

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 121

“What do you want?” Charlotte gave an irked frown. “If you’re not happy, I can return all the money to you. You’ve paid me over a hundred thousand, right? I’ll reimburse every single cent!”

“I’m fine with the money, but what about my body?” He closed in on her with an icy glare. “You think you can do whatever you want to me and then leave everything behind while forgetting all about it?”

“You... Don’t you dare try anything funny!” she stammered and took a few steps backward, nearly tripping herself. “If you touch me again, I’ll call the police!”

“I’m the one who should call the police,” he refuted coldly. “Anyone would believe that I’m the real victim if they see the recording from last night.”

“You scoundrel!” she snarled. “You recorded us on purpose to use it against me?”

He was speechless at how dim-witted her thoughts were, letting out an almost inaudible sigh under his breath. “What on earth do you think I can threaten you for with a video recording?”

“You...” she argued, but her voice broke off into an abrupt pause. He’s right... Even if he threatens me, what else can he get out of me besides my body, which he already did? Everybody knows I’m broke. There’s nothing for anyone to rob me of...

Ding!

She jumped at the sudden ring of the doorbell.

Zachary walked over to the door. Thinking that he was going to touch her, Charlotte quickly evaded him and retreated to a corner.

He yanked her head with a hand to keep her still and turned the door handle with the other.

“Mr. Na—” a female’s voice echoed as the door swung open. Just like the hotel manager earlier, she had almost blurted out his name before freezing at Zachary’s intense glare. “Ahem... Good day sir, I’m the private doctor the manager has requested for.”

“Come in.” He pointed towards Charlotte as he continued, “Check on the injuries on her neck and left shoulder.”

“Yes sir,” she answered respectfully. The doctor seemed to be in her forties. Her uniform and the medical kit in her hands added to the air of professionalism around her.

“What’s going on?”

Before Charlotte could digest the situation, Zachary forcefully pressed her down onto the couch. “Behave yourself and stay still! I’ll send you home once the doctor has treated your wounds.”

She had no choice but to give in and obey.

The doctor crouched on the floor as she tended to Charlotte’s wounds and replaced her soaked bandages. “Ms. Windt, there’s some pus on your wounds. I’ll dress them as I can for now. You’ll need to take some antibiotics today. If they’re still worsening by tomorrow, you’ll have to get them treated at the hospital.”

“Understood. Thank you.” Charlotte nodded.

After prescribing the medicine, the doctor left with a curtsy towards Zachary.

“That’s weird. Why was she acting so reverent towards you?” A look of confusion cast upon Charlotte’s face.

“Whoever has the money is the boss!” he said in a matter-of-fact tone as he began to put on his clothes in front of her.

She turned away hastily. “Wh-what are you doing? Can’t you be a little more modest?”

“Your clothes are in the wardrobe. Go put them on yourself,” he replied indifferently. “Otherwise, feel free to go home in the hotel’s night robe if you wish.”

She shot daggers at him as she pulled out the pile of clothes and walked to the bathroom.

There was a white dress that came along with a set of pre-sanitized innerwear. Amazed at every detail taken into consideration, she changed into her new clothes obediently. Much to her surprise, they fit her perfectly! It’s as if each piece was specifically tailored for her.

Not only that, but the fabric also felt so comfortable against her skin, and they slid onto her body so conveniently...

“Are you done?” Zachary’s voice rang from outside.

“Yes, I am!” She stepped out of the bathroom and asked, “Whose clothes are these? They fit me perfectly! They feel so comfortable.”

“Why are you even asking? Of course they’re yours!”

He walked towards her and ruffled her dripping wet hair. He then seated her down in front of the dressing table, retrieved a dryer from the drawer and began blowing her hair.

She sat there quietly, staring at herself in the mirror before shifting her gaze to the man behind her tending to her hair. A warm feeling blossomed in her heart.

Come to think of it, this gigolo's actually pretty nice...

Indeed, he has always deposited his monthly compensation so dutifully as agreed, without a single delay. He's been so loyal and was at her every beck and call despite his arrogant attitude. On top of that, she didn't expect him to have secretly arranged for a doctor to treat her worsening injuries and even prepared a perfect change of clothes for her.

If it weren't for his shady job as a gigolo, perhaps it would be a good option for them to unite as a family...