

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 141

Nonetheless, she can't be blamed for this. After all, the two of them looked identical. Be it their height, body, voice, and eyes... they looked exactly the same! The only noticeable difference between them was the heightened arrogance of Zachary and the childish behavior of Chris.

Before this, the "Gigolo In Debt" was wearing a mask all the time and he only appeared during the night. Also, Chris only impersonated him once and as a result, he was aware of the secrets between them, including Charlotte's situation.

Hence, it was perfectly reasonable for her to have mistaken him for Zachary.

"Speak, what's going on?" Charlotte admonished him.

"What?" Chris heart was racing. He was hesitant to utter the truth.

"You're just a gigolo. Why is everyone saying that you're the heir to a rich family?"

"Also, why did you take off your mask and expose your true identity?"

"Why are you here at Bar DTT every day? What's your relationship with Peter?"

Charlotte bombarded him with tons of questions.

"Actually..." Chris paused before continuing. Eventually, he decided to provide an obscured answer.

"Think about it this way. It was a misunderstanding all along. I was never a gigolo!"

It was the truth. Previously, Zachary merely explained the situation in brevity. Hence, it was her own assumptions that led to the misunderstanding.

“You’re saying that...” Charlotte recalled the night when they first met.

He was alone in the VIP room and was surrounded by security guards. Clearly, this should not be a privilege enjoyed by a gigolo.

Furthermore, she had never witnessed him courting any clients before. At most, they briefly spoke about it during their conversations on the phone. It was my imagination after all?

“That can’t be right.” Charlotte was suspicious. “How would you explain the incident four years ago?”

“Four years ago, I went in the wrong room.” Chris casually replied. “Fate must have brought us together.”

“I see...” Charlotte was finally convinced. “Then, your real identity is...”

“I’m just a rich playboy that does nothing.” Chris was well aware of his character. “That’s better than a gigolo, right?”

“At least you have some self-awareness.” Charlotte rolled her eyes at him. Later, she asked, “Why did you impersonate a gigolo and sign the loan agreement with me?”

“For fun.” Chris laughed mischievously. “I’m sick of a boring life where everything goes my way. I crave challenge and adventure. Hence, when you mistook me as a gigolo and forced me to enslave myself, that was exhilarating!”

Hence, he decided to play along with her.

Since it was just fun and games, there shouldn't be a problem so long he didn't cross any boundaries.

Charlotte was stupefied by his puzzling smile. However, she couldn't explain why.

Then, she thought about Zachary and interrogated him further. "If that's the case, who's the person that saved me that night?"

"Why do you ask?" Chris' reaction was speedy. "Did someone tell you about it?"

"My boss said he saved my life," Charlotte uttered the truth.

"Your boss?" His heart sank. Don't tell me that...

"It's the pervert boss." The mere utterance of Zachary's name was sufficient to trigger her fears. "My colleague told me that he carried me out from the backdoor. Today, I asked him again and the answer was the same... However, the person I saw the morning after the incident was clearly you..."

Charlotte blushed and she squeezed her eyes shut to avoid eye contact.

Chris looked at her expression and recalled what happened that night. When Zachary carried her out from the backdoor, she was clearly drugged...

Hence, that night, they...

Chris was unrattled by the thought. It felt as if his woman was tainted by another man...

"Speak. What's going on?" Charlotte pestered him.

“Initially, he was indeed the person who rescued you. Later, I arrived and snatched you away...” Chris replied.

Chris was a veteran womanizer. He was familiar with all the tactics and tricks to get the woman that he wanted. Hence, a lie was nothing to him.