

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

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Lupine brought Sultry Night's manager, Peter Jones, to Charlotte.

The moment Peter spotted her, his lips parted wide in disbelief. "It's her?"

"Do you know her?" asked Lupine curiously.

"I..."

Peter blinked, utterly shocked. For a moment, he thought he was seeing things.

Two years ago, he heard how Olivia, Charlotte, and Mrs. Berry perished after an accident.

Back then, he dared not ask any questions.

However, it was obvious that the Nacht family wanted to keep the kids and got rid of Charlotte and Mrs. Berry.

For the past two years, he was careful enough not to offend Zachary.

From then on, Zachary never showed up in Sultry Night anymore.

Hence, he was able to remain here as the manager.

That day, to Peter's utter surprise, Zachary showed up. He served the man personally, and nothing out of the ordinary happened. When Lupine asked Peter about the Noir Room, he tried to brush the former off, but Lupine revealed her identity.

After getting to know Lupine's identity, Peter dared not offend her and said he would explain to Lupine's employer himself.

He never expected that Ms. Lindberg was none other than Charlotte Windt.

Peter was puzzled. How is it possible that she doesn't know who that room belongs to? Why did she send her subordinate to sound me out?

"What's wrong?" Lupine glanced at him.

"Oh, it's nothing." Being a seasoned veteran, Peter thought that the reason Charlotte didn't reveal her identity was because she didn't want to admit what she had done back then. Hence, there was no need for him to explain things.

He pretended not to know Charlotte and greeted her politely, "Hello, Ms. Lindberg!"

Charlotte's head whipped around. She found him familiar, but she couldn't recall where she had seen him before.

"Ms. Lindberg, I've arranged a booth for you. Please come with me."

After leading Charlotte and her entourage to the booth, he served them a bottle of liquor on the house. "Ms. Lindberg, please wait for a moment. Your private room will be ready soon."

Instead of replying to him, Charlotte gazed at Lupine.

At once, Lupine reported, "I've asked about it, but Mr. Jones said—"

"I'm really sorry, Ms. Lindberg," Peter immediately apologized profusely. "We can't reveal our clients' information to others. I'm sorry about that!"

Charlotte didn't probe further. "How long have you been working here for?" she asked.

"Around two-and-a-half years," replied Peter with his head hung low.

"Have you seen me here previously?" Charlotte continued.

"Well..." Peter froze, at a loss for words.

"Looks like you have."

Charlotte realized then she had been to H City and Sultry Night before. It seems like I've lost part of my memory.

Peter stood aside fearfully. He had heard about the Lindberg family, who was as powerful as the Nacht family. Even the Nacht family had to give way to them, so he reminded himself to be on caution.

However, he was wondering, How did Charlotte Windt become a Lindberg?

Right then, his staff came to inform them that the private room was ready. Peter hurriedly declared, "Ms. Lindberg, your private room is ready. Please come with us."

Charlotte put her glass down and followed behind Peter.

Lupine, Morgan, and the others trailed behind her.

"Ms. Lindberg, if you need anything, just let me know. I'll arrange for it ASAP," said Peter earnestly.

"What services do you provide here?"

Charlotte's glance swept across the club. There were elegantly dressed middle-aged ladies frolicking around with handsome hunks.

"Normally, men would pick a few hostesses to drink with them. As for our women clients..."

"Such insolence!" reprimanded Lupine.

Peter looked down and fell silent.

"Women will pay for hosts to accompany them?" Charlotte arched a brow.

Peter coughed lightly before answering carefully, "Yes, that's usually what they do. But you can relax by drinking and listening to music here, too."

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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.

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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 |—"

"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?

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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?"

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"Didn't you see her gesture?" Frowning, Lupine explained, "If we go after her and ruin her plan, she'll get mad at us. You know how hot-tempered she is."

"But that's a total stranger! What if he's up to no good?"

"We have to follow them in secret." Lupine headed to the back door as Charlotte and that mysterious man had exited the club through that door earlier. "We can't tail too closely or let anything happen to her."

"What happened to Ms. Lindberg? She had always been a cool and logical person. But after the man appeared, she seemed to have lost all her reason."

"Don't you know? Even the mightiest would fall at a beauty's glance..."

In a secluded corner, Marino watched as Zachary led Charlotte away. Delighted, he declared, "Mr. Nacht has succeeded!"

"Those women are a nuisance," remarked Ben with a frown. He was referring to Lupine and Morgan.

"So? Should we stop them?" Marino inquired anxiously.

"If we do, our plan will go bust." Ben sounded confident. "Don't worry. Mr. Nacht is capable enough of losing them."

"Yes, you're right," Marino replied proudly. "Should we follow them and see how Mr. Nacht does it?"

"We can see it from here."

Ben pushed the window open and revealed the parking lot behind the back door.

Immediately, they spotted Zachary, who was now disguised as a mysterious man, running out with Charlotte.

"Do you dare to come with me for a ride?" Zachary was about to retrieve his car keys.

"I should be the one asking that!"

Charlotte pressed a button on her car remote. Swiftly, a silver Pagani sped out of its lot and came to a stop beside them.

Zachary released his grip on his Volkswagen car keys silently.

To make up a perfect disguise, he told Ben to get a cheaper Volkswagen and pretended that was his car.

Little had he expected things to turn out this way.

"Get in!" Charlotte urged and pulled him into the car.

Before Zachary could buckle the seatbelt, the Pagani sped away swiftly. He grabbed the handle and put on his seatbelt hurriedly.

Charlotte glanced at the rearview mirror and sped up.

"Are those your bodyguards?" asked Zachary.

He could see both Lupine and Morgan dashing out of the back door in search of them.

"What's wrong? Are you scared?"

Charlotte had no idea it was Zachary. After all, his hair was slicked back, and with his black leather jacket coupled with a mask covering half his face, the man seemed like a rogue.

It was a different image from which the cool and stern Zachary presented.

Zachary knew she was smarter than she used to be. As such, he made sure every detail was perfect. For example, his current voice differed from his usual voice.

"Nope," Zachary joked. "You'll protect me!"

Charlotte burst out laughing. Glancing at him, she asked, "Are you a host at Sultry Night?"

"Mm!" Zachary inclined his head. "If you despise me because of my job, it's not too late to throw me out."

"State your price." Instead of showing her disdain, Charlotte lifted her brow. "How much per night?"

"Ten thousand for the entire night!" Zachary blurted out. "No discount given!"

I can't believe I just said that out loud. That's so embarrassing!

Charlotte chuckled again. "Then what can you do for me?"

"What do you want me to do?"

Zachary rested an arm on her seat and leaned closer to her.

"Do we know each other?"

Charlotte was wondering why she wasn't repulsed by his advances. He's flirty like the other hosts. So why does his action feel familiar to me?

My heart is even fluttering as he comes closer.

Zachary was baffled. Did it trigger her memory? Or is she merely feigning memory loss?