

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 99

“Hey!” Zachary pushed her hand away and shouted, “Don’t touch it!”

“Why?” Charlotte was yet more suspicious. “Why can’t you let me see your face?”

“Of course not!” Zachary replied indifferently, “If you see my face, I’ll be threatened by you for a lifetime. There’ll be no end to this!”

“Hmm...” Charlotte was rendered speechless.

Since she recognized the tattoo on his waist and forced him to sign the debt repayment agreement, he had to pay her fifty percent of his income every day.

Half of the agreed period had passed and he would soon be free.

After all, since she didn’t know what he looked like, she wouldn’t be able to recognize him even if they did meet each other again the next time.

However, if she had seen his face, they might be blockaded forever in this tangled mess...

What he said seems to make sense...

Maybe I’m thinking too much.

“If it wasn’t for that night over four years ago and the fact that I’d caused you to experience a miscarriage, I would never get involved with you!” Zachary added genuinely.

He was drugged that night and had sex with her in a trance-like state. Plus, he was like a beast in bed that night, without the slightest tenderness...

He could still remember the pitiable way she cried for mercy underneath himself. Every time he thought about that, he could feel his blood boiling and he would be incredibly guilty...

“Well, at least you’ve got some conscience.”

The doubt within Charlotte was somewhat cleared. On second thought, how could such a prestigious man like Zachary pretend to be the gigolo at Sultry Night and cosplayed with her?

Furthermore, he just chased me off his car. It wasn’t really possible for him to change a car and into another outfit just to pick me up.

Even if time allowed, his temper wouldn’t.

“Don’t call me for such matters anymore next time.” Zachary changed the subject. “I’m not your bodyguard; why should I come when you ask me to?”

“I didn’t want to trouble you either but other than you, I have no one else whom I can seek help from.” Charlotte looked helpless.

“Where’s your boyfriend?” Zachary asked in a detached manner.

“I don’t have one.” Charlotte rolled her eyes.

“No?” Zachary was suspicious. You can never tell truths from lies when it comes to dealing with this woman.

“Your question reminded me...”

Charlotte remembered that she had lied to Zachary that she had a boyfriend. If he found out that she was bluffing, she would be screwed. Hence, I have to make this act a real deal...

Thinking of that, Charlotte tugged at Zachary and said, “Gigolo, be my boyfriend!”

Zachary was speechless.

He was utterly baffled. What in the world is happening?

Just an hour ago, this ungrateful wretch rejected me— The prominent, distinguished man that I am!

And now she’s taking the initiative and wants a gigolo to be her boyfriend?

Is she crazy or just stupid?

“Don’t be anxious. I mean ‘pretend’,” Charlotte explained. “Someone has been pursuing me recently and to put him off, I told him that I had a boyfriend...”

Zachary squinted dangerously. Very well, this ingrate of a woman was bluffing me?

“Gigolo, do me another favor, won’t you?” Charlotte tugged at his sleeves and fawned. “I’ll buy you more supplements...”

“There’s no need!” Zachary cut her off. “Who is courting you?”

“You don’t need to know the details,” Charlotte answered casually. “You’re only pretending; it isn’t real after all.”

“That’s not fair.” Zachary was taking advantage of the situation and continued, “What if that guy is a vicious man and seeks revenge on me?”

“He’s my boss.” Finally, Charlotte answered honestly.

“How can that be possible? Your boss likes you?” Zachary shot a scornful glance at her. “With this stunted look of yours, is he blind?”

Charlotte was at a loss for words.

She was convinced then that she had really overthought because Zachary would never give her such a remark.

“Besides, you should be very grateful to have such an exceptional admirer like your boss. Why are you rejecting him?” Zachary asked her on purpose.

“I can’t handle such a big shot...” Charlotte heaved a sigh. “He’s only looking for novelty now. Once the glam wears off and he grows tired of me, I’ll be abandoned. To whom should I cry and complain then? Plus, with his unpredictable and fickle mood changes, he’s just like a creep. Who knows what kind of fetish he’ll have? It’s better that I keep away from him. I’m still too young to die!”