

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

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"I..."

"What's your name? Which corporation do you represent?"

Without waiting for a response, Charlotte continued to interrogate Sharon rather aggressively. "How can someone with such awful character be allowed to participate in the Aploth Chamber of Commerce?"

Charlotte turned her head towards Mr. Potter and mocked, "Looks like you can do better at your job, Mr. Potter."

Poor Mr. Potter was at the receiving end of Charlotte's anger again for no rhyme and reason.

Mr. Potter groaned inwardly. Despite the exasperation he felt, Mr. Potter still kept a polite smile on his face as he rushed towards them to lighten the mood. "Ms. Lindberg, this is Ms. Blackwood of Synder Group. For your information, Synder Group is one of the leading companies in M Nation..."

"Leading? What was it that I heard her say just a second ago... ah, right. 'We've been ranked down to top eighty'. Come now, Mr. Potter, quit pulling my leg, Ms. Blackwood herself said so," interrupted Charlotte with a smirk. "Though I know that the top one hundred and one companies can participate in the Aploth Chamber of Commerce, shouldn't there at least be a character test?"

"Um..." Mr. Potter was rendered speechless. He glanced sheepishly at Sharon, then at Zachary standing nearby, begging the latter for help.

Aware that this fiasco was caused by the mention of the Nacht Group, Zachary was ready to step in and intervene. Before he could, however, Sharon had had enough and blurted out in a fit of anger, "Charlotte Windt! Can you stop causing problems on purpose?"

Charlotte narrowed her eyes and stared at Sharon with cold, piercing eyes. "What did you say?"

"Don't think for a second that I'll be afraid of you just because you've changed your surname to become part of the Lindberg family, you b\*tch!" Blinded by her fury, Sharon bellowed arrogantly. "Charlotte Windt was so submissive that she would have willingly licked my shoe if I asked her to! She's nothing but a piece of sh\*t in front of me! So who do you think you are to act so high and mighty-"

Slap! Sharon was silenced by a slap across her face, the sound reverberated clearly throughout the room.

Sharon clutched her cheek, now burning red and swollen while gaping at Charlotte, dumbfounded. "You... you b\*tch! How dare you hit me?" she hollered.

Slap! Without hesitation, Charlotte gave another slap across Sharon's face with a heavy hand.

The blow almost made Sharon lost her balance.

Everyone gasped, taken aback by Charlotte's actions, including Zachary.

He had never seen this side of Charlotte before. The Charlotte he knew would never lay her hands on anyone.

Staring at the stranger in front of him, doubts crept into Zachary's mind. Is this really the Charlotte I know?

"Ms. Lindberg, what... what are you doing? H-how could you hit a person..." Mr. Potter tried to intervene but clammed up instantaneously by a sharp gaze from Charlotte.

"A light punishment for insulting and humiliating me," replied Charlotte with a murderous glare.

Mr. Potter paled, lost for words.

"I'm going to kill you!"

Sharon lunged herself at Charlotte with raised fists, going mad from anger.

Swift as a flash of lightning, Charlotte grabbed Sharon by her wrists and twisted her arms with tremendous strength. An ear-splitting crack echoed throughout the room, followed by a terrible scream.

A commotion broke out in the room. Panic filled everyone in the room as they instinctively stumbled backward from Charlotte, trembling in fear.

Unaffected by the uproar, Charlotte shoved Sharon lightly. The latter sprawled onto the floor, pathetic and disheveled. Sharon's gaze fixated on both her broken arms, shivering in pain as she forgot how to scream.

"Quick!" Mr. Potter gestured to someone in the room.

Two men hurriedly rushed forward and carried Sharon away.

"You better watch your back, Charlotte Windt! I will not let you get away with this!" Sharon thundered, regaining her senses as resentment overpowered the sting on her arms.

"Next time, Mr. Potter, you'd do better than letting rabid dogs indoors!" Charlotte sent a chilling glare towards Mr. Potter's direction before turning around with an elegant smile. Gone was the furious woman from a second ago. "Apologies, everyone. Did I scare you?" Charlotte asked tenderly.

The fear of the crowd quickly dissolved to bewilderment at her sudden change in demeanor. After a minute of stunned silence, someone from the crowd quickly shook their head and quipped, "Oh, no, no, no. Not at all!"

"Ms. Lindberg you sure are... something else!"

"You've always looked as gentle and as graceful as flowing water. Who would have thought Ms. Lindberg would have such good martial arts skills!"

A few merchants smiled timidly in response, no longer daring to inch any closer.

"Don't mess with me and I won't mess with you," stated Charlotte casually with a smirk. "But if someone messes with me... I shall deal with them."

Though she said so in a light and composed manner, her piercing gaze still made everyone's hair stood on end.

"Yes... Rightfully so, Ms. Lindberg!" responded the crowd frightfully as they tried to keep their voices steady as to not let their panic show.

"What about you, Mr. Natch? What do you think?" Charlotte raised an eyebrow and turned her gaze to Zachary, everything about her screamed extreme arrogance.

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"That's brilliant!" Zachary curled up his lips into a smile. "But I'd like to correct you on one thing only. Once this year's data is revealed, Nacht Group will still come first!"

"You seem confident," Charlotte commented with her eyebrow still raised. "How are you so sure, that Lindberg Corporation wouldn't overthrow Nacht Group from the first place this year?"

Zachary flashed her a good-mannered grin. "Well Ms. Lindberg, most of the assets of Lindberg Corporation are in Epea and Adrune. In the Aploth Chamber of Commerce, naturally, Nacht Group located here in Aploth has a higher advantage! I believe Danrique Lindberg will think so too!"

Hearing those words, Charlotte had no words to refute the argument. In all reality, she couldn't care less about the ranks. It was the sight of Sharon that lit the fuse. Charlotte did not know why, but something about Sharon Blackwood just rubbed her the wrong way, irritating her to no end, and all she wanted is to counter everything Sharon said or did.

That was what provoked her to do what she had done earlier.

"Excuse me." Zachary placed down his champagne flute and left with a polite nod.

Charlotte stared intently at his silhouette, frowning slightly. This man gives the impression of a calm and collected gentleman, yet he can retaliate my words with just a few sentences.

I'll have to raise my guards around him!

As the scene ended, Mr. Potter quickly lightened the mood. "The Lindbergs and the Nachts have always equally matched, both equally impressive and should be our benchmark," he announced in a loud voice. "Right, everyone?"

"Right!" the crowd chorused.

"Ms. Lindberg, we have prepared a place for you to rest. Should I escort you to your private lounge?" Mr. Potter approached Charlotte cautiously, in fear that he might accidentally offend and trigger her.

"Please excuse me, everyone." Charlotte nodded to the people around her with a smile and left the room with Mr. Potter.

Meanwhile, Zachary had excused himself since his phone had not stopped vibrating with calls and notifications. The moment he stepped foot into the hallway, Zachary picked up the call. "Hello?"

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Henry hollered on the other side of the phone, causing Zachary to pulled his phone away a few inches from his ear. "First you made plans to go out with Cynthia, then you refused to text back or answer any calls? Is this nothing but a game to you?"

Zachary froze, speechless. Only then did he recall the dinner reservations he had made with Cynthia.

Zachary pinched the bridge of his nose in realization. He had intended to have a conversation with Cynthia, but the sudden change of plans threw him off track, causing him to push the matter to the back of his mind.

No wonder my phone kept vibrating just now.

"Sorry, there was a change of plans. I forgot to inform her about it," explained Zachary.

"She waited for you in the restaurant for two hours..."

"How big of a deal is that?" interrupted Zachary. "She could have just gone back on her own, must she run to you and start tattling?"

"She wasn't tattling. She was just asking me about your whereabouts. She was worried..."

"Worried about what? What could possibly happen to me?" Zachary's patience was beginning to slip away. "Fine, I'll head back and explain it to her, alright? Stop fussing over it."

"She's in our house," replied Henry before interrogating further. "When are you coming back?"

Zachary was once again at a loss for words. After a few quiet seconds, he quipped, "Why did you bring her back to our house?"

If the triplets see Cynthia, things will be awkward.

"What about it? Do I not have the authority to do so?" Henry questioned back.

"Of course you do," replied Zachary, massaging his head, attempting to get rid of the headache that his grandfather just gave him. "I'm attending events organized by the Aploth Chamber of Commerce right now and won't be going home tonight. Ask someone to send her back to her place, I'll contact her tomorrow."

"Why do you always..." retorted Henry.

"I have to go."

With that, Zachary hung up. Seeing the numerous notifications on his phone, he rolled his eyes, deciding to turn a blind eye to them.

"Excuse me, Mr. Nacht. Sorry to bother you." A melodious voice rang from behind him.

Zachary turned and came face to face with a beautiful young lady. Her delicate features and hourglass-like figure were enhanced by the exquisite black form-fitting gown. She was holding a glass of wine in her hand, looking at Zachary in admiration from afar.

"I'm sorry, you are...?" Zachary arched his eyebrow at the sight of the stranger approaching him.

"My name's Nancy Gold, daughter of Jesse Gold from Hawen. Please to meet you!" Nancy spoke in fluent Ustranasian. "May I have the honor to have some words with you, Mr. Nacht?"

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Zachary cringed slightly in response. He was about to decline when he saw Charlotte heading their way, causing him to change his mind. With a coy but polite smile, Zachary gestured to the door of his lounge. "Please! Come in!"

"Thank you!" chirped Nancy, ecstatic.

Zachary smile, glancing quickly in Charlotte's direction before leading Nancy into his private lounge, deliberately slowing down his pace.

As he had intended, Charlotte passed by the pair on her way to her own lounge. However, to his dismay, Charlotte merely gave him a look of contempt and walked right past without further thought.

Zachary's brows furrowed as he frowned. The interaction between Charlotte and Sharon, the way Charlotte was finding fault in Sharon in everything the latter did, the way Charlotte seemed to be getting revenge crossed his mind. All those seemed to prove she really was Charlotte Windt...

So why, upon seeing myself in close proximity with another woman, did she not even flinch?

"Mr. Nacht, my family's company is entertainment-based. We have signed contracts with many popular celebrities in Koandria..."

Nancy immediately launched into self-introduction the second she sat down. "Hope you can give us a chance to work together, Mr. Nacht," she added sweetly.

"Mm..." Zachary nodded half-heartedly. "We shall see, maybe someday."

As he was talking, he gave a signal.

Ben walked forward and bowed courteously. "This way, Miss Gold," he said politely, gesturing to the door.

Nancy was dumbfounded. Zachary had just invited her in for a conversation, why is he sending her out already? What's going on?

Not giving up, Nancy took out her phone and asked cautiously, "Mr. Nacht, can we exchange our numbers, please?"

Zachary peered at her phone with no response.

"This way please, Miss." Ben urged again.

Not daring to utter another word of protest, Nancy reluctantly got up and leave with a curt and polite nod.

As Ben opened the door of the lounge for Nancy, he caught sight of Charlotte's ferocious female bodyguard closing the door of the opposite lounge across the hallway. The latter noticed him too. Though stunned at first, her shocked face turned into a glare within a second.

"You..." Ben gnashed his teeth in fury upon seeing her again.

Once Nancy exited the lounge, Ben slammed the door shut in frustration. "That damned woman, I will make her pay one day!" said Ben through his gritted teeth.

"Who?" Zachary asked out of curiosity and lifted his eyes to peer at Ben. He was quietly savoring the wine he had poured for himself when Ben had said those words, no doubt coming off as a surprise.

"That bodyguard of Ms. Lindberg," huffed Ben. "Yesterday during the car accident, it was her who came out of the car and started hollering at me. She even had the audacity to glare at me just a minute ago!"

"Hmm, she looks like she has great combat skills, you might not be able to beat her if there was a duel," teased Zachary with a smirk.

"How is that possible?" Ben was starting to get anxious. "Mr. Nacht, I'm one of your men, how could you compliment others while putting your own people down..." he faltered.

"Quit talking and maybe defeat her in combat, then we'll see." Zachary rolled his eyes at Ben, annoyed.



"I'm tempted to... but she's one of Ms. Lindberg's people, and I dare not cross her..."

Bang! Before Ben could finish his sentence, a loud noise came from outside. "What the f\*ck are you doing?" a furious voice followed.

It was Marino!

"Looks like your fighting skills aren't as good as your racing skills," an arrogant, feminine voice mocked.

"F\*ck you! Let me show you how to really fight!"

Having enough of her arrogance, Marino lunged towards the woman and started a physical fight.

Ben rushed forward to open the door. Upon seeing the scene, he scolded, "Marino, what are you doing?"

"Ben..." In that fraction of a second, Marino was distracted and received a heavy punch to his chest. Marino gritted his teeth and was about to parry the attack when the door across the hallway opened. "Morgan, what are you doing? Are you bullying the weak again?" a voice called out, calm and slow.

"Weak?" Marino retorted as he felt the anger rising to his neck.

"Who are you calling weak?" interrupted Ben, frowning. He shot daggers at Lupine, the woman who had mocked and insulted him multiple times, unable to swallow his pride and stay silent this time.

"I'm calling you weak, what about it?" smirked Morgan with her eyebrows raised.

"You..." Ben balled his hands into fists and charged forward.

"Enough!" A low growl rang out behind him.

Reluctantly, Ben stopped and stepped aside. His fists fell to his side, still clenched.

"Morgan, Lupine." Another voice scolded sternly from the opposite room. "Stop bullying men again."

Bullying men?

Marino gawped openly at Charlotte in disbelief and felt his blood pressure shot up upon hearing those words uttered by her.

Ben's expression darkened. His eyes were beginning to gleam like a predator stuck in a cage, waiting for the opportunity to pounce.

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"Ms. Lindberg, your bodyguards sure are an image of yourself," joked Zachary in a good manner while stepping out of his private room. "All of you are hot-tempered."

"Sorry 'bout that," grinned Charlotte humbly. "Us Lindbergs are rather aggressive with quite a unique personality. Please excuse us, Mr. Nacht."

"That's quite alright, Ms. Lindberg. A gentleman will not pick fights with women." A smile made its way to his lips. No matter what, Zachary had to redeem some of Ben's and Marino's dignity. "As for us Nachts, we might have superb combat skills, but we will never bully the weak just because we're strong."

Well said! Applaud Ben internally as he felt his dignity being restored.

Upon seeing someone finally had their backs, Marino's gaze soften as well.

"Hah," sneered Charlotte. "Who's strong and who's weak, we don't even know yet."

At the side, Lupine and Morgan cracked their knuckles, ever ready for another fight.

Ben and Marino did not back down either. The pair puffed up their chests and raised their fists, getting into a fighting stance.

"Arguing with women is not a gentleman's character," smirked Zachary while shrugging his shoulders. "How 'bout we play a game?"

"What game do you have in mind, Mr. Nacht?" Charlotte asked with an arched eyebrow, not backing down from the challenge.

"Shall we go to the basement?" asked Zachary as he crossed his arms in front of his chest, leaning nonchalantly against the door frame of his private lounge. "There are lots of games we can play at the basement... unless of course, you're afraid and want to call it quits."

"What's there to be afraid of?" Charlotte straightened her spine and lifted her chin in pride. "Who's to say, maybe we might win instead!"

"Shall we?" Zachary gestured in the direction of the elevator.

The pair moved towards the elevator side by side with six of their people trailing behind. Each step they took emitted power and dominance.

Although in the wide hallway, Charlotte and Zachary walked next to each other in close proximity, shortening the gap between them.

Zachary peered at her from the corner of his eyes, taking in her angelic face, raven-black hair, and the same mild perfume she used to wear. Everything about her seemed to be identical to Charlotte Windt back then.

"What are you looking at?" snapped Charlotte, displeased.

"Looking at you, of course!" Zachary answered, grinning good-naturedly.

"You can look, but you will never get to touch," retorted Charlotte proudly.

"We shall see." The corners of Zachary's lips lifted.

As they step foot into the basement, only did Charlotte realized what the games are. However, it was men's territory. Pole dancers are on the stage, surrounded by cheers and whistles. All around them were games such as darts, shooting, and gambling.

A few merchants had a lady on their laps, playing poker as laughter resonated in the room.

Mr. Potter was betting on a horse race when he got word that Zachary and Charlotte had arrived. He quickly got up to greet the two. The few merchants quickly got up too.

"Mr. Nacht, Ms. Lindberg!"

"Continue." Zachary waved his hand dismissively, letting the crowd know not to be influenced by their presence.

The merchants sat down again to continue the game. Nevertheless, their eyes kept straying to the duo and the band of people behind them.

"What would you suggest, Ms. Lindberg?" Zachary smiled charmingly.

"All these are men's idea of entertainment." Charlotte swept her eyes across the room, finally landing on the dartboard. "A game of darts?"

"Alright." nodded Zachary. "Not a bad choice, my men are quite talented with darts."

"Brilliant," smirked Charlotte. "At least now it'll be a fair game."

Zachary remained silent, taking in the woman next to him.

She sure has gotten quite sharp and witty.

They settled in the darts area, taking a seat. Mr. Potter quickly arranged for some of the finest liquor they had in store. "Would you like anything else, Mr. Nacht, Ms. Lindberg? I will get it served in a jiffy."

"No need to bother. We'll just be playing."

At his final word, Zachary gave a signal.

Ben took out a dart and flung it across the room.

Bullseye!

"Not bad!" applauded Charlotte, "But where's the fun in this?"

"What do you suggest then, Ms. Lindberg?" Zachary crossed his legs and looked calmly at her.

Charlotte made a gesture.

Understanding the order, Morgan took out a champagne-colored rose from a vase and held it in between her teeth before standing in front of the dartboard.

"Whoever hits the stem shall win?" asked Ben.

"No," said Charlotte coldly with a sneer. "Whoever drops all of the petals on the ground first shall win."

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"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.