

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 126

After dinner, Charlotte hurried to Bar DTT for an interview.

Since she wanted to become a singer, her appearance was important. Therefore, Charlotte dug up a black dress that she bought years ago and wore it. She even put on some red lipstick.

Looking at her reflection in the mirror, she thought the lipstick was too much, so she wiped it away.

Pairing her dress with a pair of sports shoes, she headed straight to the bar.

Although she was dressed rather casually, her looks still attracted attention from the people in the bar.

The place was quite empty, with only three tables occupied. There was also only a handful of staff..

With Charlotte's arrival, the boring atmosphere in the bar suddenly came to life.

Guests sitting at those three occupied tables suddenly straightened, and their eyes lit up, ready to strike up a conversation with her.

Meanwhile, at the table in the corner, the bar owner, Peter, patted the shoulder of a young man next to him. "Our fresh prey has arrived. You will surely like her."

"Pft, your bar is so lousy and does not even have a pretty hostess..." The young man in the black leather jacket jeered but suddenly paused when he saw Charlotte walking in. His disdainful gaze turned into a surprised one, and his eyes looked like they were about to fall out.

"Sir, do you like her?" Peter gave him a sneaky smirk. "I will get her number for you."

"Stop it." Chris immediately stopped him and warned, "Don't you dare touch her."

“You know her?” Peter asked.

“We are more than just acquaintances...”

Chris narrowed his eyes and studied Charlotte with an odd expression.

Compared to the innocent look she had yesterday, he preferred her wild and sexy look today more.

“I’ll get her to come over,” Peter fussed.

“I told you not to touch her!” Chris emphasized with lasers shooting out of his eyes.

“Okay, I got it, “ Peter surrendered while nodding his head vigorously in shock.

“Boss, the new singer is here for an interview.” One of the waiters brought Charlotte over.

Instantly, Charlotte spotted Chris and stopped in her tracks. Is he...the Gigolo In Debt?

His figure, clothes and he looks exactly the same from the back...

Chris turned his head, and his gaze landed on Charlotte. There was a complicated expression in them. Did she recognize me?

“You...” Charlotte looked at the handsome yet slightly childish-looking young man and regained her composure. “Are you...”

Chris' heart skipped a beat. She recognizes me? Does she regard me as her older brother?

"Danny Grant?" Charlotte called out, thinking he was "Gigolo In Debt".

"Huh?" Chris was puzzled. What is going on? Did Zachary come up with such a dull name for his alias?

"Sorry, I must have mistaken you for someone else?" Charlotte uttered, feeling uncertain about the situation.

I'm sure he is that gigolo. Well, I should play along and pretend we don't know each other since we have already cut off our ties.

"You?" Peter cheerfully gleamed at Charlotte and confirmed, "You are here for an interview as a singer?"

"Yes." Charlotte nodded.

"What instruments do you play?" Peter questioned.

"I play the piano," Charlotte answered as she glanced at the stage to see a white piano.

"You can go up the stage and play something for us," Peter offered while gesturing towards the instrument.

"Okay." Charlotte stole another look at Chris before she walked up the stage. She started with an easy nocturne before moving on to a challenging song, the theme song of "Pirates of Caribbean".

Instantly, everyone gave her a round of applause.

All the young people in the crowd cheered for her.

When she was finally done with the song, she left the stage and approached Peter. "Was that alright?"

"It was passable. However, people come here to drink, and it's not a high-class western restaurant. Therefore, you may have to sing while playing the piano, and preferably, you have to perform fast-paced songs," Peter smiled as he gave his comments.

Immediately, Charlotte butted in, "No problem, I can play a few more..."

"There's no need to. I'll give you some time to prepare, and you shall start your first performance at nine," Peter stopped her mid-sentence. "I'll pay you two thousand per hour. Each shift will last two hours, and you will have to come by on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays. Is that okay with you?"