

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 698

Zachary cringed slightly in response. He was about to decline when he saw Charlotte heading their way, causing him to change his mind. With a coy but polite smile, Zachary gestured to the door of his lounge. "Please! Come in!"

"Thank you!" chirped Nancy, ecstatic.

Zachary smile, glancing quickly in Charlotte's direction before leading Nancy into his private lounge, deliberately slowing down his pace.

As he had intended, Charlotte passed by the pair on her way to her own lounge. However, to his dismay, Charlotte merely gave him a look of contempt and walked right past without further thought.

Zachary's brows furrowed as he frowned. The interaction between Charlotte and Sharon, the way Charlotte was finding fault in Sharon in everything the latter did, the way Charlotte seemed to be getting revenge crossed his mind. All those seemed to prove she really was Charlotte Windt...

So why, upon seeing myself in close proximity with another woman, did she not even flinch?

"Mr. Nacht, my family's company is entertainment-based. We have signed contracts with many popular celebrities in Koandria..."

Nancy immediately launched into self-introduction the second she sat down. "Hope you can give us a chance to work together, Mr. Nacht," she added sweetly.

"Mm..." Zachary nodded half-heartedly. "We shall see, maybe someday."

As he was talking, he gave a signal.

Ben walked forward and bowed courteously. "This way, Miss Gold," he said politely, gesturing to the door.

Nancy was dumbfounded. Zachary had just invited her in for a conversation, why is he sending her out already? What's going on?

Not giving up, Nancy took out her phone and asked cautiously, "Mr. Nacht, can we exchange our numbers, please?"

Zachary peered at her phone with no response.

"This way please, Miss." Ben urged again.

Not daring to utter another word of protest, Nancy reluctantly got up and leave with a curt and polite nod.

As Ben opened the door of the lounge for Nancy, he caught sight of Charlotte's ferocious female bodyguard closing the door of the opposite lounge across the hallway. The latter noticed him too. Though stunned at first, her shocked face turned into a glare within a second.

"You..." Ben gnashed his teeth in fury upon seeing her again.

Once Nancy exited the lounge, Ben slammed the door shut in frustration. "That damned woman, I will make her pay one day!" said Ben through his gritted teeth.

"Who?" Zachary asked out of curiosity and lifted his eyes to peer at Ben. He was quietly savoring the wine he had poured for himself when Ben had said those words, no doubt coming off as a surprise.

"That bodyguard of Ms. Lindberg," huffed Ben. "Yesterday during the car accident, it was her who came out of the car and started hollering at me. She even had the audacity to glare at me just a minute ago!"

“Hmm, she looks like she has great combat skills, you might not be able to beat her if there was a duel,” teased Zachary with a smirk.

“How is that possible?” Ben was starting to get anxious. “Mr. Nacht, I’m one of your men, how could you compliment others while putting your own people down...” he faltered.

“Quit talking and maybe defeat her in combat, then we’ll see.” Zachary rolled his eyes at Ben, annoyed.

“I’m tempted to... but she’s one of Ms. Lindberg’s people, and I dare not cross her...”

Bang! Before Ben could finish his sentence, a loud noise came from outside. “What the f*ck are you doing?” a furious voice followed.

It was Marino!

“Looks like your fighting skills aren’t as good as your racing skills,” an arrogant, feminine voice mocked.

“F*ck you! Let me show you how to really fight!”

Having enough of her arrogance, Marino lunged towards the woman and started a physical fight.

Ben rushed forward to open the door. Upon seeing the scene, he scolded, “Marino, what are you doing?”

“Ben...” In that fraction of a second, Marino was distracted and received a heavy punch to his chest. Marino gritted his teeth and was about to parry the attack when the door across the hallway opened. “Morgan, what are you doing? Are you bullying the weak again?” a voice called out, calm and slow.

“Weak?” Marino retorted as he felt the anger rising to his neck.

“Who are you calling weak?” interrupted Ben, frowning. He shot daggers at Lupine, the woman who had mocked and insulted him multiple times, unable to swallow his pride and stay silent this time.

“I’m calling you weak, what about it?” smirked Morgan with her eyebrows raised.

“You...” Ben balled his hands into fists and charged forward.

“Enough!” A low growl rang out behind him.

Reluctantly, Ben stopped and stepped aside. His fists fell to his side, still clenched.

“Morgan, Lupine.” Another voice scolded sternly from the opposite room. “Stop bullying men again.”

Bullying men?

Marino gawped openly at Charlotte in disbelief and felt his blood pressure shot up upon hearing those words uttered by her.

Ben’s expression darkened. His eyes were beginning to gleam like a predator stuck in a cage, waiting for the opportunity to pounce.