

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 408

To Charlotte's dismay, one of the customers in that private room was none other than Jackson White, the former vice president of Synder Group.

Back in Ashenville Garden, Sharon had tried to arrange for Jackson and her to get together, and he had also made a move on her, angering Zachary and causing him to lose his place in the project.

To make matters worse, Sharon fired Jackson afterward in an attempt to please Zachary.

Though Charlotte had not seen him at all since the incident, she knew that he probably held a grudge against her for landing him in his unfortunate situation. If he were to find out that Charlotte was the promoter standing before him, he might set her up for trouble.

Sensing the impending danger, Charlotte turned around without hesitation, wanting to leave. However, a drunk customer in the private room grabbed her hand, snorting, "Hah... This one is really sexy. I'll have her."

Panicking, Charlotte shook the drunk man off and stepped back. "I'm a promoter, not a hostess."

"The hostesses are coming right this moment," Olivia quickly added.

"Really? You've got a pretty good figure for a promoter. Let me take a look at your face too!" His gaze was lustful.

Before Charlotte could even react, the drunk man snatched her mask.

As Charlotte moved away by reflex, her mask was torn in half, exposing much of her face.

Jackson, who was sitting on the sofa, raised an eyebrow and then stared intently at Charlotte with an ominous darkness in his eyes.

“Damn you! Why is a whore like you acting all innocent? I know what you’re here for! So what if you’re a promoter? Name a price. I have all the money!” The drunk man yelled aggressively.

“Sir, the promoters here don’t sell anything else but alcohol. As I said, the hostesses are coming soon!” Olivia explained indignantly.

“How dare you talk back at me!” The drunk man raised his hand and was about to slap Olivia.

Charlotte immediately blocked his raised arm and said firmly, “Enough is enough! Don’t go overboard!”

“So what if I go overboard? I’m buying you tonight! Hmph. Your hand is so smooth. I bet you’re a real beauty.” He cackled creepily.

Licking his lips, he turned his wrist and grabbed Charlotte’s hand.

Charlotte was beginning to feel nauseous and tried to leave the room with Olivia.

However, the dirty drunk man gestured to his bodyguards, and the towering bodyguards swiftly blocked their way.

Olivia was as pale as a sheet.

“What in the world do you want?” Charlotte snapped.

“I want to screw your sloppy cu*t! If you make me happy, I’ll pay double!”

“You should think twice about that. We are in Sultry Night, not a brothel!” Charlotte gave Olivia a look.

Getting her hint, Olivia whipped out her phone to contact Peter to help them.

“Damned whore! Guess you like it rough! Take them down!” The dirty drunk man knocked Olivia’s phone out of her hands and gave a command to his bodyguards.

Just as he uttered those vulgar words, Charlotte and Olivia were already restrained and subdued on the sofa.

Reaching out his stubby fingers, the drunk man was still keen to take off Charlotte’s mask. All of a sudden, another man in the room spoke. “That’s enough. Cut it out.”

“Mr. White, what’s wrong?” The drunk man looked up with a confused look.

“Don’t make a scene here. Sultry Night is run by some really powerful figures. Things won’t end well if rumors of you doing this spread around,” Jackson said placidly.

“He’s right! If you want sex, there are plenty of hostesses here. Why make things difficult for a mere promoter? We are here for Mr. White, remember? Don’t ruin the mood,” The other customers in the room added.

“Hmph. Whatever.” With that, the drunk man let go of Charlotte, and the bodyguards backed off.

Without looking back, Charlotte dragged Olivia out of the private room.

“That was so scary!” Tears trickled down Olivia’s cheeks.

“I’m so sorry for getting you in trouble. And your phone looks wrecked. I’ll compensate you for that,” Charlotte said gently as she patted Olivia’s shoulders.

“That’s not a big deal. More importantly, shouldn’t we tell Peter about this?” Olivia said shakily.

“Yes, we should...” As soon as Charlotte spoke, Jackson emerged from the private room, smirking, “Hi there, Ms. Windt. I didn’t expect to see you here!”