

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1535

Jade and Emma strode away angrily. If it hadn't been for Charlotte, they would've taught that young man a lesson.

The restaurant manager came to them and apologized profusely.

Thus, they couldn't vent their frustrations on him. After reminding him to discipline his employees, they flounced out of the place.

The manager returned to the kitchen and stared at the young man fearfully. Plucking up his courage, he said, "Y-You don't need to come to work tomorrow."

"Fine. I was going to resign, anyway," said the young man scornfully. "But you need to let me stay in your warehouse. You agreed to let me stay there for three months."

"No problem. It's a deserted warehouse," the manager replied. "Give me your bank account, and I'll transfer your wages to you."

"I don't have one. Pay me in cash," the young man said, stretching out his hand.

"Wait a minute. I don't have enough cash right now. Let me go get it." Soon, the manager arrived with enough cash and placed it on the chopping block away from the young man. "You've only worked for a few days, but I'm paying you half a month's wages. Two thousand and five hundred. Look how generous I am."

"Pay me what I deserve. No one asked for your generosity," the young man retorted. "I don't need your pity."

"Hey!" The manager's face turned purple in rage. Though he wanted to curse at him, he held back and said, "You worked for twelve days, so it's two thousand in total."

After taking the money, the young man glowered at him and stalked away.

The manager gritted his teeth as he stared at the man's retreating figure. A plump man whose job was to run errands asked in a low voice, "If you fire him, who will get us supplies at night? It's dangerous to drive on this windy road at night. Our previous driver got involved in a few accidents, remember?"

"I'll pay more to hire an experienced driver. If worse comes to worst, we can buy our supplies in the day," the manager returned angrily. "We can't afford to offend the people from the villa. Otherwise, I'll need to close my restaurant."

"All right," the plump man replied in disappointment. "Though that young man is reckless, he's quick. He can deal with half a cow easily and make the right cuts."

"Stop unsettling me." The more the manager listened, the more scared he was. "He sounds like a serial killer."

"Yes, that was what I thought, too!" another young man with blond hair chimed in while chopping the vegetables. "You have no idea how good he is with a cleaver. He can even cut tofu into thin slices!"

"I've long found him strange. He loves fiddling around with knives and strange stuff," another sous chef said.

"What strange stuff?" the manager urged.

"Snakes!" the sous chef replied carefully. "Some snakes came in back then, right? We were terrified, but he stuck his hand into the bag to grab them. Strangely, the snakes that were hissing retreated at the sight of his hand and didn't even hurt him."

"That's really strange," the manager said as a chill crept up his spine. "Yes, he's strange. Instead of sleeping in the dorm, he insisted on sleeping in the warehouse. He sleeps in the morning and works at night."

“Once I walked past the warehouse and smelled some herbal concoction,” the plump man uttered hastily. “When I asked him about it, he said he has to drink a herbal concoction every day due to his health.”

“Is he a serial killer for real?”

The more they spoke, the more afraid they got.

“Back when he came for an interview, I remembered he had a huge black sack with him. Now that I think about it, could that be a corpse?” the blondie said nervously.

At his words, the others shook in fear.

The manager's face had drained of color. “Hurry, call the police.”