

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 814

Charlotte sneered, but she didn't look like she would accept the challenge, as if thinking that the thugs were beneath her.

"Do you want them dead or alive?" Zachary unbuckled his seatbelt and got out of the car.

"Somewhere in between." Charlotte scanned the thugs and looked at the time. "There are twenty of them. Can you finish them in twenty minutes?"

"That's more than enough." Zachary stood in front of the car and beckoned the thugs. "Alright, come at me then, you b*stards."

"You arrogant f*cker!" the leader roared, and his lackeys charged toward Zachary, swinging their bats.

Zachary aimed a kick at one of the lackeys, sending him flying backward before crashing into his comrades along the way. The other lackeys were shocked, and they halted their steps, afraid that they would get hurt next.

"Don't just stand there! Get him!" their leader bellowed. "There's twenty of us against him! It's impossible to lose!"

The thugs armed with knives took two steps forward, but they backed off when they locked eyes with Zachary.

"F*cking cowards. Do you want the money or not?" The leader charged toward Zachary himself, and his lackeys followed his lead.

Zachary looked at the time. Seeing that not much time was left, he ramped up the speed of the fight, downing each and every one of the thugs with alarming speed.

The Pagani's headlights shone on him as if he was the only star of the fight. Charlotte leaned back languidly and rested her eyes. Her head was still throbbing, and she was getting tired.

The sound of weapons clashing, the curses, and the screams that were coming from the chaotic scene didn't perturb her the least bit. She was immersed in her own world of silence.

"Get that woman right now!" The leader and a dozen of his lackeys surrounded Zachary, while another two went ahead to capture Charlotte.

Charlotte slowly opened her eyes when she felt the murderous intent coming for her, and she noticed a gleaming blade coming for her neck, but someone snatched it from the lackey before it could hit her.

A scream pierced the night, and blood was splattered on her face. She frowned unhappily, but a moment later, she realized Zachary was already done with his fight, for the group of lackeys was now lying on the ground before the car, moaning in pain.

She looked at the time. Thirteen minutes. He defeated twenty armed men without any weapon in thirteen minutes. That's decent.

Zachary dusted his hands off and frowned when he saw the blood on the bonnet. "Time for a car wash."

"And a change of clothes." Charlotte raised her chin.

He looked at his shirt and realized it was drenched in blood. He didn't kill anyone. He only taught the lackeys who tried to lay their hands on Charlotte a lesson, though it still spilled some blood.

"Get in," she urged. Zachary turned around and saw the silver Rolls-Royce closing in on them when he got into the car. Lupine, Morgan, and a few others got out of the car and cleaned up after their employer.

“I want to know who’s behind this. You have one hour,” she commanded.

“Yes, Ms. Lindberg.” Her bodyguards obliged. Charlotte raised the roof, and Zachary drove away.

It was a silent night.

Zachary handed her a few tissue papers, and she wiped the blood off her face. She then blurted, “Who are you anyway?”

Zachary paused, and he looked at her. “Who do you think I am then?”

“Not a normal gigolo for sure.” Charlotte didn’t beat about the bush. “I trust that you won’t hurt me, but I want to know why you came to me.”

“Because I want you to come back to me,” Zachary blurted without thinking, for that was what he truly felt.

Charlotte was stupefied. She had a lot of guesses about his reason, but she never expected him to give that answer.