

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 699

“Ms. Lindberg, your bodyguards sure are an image of yourself,” joked Zachary in a good manner while stepping out of his private room. “All of you are hot-tempered.”

“Sorry 'bout that,” grinned Charlotte humbly. “Us Lindbergs are rather aggressive with quite a unique personality. Please excuse us, Mr. Nacht.”

“That’s quite alright, Ms. Lindberg. A gentleman will not pick fights with women.” A smile made its way to his lips. No matter what, Zachary had to redeem some of Ben’s and Marino’s dignity. “As for us Nachts, we might have superb combat skills, but we will never bully the weak just because we’re strong.”

Well said! Applaud Ben internally as he felt his dignity being restored.

Upon seeing someone finally had their backs, Marino’s gaze soften as well.

“Hah,” sneered Charlotte. “Who’s strong and who’s weak, we don’t even know yet.”

At the side, Lupine and Morgan cracked their knuckles, ever ready for another fight.

Ben and Marino did not back down either. The pair puffed up their chests and raised their fists, getting into a fighting stance.

“Arguing with women is not a gentleman’s character,” smirked Zachary while shrugging his shoulders. “How 'bout we play a game?”

“What game do you have in mind, Mr. Nacht?” Charlotte asked with an arched eyebrow, not backing down from the challenge.

“Shall we go to the basement?” asked Zachary as he crossed his arms in front of his chest, leaning nonchalantly against the door frame of his private lounge. “There are lots of games we can play at the basement... unless of course, you’re afraid and want to call it quits.”

“What’s there to be afraid of?” Charlotte straightened her spine and lifted her chin in pride. “Who’s to say, maybe we might win instead!”

“Shall we?” Zachary gestured in the direction of the elevator.

The pair moved towards the elevator side by side with six of their people trailing behind. Each step they took emitted power and dominance.

Although in the wide hallway, Charlotte and Zachary walked next to each other in close proximity, shortening the gap between them.

Zachary peered at her from the corner of his eyes, taking in her angelic face, raven-black hair, and the same mild perfume she used to wear. Everything about her seemed to be identical to Charlotte Windt back then.

“What are you looking at?” snapped Charlotte, displeased.

“Looking at you, of course!” Zachary answered, grinning good-naturedly.

“You can look, but you will never get to touch,” retorted Charlotte proudly.

“We shall see.” The corners of Zachary’s lips lifted.

As they step foot into the basement, only did Charlotte realized what the games are. However, it was men’s territory. Pole dancers are on the stage, surrounded by cheers and whistles. All around them were games such as darts, shooting, and gambling.

A few merchants had a lady on their laps, playing poker as laughter resonated in the room.

Mr. Potter was betting on a horse race when he got word that Zachary and Charlotte had arrived. He quickly got up to greet the two. The few merchants quickly got up too.

“Mr. Nacht, Ms. Lindberg!”

“Continue.” Zachary waved his hand dismissively, letting the crowd know not to be influenced by their presence.

The merchants sat down again to continue the game. Nevertheless, their eyes kept straying to the duo and the band of people behind them.

“What would you suggest, Ms. Lindberg?” Zachary smiled charmingly.

“All these are men’s idea of entertainment.” Charlotte swept her eyes across the room, finally landing on the dartboard. “A game of darts?”

“Alright.” nodded Zachary. “Not a bad choice, my men are quite talented with darts.”

“Brilliant,” smirked Charlotte. “At least now it’ll be a fair game.”

Zachary remained silent, taking in the woman next to him.

She sure has gotten quite sharp and witty.

They settled in the darts area, taking a seat. Mr. Potter quickly arranged for some of the finest liquor they had in store. "Would you like anything else, Mr. Nacht, Ms. Lindberg? I will get it served in a jiffy."

"No need to bother. We'll just be playing."

At his final word, Zachary gave a signal.

Ben took out a dart and flung it across the room.

Bullseye!

"Not bad!" applauded Charlotte, "But where's the fun in this?"

"What do you suggest then, Ms. Lindberg?" Zachary crossed his legs and looked calmly at her.

Charlotte made a gesture.

Understanding the order, Morgan took out a champagne-colored rose from a vase and held it in between her teeth before standing in front of the dartboard.

"Whoever hits the stem shall win?" asked Ben.

"No," said Charlotte coldly with a sneer. "Whoever drops all of the petals on the ground first shall win."