

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 8

The man placed his hand on her head, keeping her at a distance away. She couldn't reach him even if she waved her hands wildly.

He stared at her coolly like she was nothing but a clown. "Get the facts right. You were the one who requested my service. It was consensual. You make it seem like I had raped you."

Charlotte bristled. "You're an unprofessional gigolo! You didn't even put on a condom when you served your client. F\*ck you! You deserve to be castrated!"

"Mm?" The man's gaze turned dangerous. "Did you get pregnant?"

Charlotte stiffened at his question. Her babies flashed across her mind. Yes, I got pregnant and gave birth to triplets! But you scum! You've never been a responsible father!

"Answer me!" he demanded.

"Yes, I got pregnant!" Charlotte blurted out. She immediately changed her mind and corrected herself, "But I aborted it later. I won't give birth to a shameless gigolo's child!"

If someone else finds out the kids' father is a male escort at a club, they'll be ridiculed at their kindergarten!

No, I must keep it a secret. No one is to find out about this!

"Good!" The man nodded in satisfaction. He reached into his pocket to retrieve something.

“The cheek of you! I can’t believe you’re still working here as a gigolo. How many innocent ladies are you going to harm? I’ll file a complaint with your manager now!” Charlotte stomped away furiously.

The man’s hand holding the check froze. Furrowing his brows, he left the check in his pocket.

At the door, Charlotte received a call from Wesley. “Charlotte, if you don’t show up, the rest are going to leave. Don’t bother showing up for work at Divine Corporation tomorrow.”

“Go to hell!”

Charlotte hung up, her body shaking in rage. Why are there scums everywhere? They are both disgusting scoundrels!

Wait a minute.

Suddenly, something occurred to her. That gigolo ruined my life. I can’t give up just like that.

I can’t let him live luxuriously when my kids and I are suffering!

At that thought, Charlotte’s jaw hardened. She barged into the private room again and demanded, “Stupid gigolo, you ruined my life. You must bear the responsibility!”

The man was sipping on his wine when she made that announcement. Looking up icily, he replied, “Oh? How do you propose I do that?”

“By compensating me!” Charlotte declared sternly. “If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t have been this miserable!”

If it weren't for him, I would've met Father for the last time before he died.

If it weren't for him, my reputation wouldn't have suffered such an irreversible damage.

If it weren't for him, I wouldn't have become a single mother.

But my kids are still adorable to me!

Wait, I'm demanding money from him now. Be stern and forceful!

"How much do you want?"

The man lounged on the sofa arrogantly as he buttoned his shirt up. His sexy abs were gleaming alluringly in the dimly lit room.

Charlotte was momentarily dazed by his abs. She swiftly regained her composure and cleared her throat, then held up three fingers.

"Three hundred million?"

"Ha! If you can pay me three hundred million, I'd wake up smiling in my dreams!" Charlotte scoffed.

She continued, "You're just a gigolo. Why are you so cocky? Listen, I demand three months of your salary. From today onwards, give me half of your nightly earnings!"

After all, I can't even afford to buy formula milk for the kids now.

Luckily, I bumped into this gigolo when I have nowhere to turn to!

I need to fleece him to make him pay for what he had done to me.

Also, he needs to bear some responsibility as the kids' father.

Three months will be enough to get me through this hurdle. After my probation period, my salary will increase to ten thousand. We will be able to survive then.

By then, we will go our separate ways.