

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 827

Robbie sighed a breath of relief. That stupid Fifi finally started flying again.

It's my turn to make a move.

"Have some water, Mr. Kyle," offered Robbie as he handed a bottle of water to Kyle.

"Thank you," replied Kyle before he drank some water. He later put the bottle at the side and continued driving.

"Mr. Kyle, how many years have you been driving?" asked Robbie as he stared at Kyle's back.

"Seven years," replied Kyle with a smile. "I got my license when I was eighteen and have been driving since. It's not that long, but I've driven a lot over the past few years. I am a pretty decent driver, so you don't have to worry about anything."

"Then can you instinctively perform an emergency brake?" asked Robbie.

"Of course I can. We have all gone through special training and can stop the car even if we have taken a bullet in order to protect our client..."

Kyle sensed that something was off as he spoke. Then his vision started to blur.

"That's good to know," commented Robbie as his lips curved into a faint grin.

"Did you..." said Kyle before he shifted his gaze to the bottle of water at his side. His eyes bulged in surprise when he continued, "Mr. Robbie, you..."

"Don't worry. I won't hurt you. Fifi flew away, and I just want to go look for it," replied Robbie as he put on his backpack. "Please stop the car at the side and take a nap."

Kyle shook his head in confusion. He took his phone out to call for help, but the next moment, his hand slumped, and he fell backward onto the seat.

Right then, the car swayed a little, but Kyle hit the brakes in the nick of time.

Robbie crawled to the passenger's side of the car and turned the engine off before he hopped out of the car with his backpack.

They happened to be at the spot closest to Northridge. Robbie had checked the roads the last time, so it would be much easier for him to search the place.

Turning on the navigation system on his phone, he headed over to Northridge.

He was on his way over when Fifi reached Northridge. The camera showed that the courtyard was empty, and there was no car in sight. Moreover, the doors and windows were locked, and there was no one in sight at all.

Robbie paused in his tracks as he frowned at his phone and wondered what was going on. Even if the owner isn't home, there should still be bodyguards stationed around the place. Besides, they usually have two cars on standby at all times.

Why isn't there anything today?

Did the ladies move?

Robbie was a little upset, but since he was already out there, he thought he might as well get to the bottom of things. With that, he continued forging ahead to Northridge...

At that moment, Charlotte was in the other villa, sitting in front of the study desk and reading some documents.

Lupine hurried over and reported, "Ms. Lindberg, it is as you have predicted. Someone broke into the Northridge villa."

"Is it the Nachts?" asked Charlotte without even looking up.

"It's a kid," replied Lupine. "He looks about six or seven years old."

Charlotte was taken aback. Immediately, she turned on her computer to check on the situation.

The villa already came with a lot of security cameras. Despite that, on the night before Charlotte left, she had someone install some additional miniature cameras within a three-mile radius of the villa.

That way, she would be alerted if anyone were to get close to the Northridge villa.

As expected, she saw a boy who was dressed in a cool outfit and carried a backpack on the screen. He was heading straight to Northridge with a black watch on his wrist. The watch was glowing with blue light, and Charlotte guessed that it had a navigation system that was leading the way.

At the same time, the boy had a phone with him. He would check its screen from time to time. It's likely that he is observing something.

Upon zooming in, she saw that the phone showed the situation at Northridge.

Looks like the phone has a surveillance system.

A kid that young actually knows how to use technology that advanced?

None of that mattered to Charlotte, though. As she stared at that tiny figure, she was surprised by how she felt. Instead of being repulsed, she felt a strange sense of familiarity with the kid.

“Who is the kid?” asked Charlotte as she stared at that tiny figure.

“Morgan is looking into the matter now,” replied Lupine. “The kid is at most six or seven years old. I can’t believe he’s alone in the woods without adult supervision. It’s even weirder that he knows how to use advanced technology like that... Wait, is he...”