

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1

It's hot. Why does it feel like I'm burning up?

Charlotte Windt felt like she had been aimlessly walking in the desert for a very long time. All she wanted was to quench her thirst.

A man's icy lips covered hers as he devoured her, giving her temporary respite from the heat. She reached out and flung her arms around his neck, sucking his lips greedily.

Loud moans and pants soon resounded around the room. Their shadows on the wall opposite overlapped with a burning passion.

As the light was dim, Charlotte couldn't see the man's face clearly. The only thing that occurred to her was how beastly he was in bed. He savagely took her until dawn.

When dawn broke, he left.

Charlotte opened her eyes in a daze. She saw a blurry image of a man's back and the vicious wolf head tattoo on the small of his back.

It was a tattoo of a howling wolf with its jaw wide opened, like it was going to devour its prey anytime.

She felt her heart racing in fear at the sight of that tattoo.

...

Charlotte had a dream. In it, she had turned into a vine that was entwined around a colossal tree, unable to break free.

When she regained consciousness, her body was aching terribly.

Charlotte sat up in bed with one hand on her head, trying to soothe her splitting headache. She saw the mess on the bed and a torn men's shirt on the ground. Freezing in shock, she racked her brains trying to remember last night's events.

At her engagement party, her fiancé had betrayed her. She was on the verge of breaking down when her cousin, Luna White, brought her to Sultry Night to drink her sorrows away.

Utterly wasted, she announced she wanted to take revenge on her fiancé. Luna immediately arranged a male escort for her.

As last night's events hit her, Charlotte clutched her chest in shock. Oh God!! I lost my virginity to a stranger!

She grabbed her hair in frustration.

After a long time, she finally snapped out of her trance and hurriedly put on her clothes. When she rushed out of the hotel, a bunch of reporters clamored around her.

Accompanied by the blinding camera flashes were the reporters' harsh questions.

"Ms. Windt, is it true you spent the night with a male escort from Sultry Night because the Sterlings called off the engagement?"

"Ms. Windt, are you aware that the male escort is a transvestite?"

"Ms. Windt, did you know your father has gone bankrupt?"

"Ms. Windt, we've just received news that your father had committed suicide. He jumped off his company's building."

Charlotte's mind went blank as if she had just been struck by lightning. At once, she ran out but was knocked out cold by a car.

The next morning, the headlines were ablaze with the news of Charlotte and her father. Richest Man in H City Richard Windt Goes Bankrupt and Commits Suicide. Hector Sterling Dumps Daughter of Richard Windt – Charlotte Windt Spends Night at Club With Transvestite Male Escort.

Both pieces of breaking news immediately made it to the headlines.

Once a wealthy heiress, Charlotte became a despicable and immoral b*tch overnight. She had lost everything from her family to her reputation.

...

Ten months later, loud cries from babies could be heard in an unremarkable clinic in the countryside.

Mrs. Berry held a baby in her arms as she rushed up to Charlotte elatedly. "Miss, congratulations. You gave birth to triplets. Two boys and a girl!"

...

Four years later, at H City's Train Station.

Charlotte arrived in the city with her kids and Mrs. Berry.

The plump Mrs. Berry was holding two big pieces of luggage, heaving as she walked.

Charlotte had a denim backpack slung on her shoulder as she squeezed out of the busy train station with her three kids.

To others, they looked like a poor family from the countryside coming to the city to depend on their relatives.

"Out of my way, country bumpkin!"

A woman wearing a fur coat shoved Mrs. Berry away harshly and insulted her.

Charlotte was about to reprimand that woman when a fleet of luxury cars came to a stop beside her.

Before anyone could react, dozens of bodyguards alighted their vehicles and formed two neat rows.

Giving a deep bow, they called out in unison, "Welcome back, Mrs. Sterling!"

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Hearing the name "Sterling," Charlotte glanced at the convoy and saw the Sterlings' crest on the cars.

Are they here for me? She grew excited at that thought.

Could it be that Hector never betrayed me? Did he call off our engagement because he had no other choice back then? Now that he knows I'm back, he must be here to pick me up!

"Miss, is Mr. Sterling here to pick us up?"

A delighted Mrs. Berry was about to step forward when two bodyguards pushed them away rudely.

In the next moment, a graceful woman dressed in expensive clothing walked out, flanked by an entourage.

Charlotte's lips parted in surprise. Isn't this Luna White?

Luna was clad in a designer suit. She looked more elegant than she was four years ago.

Her fingers were curled around a little hand belonging to a boy around the same age as Charlotte's triplets.

"Mrs. Sterling, Timothy, this way please," the bodyguards greeted them politely.

"I will never take the train again. It's filthy and full of commonalties," declared Luna, covering her nose with her handkerchief in disdain.

"Yes, yes. If it weren't for the weather, Mr. Sterling wouldn't have let you and Timothy suffer."

The bodyguards escorted Luna and the little boy into a car.

Both Luna and her son were so arrogant they didn't even glance around them. Thus, they failed to notice Charlotte in the crowd.

"What is going on?" Mrs. Berry recognized Luna and blurted out. "Isn't that your cousin? Is she married to Mr. Sterling now?"

"I think so."

As the Sterlings' convoy drove away, Charlotte recalled Hector's promise in the past.

He said I'll be his only bride in this life.

But now, he's married to my cousin. They even have a son this big!

Tears prickled at Charlotte's eyes as her nose burned.

"Mommy, what's wrong?"

When the kids spotted Charlotte's red-rimmed eyes, all three of them surrounded her and voiced their concerns.

"I'm fine."

Wiping her eyes dry, Charlotte knelt down and pulled the three of them in for a hug.

"Mommy, don't be sad. When I grow up, I'll buy a big car for you. Then, you won't have to suffer anymore," offered her eldest son, Robbie. He thought she was upset because someone had bullied her.

"Mommy, who bullied you? Lemme beat them up!" Jamie, the second boy, waved his fists adorably and puffed up his cheeks.

Ellie, the youngest of the triplets, rubbed her cheek against Charlotte's and comforted her. "Mommy, don't cry!"

"Don't cry! Don't cry!"

Suddenly, a green head poked out of Ellie's pocket. It belonged to a cheeky parrot that was glancing around curiously at this moment.

"No, I'm not crying." Charlotte inhaled sharply and put on a smile. "Come on, let's go home!"

"Yay, let's go!"

Charlotte gave them a kiss each before slinging the backpack over her shoulder again and heading out to hail a cab.

She used to be a wealthy heiress with an entourage wherever she went, but now, she had to queue up to hail a cab with Mrs. Berry and her kids, not to mention being heavily loaded with their baggage.

As all of them couldn't fit in one cab, Mrs. Berry had to take a separate cab by herself.

The sky was dark, signaling the arrival of a storm. Hoping to avoid it, the cab driver was speeding anxiously along the road when suddenly, he rammed into a Rolls-Royce up ahead.

The cab driver's face turned pale instantly and got down from his cab to check the situation.

Charlotte sat in the passenger seat and looked out of the window, snapping her brows together.

It was a limited-edition Rolls-Royce Phantom. There were only three units in C Nation and thirty-five worldwide. Even if it were a minor scratch, the cab driver would have to compensate a substantial amount of money, which might cause him to go bankrupt.

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chapter 3

The conflict was going to be a hassle and would probably take a long time. Looking up, Charlotte noticed the sky had turned a gloomy grey. The storm was about to hit anytime.

She didn't want her kids to get soaked in the rain, especially Ellie, who had been physically weak since young. The little girl would definitely catch a cold if the rain got to her.

"Robbie, Jamie, Ellie, stay in the car. I'll go down and see what's happening," Charlotte told her children before getting off the cab.

"Mommy, be careful!" the kids yelled out unanimously.

Fifi the parrot poked its head out of Ellie's pocket again curiously.

Ellie gave it a tiny snack and petted its fluffy head gently. "Fifi, hold on tight. We'll be home soon!"

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"Sir, I'm sorry. I didn't hit your car on purpose." The cab driver was explaining nervously. "It was the passenger's fault. She has three kids and a good deal of baggage. My cab is overloaded, so I accidentally bumped into your car."

When he saw Charlotte, he immediately pointed at her. "You're responsible for this!"

"Huh? Why?"

Charlotte was about to retort when the window of the Rolls-Royce rolled down.

“Forget it. The president is busy!”

The man seated in the passenger seat spoke as he swept a glance over Charlotte.

“Yes!”

The man in suit nodded and told the cab driver to drive carefully next time before leaving.

Charlotte gazed instinctively at the backseat of the Rolls-Royce when the driver opened the door. To her surprise, she saw a half-naked man with his back to her.

A snarly wound snaked across his back as blood trickled down onto the wolf head tattoo on the small of his back.

Wolf head tattoo? The Wolf head tattoo!

Charlotte’s eyes widened in disbelief. She stared at the tattoo wordlessly as her heart jumped to her throat.

The ferocious wolf was gazing at her, its eyes stained bright red by the man’s blood, looking ever so bloodthirsty.

It’s him!

It really is him!

“Move out of the way!”

The cab driver gave Charlotte an abrupt push, causing her to topple to the ground.

When she looked up again, the Rolls-Royce had disappeared from sight.

Charlotte felt her head buzzing as she stared at the empty road ahead.

Was that him in the car just now? The kids’ father?

Wasn’t he a gigolo at Sultry Night? Why was he in that expensive car with that horrible wound?

"Hey, why did you push my mommy?"

Jamie waved his fists angrily at the cab driver.

"Brat, stop yelling at me. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have gotten this unlucky," cursed the cab driver.

"You were the one speeding before hitting that car. That's none of our business!" Robbie retorted in his bubbly voice. "As your passengers, we're not responsible for your mistake! You violated the traffic law. We can file a complaint against you!"

"Yes, you bullied Mommy. I will ask the police to arrest you!" Ellie pouted furiously and pointed at someone in the middle of the road. "There's a traffic police!"

Fifi, who was perched on her shoulder, chirped out instantly. "Traffic police! Traffic police!"

"What a nuisance. Get off! I refuse to bring you to your destination anymore."

The cab driver proceeded to open his trunk and threw their baggage in the middle of the road before leaving in a huff.

"Hey! How could you?"

Charlotte picked up her baggage clumsily and brought the kids to the side of the road.

Meanwhile, the man in the backseat of the Rolls-Royce, Zachary Nacht, looked up and glanced at the rearview mirror.

That woman looks familiar. Where have I seen her before this?

"Mr. Nacht, I'll inject the anesthetic now!" said the doctor who was dealing with his wound.

"No need." The man was reading a file in his hand. His wound was bleeding profusely, but he wasn't bothered at all.

"Um, this may sting a little then. I'm going to stitch your wound up."

Frowning, the doctor started stitching the wound up. As there was no anesthetic involved, the doctor was more nervous than usual.

The man's tanned skin glinted under the light icily. His muscles contracted from the immense pain, but his expression remained the same.

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chapter 4

On Monday morning, Charlotte sent the kids to kindergarten with Mrs. Berry before she went to Divine Corporation.

For the past few days, she had blasted her resume out to thirty-five companies. Seventeen of them called her for an interview, but they either rejected her or asked her to wait for their decision.

Only one company offered her a job—the legendary Divine Corporation!

Strange. The SMEs didn't want to hire me, but why did the corporate giant in the industry, Divine Corporation, call me instead?

When she arrived at the HR department, she finally realized whose plan it was. "It's you?"

"Long time no see, Miss!" Wesley Holt greeted her with an evil smile. "You're still pretty after all these years."

"Wesley Holt, my father fired you from Windt Corporation and left orders that you are not to step into H City for the rest of your life. How dare you return?"

Charlotte knew who he was. Wesley used to be the vice president of Windt Corporation. He tried to take advantage of her, so Richard fired him. She never thought she'd see him again after four long years.

"The Windt family is over the hill. Do you think you're still the rich heiress?" Wesley snickered. "You're nothing. I am the one who gives you this job!"

Giving him a glare, Charlotte spun on her heels and left.

"Charlotte, this is your final chance. If you walk out from this door, I guarantee you won't find a job in H City, unless you are willing to become a hostess in a bar!" Wesley uttered arrogantly.

Furious, Charlotte stormed out of his office.

I will never give in to someone like him!

When she exited the building, a crowd had formed at the entrance.

There was a middle-aged man with gasoline poured all over his body. He was holding a lighter, trying to threaten everyone.

"Stay away. I want to meet Zachary Nacht, now!"

The staff stayed away while the bodyguards were on alert.

A few higher-ups tried to persuade him. "Mr. Looney, calm down. We can talk this out."

"Calm down? Do you know what he did to me? I accidentally offended him, and he made me bankrupt overnight! How could I calm down?" Gaston Looney exclaimed.

At his words, Charlotte was reminded of her father, Richard.

I still don't understand how Windt Corporation went bust suddenly. We were doing so well.

I didn't even get to see Father before he died.

Did someone sabotage Father back then?

"Mr. Nacht is here!" someone shouted.

Charlotte looked up and saw a Rolls-Royce Phantom coming to a stop. The bodyguards swarmed toward the car and cleared a path. Seeing that, the crowd made way for him.

Gaston rushed to the car and stood in front of it. "Zachary Nacht, I demand an explanation today!" he shouted.

Everyone fell silent and gazed at the black Rolls-Royce nervously.

The most horrifying and influential person in H City is in that car!

Charlotte saw a figure in the backseat looking at his phone without a care in the world.

His driver and bodyguard in the passenger seat remained seated, waiting for his instruction. A heavy silence hung in the air.

The expressionless man then made a casual gesture.

Immediately, the vehicle sped ahead with every intention to hit Gaston.

The onlookers were dumbfounded, let alone Gaston. He froze on the spot in disbelief at the other party's callousness.

The car was about to hit him when Charlotte rushed forward and pulled him back.

At that, the man in the car looked up and noticed Charlotte. A complicated look flashed across his gaze at the sight of her.

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chapter 5

As Charlotte and Gaston fell onto the ground together, the crowd collectively gasped in shock.

Charlotte's arm was throbbing painfully. But when she looked up, the Rolls-Royce Phantom was long gone.

Almost instantly, the security guards rushed over and detained Gaston.

"Zachary Nacht, I curse you! You'll die a horrible death!" he yelled desperately.

Soon, the guards stuffed a cloth into his mouth to stop him from yelling more and dragged him away like a dead dog.

Charlotte stared after him with sorrow. Father told me that the business world is like a battlefield. But it looks like hell to me.

A careless mistake will cause one to sink into an endless quicksand.

The mysterious man in the Phantom is none other than the devil incarnate who controls everyone's fate.

Alas, the poor have to work for the devil even though they are barely surviving.

The moment Charlotte left Divine Corporation's building, she received a text from the bank, informing her of the successful transaction to the kindergarten, amounting to one hundred and eighty thousand. Her balance in the account was three thousand nine hundred and eighty-eight.

Ah, it's expensive to bring up kids nowadays. The triplets' school fees plus meal allowance amount to one hundred and eighty thousand!

The rest isn't even enough to buy formula milk for them. What should I do?

After battling with her own thoughts for a long while, Charlotte turned and entered Divine Corporation once again.

It's just Wesley. He won't do anything in broad daylight, right?

The man's right. I'm no longer the rich heiress. I need to support my family and the kids. Pride isn't important right now.

Charlotte was waiting for the elevator in the lobby when many bodyguards appeared, escorting a man to the VIP elevator.

Everywhere that man went, people would bow and greet him politely. "Good morning, Mr. Nacht!"

As she was far away and not tall enough, she didn't manage to see what he looked like. But that man was obviously Zachary Nacht, the president of Divine Corporation.

Hmm, why does his figure seem familiar to me?

Shaking her head, she chided herself for being star-struck.

Why would I be reminded of that gigolo every time I meet a tall and muscular man?

He's the president of Divine Corporation and an influential and ruthless man. There's no way he's a gigolo at Sultry Night!

"Mr. Nacht, the one who pulled Gaston Looney away was an onlooker—No, she has just registered as our new employee five minutes ago as a secretary on the thirteenth floor. Her name is Charlotte Windt," reported Ben Nacht.

His boss said nothing as he scrawled his signature on a document. The man only replied with a grunt after he was done with his work. "Mm."

Charlotte would be paid eight thousand monthly during her probation period, including basic insurance. Her salary would increase to ten thousand once she passed probation.

After going through the entry procedures, Charlotte was counting silently whether her salary was enough for her family's expenses. I'll need to spend eight thousand every month on the kids' formula milk alone. That's not including our expenses...

She was deep in worry when a few other employees came to welcome her. "Hello, Charlotte. Welcome to the administration department!"

"Oh, thank you."

Charlotte shook hands with them warmly. This was her first official job, so she knew how important it was to build a good relationship with her colleagues.

"As usual, we'll have a welcome party for you. Is that okay?"

"Of course. Dinner's on me!"

"Ha! I like how smart you are. We'll leave right after work."

"Sure!"

When it was time to get off work, Charlotte had some unfinished work, so her colleagues left and waited for her downstairs.

After finishing the paperwork, she grabbed her bag and headed to the elevator. But before she could reach it, the doors closed right in front of her.

At the same time, the doors to the VIP elevator parted. She scurried in without hesitation.

"This is the president's private elevator. Please leave right away," the bodyguard reprimanded her.

"Huh?"

Before Charlotte could react, the mysterious man in the elevator made a gesture. His bodyguard received his order and stopped driving her out.

Charlotte looked back, but immediately turned away. It's the devil incarnate, Zachary Nacht!