

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 68

Charlotte stared at the Rolls-Royce Phantom and recalled how a similar car had run into the cab she was in with her kids when she first arrived from the rural areas.

The man in the Rolls-Royce had been severely injured, and the blood from his wound had covered the wolf head tattoo on his back.

Charlotte knew that he was the man from four years ago, but the car and the man disappeared before she could take a closer look at him.

She had neglected to take note of the car plate number, but she knew that there were only three of this model in C Nation and only thirty-five worldwide.

Could Zachary be that gigolo?

“Ms. Windt? Is everything alright?” Raina asked.

“I-I’m fine! Charlotte said, startled by her voice. “I’m honored to be able to ride in such a luxurious car.”

“Take it as a treat from Mr. Nacht,” Raina said, grinning. “Shall we go?”

“Alright.”

Even as she took her seat in the car, she continued to rack her brains in an attempt to recall the car plate number of the Phantom she saw that day.

“Um, Dr. Langhan?” Charlotte asked tentatively. “Was Mr. Nacht injured not too long ago?”

I’m sure she knows the answer! She’s his private doctor after all.

“No, Ms. Windt,” Raina answered. “He’s the only heir of the Nacht family, and his safety is of the utmost importance. He has eighteen highly-trained bodyguards to protect him wherever he goes to make sure that he doesn’t get injured.”

Charlotte nodded slowly. He’s not injured? Was I wrong?

She recalled how Zachary had been swimming in the infinity pool on the office roof the last time she bumped into him, and he looked completely fine.

Surely an injured person won’t be well enough to go swimming...

Maybe I got the wrong person?

“Why do you ask?” Raina asked.

“Oh, I was just wondering if his bad temper was because of some kind of injury...” Charlotte stammered, trying her best not to sound suspicious.

“I see...Mr. Nacht is actually a really nice person, you know,” Raina said.

It sounded like a passing remark, but Charlotte failed to notice the strange glint in Raina’s eyes.

She fell silent and stared at the scenery outside. How am I going to deal with the Whites later on?

Forty minutes later, they arrived at the Whites’ residences, formerly the Windt family residence.

Charlotte caught sight of a group of familiar figures from miles away.

Huh...looks like Aunt Amanda is right...Dad's former subordinates are all here!

Simon and Amanda stood at the entrance, dressed to the occasion and extending their warmest welcomes to the guests, who came prepared with expensive gifts.

Charlotte could not help but sigh. Isn't this how it used to be back when Dad was alive?

People would come to us every day with all those lavish gifts in tow and sweet-talk Dad all day long...

I'm pretty sure there's nothing different here...

Simon Windt used to be amongst the guests, but he had since become the owner of the residence.

Suddenly, a loud honk rang from behind, jolting her out of her trance.

She looked up and noticed a white Bentley belonging to the Sterlings behind them.

"Hey! Why did you do that?" Hector asked the chauffeur angrily.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sterling," the chauffeur apologized, lowering his head.

"Why are you angry?" Luna asked, visibly annoyed. "This is our home, so we have the right of way."

“That Phantom looks like the one Mr. Nacht owns,” Hector said, winding the window down. “Did your parents invite Mr. Nacht?”

“Mr. Nacht?” Luna said, poking her head out of the window to take a closer look. “Do you mean Mr. Zachary Nacht from Divine Corporation?”

“Go and take a look, Owen,” Hector said.

“Yes, Sir,” Owen said, hopping off the car. After a while, he gestured to Hector, who sat up in surprise.

“It’s really him!” Hector exclaimed. “Stop the car!”

“Yes, Sir,” the chauffeur said as the car slowed to a halt.

Hector alighted from the car and walked over to the Phantom as quickly as he could, while Luna struggled a little with her high-heels just a few steps behind him.