

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 9

“I’ll send you my bank account. Remember to bank in your salary before 12 a.m. every day, got it?” reminded Charlotte as she typed furiously on her phone.

Ding! The man received a text.

He clicked into the text and saw the account number she had just sent him.

He smirked. This is interesting!

Right then, Charlotte’s phone began to ring.

Seeing it was Wesley, she answered it and yelled in frustration, “Stop pushing me. I don’t have money to foot the bill. I don’t want the job at Divine Corporation anymore. Will that do?”

She hung up promptly, her face flushed with anger.

As she had just lost her new job, she slumped onto the sofa in dejection. Spotting the wine glass in front of the man, she grabbed it and finished the wine in one gulp.

Charlotte let out a burp and complained, “It’s all your fault. I’ve just lost my job because of you. It’s hard to find a job nowadays. I can’t believe that despicable man did that to me.”

“Mm?” the man asked. “Did someone at Divine Corporation frame you?”

“You won’t understand.” Charlotte was about to ignore him when something occurred to her. “Oh, can you pay a bill around a few hundred thousand here?”

“Sure!”

“Great!”

Charlotte told the man to pay the bill, which was over one hundred and eighty-three thousand. Her heart was aching over the ridiculously expensive bill, but she had to keep her job. After all, she still had to support her kids.

“Thanks. I’ll deduct the amount from your compensation.”

She went to her colleagues and informed them. “I’ve settled the bill. Did you have fun tonight?”

“Yes, yes. Thank you, Charlotte!” her colleagues cheered.

“Did you seriously foot the bill? I heard it was over one hundred and eighty thousand!” A colleague inquired in disbelief.

“Yes, it was pretty expensive. I maxed out a few cards to pay the bill. I’ll be eating bread for the next few months.” Charlotte let out a bitter chuckle. “But it’s worth it as long as you had fun tonight!”

“Well...” A few other colleagues felt bad for her and glanced at Wesley.

“Charlotte’s being humble. The money isn’t even enough for her to buy a bag. There’s no way she’d maxed out her cards.” Wesley snickered. “But anyway, thank you. Next time, it’s on me.”

Charlotte was upset at how despicable the scum was, but she couldn’t retort as she needed this job. Ignoring him, she sent her colleagues off.

“Charlotte, I drove here. Let me give you a ride back.”

“It’s alright. I can take a cab. Thank you, though.”

When Charlotte came out of the private room, the man was no longer at the bar. He must be with a client now.

He just can’t stay idle, huh?

She sent him a text: I’m leaving now. Work hard and earn more money. The faster you pay your debt, the faster you’ll be set free.

In the room, when Zachary received her text, the corners of his mouth turned up. What a foolish yet adorable woman!

“Mr. Nacht, Pardus has just shown up.” Ben, his bodyguard, came in and reported. “I’ve sent someone to keep an eye on him. We’ll find out who he’ll contact.”

“Remember, don’t alert him.”

“Got it!”

As Charlotte didn’t receive a reply from him, she panicked. Is he trying to go back on his word?

I’m still nearby. If he seriously has that intention, I can go back and look for him. She immediately called that number.

Zachary was about to leave when his phone rang. He smiled subconsciously when he saw who it was.
“Hello?”

“Why didn’t you reply to my text? Are you trying to escape?” Charlotte demanded.

“I’m busy earning money to pay my debt,” explained Zachary, all immersed in his role.