male escorts from earlier. Don't you have any new ones?"

"I want the best in Sultry Night. The best of the best!"

"That's right. We want the finest you have here. We can afford it!"

With that, the door burst open with a loud bang.

Three wealthy women with plump figures who reeked of alcohol barged in and were taken aback when they saw the unfamiliar private room. "Huh? Where are the eighteen escorts we ordered?"

"Why is it so quiet here? Did we come to the wrong room?"

"You went the wrong way. Your room is on the opposite side!"

Beyond the door, the bodyguard whom Zachary had sent away was about to come in and handle the situation.

However, he immediately backtracked when Zachary shot him a meaningful look.

Charlotte pushed off the sofa and tidied her clothes with her back to the door.

“Hey! There’s one here!”

The three women spotted Zachary and gathered around him excitedly, undressing him with their eyes.

“His body and looks are top-notch! He’s completely on a different level compared to the boring ones out there!”

“Domineering and ruthless. Just my cup of tea!”

“Hey handsome, you’re also an escort here, right? Name your price. We have the money!”

Zachary nursed his drink and didn’t spare them a glance.

His cold and domineering temperament made the three women hunger for him all the more.

Upon noticing this, Charlotte jumped at the opportunity to make a fortune and deliberately provoked the three of them. “Oh, do you now? You don’t look like you can even afford a drink here!”

“Where did this bratty girl come from? How dare you speak to us like this?” The women shot hostile glares at Charlotte. “Don’t you know who we are?”

"I don't give a crap about who you are." Charlotte clung onto Zachary's arm and warned, "I saw him first!"

Zachary's brows raised a little as he studied her with intrigue.

One of the women took out a stack of banknotes from her bag and threw it onto the table. "Little girl, there are tons of escorts out there. This money is more than enough for you to hire at least seven of them. Give this one to us!"

"No!"

Charlotte tilted Zachary's chin and smashed her lips onto his icy ones, then wrapped her arms around him and snapped, "I spent a hundred thousand today just to have this legendary gigolo god all to myself. I won't be giving him up to anyone. So get out! Go, go, go!"

Zachary's brows shot up to his hairline, then he pursed his lips, craving more than just a kiss from her.

But gigolo god? Seriously? Is this some sort of upgrade?