

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 127

Surprised, Charlotte paused momentarily before she cautiously confirmed, "Two thousand for an hour? Is that right?"

"If you think that it's too low, there is still room for discussion..." Peter explained.

"No, it's alright. I'll take it." Charlotte was overjoyed. "I thought I would have to show you my certificates before you would offer such a price..."

"I don't need a certificate because I can tell how good you are from what I've heard thus far." Peter chuckled, "Okay, you should head backstage to prepare."

"Yes, of course. Thank you so much," Charlotte thanked him and promptly headed backstage with another waiter.

Meanwhile, Chris swirled the liquid in his glass while his gaze followed Charlotte.

"Who is the man sitting beside our boss?" Charlotte whispered.

"That is Mr. Broid!" The waiter exclaimed and continued, "He is our boss' friend and a shareholder of this bar."

"What does he do?" Charlotte enquired.

"I think he is the heir to a rich family. Besides that, I have no clue."

Then, the waiter advised, "Charlotte, you look like a simple woman, so I will like to give you a piece of advice. Mr. Broid is a playboy and very flirtatious. His girlfriends come and go as often as he changes his clothes. If money is your priority, you can go ahead and have fun with him. Otherwise, you can forget about anything else because he will not take any relationship seriously."

“I was just curious. Don’t worry. I don’t have any funny ideas...” Charlotte awkwardly laughed it off. It seems like he was not the “Gigolo in Debt” because the latter was not some heir to a wealthy family.

Just as Charlotte was about to leave, a group of sexy and good-looking women rushed into the bar enthusiastically towards Chris.

“Mr. Broid! We all miss you so much.”

“Mr. Broid, what took you so long to come here? How heartless!”

“Yes, Mr. Broid. Why did you not visit Sultry Night today?”

“Shut up!” Chris frowned and scoffed, “All of you are making too much noise.”

Oddly today, he felt like those women could not hold a candle to Charlotte.

One is an angel, while this bunch is just colorful birds...

“Mr. Broid, you have a big appetite today. After ordering so much, can you stomach it?” Peter raised his brows and joked in a low voice.

“It’s too much,” Chris spat, then ordered the women, “Wait outside for me.”

“Huh? Why?” The women were unhappy that their client seemed different today.

“Get out!” Chris fumed.

“Oh...” the women obediently left.

The men at the other two tables were salivating and lusting over those beautiful women, unable to tear their gaze away from them.

“What’s wrong with you today?” Peter asked.

“I’ll leave first,” Chris stated before he got up and put on his jacket. “Take care of the lady from earlier.”

“Understood!” Peter obliged.

By the time Charlotte returned from backstage, the man she had mistaken for the “Gigolo In Debt” was gone.

She did not overthink it and went to Peter to go over the details of her contract. “Sir, can I change into something else? I think these clothes are too revealing.”

“Sure, you can wear whatever you want.” Peter shrugged.

“Thank you. Additionally, I think nine is too late for me. Is it possible to change it to eight-thirty instead? If so, I will be able to take the last train home.”

“Sure, eight-thirty is fine,” Peter readily agreed.

“Thank you so much! You are so easygoing.” Charlotte grinned.

“Haha, of course.”

To the bar owner, he had to take care of her after his biggest customer ordered him to do so.

At eight-thirty, Charlotte was preparing to go on stage when she saw a familiar figure walking in.

Slender and tall with a domineering and mysterious aura, he exuded the vibe of a king.

As he entered, the people indoors grew silent.

Zachary Nacht!

What is he doing here?

Shocked, Charlotte turned around instantly.

Oh dear! If he knew I was working here part-time, would he fire me?

"It's time for you to go up on stage," the waiter reminded.

"Give me a moment."

Charlotte rushed to the dressing room and grabbed a black-laced mask from the bunch before slowly walking up the stage.