

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 128

“Mr. Nacht!” Peter walked over and welcomed him. He respectfully bowed and greeted, “What are you doing here today?”

Instead of replying, Zachary sat down in a corner without a word.

His aura was so strong that even the flickering lights that were projected on him seemed to fade.

Meanwhile, Peter was still crouched over, waiting for Zachary’s order.

The young man lit up a cigar and took a puff before he asked, “Did Chris come by earlier?”

“Yes, he did,” Peter promptly replied.

“He invested three hundred million in you?” Zachary raised his brows.

“There were several branches...” Peter cautiously answered. “They all made money.”

“You mean a shitty place like that has the ability to earn money?” Zachary sneered, “You can play around with that few hundred million. However, if I find out that you are up to no good...”

He wagged his finger, and Peter hurried over immediately. Then, he coolly jabbed the cigarette butt into the latter’s palm.

Psh! An ugly expression appeared on the bar owner’s face. He did not dare to make a sound, so he gritted his teeth in pain.

Charlotte had just sat down, and after watching this scene, her face turned pale.

What is happening?

Why is he making trouble for someone else again?

What did the bar owner do to him?

Why does he have to treat my boss like that?

“You can start,” the DJ reminded her.

Snapping out of her daze, Charlotte began to focus on her performance.

She started singing “Love Story” by Taylor Swift, which drew everyone’s attention instantly.

Even Zachary peeled his attention away from the bar owner and projected it to the stage.

On the stage, there was a lady in a black dress and a black-laced mask. She had a sexy figure and had a carefree attitude. How peculiar!

At the sight of her, his thoughts drifted to Charlotte.

Would that stubborn woman have such a side to her?

“Mr. Nacht, would you like to try some wine that I have specially kept?”

Breaking Zachary’s train of thoughts, Peter’s injured hand shook as he brought his treasured wine to the young man.

“No need.” Zachary waved him away and got up to leave.

Ben and the rest quickly followed after him.

Peter followed behind to send them out, looking as pitiful as an abandoned dog following his owner around.

While singing, Charlotte watched Zachary walk away. Was he here to torture my boss?

Whatever, it is none of my business!

After only an hour of performing, she had received good feedback.

Although there were not many customers, those that were there were full of praises for Charlotte. They even told the bar owner that they would bring their friends over to hear her sing.

By ten thirty, Charlotte ended work, and Peter gave her five thousand in hard cash.

She was touched, but when she saw his injured hand, she could not help but blurted out, “Who was that guy from earlier? Why did he do this to you?”

She casually left out the part that she knew who Zachary was.

“Problems in the real world are complicated, so there is no need to ask further.” Peter then chuckled, “Oh yes, you can call me Peter.”

“Sure, Peter,” Charlotte chirped.

Grinning, Peter waved her off and nagged, “Alright, you should head home soon. Remember to report at eight-thirty tomorrow. For the first week, you have to come every day so we can test out the response.”

Charlotte nodded.

Then, she carefully placed the money in her bag. Initially, she wanted to take the train home. However, a few young men surrounded her and demanded she give them her number. Therefore, she had no choice but to wave for a taxi and hurry home.

On the trip home, Charlotte was thrilled. With this part-time job, she could earn five to six thousand each day, which was more than what the “Gigolo In Debt” would give her.

She did not need to rely on anyone else and could support her family.

While daydreaming, the taxi stopped at a red light, and she spotted an Aston Martin beside her. Isn't that the gigolo's car plate number?

Unfortunately, she could not see the driver from her angle.

The traffic light turned green, and when her taxi moved forward, Charlotte turned to see the man who visited Bar DTT earlier.

He is that gigolo?