

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 414

Charlotte turned around, and noticed that Zachary was indeed making his way toward them with his bodyguards trailing behind him.

“Isn’t he the guy from the dinner last time?”

Olivia recognized the man right away. The man was practically the center of attention at the dinner at Ashenville Garden last time, someone whom even the nobles were trying to appease. He must be some bigshot.

“What should I do?” All color drained from Kristi’s face as her legs shook. “Has he found out that I was impersonating you and he’s here to teach me a lesson?”

“Don’t worry.” Noticing that Kristi was shuddering, she could not bring herself to drag the latter into more trouble. She exchanged her number with her and dismissed her, “Go on with your work. I’ll handle this.”

“Okay, then,” Kristi scurried off.

“Charlotte, did you somehow offend the man?” Olivia asked in a worried tone.

“Maybe.” If I hadn’t recognized him or treated him like a gigolo, then maybe our paths would never have crossed again.

“Let’s go. They’re almost here,” Olivia tried to drag Charlotte along.

The two of them were more than familiar with the hallways. Before long, they found themselves back in Section A. Noticing that they had shrugged off the group, Charlotte heaved a sigh of relief.

“Fleur had arranged for us to help out in section C today. Will she punish us if she realizes that we’re in section A instead?” Olivia was apprehensive about defying Fleur’s arrangements.

“You go to section C,” Charlotte nudged her friend. “Don’t worry. I’m going to be alright.”

“Alright then. The man shouldn’t be able to find you now. There are a lot of customers here at section A, and it’s alright for you to come here and back them up, or just go along the lines of some regulars are asking for you or something.”

“Sure.”

Charlotte was summoned as soon as Olivia left.

Sultry Night was always bustling with customers. Every night was practically fully booked. Unless one made a prior reservation, otherwise it would be near impossible to get a room in the club.

Some organization was throwing a party in section C, and they were shorthanded there. That was why Fleur had arranged for Charlotte and Olivia to head there that night.

Meanwhile, in section A, the guests at the private room had ordered a lot of drinks. Charlotte was especially spirited to attend to the large order.

She pushed carts after carts of expensive wine into the private room and crouched on the floor as she poured the drinks for the guests.

Almost every businessman had a hostess in their arms as they drank and flirted with the girls on the sofa. It was apparent that they were having the time of their lives.

One of the men was ogling Charlotte even though another hostess was right in his arms. He rubbed against Charlotte's thighs with the tip of his toes and flirted, "Hey pretty, you have a great body. Why don't we enjoy a few drinks together?"

"Thanks for the offer, sir. But I don't know how to drink." Charlotte shifted herself to one side.

"How are you not able to drink when you're working at Sultry Night?" The man smiled slyly and offered, "What do you say to one thousand per drink, hmm?"

"Haha, you're really the player!"

The other men burst out laughing.

"She's still too young, let us drink with you," the other hostesses tried to get Charlotte out of the sticky situation.

"I don't think she's that young though," The man was still eyeballing Charlotte in a lecherous manner. "I'd even say that she's well developed by just looking at one part of her."

Charlotte knitted her brows and stood right up to leave.

The man stood up and dragged on Charlotte, "Hey pretty, don't get on my nerves!"

"Let me go!" Charlotte growled at him.

"What about no?" The man shamelessly edged closer to her instead. "You smell so good..."

Disgusted by the man's insolent manner, she tried to shrug him off. However, the man tightened his grip on her wrist, and she could not seem to free herself, no matter how hard she tried to.

The door of the private room sprung open and a slender figure made its entrance.

The man was displeased with the interruption and berated, "Who the f-"

He swallowed his words right back into his mouth. The obsidian deep-set gaze exuded a domineering vibe. His stern gaze was especially apparent under the dim lighting in the private room.

The bodyguards behind the man exuded a formidable aura as well.

Charlotte subconsciously turned around and stole a glance, her heart thumping wildly.

Damn it, how did he know I'm here?