

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 8

“How much do you think I can earn in one night?” The man twirled his glass lightly and shot her an amused glance. “What if no one requests for me?”

“You’re quite good-looking. If you’re willing to work hard, you might end up as Sultry Night’s top male escort.”

Charlotte scanned his figure carefully before her gaze landed on his groin.

“I hear normal escorts get paid four to five thousand for each round of service, and eight to ten thousand for overnight service. You can earn at least ten thousand per night, right?”

“So, I just need to give you five thousand every night?” The man’s smirk deepened. “You’re easily satisfied, huh?”

“Of course not!” Charlotte retorted hurriedly. “I mean, at least five thousand! At least five thousand every night! To make up for that mistake you did that night, you need to work hard to compensate me, got it?”

“Money isn’t a problem,” said the man carelessly. Curious, he inquired, “But how did you recognize me?”

“Through the wolf head tattoo on your waist. I won’t get it wrong!” Charlotte was afraid he might deny it.

“So you don’t know what I look like?” The man’s gaze was penetrating.

“Duh!” Charlotte replied in exasperation. “I was so drunk that night that I didn’t even know what you looked like.”

The man sipped on his wine and smiled, saying nothing.

“Don’t try to shirk your responsibility. Otherwise, I’ll file a complaint with the manager.” Charlotte added, “Oh, I heard you’re also a transvestite. If they find out about that, you’ll lose your job for sure.”

The man stiffened and narrowed his eyes dangerously. “Transvestite?”

Charlotte harrumphed. “Are you scared?”

She took a pen from her bag and wrote out a simple contract.

“Here, I’ve made it all clear. From today onwards, you need to compensate me with half of your daily salary for three months. Sign here, and stamp your thumbprint here. It’s a done deal!”

She stuffed the pen in his hand.

“Am I the only gigolo you got?” The man gazed at the scrawny words on the contract and raised a brow. “Don’t tell me you have a stack of these contracts at home?”

“Are you crazy? Do you think I’m that desperate? Sleeping with you was an accident. You were the only man I’ve ever slept with!” Charlotte blurted out angrily.

When she realized what she had just said, her face flushed in embarrassment.

The corners of the man's lips lifted in a smirk. He signed on the contract without a word, but his signature was an illegible squiggle at the bottom of the page.

Charlotte thought that wasn't enough and pulled his palm to her. She bit on his thumb, hard. When a drop of blood trickled out, she stamped his finger on the contract immediately.

"Ha!" Now, the contract was valid and Charlotte was chuffed. "There's no going back on your words now. Alright, give me your salary for today!"

"I haven't started working for tonight yet."

He pulled her into his embrace and wrapped his arm around her slender waist. Brushing his lips across her cheek, he breathed, "Why don't you be my first client for today? I'll give you a 50% discount."

"Don't even think about it!" Charlotte struggled out of his embrace and pushed him aside. "Stay away from me. From now on, your job is to work hard and pay your debt!"

"Are you that willing to let me sell my body?" the man inquired, staring deep into her eyes.

"You're just my cash cow. Why wouldn't I be willing?" Charlotte whipped her phone out. "Let's exchange numbers to stay in contact."

The man took her phone and entered his number. He was about to save his name when Charlotte snatched it away from him, saving his name as "Gigolo In Debt."

Upon seeing that, his brows snapped together in displeasure.