

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 10

“Someone asked for you?” Charlotte asked excitedly. “For one round or one night? How much did you earn?”

“You seem really experienced at this.” Zachary sneered. “How many times have you hired gigolos?”

“You’re the only one!” Charlotte retorted. Embarrassed by her sudden outburst, she coughed a few times before her voice grew stern. “Stop changing the topic. How much did you earn?”

“One night. Ten thousand,” replied Zachary, arching his brows.

He was at the peak of his business career, where everything felt dull to him. This stupid woman was giving his plain life more color and making it much more entertaining now.

Standing aside, Ben was confused. Is Mr. Nacht discussing a new collaboration?

What does he mean by “one night?”

Is ten thousand a code phrase or something?

“Great! Transfer five thousand to me now!” Charlotte was elated. Money! Incoming money!

“I don’t ask for payment in advance. I’ll do that tomorrow morning,” replied Zachary.

The call was then disconnected.

Charlotte was upset at how rude he was. Why did he hang up abruptly? Is he trying to go back on his word?

Never mind. Since he signed the contract, answered my call, and even reported his earnings, I think he won't go back on his word.

I'll just wait and see. Perhaps when I wake up, there will be money in my account!

For the entire night, Charlotte tossed and turned in bed. She kept glancing at her phone. Nope, no new transfer. Nope, not yet. It's just 2 a.m. Wait a bit more...

Charlotte had just fallen asleep at 6 a.m. when a text arrived. She grabbed her phone underneath her pillow. It was a text, informing her that a transfer of five thousand had been made to her account.

She immediately leaped up in excitement.

Awesome! The first payment is in!

She then quickly sent a text: I just received the money. Good job! Work harder tonight!"

Gigolo In Debt: I just remembered I paid the bill last night. You said you'll deduct it from my debt.

Charlotte: I'm afraid you'll spend the money elsewhere. Just transfer me the money daily and I'll deduct the one hundred and eighty thousand from your debt. Don't you worry.

Gigolo In Debt: Okay!

Charlotte: Work hard tonight, too. If you do a good job, I'll buy you some supplements!

Gigolo In Debt: ...

After receiving the money, Charlotte was so overjoyed she couldn't go back to sleep.

They had just moved from the countryside, so they still lacked a number of household supplies. As it was the weekend, she wanted to bring Mrs. Berry and the kids out shopping.

Charlotte used to be a spoiled child, too. Her father adored her and brought her up like a princess. Alas, life was hard to predict.

After the downfall of the Windt family, Charlotte ended up as the mother of triplets.

As a mother, she would keep tabs on the latest promotions to get the best deals when shopping for daily necessities.

They arrived at Grand Plaza soon.

Charlotte was dressed in a casual denim shirt. She kept her phone in her bum bag and rolled her sleeves up in preparation for "war."

"Robbie, Jamie, Ellie, I'm going shopping. Stay with Mrs. Berry at the playground, alright? Don't wander off alone. I will be back soon."

"Okay!" the kids replied in unison.

Right then, the onlookers started taking videos and photos of the kids.

A few young ladies were tittering and squealing, “Oh, are they mixed-race babies? How adorable! So cute!”

“Yes, look at their curly hair and bright eyes. Ah, they look like two princes and a princess in a fairytale! I’ve never seen such good-looking kids.”

“There’s a parrot on the little girl’s shoulder. Oh, it’s nodding off. Haha! That’s so cute!”

The kids would attract attention wherever they went, so every time they had to go somewhere crowded, Charlotte would make them wear face masks and hats to avoid too much attention.