

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 198

“Hm?” Zachary lifted a brow. “You don’t want it? Forget it then.”

He was a second away from keeping the check.

“Of course I want it!” Charlotte swiftly took the check. Upon seeing the numbers on the paper, she broke out into a smile. “Two million! Thank you, Mr. Nacht.”

“You’re welcome. This is what you deserve, after all.” Zachary smiled. “This is the reward for you convincing Mr. Sterk to drink the laxatives.”

“About that... I thought you said you were going to take it out from the necklace’s money?”

A foreboding sense burrowed its way into Charlotte’s heart at his words.

Even Fifi was trembling as it looked at Zachary like he was a carnivorous monster.

“What’s the difference between owing me a hundred million and owing me ninety-eight million?” Zachary muttered. “I might as well give you the reward to make sure you won’t have other worries when you serve me.”

Wait... Serve?

Hearing that word, Charlotte panicked as she hastily said, “Mr. Nacht, I’m just an ordinary working individual. I-I’m not selling my body.”

“Selling my body! Selling my body!” Fifi repeated.

Zachary glanced at it.

Instantly, it shut its beak and buried itself in Charlotte's thick hair. It even used its beak to pull on her hair so that it could cover its face, as if that would be the perfect camouflage.

"You've already sold yourself last night." Zachary took out the contract and waved it in front of her eyes with a grin. "From today onwards, you're mine."

Charlotte's eyes were as wide as saucers as she stared at the paper in his hand. She then recalled the events that happened yesterday.

That's right, I was chased by a wolf last night... And I ran as quickly as I could to the villa... When I reached the villa, I slammed my fists at the steel gates while crying for help...

After he threatened not to open the gates if I refuse to sign the agreement, I finally agreed to sign it... However, I remember passing out soon after, so I couldn't have signed the agreement.

When Charlotte took the paper for a closer look, she realized that the paper indeed does not contain her signature. However, there was a bright red thumbprint on it. Although it was already dry, she could still smell the scent of blood.

She stiffened for a moment before she raised her hand and looked at her injured thumb. Realization finally dawned on her. "Zachary, you douchebag!"

"Douchebag. Dou-"

Before Fifi could repeat it a second time, the look in Zachary's eyes made it flinch and it whispered, "Mommy, scared. Scared."

Shifting his gaze away from Fifi, Zachary picked up a remote from the side and pressed on its button. Then, Charlotte's cries for help echoed in the room.

"Please save me! I don't want to die!"

"Zachary, as long as you save me, I'll do anything."

"Give me the contract. I'll sign it. As long as you save me, I'll sign it."

"Are you sure?" came Zachary's voice. "Are you going to claim that I'm forcing you again?"

"No, I won't. I'm doing this willingly. Let me in first. Let me in quickly. The wolf is here. It really is."

"All right. But remember, you're the one begging me."

The recording then ended.

Ashamed, Charlotte's face flushed red, and she wished she could burrow into the ground and hide.

Raising a brow, Zachary cast her a gentle look. "I even have a video recording. Do you want to watch it?"

"You-" Charlotte's lip trembled as she fought the urge to cry.

"Be good now." Zachary took the contract, folded it, and kept it in his pocket. "If you perform well, you'll be rewarded. If not, you'll still have to do whatever is on the contract, and you'll be punished as well."

He then stood up and patted her face. "Think about it. Which one sounds better?"

As fury coursed through her veins, Charlotte glared at him, but she dared not speak a single word.

"I'll take my leave first then." Zachary turned to leave without sparing her another glance. "I hope you'll have thought things through when I'm back."

As he left, Charlotte waved her fist at his back and cursed at him inwardly, You b*stard! Douchebag! Animal! Piece of sh*t!

I hope God realizes what an assh*le you are and smite you from above!

"Ellie, Jamie, Robbie," Fifi abruptly cried out, "scared. Scared."

Zachary, who was about to step out of the room, paused in his tracks. He turned to look at Fifi and asked, "What did it just say?"