

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort 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.

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"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.

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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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