

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 24

Charlotte shuddered at that thought and frantically sent a text message to Gigolo In Debt.

My dearest gigolo, are you still alive?

I'm sorry. I was too greedy. I was wrong and I shouldn't have sold you to those three women. I'm so sorry. I regret it now. Please forgive me...

She sent more than ten consecutive texts to him, only to receive radio silence.

Charlotte then called him a few times, but still, no one answered.

She stayed there from evening until late into the night, hauling her frail and shivering body all around the place to hunt for any sign of her Gigolo In Debt.

To increase the air of mystery, all the staff in Sultry Night were wearing all sorts of sexy masks.

But most of their masks were exaggerated and completely different from Gigolo In Debt's mysterious and cool mask, so she could still easily differentiate them.

After doing a round of searching, there was still no sign of Gigolo In Debt.

Charlotte's cold was worsening. Her nose was runny from sneezing so much, and she felt weak and dizzy too. The poor ventilation here made it even more unbearable for her.

She was about to leave, but after squeezing through the crowd, she inadvertently spotted a man wearing a black half-mask sitting at one of the booths. His figure, clothes, and mask were all similar.

She rushed over to grab him. "There you are! I was looking for you everywhere."

The man looked at her in confusion and was about to speak, but the woman beside him whose face had obviously gone under the knife shouted angrily before he could, "What are you doing? This is the escort I booked!"

"He's mine!" Charlotte pulled the gigolo toward her. "You don't need to work today. Follow me!"

With that, she was about to pull him along.

"You stop right there!" Ms. Plastic Face jumped up from the sofa and grabbed the gigolo's other arm. "I've already booked you for two hours. You dare leave?"

"Jenny, I'm not trying to leave. It's this pretty lady who's..." the gigolo tried to explain.

Charlotte was stunned when she heard his slightly accented high-pitched voice. It's not him!

"I... I... I think I got the wrong person..."

"B\*tch! How dare you touch what belongs to me? Blind fool! I'll beat you to death!"

Before Charlotte could explain, Ms. Plastic Face hurtled over and pushed her onto the sofa.

Charlotte flailed her hands in front of her as she fought her off.

They were initially fairly matched, but three of the woman's friends rushed over to help her. Soon, a full-blown catfight broke out.

Charlotte shielded her head with both hands, curling up like a tortoise. Even so, she still suffered a good beating and a lot of her hair had been ripped off too.

Standing by the side, the gigolo yelled anxiously, "Stop fighting! Stop! Don't fight over me!" He whimpered slightly at the sight of the women.

"Strip this b\*tch naked and let's see just how smutty she is to have the nerve to steal my man..."

The women gave a war cry and started tearing at Charlotte's clothes. One of them was even holding her throat, preparing to give her a tight slap.

Charlotte instinctively squeezed her eyes shut, but the slap didn't come, and the women who were pulling at her clothes were gone.

A few shrieks pierced through the air.

Charlotte slowly opened her eyes and saw that the gigolo she had mistaken as hers was sent flying through the air, slamming into the women. Sprawled out on the floor, the few of them looked miserable.

Charlotte raised her head and from her supine position on the sofa, she saw another Gigolo In Debt lookalike.

He was wearing a mysterious half-mask, his slender figure looking cold and indifferent under the lights.

Even in such a dimly-lit space, his bottomless eyes still glowed with charm and radiance.

He stretched out a hand toward her, making her freeze in place.

Before she knew it, his strong arm pulled her up and right into his arms. The moment Charlotte's cheek was pressed against his powerful chest, the sound of his steady heartbeat filled her ears.

She raised her head, and the shock on her face was reflected in his fathomless eyes.

"How could you mistake someone else as your debtor? Where is your brain?"

Zachary gave Charlotte's head a light knock, giving her an accusatory look.

"You're finally here. Are you okay?" Charlotte's shocked gaze shifted from his face to his body and came to rest on his manhood. "Are you really okay?"

Zachary grasped her chin, raising her face to his. "Would you like to test it out?"