

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 154

Even when he played the role of a gigolo at Sultry Night, I've never seen him so close to any woman. But now he is so presumptuous in front of me! !!

"Get lost!" Chris struggled hard and finally pushed the girls away. One slumped on the sofa, one sat on the glass coffee table, and the third one even landed on the floor.

All of them frowned pitifully and murmured, "Mr. Broid, what's wrong with you today?"

"All right, ladies, Mr. Broid has something important to do today so he can't play with you. I'll bring you to the VIP box. It's on me."

Peter coaxed the ladies away.

Chris irritably tugged at his collar, picked up the glass of beer in front of him, and finished its content. By the time he refocused his attention on the stage, Charlotte had already finished her performance and had gone backstage...

He hurriedly went to find her there.

Charlotte came out of the bathroom and was about to pack her things and leave. Chris tugged at her hands and pleaded, "Baby, are you angry?"

"I've long heard that Mr. Broid is unruly. I've even seen it tonight."

Her tone was full of displeasure.

"It was those women who clung to me. In fact, I pushed them all away, and forcefully too," he explained hurriedly, "I will ignore them in the future. I swear!"

"If swearing works, why do we need the police?" Charlotte frowned. "Why have you become so naive lately?"

As soon as the words were spoken, even she felt a little surprised. Yeah, he is really different from before.

In the past, he was very responsible. I have never seen him being intimate with any woman, but now he keeps getting surrounded by various ladies...

He used to be calm and steady. He dealt with matters decisively and never talked nonsense. Now, he seems to be all talk and no action.

“Okay, okay. It’s my fault,” he coaxed her, “I will prove with my actions that I will never do it again.”

Although she still felt unhappy, she fussed no more when she remembered that he had been good to her before.

“Forget it. I’ll get my purse. Wait for me at the back door.”

“All right, I’ll get the car first.”

Charlotte went to the cashier’s to get her purse and suddenly saw a familiar figure. Zachary!

Why is he here?

Zachary strode into Bar DTT like a king, disrupting the drunken stupor.

Ben and four other subordinates cleared his way.

Everyone calmed down and sat there obediently, not daring to make noise anymore, while Peter hurried over to greet him respectfully.

Zachary looked around as if he were looking for something.

“Give me my purse. Hurry!”

Charlotte covered her face with her coat and urged anxiously.

“Found it, here you go.” The cashier handed her the purse and teased, “Why are you so anxious? Where are you going with Mr. Broid?”

She did not respond and scurried away.

If the Devil sees me working a part-time job here, I will be in trouble...

Because she ran too fast, she hit the door. Her knees were numb with pain as she limped away.

“Baby, why are you so careless? Did it hurt?” Chris immediately hopped out of the car to help her.

“It’s fine, let’s go.” Charlotte was anxious. “My demon boss is here.”

“What? Zachary is here?” He was shocked.

“Yes, hurry up!” She quickly got into the car.

He immediately started the car and drove away.

“You can’t drive after drinking. Where’s your driver?”

“Let’s get out of here first.”

Chris closed up the convertible, opened a bottle of mineral water, and gulped it down. Still feeling thirsty, he took off his jacket irritably.

“How much did you drink?” Charlotte realized something was wrong.