

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 17

Back at home, by the time Charlotte fed Fifi the medicine and tucked her children into bed, it was already past nine.

She lay on her bed after taking a shower and sent a text to Gigolo In Debt: How is business tonight? He replied: Not good. No one picked me.

Charlotte became worried and typed a long message, teaching him how to flirt with rich women and talk business.

Don't always wear a mask and pretend to look cool. Even though some rich women dig cold and aloof men, there are also some who like bright and bubbly men. You need to adapt and change your style according to the situation!

Also, when those rich women start choosing their guy, you should wow them with your charm! Take off your shirt so that your abs and chest muscles are on full display, then grind with your hips a little. Those rich women won't stand a chance, they'd be drooling all over themselves.

Then, you have to tell them that you have good stamina and can last for ages...

Good stamina and can last for ages... It seems like you remember that night very vividly!

Charlotte's face turned crimson red upon reading his reply, and she sent an angry emoji back to him.

I'm teaching you how to do business and make money, but you're talking about useless things instead. If you don't hit your target tonight, you have to make up for the difference tomorrow. I've told you before that you must pay me at least five thousand every day.

Gigolo In Debt replied to her with a sweating emoji.

Work a little harder, put in a little more effort. The night is still young. Who knows? Maybe business will come knocking on your door after midnight. Don't be picky. Who cares if those rich women are skinny or obese? As long as they take a liking to you, you shag 'em..."

Gigolo In Debt was speechless.

Forget it. I'll head over to Sultry Night right now and bring you some supplements, and maybe teach you some skills too while I'm there!

Being a boss meant spending effort winning over the workers instead of blindly squeezing them dry. A boss had to lead with virtue and sentiment, otherwise the workers would eventually leave.

Charlotte recalled the business lessons her father had taught her in the past and decided to treat this Gigolo In Debt better from then on.

After Charlotte informed Mrs. Berry where she was going, she had a change of clothes and went to the pharmacy near her neighborhood.

She kept her head low and scanned her surroundings first, before walking toward the counter to ask the salesperson, "May I know if you have supplements... for improving... sex drive?"

"For a man or a woman?" asked the salesperson.

"For a man," Charlotte lowered her voice to a whisper.

"These are what we have. Which one would you like?" The salesperson pointed at the row of glass cabinets behind the counter.

"I want the cheapest one," Charlotte answered without hesitation.

“This one then.” The salesperson took out a bottle of supplements. “It’s buy three get one free.”

“How much is three bottles?”

“Three thousand three hundred and eighty!”

“It’s too expensive. I’ll take just the one!”

Rendered speechless, the salesperson checked out one bottle for her.

Charlotte stuffed it into her bag and left in a flurry.

The salesperson then sidled over to a colleague and gossiped, “That lady just now is quite pretty. It’s too bad she doesn’t have a conscience.”

“Huh? How come?”

“Just think about it. She squeezed her husband dry, so she came here to buy him some supplements, but she ended up buying only one bottle. I mean c’mon, you can’t have your cake and eat it too!”

“Hahaha! What a vicious wife!”

...

After leaving the pharmacy, Charlotte took a cab to Sultry Night and searched for Gigolo In Debt. She directly went to the private room where the two of them previously met.

Sure enough, he was there.

As usual, his face was hidden behind that mysterious mask. Clad in all black, he took up a lofty posture as he leaned back against the sofa and sipped on his drink, emanating an insufferably arrogant and unapproachable aura.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk. Look at that attitude. No wonder no one picked you.” Charlotte chastised him as soon as she stepped into the room. “Those rich women come here to seek pleasure, not to be at the mercy of a masochist. Who do you think you’ll seduce with that grim face of yours?”

“Well, it’s take it or leave it!” Zachary swirled the glass in his hand and continued sipping on his drink.

“How can you be successful by just making do with what comes your way?” Charlotte was exasperated. “You need to think big and strive to create a better life for yourself!”

“Even a gigolo needs to think big?” Zachary questioned.

“Of course. You gigolos have different levels too, right?”

Charlotte continued educating him earnestly.

“If your performance is good, you can become the top gigolo here. Others may only earn ten thousand a night, but you’ll earn a hundred thousand. When that happens, you’ll be able to retire after just two years. You have to make the most out of your youth in this line of work. If you don’t work hard now, how are you going to get by once you’re old?”

“It makes sense!” Zachary nodded.

“So, you have to work hard to improve your performance.” Charlotte took out the bottle of supplement from her bag. “Here, I bought this for you. Take it and close a big client later tonight...”

“There’s no need for that. My sex drive is very good.” Zachary glanced at the bottle and his lips arched into a wicked smile. “Didn’t you experience it first-hand?”

“Well, it used to be good, but after doing it for so many years, you probably have some problems now, don’t you?” Charlotte gazed at him with pity in her eyes. “Everything excessively used will wear out with time...”

Her gaze fell on his groin and she released a sigh.

Zachary narrowed his eyes dangerously and pinched her chin to level their gazes.

“Are you doubting my abilities?”

His eyes gleamed with an innate kind of dominance, making her heart flutter nervously for some reason.

Charlotte scooted back slightly and kept a distance from him. “I’m just worried about your physical condition. I even bought you some supplements. You should repay me for my effort...”

“How do you want me to repay you?”

Zachary abruptly closed in on her and exuded a dangerous aura, resembling a wild beast stalking its prey.