

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 97

Charlotte bent down to look for the ruby necklace by the roadside.

It was late at night and even though there were street lights on the road, the lighting was somewhat dim.

After around forty minutes of searching, Charlotte finally found the dazzling ruby necklace in the shrubs.

Elated, she quickly picked it up and dusted it before putting it in her bag.

As she took out her phone to call a cab, she noticed that her phone had only five percent of battery left. As a result, it lagged as she scrolled through her phone.

If she called a cab in such a situation, the driver might not be able to reach her later.

In addition to that, Charlotte had no idea where she was at all, and she doubted that the GPS could pinpoint her location accurately.

Charlotte could only look through her contacts to seek help from others.

Nevertheless, other than Mrs. Berry, there was only "Gigolo In Debt" in her contact list.

Charlotte had no choice but to call him.

Beep...

In a Rolls-Royce...

Zachary was drinking his wine disconsolately when he heard the vibration of his phone. He glanced at it with his eyebrows furrowed. The screen showed that it was a call from “Stupid Woman”.

Such was what Zachary had saved Charlotte’s name as.

Staring detachedly at the blinking alert on the screen, Zachary was fuming.

This ungrateful wretch! I’ve just kicked her off the car and now she’s calling this other man who’s actually my alter ego.

What is she trying to do?

His phone was still vibrating but he declined the call directly.

He was infuriated and did not want to see her at all.

Very soon, he received a location from “Stupid Woman” along with a voice message. “Gigolo, I’m left on the roadside and my phone is out of battery soon. Help!”

It turns out she’s asking for help now.

She’s exactly what her name suggests— As stupid as a donkey!

Zachary gritted his teeth with contempt at the thought of that ungrateful wretch and decided to ignore her.

However, on second thought, how could he just let such an irritable woman off the hook so easily?

It's only right that I give her a taste of her own medicine...

With that thought in mind, he asked the driver to stop the car, changed into another outfit, put on his mask, and drove a different car to pick Charlotte up.

Raina stood by the roadside and watched as the Aston Martin sped away. In puzzlement, she asked Ben, "What is Mr. Nacht doing?"

"Cosplay," Ben replied in a mystical manner, "Mr. Nacht in daylight and Mr. Gigolo at night!"

"Huh?" Raina's eyes widened in bewilderment.

"I didn't say anything. Nope, it wasn't me..."

Ben hastily slapped himself lightly on the mouth. How dare I ridicule Mr. Nacht! I must have gone crazy!

While driving, Zachary changed Charlotte's name on his phone from "Stupid Woman" to "Ungrateful Wretch".

He even drove slowly on purpose to make the ungrateful wretch wait.

Meanwhile, Charlotte was waiting at the roadside with her chin resting on her palm, looking expectantly at the cars passing her by and eagerly waiting...

Out of the blue, a Porsche in dashing green stopped in front of her.

Four fashionably dressed young boys got out of the car and approached her with smirks and cheeky grins on their faces.

“Wow, is this a fallen angel from heaven? How pretty!”

“Pretty angel, are you lost or are you waiting for someone?”

“Why don’t you come with us? Let’s have some fun at the bar!”

Charlotte glanced at these little brats dispassionately and rolled her eyes. “My boyfriend is coming to pick me up soon. He’s known for his foul temper so you better leave now.”

“Hahahaha...” the young boys laughed aloud.

“It seems like our pretty angel here has had a fight with her boyfriend. Don’t mind a man who makes you angry. Be my girlfriend instead. I can buy you branded bags!”

One of the boys with a hip-hop outfit and Korean hairstyle leaned over and laid his hand on Charlotte’s shoulder.

“Get lost!” Charlotte jerked his hand away but had inadvertently irritated her own wound so she gasped in pain.

“Oh! What happened to you? Are you hurt? Were you beaten by your crappy ex? This is no way to treat women.” Again, the boy drew himself closer shamelessly. “Come, let me pamper you!”