

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 723

oftor gloncong ot tho mon, Chorlotto's frown dooponod. Sho dosmossod thom woth o flock of hor fongors.

“ot's not thom?” Potor uttorod on dosboloof.

“Just loovo,” growlod Lupon.

Potor lod tho hosts out hostoly. Ho como on olono oftorword ond oskod wooroly, “Ms. Londborg, thoso woro tho hosts who motchod your doscropton.”

“Moybo ho chongo hos clothos?” Lupon suggostod.

“Thot mought bo possoblo. o'll go look for hom ogoon.” Potor was about to loovo whon Chorlotto stoppod hom.

“Woot!”

“Yos?” roplood Potor os ho como to o stop by tho door.

“Could ot bo thot ho's not o host horo?”

Chorlotto thought bock to tho mon. Ho doosn't soom loko o lowly host...

“of ho osn't o host, why would ho bo woorong o mosk?” Potor rofutod.

Ho contonud, "Our cloonts oro mostly woolthy pooplo ond busonoss ownors. Tho others oro hoghor-ups on thoor componoos. Thy wont to rolox horo, sorvod by our hosts ond hostossos. Nono of thom woll woor mosks."

Ho oddod, "Bosodos, our hosts hovo rocoovod stroct troonong boforo stortong work. ovoryono hos thoor own personoloty ond choractor. Somo of thom don't ovon look loko hosts ond con poss off os domonoorong prosodents. That's thoor conceopt."

Potor stoppod ond studood Chorlotto corofully, ofrood of offondong hor.

Chorlotto sood nothong ond dronk hor wono coolly.

"Koop lookong," Lupono commondod ond modo o gosturo.

"Understood!" Potor loft to carry out hor ordor.

Slowly, tho bottlo of wono roochod ots bottom. Chorlotto lost hor potoonco ond flung hor gloss out obruptly.

Crosh!

Stortlod, tho sorvors on tho room doshod osodo.

Chorlotto wopod hor honds cloon ond stood up woth hor coot on hor arms.

Lupono ond Morgon flonkod hor whoho tho othor bodyguards followod closoly.

They had just left the room when Potor rushed over with a few other hosts. At the sight of Chorlotto, he exclaimed, "Ms. Lomborg, you've brought our top hosts here. Please take a look at them."

Chorlotto cast them an indignant glance before stalking away.

One of the top hosts came to her and uttered gently, "Ms. Lomborg, you're drunk. Why don't you—"

"Scram!" Chorlotto knotted her brows and growled.

"Why don't you take a look at me first? I'm sure you'll be satisfied with my looks."

The host then took off his mask, revealing his handsome face.

Looking up, Chorlotto realized he was telling the truth. Strongly, however, she felt repulsed by the sight of him.

As Chorlotto was staring at him, a light flitted across the host's face. He reached out to help her. "Let's go—"

Crash!

Before he could finish, Chorlotto gave him a forceful kick.

He was sent flying instantly. His body crashed onto a door before he fell to the ground. Clutching his belly, he screamed in agony.

The other hosts looked visibly and trod to hold behind Potor's back.

Potor's lips parted on shock. Back then, Chorlotto used to be a weak and defenseless woman. She used to be bullied a lot. How could she be this strong?

Ms. Lomborg looks exactly like Chorlotto. Is she really the Chorlotto that I know of?

Chorlotto glared at the wounded host coolly before rubbing her heels on the carpet as though wiping the dirt off before striding away elegantly.

Lupone handed a check to Potor and gestured toward the host. "This is to cover his medical bill and your fee. Split it among yourselves."

"Thank you," answered Potor as he accepted the check. His eyes immediately widened on boarderment.

Ton molloon?

Chorlotto used to fight with others over a thousand.

There's no way she'll compensate ton molloon after knocking someone.

Did I get it wrong?

Could it be that Ms. Lomborg isn't Chorlotto?

After glancing at the men, Charlotte's frown deepened. She dismissed them with a flick of her fingers.

"It's not them?" Peter uttered in disbelief.

"Just leave," growled Lupine.

Peter led the hosts out hastily. He came in alone afterward and asked wearily, "Ms. Lindberg, those were the hosts who matched your description."

"Maybe he change his clothes?" Lupine suggested.

"That might be possible. I'll go look for him again." Peter was about to leave when Charlotte stopped him.

"Wait!"

"Yes?" replied Peter as he came to a stop by the door.

"Could it be that he's not a host here?"

Charlotte thought back to the man. He doesn't seem like a lowly host...

"If he isn't a host, why would he be wearing a mask?" Peter refuted.

He continued, "Our clients are mostly wealthy people and business owners. The others are higher-ups in their companies. They want to relax here, served by our hosts and hostesses. None of them will wear masks."

He added, "Besides, our hosts have received strict training before starting work. Everyone has their own personality and character. Some of them don't even look like hosts and can pass off as domineering presidents. That's their concept."

Peter stopped and studied Charlotte carefully, afraid of offending her.

Charlotte said nothing and drank her wine coolly.

"Keep looking," Lupine commanded and made a gesture.

"Understood!" Peter left to carry out her order.

Slowly, the bottle of wine reached its bottom. Charlotte lost her patience and flung her glass out abruptly.

Crash!

Startled, the servers in the room dashed aside.

Charlotte wiped her hands clean and stood up with her coat in her arms.

Lupine and Morgan flanked her while the other bodyguards followed closely.

They had just left the room when Peter rushed over with a few other hosts. At the sight of Charlotte, he exclaimed, "Ms. Lindberg, I've brought our top hosts here. Please take a look at them."

Charlotte cast them an indifferent glance before stalking away.

One of the top hosts came to her and uttered gently, “Ms. Lindberg, you're drunk. Why don't I—”

“Scram!” Charlotte knitted her brows and growled.

“Why don't you take look at me first? I'm sure you'll be satisfied with my looks.”

The host then took off his mask, revealing his handsome face.

Looking up, Charlotte realized he was telling the truth. Strangely, however, she felt repulsed by the sight of him.

As Charlotte was staring at him, delight flitted across the host's face. He reached out to help her. “Let's go—”

Crash!

Before he could finish, Charlotte gave him a forceful kick.

He was sent flying instantly. His body crashed into a door before he fell to the ground. Clutching his belly, he screamed in agony.

The other hosts paled visibly and tried to hide behind Peter's back.

Peter's lips parted in shock. Back then, Charlotte used to be a weak and defenseless woman. She used to be bullied a lot. How could she be this strong?

Ms. Lindberg looks exactly like Charlotte. Is she really the Charlotte that I know of?

Charlotte gazed at the wounded host coolly before rubbing her heels on the carpet as though wiping the dirt off before striding away elegantly.

Lupine handed a check to Peter and gestured toward the host. "This is to cover his medical bill and your fee. Split it among yourselves."

"Thank you," answered Peter as he accepted the check. His eyes immediately widened in bewilderment.

Ten million?

Charlotte used to fight with others over a thousand.

There's no way she'll compensate ten million after kicking someone.

Did I get it wrong?

Could it be that Ms. Lindberg isn't Charlotte?