

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 724

Peter was still in a daze when Charlotte left with her bodyguards.

“Peter, help!” the host wailed in pain.

Upon hearing his wails, Peter and the other hosts helped him up hurriedly.

“D-Don’t move my body!” the host cried out. “I think my waist’s broken. Call the ambulance!”

“Huh?” Peter was stunned. “Is it that serious?”

“Yes!” The host burst into tears. “She’s no wealthy heiress. She’s a devil in disguise!”

“Shut up!” Peter commanded anxiously. “Do you have a death wish? Don’t drag me into your mess!”

“Don’t implicate us, too!” The other hosts were terrified. “Her bodyguards were armed.”

“Oh, dear! That’s terrifying!”

“Peter, I’m scared!”

“Stop it. We need to send him to the hospital now.”

“No! Don’t touch me! Just call an ambulance!”

“It’s not like you’re dying. If we call the ambulance, our clients will be startled!”

The host howled, "Peter, you're a heartless man!"

"Shut up!"

"How much did they compensate us? I think I'm going to be paralyzed for the rest of my life. The money should belong to me."

"Nonsense. We'll split it into half."

"Hey!"

Meanwhile, Charlotte was frowning in displeasure.

That man appeared, stirred up my emotions, and disappeared without a trace.

Who is he?

Lupine, who had been studying her employer all the while, suggested carefully. "Ms. Lindberg, calm down. I'll send someone to search for him now."

"You must find him..."

Charlotte trailed off suddenly, for the familiar figure was standing a distance away.

"Ms. Lindberg, the car is ready. As the entrance is crowded, why don't we leave through the back door..."

Morgan was still talking when Charlotte darted forward. Before Charlotte could reach the man, a drunk man grabbed her hand out of a sudden. "Hey, gorgeous. Where are you going? Come and have a drink with me."

"Let go of me!" Charlotte bellowed angrily.

"No way. You're the prettiest around here..."

The drunkard reached out to touch her chin. Charlotte was about to attack him when a gust of icy wind brushed across her ears and struck the drunkard.

Thud! The drunk man dropped to the ground as blood gushed out of his nostrils.

Instinctively, Charlotte turned at her shoulder. The man who had her in his arms was none other than the man whom she spotted in the corridor earlier.

Right now, he was towering above her in a protective stance. Something indecipherable flashed across his gaze as he stared at her without a word.

The mask covered half of his face, but there was a sense of familiarity about him.

It was as though they were lovers in their past life.

"Were you looking for me?" he rasped sexily in his deep and lilting voice right beside her ear.

“Who are you?” Charlotte gazed at him blankly.

Hearing that, the man’s expression clouded over. Looks like she has lost her memories for real.

“How dare you attack our boss?”

The drunkard’s bodyguards roared furiously and rushed toward them, brandishing empty beer bottles.

The man wrapped his arms around Charlotte and spun around. He lifted his leg and sent a flying kick.

Crash!

The bodyguards were sent flying and crashed into a glass table in a booth, smashing it into pieces.

“Come with me!”

The man took Charlotte’s hand and led her to the back door.

“Ms. Lindberg!” Lupine ran after her hastily.

Charlotte made a hand gesture. Lupine threw the car keys to her and stopped Morgan from going after her.

“Why aren’t we going after her?” Morgan demanded anxiously. “What if something happens to Ms. Lindberg?”