

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 723

After glancing at the men, Charlotte's frown deepened. She dismissed them with a flick of her fingers.

"It's not them?" Peter uttered in disbelief.

"Just leave," growled Lupine.

Peter led the hosts out hastily. He came in alone afterward and asked wearily, "Ms. Lindberg, those were the hosts who matched your description."

"Maybe he change his clothes?" Lupine suggested.

"That might be possible. I'll go look for him again." Peter was about to leave when Charlotte stopped him.

"Wait!"

"Yes?" replied Peter as he came to a stop by the door.

"Could it be that he's not a host here?"

Charlotte thought back to the man. He doesn't seem like a lowly host...

"If he isn't a host, why would he be wearing a mask?" Peter refuted.

He continued, "Our clients are mostly wealthy people and business owners. The others are higher-ups in their companies. They want to relax here, served by our hosts and hostesses. None of them will wear masks."

He added, "Besides, our hosts have received strict training before starting work. Everyone has their own personality and character. Some of them don't even look like hosts and can pass off as domineering presidents. That's their concept."

Peter stopped and studied Charlotte carefully, afraid of offending her.

Charlotte said nothing and drank her wine coolly.

"Keep looking," Lupine commanded and made a gesture.

"Understood!" Peter left to carry out her order.

Slowly, the bottle of wine reached its bottom. Charlotte lost her patience and flung her glass out abruptly.

Crash!

Startled, the servers in the room dashed aside.

Charlotte wiped her hands clean and stood up with her coat in her arms.

Lupine and Morgan flanked her while the other bodyguards followed closely.

They had just left the room when Peter rushed over with a few other hosts. At the sight of Charlotte, he exclaimed, "Ms. Lindberg, I've brought our top hosts here. Please take a look at them."

Charlotte cast them an indifferent glance before stalking away.

One of the top hosts came to her and uttered gently, "Ms. Lindberg, you're drunk. Why don't I—"

"Scram!" Charlotte knitted her brows and growled.

"Why don't you take look at me first? I'm sure you'll be satisfied with my looks."

The host then took off his mask, revealing his handsome face.

Looking up, Charlotte realized he was telling the truth. Strangely, however, she felt repulsed by the sight of him.

As Charlotte was staring at him, delight flitted across the host's face. He reached out to help her. "Let's go—"

Crash!

Before he could finish, Charlotte gave him a forceful kick.

He was sent flying instantly. His body crashed into a door before he fell to the ground. Clutching his belly, he screamed in agony.

The other hosts paled visibly and tried to hide behind Peter's back.

Peter's lips parted in shock. Back then, Charlotte used to be a weak and defenseless woman. She used to be bullied a lot. How could she be this strong?

Ms. Lindberg looks exactly like Charlotte. Is she really the Charlotte that I know of?

Charlotte gazed at the wounded host coolly before rubbing her heels on the carpet as though wiping the dirt off before striding away elegantly.

Lupine handed a check to Peter and gestured toward the host. "This is to cover his medical bill and your fee. Split it among yourselves."

"Thank you," answered Peter as he accepted the check. His eyes immediately widened in bewilderment.

Ten million?

Charlotte used to fight with others over a thousand.

There's no way she'll compensate ten million after kicking someone.

Did I get it wrong?

Could it be that Ms. Lindberg isn't Charlotte?