

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 722

Charlotte snorted with disdain.

Peter caught her disdain immediately and offered, "I'll serve you some liquor from my collection."

Charlotte nodded. She was about to step into her private room when a familiar figure appeared in her line of sight.

Immediately, she came to a stop in shock.

For some reason, her heart started pounding.

This figure was etched in her brain as though she had seen him in her previous lifetime.

Charlotte dashed after him, but the man strode ahead swiftly.

Quickening her pace, she was just about to catch up to him when he turned into a long hallway before turning around to give her a glance.

He was wearing a mask covering half of his features, which gave him a mysterious air.

His smoldering gaze sucked her into its dark and mysterious depths.

Stunned, Charlotte realized the man had disappeared in a blink of an eye.

She stood rooted to the spot. It took her a while to regain her senses.

The man's figure popped up in her mind. She racked her brains, trying to recall anything about him, but there was nothing.

“Ms. Lindberg!” Lupine, Morgan, and the others caught up to her soon.

“Are you alright?”

“Get that man for me.” Charlotte spun on her heels and ordered Peter. “Right now!”

“Huh?” Peter saw that she was going after someone, but he didn’t manage to see who that man was.

“He’s tall, clad in black, and wearing a mask covering half his face. He has a blazing gaze, too.” Charlotte described the man to him. “Oh, there’s also a mysterious emblem on his mask.”

“He’s wearing a mask? I think he’s one of our hosts, then,” responded Peter. “I’ll do my best.”

Both Lupine and Morgan were astonished. Ms. Lindberg just scoffed at the idea of hiring hosts earlier. Why is she asking for one now?

Charlotte headed into her room, where a few servers were preparing their drinks and snacks.

Haughtily, Charlotte took her seat and accepted the glass of wine Lupine handed her. She swirled it slowly, still preoccupied with the man’s figure.

How strange. Many people in H City seemed familiar to me... Zachary Nacht, Sharon Blackwood, and now this manager, Peter Jones.

Every one of them made me feel a plethora of emotions—heartache, vengeance, and calmness—when I saw them.

However, that figure was different. I felt my heart soften at the sight of him.

It was as if we shared a blissful past together.

I need to find him now.

Lupine and Morgan exchanged glances and frowned without a word.

Charlotte leaned on the sofa and crossed her legs. She sipped on her wine lazily.

As time ticked by, Charlotte slowly lost her patience. Her brows furrowed up.

Sensing her impatience, Lupine offered, “Let me ask about the progress.”

Right then, Peter led over a dozen hosts into the room. The hosts were clad in black leather jackets and they were all over one meter and eighty-five in height, with various masks covering half of their faces.

Most of them matched Charlotte’s description.

The bodyguards could barely believe their eyes. This was the first time they had seen so many hosts in their lives.

The hosts gazed at Charlotte helplessly before gazing at Lupine and Morgan.

Both Lupine and Morgan froze awkwardly.

“Ms. Lindberg, I’ve gathered the hosts who fit your description. Is the person you’re looking for among them?” Peter pointed at the thirteen hosts and introduced them earnestly. “They are highly educated and well-mannered. We made sure they received rigorous training. Their health reports—”

“Shut up!” Charlotte bellowed as her brows knitted up.

Peter quickly clamped up.