

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 472

“You’ve to ask Grandpa about this,” Zachary replied coldly. “He probably feels that I’m more suitable than you in inheriting his position. Hence, he passed me the right of inheritance when I was sixteen years old. It’s been ten years, yet you’re still brooding over it?”

“I had actually gotten over it earlier, but how dare you assault my son? Since you’re not treating us as your relatives, don’t blame me for paying you back.” Zara’s tone turned cold.

“He only has himself to blame,” Zachary roared coldly.

“I almost forget about it.” Zara gave an eerie sneer, “Both of you are quite close since young, yet you end up having a scuffle just for a woman. Did she cast a spell on both of you? I’m really curious about what kind of exceptional charm she has!”

“You’d better don’t do anything to provoke me...”

“It really depends on my mood,” Zara said mockingly, “You know that I don’t have a good temper, don’t you? If she infuriates me, there’s nothing I can’t do.”

“You’re threatening me?” Zachary gritted his teeth.

“No, I’m just negotiating with you.” Zara sneered, “When you’re willing to let me see your Grandpa later, I’ll release her!”

Zara hung up her phone straight afterwards.

Zachary’s face fell when he heard the enraged tone from the other side of the phone, for he was sure of Zara’s temper.

That woman is decisive, ruthless and has unpredictable mood swings; all of us from the Nacht family are born with the same weaknesses.

If Charlotte accidentally provokes her even with only one sentence, it looks like she will do anything to torture her...

“Mr. Nacht, don’t worry. Bruce is now tracing Ms. Nacht’s whereabouts,” Ben comforted him warily. “When he manages to get any clue, we’ll take prompt action and save Ms. Windt.”

Zachary did not say anything. With his eyes lowered, he seemed to sink into deep contemplation.

The ultra-thin phone was fumbling in his palm, reflecting his extreme anxiety at the moment...

There were numerous times whereby he confronted Zara with profound placidity and confidence, but he was never restless and helpless like this before.

Thinking of the potential risk that Charlotte might be encountering at the moment, his heart was filled with growing uneasiness. Beads of perspiration started to appear on his forehead.

Ben had never seen Zachary like this before. He asked tactfully, “How about we just let her see Mr. Nacht? After all, he has regained consciousness and is well protected by our men. I bet Ms. Nacht has no chance to harm him at all.”

“This is not the point.” Zachary’s brows furrowed. “If I give in now, it will indicate that she wins the game.”

“Then...” Ben could barely say anything in confusion.

“Just wait for a while more.” Zachary gripped the phone tightly and said, “Let Bruce send me all the clues he manages to collect. I’ll investigate myself.”

“Yes, Mr. Zachary.”

There was silence again as Zachary’s mind drifted away into deep thought.

Charlotte gradually came to herself. Still squinting, she scanned through her surroundings with great difficulty. She was apparently in a delicate room, yet there was no sign of anyone.

Snippets before she became unconscious flashed across her mind. Realizing that she was in an extreme situation, she raised herself from the bed in an instant. However, she was momentarily blinded by a sudden dizziness and slumped onto the bed again.

Holding her head with her eyes shut, she tried to calm herself down. After a while, she opened her eyes again and scanned through every corner of the room. To her surprise, it was a dainty room with a sense of gracefulness and elegance. Apparently, it looked like a guest room owned by someone who was really wealthy.

She was still in her own white cotton dress, her hair unkempt and messy. Other than still feeling a little dizzy, there were no visible injuries on her body.

Who had actually abducted me here?

Obviously, her abductors had other hidden motives, or were under the orders of someone else. If not, it was impossible for her to be left unharmed in such a nice room.

Are they Mr. Nacht’s men?

Or are they part of the Blackwood family?

While Charlotte's mind was running wild, the door of the room was abruptly opened. Two maids pushed a food trolley towards her.

"What is this place? Who are you?" Charlotte almost used up all her energy just to support herself from sitting up in the bed.

None of the maids responded to her question. They just silently served the meal on the dining table and bowed at her before leaving the room.

"Wait! Don't go..."

Charlotte tried to stop the maids, yet all her energy was drained from her. She could only gaze at them helplessly till their figures disappeared from her view.