

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 6

All of a sudden, it felt like the surrounding temperature had dropped a few degrees.

The man was tall and looked like a Greek god. He stood behind her imposingly and exuded an intimidating aura.

Charlotte bit her lip hard. She was subconsciously holding her breath. Through the reflection of the mirror in the elevator, she saw the man gazing at her sharply.

He looks like a lion staring at its prey.

Hurry, hurry!

Charlotte gazed at the number flashing on the elevator screen, hoping to quickly escape this suffocating place.

Thirteen, twelve, eleven, ten...

She counted the numbers silently, her heart thumping furiously. Unbeknownst to her, Zachary was inching nearer to her.

Ding! Finally, the elevator reached the ground floor.

Once the doors opened, she scurried out. She was in such a hurry that she tripped and fell down.

Splat! She collapsed face down like a frog.

Everyone outside gasped in shock. A few employees who had just exited the normal elevator covered their mouths and sniggered.

Charlotte was so ashamed that she wanted to dig a hole and hide in it. She scrambled to her feet clumsily and ran out, covering her face.

Behind her, the man looked at her retreating figure as a smirk flitted across his lips.

Charlotte thought the welcome party would be a dinner in a restaurant, but it turned out to be a drinking session at Sultry Night. To her surprise, Wesley was also there.

This is the administration department's gathering. Why is someone from the HR department here?

Charlotte wasn't happy about it, but her colleagues were present, so she wasn't about to chase him out rudely.

Wesley had already introduced himself to her colleagues. He also ordered bottles of expensive liquor, which were currently placed around the table.

A male colleague spoke up. "Mr. Holt, this liquor costs over eight thousand. We shouldn't be doing this to our new colleague."

"You don't know?" Wesley grinned. "Charlotte is an heiress. She's rich. Back then, she could pay for everyone's drinks here in Sultry Night. These are nothing to her."

"Oh? Seriously?" A few female colleagues got curious. They surrounded Charlotte and bombarded her with questions. "Charlotte, you're an heiress? How unexpected!"

"No—"

"Of course, you are." Wesley cut her off rudely and snickered. "The only daughter of the richest man in H City, Richard Windt. You've heard of him, right?"

"Richard Windt? The one who jumped off a building four years ago?" a man uttered. "No wonder the surname Windt sounded really familiar to me."

"I think I read the news. The Sterlings called off their son's engagement to Ms. Windt, and then she came to Sultry Night and spent the night with a transvestite gigolo. Uh, was that true?"

Her colleagues were staring at her, their gazes a mixture of curiosity, excitement and amazement as they waited for her reply.

Charlotte felt suffocated by them. Refusing to take it anymore, she stood up to leave.

The manager of the administration department, Roy Young, stopped her and chided the rest. "What are you all doing? Is this how you treat our new colleague? We are going to work together in the future, so please stop teasing her."

"Okay, sorry."

They apologized to Charlotte at once.

The moment Charlotte met Wesley's amused gaze, she escaped from the private room without a word.

She wanted to escape the past and start her life anew, but the past kept haunting her. I can never get rid of it, can I?

Charlotte took a deep breath to calm down.

"What's wrong? Was that so unbearable?" Wesley came after her and sneered. "How would you survive, huh?"

"You did it on purpose." Charlotte glowered at him. "You deliberately hired me and made me treat my colleagues to dinner so I'd be humiliated. You're doing this to take revenge on me!"

"That's right," Wesley answered, nodding with a grin. "I ordered food and drinks worth a few hundred thousand just for you."

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“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.

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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.

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### chapter 9

"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.

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## chapter 10

"I'll send you my bank account. Remember to bank in your salary before 12 a.m. every day, got it?" reminded Charlotte as she typed furiously on her phone.

Ding! The man received a text.

He clicked into the text and saw the account number she had just sent him.

He smirked. This is interesting!

Right then, Charlotte's phone began to ring.

Seeing it was Wesley, she answered it and yelled in frustration, "Stop pushing me. I don't have money to foot the bill. I don't want the job at Divine Corporation anymore. Will that do?"

She hung up promptly, her face flushed with anger.

As she had just lost her new job, she slumped onto the sofa in dejection. Spotting the wine glass in front of the man, she grabbed it and finished the wine in one gulp.

Charlotte let out a burp and complained, "It's all your fault. I've just lost my job because of you. It's hard to find a job nowadays. I can't believe that despicable man did that to me."

"Mm?" the man asked. "Did someone at Divine Corporation frame you?"

"You won't understand." Charlotte was about to ignore him when something occurred to her. "Oh, can you pay a bill around a few hundred thousand here?"

“Sure!”

“Great!”

Charlotte told the man to pay the bill, which was over one hundred and eighty-three thousand. Her heart was aching over the ridiculously expensive bill, but she had to keep her job. After all, she still had to support her kids.

“Thanks. I’ll deduct the amount from your compensation.”

She went to her colleagues and informed them. “I’ve settled the bill. Did you have fun tonight?”

“Yes, yes. Thank you, Charlotte!” her colleagues cheered.

“Did you seriously foot the bill? I heard it was over one hundred and eighty thousand!” A colleague inquired in disbelief.

“Yes, it was pretty expensive. I maxed out a few cards to pay the bill. I’ll be eating bread for the next few months.” Charlotte let out a bitter chuckle. “But it’s worth it as long as you had fun tonight!”

“Well...” A few other colleagues felt bad for her and glanced at Wesley.

“Charlotte’s being humble. The money isn’t even enough for her to buy a bag. There’s no way she’d maxed out her cards.” Wesley snickered. “But anyway, thank you. Next time, it’s on me.”

Charlotte was upset at how despicable the scum was, but she couldn’t retort as she needed this job. Ignoring him, she sent her colleagues off.

“Charlotte, I drove here. Let me give you a ride back.”

“It’s alright. I can take a cab. Thank you, though.”

When Charlotte came out of the private room, the man was no longer at the bar. He must be with a client now.

He just can’t stay idle, huh?

She sent him a text: I'm leaving now. Work hard and earn more money. The faster you pay your debt, the faster you'll be set free.

In the room, when Zachary received her text, the corners of his mouth turned up. What a foolish yet adorable woman!

"Mr. Nacht, Pardus has just shown up." Ben, his bodyguard, came in and reported. "I've sent someone to keep an eye on him. We'll find out who he'll contact."

"Remember, don't alert him."

"Got it!"

As Charlotte didn't receive a reply from him, she panicked. Is he trying to go back on his word?

I'm still nearby. If he seriously has that intention, I can go back and look for him. She immediately called that number.

Zachary was about to leave when his phone rang. He smiled subconsciously when he saw who it was. "Hello?"

"Why didn't you reply to my text? Are you trying to escape?" Charlotte demanded.

"I'm busy earning money to pay my debt," explained Zachary, all immersed in his role.