

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 140

“Let’s go? We shall have a toast with him.” Peter passed Charlotte a glass of red wine.

“I don’t think that’s necessary.” Charlotte shook her head. “I’ll need to rush back home. Please help me to thank him.”

With that, she carried her backpack and wanted to leave from the backdoor...

Peter saw her leaving and the corner of his lips lifted into a mysterious smile.

“Hey, gorgeous woman. I’ve been waiting for you. Let’s have a drink together.” A young man stopped her in her tracks.

Their eyes met and she immediately felt the intensity from his gaze.

“I’m sorry. You’ve got the wrong person.” Charlotte lowered her head and wanted to go around him. However, his bodyguards stopped that from happening.

“You had the audacity to ignore Mr. Hammond!” The bodyguard was furious.

“Shut up!” The young man rebuked the bodyguard. “How could you speak to the gorgeous woman in such a crude manner.”

After that, he walked towards her and sincerely clarified. “Don’t worry. I’m not a bad person. Actually, I just want to be your friend.”

“I need to head back home right now.” Charlotte avoided him and took a different path.

“Playing hard to get?” The young man lost his patience. “Then don’t blame me for using force.”

He grabbed Charlotte by her hair and dragged her to the car.

“Let me go...” Charlotte struggled in vain.

Honk!

The sharp honk was quickly followed by a dazzling flash of light. It shined right into the young man's eyes and blinded him temporarily.

"F\*\*\*, who's the busybody?" The young man raged.

His bodyguard aggressively walked in the direction of the car. However, he was terrified and shivered with fear when he returned. "Mr. Hammond, it's Mr. Broid!"

"Which Mr. Broid?" the young man was still puzzled.

Meanwhile, a slender figure exited the car and approached them. With his squinted eyes, the young man tried to identify the dark figure. What followed suit was a menacing howl. "Leave her alone!"

Charlotte turned her head around and was taken by surprise...

She recalled the night of the previous auction, left alone on the streets when a group of men tried to take advantage of her. Gigolo In Debt's grand arrival was in a similar fashion.

"Mr. Broid..."

Just when the gigantic security guard wanted to speak, Chris forcefully twisted his wrist into a delicate arc.

A loud crack was heard amidst the silent night. He collapsed on all fours and screamed in agony. His facial expression provided a clear visualization of the pain he was suffering.

“Mr. Broid, please forgive me. I don’t know that she’s one of yours...” Mr. Hammond’s face was pale as paper. He quickly apologized to Charlotte. “I’m literally blind for doing this to you! I’m very sorry to have offended you, please forgive me...”

“Hey...” Charlotte was dumbfounded. Who is this Mr. Broid?

“Get out of here!” Chris howled in a glacial tone.

Mr. Hammond and his subordinates scrambled for their lives.

Charlotte first looked at the group running away, then she turned over and stared at Chris. “You...”

“What? You don’t recognize me anymore?” Chris let out a burst of mysterious laughter. “It’s only been a few days and you’ve forgotten me. That hurts!”

“This can’t be true. You really are...” Charlotte was astonished.

Even his voice was extremely identical to the “Gigolo In Debt”. Is he really him?

“How’s the injury on your shoulder?” Chris noticed that her jacket was pulled off from her during the scrimmage.

Thus, he was concerned that her injury would be affected.

“It’s really you?” Charlotte sought for confirmation. “You, why are you...”

“First, get on the car.” Chris helped her into the luxurious ride.

Initially, Charlotte was able to keep her emotions in check. However, the sight of the Aston Martin completely shattered her defenses. Hypnotically, she followed him into the car. Then, he helped her put on the seat belt and adjusted her seat.

“I thought that you can’t recognize me anymore...” Chris teased her. “It appears that I have caused quite an impression the last time we met. I believe my brother...”

However, Chris couldn’t finish the sentence. Out of the blue, Charlotte slapped him right on his cheek. She gritted her teeth and rebuked him. “F\*\*\* you pathetic gigolo! How dare you make a fool out of me!”

“Hey...” Chris was stunned.

He was under the impression that Zachary had explained everything to her, including his identity. Therefore, he was about the end the sentence with... “I believe my brother told you everything.”

Unexpectedly, she misunderstood him as Zachary’s alter ego...