Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 116

"Don't worry. We will definitely service this fine young lady to the best of our abilities. Hahaha…"

The drooling men surrounded the sofa, overjoyed at the sight of Charlotte.

Yolanda walked out of the room and gave Charlotte an icy stare as she closed the door with a sinister grin on her face.

"Don't worry, Charlotte. I'll go get your boyfriend right now. Maybe he'll love you even more after seeing what happened here."

"Oh baby, I'm gonna enjoy this!" One of the men with a crew cut reached his hand towards Charlotte.

"Wait!" A bald man slapped the hand away and took out his phone. "For someone like this, it'd be too bad if we could only do it once, right? Let's record everything so we can use it as leverage! She'll be dancing in the palm of our hand."

"Boss, you're smart!" the other two praised.

The bald man set up his phone for recording and took out masks for the three of them. "Wear these. That way, no one will know who we are even if the video gets on the internet."

"You really thought about everything, boss!"

"Now step aside! I'll be the first!"

"Huh? Okay then… Hurry up!"

"I can last really long! Hehehe." The bald man slowly closed in on Charlotte. "Pretty lady, I'm coming!"

Yolanda was on her way back to the room where everyone was but out of nowhere, she bumped into Zachary!

No amount of colorful lights there could cover his raging presence at the moment. As he got closer, the killing intent of a beast could be felt intensifying. "Where is Charlotte Windt?"

"Mr. Nacht…" Yolanda gave him a stiff smile, forcing herself to calm down. "Charlotte h-had too much liquor." She was shivering. "So I brought her out here for some fresh air. But she suddenly disappeared when I went to get her… ugh…"

Zachary had his hand on her neck before she could finished.

Yolanda was suffocating, as though a monster had her neck tightly in its hand. Her mouth wide open and eyes flooded with terror.

The man in front of her was no longer human. He was death incarnate, here to decide her fate. If he wanted, she would be dead.

"Where. Is. She?" Zachary's teeth ground like a beast would with its prey beneath its claws.

Yolanda raised her trembling hand, and pointed towards the direction of the abandoned room.

Two black suited bodyguards immediately rushed over.

Zachary did not let Yolanda go. In fact, he grabbed her hair and dragged her along.

"Ahhh!"

Along the way, quite a few customers were terrified by what was going on and some screamed in fear.

"Please! Please let me go. I don't know anything!" Yolanda was in disarray, kicking her legs with immense fear in her eyes, begging for mercy.

"Ah!"

A horrific scream came from the room. A man was caught off guard and got kicked away by Ben.

Thud! The man's fat body slammed into the wall, and fell to the ground. He was out cold.

The other two men wanted to escape, but was quickly subjugated under the bodyguards' feet and were now on their knees.

Zachary slowly walked in and flung Yolanda in front of them.

"It's her!" The men pointed at her. "She paid us to do this!"

"No! I didn't!" Yolanda denied, violently shaking her head.

Zachary did not bother himself with them. He took off his coat and covered it on Charlotte before carrying her out. As he was leaving, Zachary gave out an order without even turning his head. "Whatever you were paid for, do it on her."

The two were stunned for a split second and immediately nodded. "Yes sir!"

"N-no! Don't! Please no!"

Yolanda's howl could be heard from corridor, but no one did anything about it.

"Suffer the consequence of your own malice," Zachary said and left.