

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 98

Right then, two dazzling rays of lights flashed directly at them and the boy was blinded by its brilliance.

Charlotte closed her eyes unwittingly and then she heard the screeching sounds made by the emergency brake of a car alongside the curses of the boys. "What the f\*ck! That scared the sh\*t out of me. Who the hell is looking for trouble here?"

Followed by that were punching and fighting noises along with the boys' screaming...

She could feel the wind gusting by her ears and the slight shakes caused by someone collapsing nearby.

All these happened in an instance...

Charlotte panicked and by the time she opened her eyes and saw what happened in front of her, she was stupefied.

The four boys were rolling and crying out in pain on the ground.

Especially the boy who laid his hand on her just now. Both his hands were fractured and he was bellowing and struggling beside her...

Blocking the light, a masked man dressed in black stood tall in front of her like a wild lone wolf. Looming over those defeated around his feet, he spat out indifferently, "Garbage!"

Charlotte froze looking at him. The figure of Zachary flashed across her mind inexplicably.

Although the dressing styles of the two men were completely different, at that moment, his domineering aura, his pair of aloof and distant eyes, and even his voice were peculiarly identical to that of Zachary's!

“What are you thinking?”

Zachary knocked lightly on Charlotte’s head and carried her to the car. Then, the car whizzed off in the gloomy night.

Flashes of what just happened were still playing repeatedly in Charlotte’s mind. Indistinguishable, they’re just too alike!

“Are you dumb?” Zachary berated her in fury. “Did you just stand there stupefied after being harassed?”

“Then what should I do? It’s not like I can beat them.” In an aggrieved tone, Charlotte added, “And I’m still injured...”

“Useless!” Zachary lowered his voice as he rebuked.

“Anyway, I didn’t suffer any losses,” Charlotte uttered casually, “But don’t you think you were a little too ruthless to them?”

“Why?” Zachary’s face turned murky instantly. “Are you feeling sorry for them? It seems like I might have disturbed you and the boys, huh?”

“What are you babbling about...”

“Do you want me to send you back to have fun with those little hooligans?”

Zachary sounded like he was in a state of frenzy.

“What’s the matter with you?” Charlotte slapped the back of his head abruptly. “How dare you talk to me like this! Do you want to die?”

“You...”

“Get your facts straight! I’m your boss here; you’re only a gigolo!”

Zachary was about to lash out when Charlotte splurged these words haughtily which reminded him of his current identity.

I’m not Mr. Nacht now; I’m Mr. Gigolo!

“You better not test my limits!” Charlotte stared at him aggressively and warned, “It seems that I’ve been too kind to you, which makes you grow more overbearing by the day. How dare you ridicule me?”

“That’s enough, stop running on this...”

Zachary bared his teeth as he uttered those words and tightened his grip on the steering wheel.

Ungrateful wretch! She has just rejected me and now she’s beating me. If it’s not for concealing my identity, I would have dealt her a blow.

“Hmph!” Charlotte shot him a dagger and took out her phone to be charged.

She was pondering secretly in her mind. It can’t be that he’s actually Zachary, can it?

A pre-eminent man like Zachary would definitely jump and choke me to death if I were to beat him.

But other than his face turning gloomy, this man over here dared not do anything after being beaten and reprimanded by me.

Still, when this gigolo came to my rescue just now, his voice and the aura he emanated was so identical to that of Zachary. Now that I come to think about it, it sounded all the more identical...

Besides, both of them like to chase people off their cars halfway through the journey and kick people in the ass from behind.

Thinking of this, Charlotte was overwhelmed and she asked tentatively, "Why are you always wearing a mask? We're not in Sultry Night now and you're not being picked by some wealthy women. Aren't you tired of this mask?"

And as she said that, she reached out to take off his mask...