

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 188

By the time she returned to the Nachts' residence, the sun had set. As night approached, it looked as though a black veil had blanketed across the sky, making it look mysterious and distant.

Coming down from the car, Charlotte was distracted. Various questions were running amok in her mind, waiting for the answers that could settle them down.

"Ms. Windt," greeted the surrounding guards and maids.

For a moment, Charlotte felt as if she was the lady of the house.

She shook her head, trying to shake the thought off her mind. "Where's Mr. Nacht?" she asked.

"Mr. Nacht is at the pool. I'll lead you there," a maid replied.

"All right. Thank you."

Charlotte followed the maid across the garden to the pool. From afar, she could see a large blue lamp shining at the pool.

The light made the surface of the pool shimmer, and she could see a figure swimming in it.

Under the light, his slender figure seemed nimble. Looking at him, she could feel that familiar enigmatic sense exuding off him.

Charlotte jogged toward him. She wanted to use the opportunity to find out whether he had the tattoo on his lower back.

However, when she went closer, she realized the pool was huge, and Zachary was swimming in the middle of it. From the land, she could see a patch of dark green on his back, which meant he had a tattoo. Nonetheless, she could not see the design of his tattoo clearly.

Charlotte's heart leaped into her throat as she jogged to the other end of the pool.

She wanted to get closer to him for a better view.

However, the moment she came closer, he swam to the other side. Hence, she jogged over again.

What happened next was her running after him as he swam laps.

When Zachary surfaced and wiped his face, he gave her a mocking look.

It was as though he was looking at a fool.

"Are you doing this intentionally?" Charlotte huffed as she hunched over, tired from all the chasing.

With a smile, he lowered himself into the water again and continued swimming.

The tattoo seemed to fade in and out of his back, tempting Charlotte to come closer.

Furious, Charlotte whirled around to leave, but her footsteps halted after taking a few steps.

No. I can't leave. If I don't find out about his identity today, I'm not sure I'll have any more future opportunities to do so.

Even if we're in the bedroom, I doubt I would have the time nor sense to find out about his tattoo...

It's crowded here, so he can't do much to me.

With that thought, Charlotte returned. Beside the pool were ivory lounge chairs and tables. On the table was a bottle of red wine, a bucket of ice, and some desserts.

Charlotte took an ice cube out from the bucket and tossed it at Zachary.

The ice cube landed beside him, and Zachary jolted a little before he continued swimming.

Charlotte then tossed another piece. Like the previous ice cube, this one landed beside Zachary again.

After a few seconds, Zachary popped out of the water and shot a glare at her.

She threw a handful of ice cubes at him.

This time, the ice cubes landed on Zachary's back, bottom, and head.

Finally, Zachary was enraged, and he started swimming in her direction.

Standing at the edge of the pool, Charlotte tiptoed as she tried to peek at Zachary's back.

I must see his tattoo this time.

Like a sailfish, Zachary came close to her in seconds.

Meanwhile, Charlotte continued staring at the tattoo on his back. Under the blue light, the patch of ink started getting clearer and clearer.

Just as she was about to see the pattern clearly, a hand suddenly grabbed her ankle and tugged on it.

Splash!

Charlotte fell right into the pool. Her arms flailed about as water invade her nose and mouth. She was struggling like a cat that was drowning.

In the meantime, Zachary simply watched her from the side, indifferent to her struggles. In fact, a taunting smile was plastered on his lips.

Just as Charlotte was about to sink into the water, Zachary finally reached out to scoop her out of the pool.

Ptoeey!

Charlotte spat out a mouthful of pool water right onto Zachary's face.

Zachary quickly shut his eyes before he gritted out, "Charlotte Windt, you're dead meat!"

Charlotte panted for a while before she came back to her senses. Immediately, she turned Zachary around to look at his lower waist.ary.