

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 42

Gigolo In Debt: Are you back to being arrogant just because you got your job back?

His response sounded exasperated.

Charlotte sure knew when to quit and not take it too far.

Her job at Divine Corporation pays eight thousand a month while Gigolo In Debt can pay her five thousand on a good night.

Although she needed to maintain her authority as his boss, she knew that she couldn't be unreasonable. In the event he quit, she would be left with nothing.

Although there's a contract, I don't think it's going to stand up in a court of law.

I should still placate this God of Wealth, no wait, I meant Gigolo of Wealth.

With that thought in mind, Charlotte quickly appeased him: I'm just kidding. I'll see you in another two days and buy you some supplements. However, you mustn't kick me out of the car again. Do you know how terrible it felt that night?

Gigolo In Debt: Have you learnt your lesson?

Charlotte: Yes...

Gigolo In Debt: In that case, you should behave next time.

Charlotte was speechless. Did he read too many romance novels?

This gigolo is slowly getting more domineering.

Does he think he is acting in a movie called "The Domineering Gigolo Falls In Love With Me?"

Wait...

Falls in love?

Charlotte suddenly remembered the time at Sultry Night where she sold him to three rich ladies. At that moment, he was tugging on her sleeve when he declared, "You will regret it if you leave."

He is supposed to be used to pleasuring rich ladies and should feel like a fish in water. But why was he so reluctant that night?

In the car the other day, when I asked him about being taken in by a sugar mommy and how we were going to split his earnings, he actually became angry and kicked me out.

And yet I thought he was angry because I wanted too much. Now that I think of it...

I think he must have developed feelings for me and was jealous. That's why he was so angry.

Or else, why would he obediently report his income and keep paying me as requested

Despite having signed a contract, there is no way I can really use it to threaten him.

No matter what, he has to be a willing participant for the arrangement to work.

The more she thought about it, the more anxious Charlotte became. Oh no! I'm in trouble! What am I going to do now that a gigolo has fallen in love with me?

It seemed she had no choice but to be professional and keep a distance from him.

At the same time, she endeavored to work hard in Divine Corporation to further her career. So that when she loses her income from the gigolo, she would still be able to support her family.

It was imperative for her to win the acknowledgment of the Devil. Only then would her job at Divine Corporation be secure.

Holding that thought, Charlotte took a deep breath and made a firm decision. From tomorrow onwards, she would endure whatever the Devil threw at her.

Probably because of the repeated reminders she gave herself, Charlotte dreamt of something shocking in her sleep.

In her dream, the Devil was kneeling in front of her, holding nine hundred and ninety nine roses. He declared passionately, "Charlotte, will you marry me!"

All the employees at Divine Corporation were cheering for her while her colleagues were urging her on, "Say yes to him!"

Feeling emotional, Charlotte was about to agree before the gigolo appeared in his mask with the three children in tow. In a pitiful voice, he pleaded, "Darling, don't abandon me."

When she turned to look and saw a pitiful sight.

There were three milk bottles hung around his neck while his backpack was filled with milk powder. He was holding a bunch of dolls on his left hand and diapers on his right. He looked like the epitome of a poor babysitting father.

The three children were crying with snot coming out of their nose. "Mommy, Mommy..."

Behind her, the Devil's longing expression changed into one of rage. He grabbed her hand and threatened viciously, "Charlotte, you already have a husband and children. And yet you are trying to cheat me of my feelings? I'm going to kill you..."

Charlotte was suddenly awoken from her dream. As she opened her eyes, she was panting heavily from the frightening experience.

Luckily, it's just a dream.

As she wiped the sweat off her forehead, she checked her phone.

It was six thirty in the morning and Gigolo In Debt had just transferred her five thousand.

When the thought of him pleasuring a rich and fat lady crossed her mind, she felt bad for taking half of his hard-earned money. In fact, she began to feel like a heartless person.