

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 419

Ever since Olivia found out that Charlotte was actually the daughter of her benefactor, she was ever more friendly toward the latter.

Charlotte, on the other hand, took extra care of Olivia because of her mother's condition.

The two of them went into work at Sultry Night when the night fell. Olivia brought Charlotte to section C to take orders.

A promoter rushed to their side. "Olivia, the customer over at C28 demanded for 118 and your service."

Charlotte lowered her head to check out her number. She was 118. All promoters here wore face masks, and they were only identifiable by the number tags on their chest.

"Who is it?" Olivia was curious.

"I think he's your regular," the promoter grinned. "Those fellas seem quite loaded. They ordered a few expensive bottles as soon as they came. I wanted to take more orders for them but they demanded you guys instead."

"Sure, I'll get there as soon as possible."

Olivia dragged Charlotte there as soon as she heard that the customer was loaded.

"Promoters have regulars too?" Charlotte found the idea somewhat amusing since they would not even reveal their face to the customers.

"I don't think so. Only hostesses have regulars since promoters always move around from section to section," Olivia replied nonchalantly.

"Then, why is the customer asking for us?" Charlotte tugged on her friend. "Something's wrong here!"

"I think it's going to be alright. Peter has ramped up the security around here and given us all a walkie-talkie each. We can just call the security if anything happens and they'll be here in a heartbeat."

Olivia only had money on her mind right then as she paced briskly toward C28.

Charlotte was afraid of her friend getting into trouble and could only trail behind her.

"Good evening, sir!" Olivia greeted the men enthusiastically. "How can I help-"

She went silent at the sight of the man sitting on the sofa. It was the man who had appeared when she was together with Jackson back then, Marshall Brady.

He brought along six bodyguards today.

"Well, well. We meet again," Mr. Brady was puffing on a cigar as he held a wine glass in his hand. The man insolently said, "You guys got lucky last time. I'm afraid it won't be the case this time!"

A bodyguard pushed her and Charlotte toward him right then.

Olivia staggered and nearly fell to the floor, but Charlotte steadied her in the nick of time.

"What do you want?" Charlotte glared at the man before her.

“I want to f*ck you, of course.” Mr. Brady's lips curled into a lecherous smile. “Name your price. I'll consider being your sugar daddy, provided that I'm satisfied with your performance tonight.”

“You are disgusting!” Repulsed with the man's lewd remarks, Charlotte glared at the man as she attempted to leave the room with Olivia.

However, a bodyguard locked the door behind them as another bodyguard snatched the walkie-talkie away from Olivia.

“What are you doing?” Charlotte stood before Olivia, trying to protect her friend.

“Don't try to stir anything up here. We have security patrolling.” Olivia's voice was shaky from the fear.

“It seems like you guys have forgotten that the soundproofing system here is excellent. Even if I decide to f*ck your friend here, people outside will not even hear a sound.”

Then, Mr. Brady broke into a profligate laugh as he spread his legs and pointed at his nether regions at Charlotte.

“I'll let you go if you can satisfy me. Otherwise, hehe...”

“Shameless!” Charlotte gritted through her teeth.

“Shameless is my middle name, b*tch.” Mr. Brady then gave his bodyguards a look.

His bodyguards then proceeded to pull Charlotte's hair and dragged her to Mr. Brady's side.

“Let me take a good look at that face.” Mr. Brady then pinned her head against the sofa and took off her mask. His eyes glinted at the sight of her face. “Ms. Blackwood did not lie to me! You're really an alluring little minx!”

Then, he started to tear off Charlotte's clothes right in front of everyone.

“Let me go!” Charlotte struggled to free herself but to no avail.

“Let her go...” Olivia wanted to dash over and help her friend but she was held down by the bodyguards. She shrieked in despair, “You animals will burn in hell!”

Slap! A bodyguard slapped Olivia right across her face.

She slumped to the floor as blood seeped from the corners of her mouth.

Meanwhile, Charlotte's dress had been torn apart like rags.