

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 700

“This will be a breeze...” Ben took out another dart in full confidence.

“Without touching the stem!” added Charlotte.

For a split second, Ben was dumbfounded. Looking at Morgan with the rose in her lips with just a little stem poking out, he registered the difficulty in hitting the stem without harming the person.

Now he couldn't even hit the stem, but had to drop the petals on the ground?

She just had to make things harder. Ben gritted his teeth.

“Why? Not up for the challenge?” Charlotte raised her eyebrow, mocking. “It's not too late for you to back down.”

Everyone else in the room had stopped whatever they were doing, focusing all their attention on the little competition between the Nachts and the Lindbergs. Some even brought their drinks, hoping for a good show. How could Ben possibly back down now?

“Of course not,” answered Ben instantly. “Challenge accepted.”

“Show them how it's done, Ben!” cheered Marino.

He had been mocked and humiliated by Morgan, the fire of his rage is still burning hot. Right then and there, Marino hoped that Ben would restore their integrity.

“So childish.” Morgan rolled her eyes at the men, still holding the rose between her teeth.

“Fair warning, Mr. Nacht.” Charlotte raised her glass and gave a stern look towards the men, “If there is even a scratch on Morgan, I shall destroy all of you.”

“Heard that?” Zachary raised an eyebrow at Ben.

“Don’t worry Mr. Nacht.” Ben frowned. Even though he knew it wouldn’t be easy, it’s too late to quit now.

“Let’s begin!” Impatient, Lupine took out a dart. She turned to Ben and raised her eyebrow in a mocking manner. “Go ahead. I’ll give you a head start.”

Feeling his pride and dignity being threatened, Ben declined. “No need for that. Ladies first,” he said, gesturing to Morgan.

“Okay,” Lupine did not hesitate. She held the dart and took a few strides back, allowing the distance between her and Morgan to be a good twenty meters. Narrowing her eyes, she aimed the dart towards the rose in Morgan’s lips...

Whoosh! The dart flew across the distance and right through the center of the rose. The liquid on the flower splashed all over Morgan.

Morgan closed her eyes reflectively. When she reopened them, a few shredded bits of the rose petals hung on her eyelashes.

“Brilliant!” A few merchants applauded in awe.

Lupine’s aim was sharp and precise. The dart only pierced through the petals, and the stem did not even move. The dart finally landed on the dartboard, shaking slightly at the impact.

“Your turn.” Morgan smiled triumphantly at Ben and walked to the side.

Ben held a dart and headed towards the position where Lupine stood. He aimed his dart and drew his hand back, prepare to shoot. Before he could, however, Charlotte quipped, "Without touching the sepals either."

Ben widened his eyes, at a loss for words. "Why didn't you say so earlier?"

Lupine had hit the middle section of the flower, leaving only the messy bottom half held together by the sepals. If they weren't allowed to even hit the sepals, it would complicate things further.

"I didn't hit it either just now." shrugged Lupine with a smirk.

"You..." Ben gnawed his teeth in frustration. But with all eyes on him, he decided to not pick a petty fight with a woman and let it slide.

"Good luck, Ben!" cheered Marino in a cold sweat, feeling anxious for Ben.

Zachary on the other hand sipped his drink elegantly without even lifting his gaze.

"You don't seem to have any bit of worry, Mr. Nacht," teased Charlotte. "What if you lose? Wouldn't that be embarrassing?"

Zachary swirled the glass in his hands before smiling, "The Nachts never lose," he declared confidently.

At those words, Ben's dart flew across the room and accurately pierced through the petals, missing the sepals by a few millimeters.

The petals were torn and scattered, landing softly on Morgan, adding hints of color on her black suit.

Yet the scene looked undeniably beautiful...

“Awesome!” The crowd burst into cheers and applause.

Even though Ben did not knock down as many petals as Lupine did, he managed to hit the target precisely without scratching anything else. At that, the crowd was impressed.

“Not bad.” Charlotte curled her lips into a smile. “I’ve underestimated you.”

“Hmpf,” huffed Ben and gestured for Lupine to take her next shot. He was interested to see what Lupine would do next.

The rose was now utterly disheveled, with only tiny bits of petals left. To successfully hit the petals that were left was already a challenge by itself, much less to knock them down.