

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 11

“Someone asked for you?” Charlotte asked excitedly. “For one round or one night? How much did you earn?”

“You seem really experienced at this.” Zachary sneered. “How many times have you hired gigolos?”

“You’re the only one!” Charlotte retorted. Embarrassed by her sudden outburst, she coughed a few times before her voice grew stern. “Stop changing the topic. How much did you earn?”

“One night. Ten thousand,” replied Zachary, arching his brows.

He was at the peak of his business career, where everything felt dull to him. This stupid woman was giving his plain life more color and making it much more entertaining now.

Standing aside, Ben was confused. Is Mr. Nacht discussing a new collaboration?

What does he mean by “one night?”

Is ten thousand a code phrase or something?

“Great! Transfer five thousand to me now!” Charlotte was elated. Money! Incoming money!

“I don’t ask for payment in advance. I’ll do that tomorrow morning,” replied Zachary.

The call was then disconnected.

Charlotte was upset at how rude he was. Why did he hang up abruptly? Is he trying to go back on his word?

Never mind. Since he signed the contract, answered my call, and even reported his earnings, I think he won't go back on his word.

I'll just wait and see. Perhaps when I wake up, there will be money in my account!

For the entire night, Charlotte tossed and turned in bed. She kept glancing at her phone. Nope, no new transfer. Nope, not yet. It's just 2 a.m. Wait a bit more...

Charlotte had just fallen asleep at 6 a.m. when a text arrived. She grabbed her phone underneath her pillow. It was a text, informing her that a transfer of five thousand had been made to her account.

She immediately leaped up in excitement.

Awesome! The first payment is in!

She then quickly sent a text: I just received the money. Good job! Work harder tonight!"

Gigolo In Debt: I just remembered I paid the bill last night. You said you'll deduct it from my debt.

Charlotte: I'm afraid you'll spend the money elsewhere. Just transfer me the money daily and I'll deduct the one hundred and eighty thousand from your debt. Don't you worry.

Gigolo In Debt: Okay!

Charlotte: Work hard tonight, too. If you do a good job, I'll buy you some supplements!

Gigolo In Debt: ...

After receiving the money, Charlotte was so overjoyed she couldn't go back to sleep.

They had just moved from the countryside, so they still lacked a number of household supplies. As it was the weekend, she wanted to bring Mrs. Berry and the kids out shopping.

Charlotte used to be a spoilt child, too. Her father adored her and brought her up like a princess. Alas, life was hard to predict.

After the downfall of the Windt family, Charlotte ended up as the mother of triplets.

As a mother, she would keep tabs on the latest promotions to get the best deals when shopping for daily necessities.

They arrived at Grand Plaza soon.

Charlotte was dressed in a casual denim shirt. She kept her phone in her bum bag and rolled her sleeves up in preparation for “war.”

“Robbie, Jamie, Ellie, I’m going shopping. Stay with Mrs. Berry at the playground, alright? Don’t wander off alone. I will be back soon.”

“Okay!” the kids replied in unison.

Right then, the onlookers started taking videos and photos of the kids.

A few young ladies were tittering and squealing, “Oh, are they mixed-race babies? How adorable! So cute!”

“Yes, look at their curly hair and bright eyes. Ah, they look like two princes and a princess in a fairytale! I’ve never seen such good-looking kids.”

“There’s a parrot on the little girl’s shoulder. Oh, it’s nodding off. Haha! That’s so cute!”

The kids would attract attention wherever they went, so every time they had to go somewhere crowded, Charlotte would make them wear face masks and hats to avoid too much attention.

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“Please don’t take photos and videos of us. This is an infringement of our image rights,” Robbie reminded coolly.

“I can take selfies with pretty ladies. No selfies with boys, though.” Jamie smirked. “Only pretty ladies!”

“Shh, you’re disturbing Fifi!” Ellie put a finger up to her lips.

Fifi was nodding off on her shoulder.

“Ah, how adorable! Can we take a selfie with you?” A few young ladies surrounded them.

“Nope, sorry. We don’t do that.” Robbie kept his cool.

“Okay, Robbie, Jamie, Ellie. I’ve bought the tickets. We can enter now.”

Mrs. Berry returned with the tickets and brought them into the playground.

Charlotte went upstairs to a children’s clothing brand on the third floor. There was a sale happening there. She rushed in and grabbed a cart before squeezing into the crowd at the sales section.

Right then, a team of men in black marched in authoritatively and ordered everyone to make way.

The young mothers who were busy shopping immediately stopped. They glanced at the scene and discussed. “Who is that? What a grand entrance.”

“Wow, these bodyguards are all tall and hot. Any of them could be the top male escort at Sultry Night!”

At their words, Charlotte’s heart sank. A male escort at Sultry Night.

Is it Gigolo In Debt?

“You’re wrong. They are the bodyguards working for Divine Corporation’s president,” a mother with neat bangs answered smugly.

“My husband is working at Divine Corporation. The president has eighteen bodyguards with a golden S logo on their shoulder.”

She added, “I think the president is here, judging by the number of bodyguards.”

“Wow!” another mother chimed in dreamily. “The bodyguards are hunks. I wonder how hot the president will be!”

“Normally people who hire handsome and tall bodyguards are short and ugly.”

“That’s right.”

Zachary’s strikingly handsome features popped up in Charlotte’s mind. Short and ugly? He is neither short nor ugly.

The men in black set up a defense line in front of the Italian restaurant right opposite the shop and straightened their backs on alert.

Soon, a tall and imposing man walked into the restaurant.

Charlotte stared at his back from a distance. Indeed, it was Zachary Nacht, the president of Divine Corporation.

For some reason, his back looked familiar to her. Where have I seen him before?

Meanwhile, the kids were having a lot of fun in the playground.

Mrs. Berry stayed with them the entire time. A few parents came to her, and they started chatting animatedly.

Jamie went to the restroom to pee. He was exiting the restroom with his hands in his pockets when he saw a trail of blood on the ground. His eyes immediately widened in surprise.

Huh? Why is there blood on the floor?

Curious, Jamie followed the blood trail and arrived at the storeroom where a wounded man in black was resting.

Jamie came to a stop cautiously.

The man in black was wearing a mask and cap which hid his entire face. But blood was trickling out of his wound nonstop.

When he heard the footsteps, he immediately raised the knife in his grip viciously. Upon seeing that it was just a young boy, he relaxed visibly.

"Sir, do you need help?" Jamie inquired politely.

"Get lost, brat!" the man growled.

Pouting, Jamie took out a cartoon band-aid from his pocket and handed it to the man. "Here you go."

The man rolled his eyes. He was bleeding badly, so this band-aid wouldn't be of help.

"You'd die of excessive bleeding. You should go to the doctor now!" said Jamie before turning to leave.

"Jamie! Jamie!" Fifi flapped its wings and flew toward Jamie.

Jamie raised his hand, allowing Fifi to perch safely on the back of his hand. As the pair walked out, they attracted everyone's attention.

"Hey, what a cute boy!"

"He has a cute parrot, too. Aww!"

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"Go, search!"

Suddenly, a team of men in suits rushed in and started searching the area.

Jamie swiveled his head and stared at the restroom. Could it be related to that man?

He was in a daze when the man in black rushed out from the restroom and extended a bloodied hand. Then, he slipped something into Jamie's pocket and whispered in the boy's ear, "Brat, I'll come back for it!"

Soon, the man disappeared into the stairwell. The team of men in suits immediately went after him.

Jamie was stunned. Wow, was that a scene from a crime film? That was so cool!

Snapping back to reality, he took out a small box from his pocket. When he opened it, there was a tiny golden chip about the size of a bean.

Studying it carefully, he wondered, what could this be? It doesn't look like gold. I think it's some electronic stuff like the kind Robbie is obsessed with.

"Seed! Seed!"

Jamie was deep in thought when little Fifi's beak parted and ate the chip, thinking it was a seed.

Jamie was dumbfounded. He immediately patted Fifi's green head and shouted, "Fifi, spit it out! Spit it out!"

Fifi shrieked immediately. Instead of spitting it out, it swallowed the chip out of shock.

"Ah!" Jamie freaked out at once. He tugged Fifi's tail and swung it around. "You can't eat that. Spit it out! Spit it out, now!"

Fifi was seeing stars from Jamie's rough action. It rolled its eyes while its tongue lolled out weakly.

"Ah! Jamie! What are you doing?" yelled Ellie.

She rushed over and took Fifi from him. Cradling it in her arms carefully, she demanded, "Why did you bully Fifi? I'm going to tell Mommy!"

"No, Ellie—"

"Jamie, it's wrong to bully Fifi," said Robbie sternly.

"I... Fifi..." Jamie pointed at himself before pointing at Fifi helplessly.

Fifi's head was spinning as it lay in Ellie's arms, panting heavily.

Looks like none of them will believe me. Jamie had no choice but to keep it a secret.

Zachary was sitting with his back against the door of the VIP room he was in, sipping on his wine elegantly in the Italian restaurant. His figure was imposing under the dim light.

Ben rushed in to inform him. "Mr. Nacht, Pardus has escaped!"

The man's hand paused briefly as he icily uttered, "Useless!"

"Yes," said Ben, lowering his head guiltily.



"Chip X holds the secret to our corporation's latest technology. If it gets leaked, the consequences will be horrible. We must get it back!"

"Yes," Ben answered. "I'll find Pardus within three days!"

Zachary stood up to leave, his majestic figure stunning everyone. A heavy silence hung in the air as all held their breaths.

When he and his entourage arrived at the underground car park, he got into his Rolls-Royce Phantom without a word. The driver was about to drive away when Zachary called out, "Wait!"

The driver hit the brakes immediately.

Ben followed Zachary's gaze, spotting a little girl running past the rear of their car. She was nearly knocked over earlier. He immediately alighted the car.

"Girl, why are you alone here?"

"My Fifi flew downstairs. I'm going after it. Fifi! Don't run! Stop!"

Ellie was about to pounce on the bird, but it flew into the car instead.

She crawled into the car at once. Looking up, she was shocked to see a pair of cold eyes staring at her.

He seems scary.

Is he the bad guy Mommy always talks about?

Ellie gazed at Zachary in fear and instinctively inched backward.

Zachary was also gazing at the little girl, his heart softening. His stare was no longer as stony as it always was.

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What a cute little girl. She looks like a pretty doll with her puffy cheeks. Look, her eyes are shining like stars.

Strangely, she feels familiar to me. I can feel myself softening up at the sight of her.

Fifi was circling in the car, shrieking, "Ellie! Ellie!"

"Come over here at once!" A frowning Ellie stretched her hand out and demanded. "If you keep acting up, I'll get mad!"

Alas, Fifi didn't perch on her little hand. It landed on Zachary's shoulder instead.

Zachary's brows snapped together as he reached out to grab Fifi.

Fifi immediately struggled and pooped on Zachary's blazer in fright. A few feathers floated around, accompanied by shocked silence.

Ben froze.

Even the bodyguards paled instantly. They knew what a clean freak Zachary was.

The bird's dead meat!

Indeed, Zachary's expression darkened. His grip on little Fifi tightened.

Fifi's body stiffened from the increasing force. Its eyes rolled upward as it lolled its tongue out.

“Ah! Let go of Fifi!”

Ellie leaped on the man and tried to pry his hands off Fifi. “Let go! Let go!”

“Kid.” Ben tried to pull her away.

Staring at Ellie’s flushed face and doll-like eyes, the menace in Zachary’s gaze faded away. He slowly released his grip on the bird.

Fifi flapped its wings frantically and returned to Ellie’s embrace.

Ellie caught the bird and glared at Zachary angrily before escaping from his car.

“Hey, kid!” Ben yelled after her, but she merely ignored him. Worried, he told a bodyguard, “Go after her and make sure she reunites with her family safely.”

“Yes!”

The vehicle then slowly drove away. Zachary took off his blazer and patted the feathers away before wiping his hands with a piece of wet wipes.

Ben scanned his boss’ expression. He still looks stern, but that murderous glint in his gaze is gone.

He couldn’t help but lament, “What an adorable little girl.”

“She has an innocent gaze,” Zachary commented, which was rare of him.

“Yes. I wonder what kind of mother she has to give birth to such a lovely girl like her.”

Ellie was riding the escalator when she heard Charlotte calling her name. “Ellie! Ellie!”

“Mommy, I’m here!”

Ellie ran over with Fifi in her arms. She launched herself into Charlotte’s embrace like a rocket, causing the latter to stumble from her weight.

"You gave me a scare." Charlotte hugged Ellie tightly and caressed her head anxiously. "Are you hurt? Did you meet any bad guys?"

"I'm not hurt, but.."

Ellie recalled that man in the car. Is he a bad guy?

He looks like one!

But... Fifi pooped on his shoulder. He was angry, but he didn't kill Fifi. That means he's not a bad guy, right?

"But what?" Charlotte urged.

"Fifi pooped on a man," explained Ellie, gesturing with her chubby hands. "But that man didn't hurt Fifi."

"I'm glad you're both fine. Don't wander around next time, get it?"

"Okay."

Not far away, the bodyguard waited until the little girl left with her mother before he walked away.

As he was too far away, he only saw her back and her faded denim shirt.

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### chapter 15

Monday was a busy day. The moment Charlotte arrived at the office, she buried herself in work and only got to stop when lunchtime arrived.

She followed her colleagues from the administration department to the company's cafeteria on the twenty-first floor. They had just exited from the elevator when they bumped into Zachary.

The man strode out of the elevator in an imposing manner, causing the air to solidify.

The rest of his employees retreated to one side and looked at the ground silently.

Charlotte peeked at him and met his icy glare without warning. She immediately looked down in a panic. Was Devil staring at me?

"Don't mind me. Carry on," uttered Zachary.

The employees were pleasantly surprised by their president's words. This was the first time they had heard him speak directly to them, so they were very much thrilled.

Zachary sat down at a seat by the window. Two bodyguards stood watch behind him as Ben left to order his meal.

Charlotte peeked at him once again. The sunlight reflected off his body, encasing him in a golden glow like a Greek god.

If only this man is the father of my triplets.

Just as the thought flashed across her mind, Charlotte brushed it off immediately. She took her tray of food and followed her colleagues to their usual table.

When she sat down, the annoying Wesley showed up. "Hello!"

Charlotte rolled her eyes and shifted sideways to keep a distance from him.

"How could you eat so little?" teased Wesley. "Eat up. Our company's cafeteria serves a luxurious buffet for free. It's better than the ones at five-star hotels."

Ignoring him, Charlotte lowered her head and focused on her food.

“Hey, why is Mr. Nacht eating in the cafeteria today?” Charlotte’s colleague, Fiona, asked.

“I’m curious, too. He never comes to our cafeteria,” said Lily, another colleague. She peeked at the table opposite theirs and lowered her voice. “Due to his presence, we’re all tensed up. Look how silent the whole cafeteria is now.”

“Yes, my hands are shaking.” Yolanda dared not look up at all.

“Ah, don’t be nervous.” Wesley seemed unfazed. “He might seem cold, but he’s actually quite friendly.”

“Mr. Holt, you seem to know Mr. Nacht well.” A male colleague voiced his curiosity. “I saw you greeting him last time.”

“Of course. The president and I are close...” replied Wesley.

His voice trailed off, as if hinting at a deeper meaning to his words.

“No wonder you got promoted so quickly in six months. Turns out you’re friends with Mr. Nacht.” The male colleagues hurriedly buttered up to him. “Mr. Holt, please take care of us in the future.”

“Don’t worry. As long as you’re doing a good job, you’ll get a promotion in no time,” said Wesley smugly.

Charlotte couldn’t take it anymore. She took her tray and rose to her feet to leave.

Wesley went after her. “Charlotte, hold up!”

Annoyed, Charlotte’s footsteps quickened.

Wesley chased after her and stood in front of her. “Why are you in a hurry? Let’s walk together.”

“Mr. Holt, I don’t know you well—”

Before Charlotte could finish, someone bumped into her.

She lurched forward from the force while her unfinished Bolognese pasta splattered on Wesley's face.

As the pasta streamed down his face, everyone gasped.

Wesley stiffened, utterly stunned. He promptly regained his senses and wiped at the Bolognese sauce on his face clumsily in anger.

Charlotte burst out laughing. It seemed like a rude reaction, so she immediately apologized. "I'm sorry. I didn't do that on purpose. Someone bumped into me and..."

When she whirled around to take a look, she realized that the person who had bumped into her was none other than Zachary!