

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1536

Instead of doing as told, the rest's eyes rounded as they stared at someone behind his back.

"I said, call the police. Are you deaf?" the manager hollered. He whipped his phone out to dial the number. "Useless bunch of fools! I have to do this myself..."

Before he could finish, a slender arm shot out to grab his phone. An icy voice rang out, "The universal emergency number is 911."

"I know..." the manager replied before turning at this shoulder.

He froze at the sight that greeted him.

The young man was standing right behind him, dialing the number 911 on his phone!

"911, what's your emergency?"

As the dispatcher's voice rang out, the young man handed the phone to the manager. Arching a brow, he gestured for the manager to answer.

The manager's face turned colorless as his entire being trembled. All words died in his throat.

"Why are you silent? Didn't you want to call the police?" The young man raised his brows. "Speak."

"T-That's not necessary..." the manager stammered. He grabbed the phone hastily and said, "Wrong number," before hanging up without hesitation.

"If it's something serious, call the police. Don't be scared." The young man patted his shoulder and gave words of encouragement. "I'm here to pick up my stuff. Excuse me."

The manager immediately hopped out of his way. The young man strode over to pick up a chipped cleaver. "This is mine, so I shall take it with me."

"Sure." The manager nodded profusely.

The young man carried the cleaver on his shoulders and marched away.

The others went pale with fright.

After his figure disappeared from sight, they regained their composure and gathered around the manager. "Boss, what should we do?"

"If we call the police, will he kill us all?"

"Yes, it takes time for the police to come. He could've slaughtered us all before the police arrive!"

"This is scary. I want to go home," someone wailed.

"Boss? Boss!"

They were involved in a heated discussion when the manager's legs went limp as he collapsed to the ground.

The next morning, after returning from the hospital, Morgan reported to Charlotte and mentioned that the restaurant at the foot of the hill had closed down. No one was in sight.

That's strange.

Furrowing her brows, Lupine demanded, "Lupine, did Jade and Emma scare them off?"

"Uh..." Lupine turned to look at Jade and Emma.

"We're innocent, Ms. Lindberg!" Jade promptly explained everything. In the end, she concluded, "We were polite enough, but that buyer was really rude."

"Yes," Emma said indignantly. "The manager was nice enough to apologize, but that buyer was hot-tempered. He's a little short, though. Can you believe he actually pinned the manager to the chopping block when he was yelled at? The cleaver could've hurt the manager easily!"

"Yes, that manager was shaking fearfully and nearly wetted his pants."

Charlotte chuckled. "Really? You didn't make it up, did you?"

"Of course not!" Jade and Emma provided more details. "That buyer was shorter than me, but he seems really vicious."

"Okay, that's enough," Charlotte interjected. "I'm glad you weren't rude to them. Prepare the car. I'm going to the company now."

"Yes, Ms. Lindberg!"

Jade and Emma went to do as instructed, and Morgan left to deal with other matters.

Lupine suggested, "Did the owner close down the restaurant in fear of offending us?"

"I don't think so. Jade and Emma said they were polite." Charlotte sipped on her tea. "That buyer was really young and impetuous. Wait a minute..."