

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 93

Realizing the gravity of the matter, Amanda flew into a fluster as she tried to explain, "Mr. Nacht, my daughter acted too impulsively. She did not intend to create trouble for you. We're willing to apologize and compensate you in any manner you want."

"Yes, that's right. Mr. Nacht, you're a big-hearted man. Please just forgive her this once," Simon pleaded after he heard what had happened.

Zachary could not be bothered with them and looked at Helena instead. "You're the victim here. What do you think?"

"This is the first time anyone has humiliated me like that ever since the day I was born." Helena was fuming mad, but she tried her best to control her emotions. "But as this is Mr. Nacht's function, I won't kick up a fuss... "

She then paused and asked respectfully, "Mr. Nacht, may I hand her over to the police? I intend to get my lawyers to sue her."

"Please don't, Ms. Brown..." Amanda pleaded anxiously. "We can compensate you however you want. Please don't alert the police. Everyone here is either rich or powerful. Besides, this function is hosted by Mr. Nacht. It wouldn't look good on anyone if the matter is being blown up."

Amanda was clear that Luna was the wife of Hector Sterling and represented the Sterlings. No matter how the woman embarrassed herself that night, it would still be kept within the inner circle.

After all, it was Zachary's function and a closed-door event. No one would dare to circulate gossip about what had happened.

However, it would be a different situation altogether if the police got involved. If Helena approached the media and exaggerated the story, Luna would definitely hit the headlines of major newspapers and be the top search on the internet. The woman would become the butt of the joke of the entire country...

By then, it wouldn't just be Hector – the other elders of the Sterling family, too – who would hate Luna!

No matter how dumb the woman was, she still understood that.

As such, at that moment, Luna dared not even breathe loudly. She was waiting for her parents to settle the problem for her.

That had been the case ever since she was born...

“Well, that reminds me.” Helena arched her brows and continued, “The auction is still ongoing. How can we spoil everyone’s moods? However, how should I punish you other than going to the police?”

“We can apologize and offer compensation...” Amanda immediately suggested.

“What a joke! Would I need your compensation?” Helena bellowed. “All you are going to do is apologizing after slapping me? If that’s the case, can I slap you ten times and say ‘sorry’ ten times too?”

“I... “

“I think that’s a good idea,” Zachary suddenly spoke up. “An eye for an eye!”

With the man’s support, Helena said right away, “If you don’t want me to go to the police, fine! Then I’ll have to slap you back. For every one slap you gave me, I’ll slap you ten times. That sounds fair to me!”

“Helena Brown, don’t go overboard...”

Before Luna could finish her sentence, the first slap from Helena had already landed on her face.

Luna's cheeks flushed red immediately after being hit. Shaking with anger, she glared at the woman in rage.

Amanda no longer dared to speak. Even though her heart was aching for her daughter, she could only surrender to the situation...

"This is one slap," Helena counted and raised her hand, preparing to strike again.

"Why are you doing such a thing yourself? Doesn't it hurt your hand?" Zachary suddenly asked.

"Oh, right! Thanks for the reminder, Mr. Nacht." Helena turned to Amanda, saying sweetly, "Aunt Amanda, I'll have to trouble you, please!"

The woman looked at Helena incredulously and replied, "You... You want me to do it?"

"Why? You can't bear to?" Helena cocked her brows and said, "If that's the case, I guess I'll have to ask my bodyguards to do it instead. Don't say I didn't warn you, though. They are quite ruthless. They won't go easy on her just because she's a lady..."

"Where are my bodyguards! Come here now!"

"Wait a minute..." Amanda stopped Helena at once and said, "Fine, I'll do it! I'll do it!"

She then lifted her trembling hand as she spoke and slapped Luna gently...

“That one’s not counted!” Helena shouted angrily. “I have to hear the slapping sound and see the red mark on her face. Otherwise, the slap will not be counted.”

“You... “ Even though Amanda was fuming with rage, she had no choice but to slap her daughter with all her might.

“Mom!” Luna burst into tears.

“Why are you crying? Your mom isn’t dead yet!” Helena beamed with delight. “Good job, Aunt Amanda! Carry on!”

Amanda shut her eyes and landed another slap on her daughter’s face.

“Two!”

“Three!”

“Four!”

Helena carried on counting.

Simon also felt agonized as he helplessly watched the scene. However, he could only keep quiet and lower his head in submission, praying for the whole ordeal to be over soon.