

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 7

“Hey!” Charlotte gritted her teeth in anger. I only have three thousand left in my account. How on earth am I going to foot the bill?

“Don’t tell me you can’t afford to pay the bill?” Wesley came closer to her intentionally. “You can ask for my help. As long as you agree to spend a night with me, I’ll foot the bill. With my help, no one will dare to bully you at work and—”

Slap! Before Wesley could finish, Charlotte gave him a tight slap and yelled, “Scum!”

Wesley touched his cheek. Instead of getting mad, he chuckled like a pervert. “This is the first time you’ve touched me. Your hand is so soft!”

“You are a disgusting piece of shit!” Charlotte stalked off angrily.

“If you fail to pay the bill today, your colleagues might refuse to befriend you anymore. Imagine them being disgusted by you so much that they start ostracizing you!” Wesley shouted behind her. “Do you want to risk losing this job?”

Charlotte walked along the hallway in dejection. I can’t lose this job. But where can I get a few hundred thousand to foot the bill?

She was deep in thought when a familiar figure appeared in a private room ahead.

A man was seated on the sofa with his straight back to her. His white shirt was tied around his waist, revealing a vicious wolf head tattoo and a long scar on his back.

It’s him!

Charlotte froze in shock. Her heart pounded faster than ever.

The last time she saw the man in his car, she was so nervous and had held her breath dazedly. But he left before she could say a word. But now, the man who had destroyed her life was right in front of her eyes!

As she gazed at his back, sudden flashbacks appeared in her head.

Upon waking up in the hospital back then, she failed to see her father for the last time. She could only look at her father's stiff corpse in the crematorium.

At the funeral, her relatives and friends pointed fingers at her, cursing her harshly and chasing her away.

As she got pregnant before marriage, people looked down on her when she attended her monthly prenatal checkups at the unremarkable clinic in the countryside.

When she gave birth to her babies in the hospital, she nearly died of excessive bleeding because she was pregnant with triplets.

It was all that man's fault!

Fury overwhelmed her heart. She clenched her hands into fists and rushed into the room.

"Hey! Get out. This is a private area." A man in black standing in the corner spoke sternly.

The mysterious man on the sofa raised his hand. At his silent order, the man in black left the room silently.

Charlotte was stunned. Oh? So gigolos are rich enough to afford bodyguards now?

Looks like he has been enjoying life for the past few years!

Charlotte bit back her agitation and inched nearer carefully. "Is it you?"

The man buttoned his shirt and turned around slowly. On his face was a black masquerade mask, covering half of his face.

The mask exposed his thin lips. His steely and enigmatic gaze gleamed in the dark.

There was a gold fire emblem on the top right of the mask, which appeared menacing and wild to her.

Charlotte took a step back instinctively. Why is he so imposing? Isn't he just a gigolo? Did I get the man wrong?

No, I'm right. There's that unmistakable tattoo.

"Don't you remember me?" Charlotte urged. "Four years ago, I was drinking in room K13 when my friend requested a male escort for me, who turned out to be you. We went to Storm Hotel together—"

"There's a red mole on your chest." The man narrowed his gaze at her. "We did it seven times that very night—"

"I'm gonna kill you!" Charlotte dashed ahead and raised her arm to give him a slap.

The man grabbed her arm swiftly and pushed her onto the sofa. "How dare you!"

"Scum!" Charlotte leaped onto him like a wildcat, waving her arms around to scratch him. "It's all your fault! You ruined my life!" she roared.